

A Writer

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

No Christmas Number of The Bookman has met with a more enthusiastic reception than has been given to our last month's issue. The entire edition, which was considerably enlarged just before printing, was sold out before publication, and we wish to apologise to the large number of applicants for copies that could not be supplied and to thank very warmly the many readers whose letters of congratulation we greatly appreciate.

Just before her death Mrs. B. M. Croker had completed a new novel which she entitled "The House of Rest," and it will be published by Messrs. Cassell in the spring.

Messrs. George Philip and Son have published a new and revised edition of their admirable "Handy Volume Atlas of the World" (4s. 6d. net). It contains a full reference index, eighty pages of descriptive notes, which are in themselves a miniature geography, and the seventy-seven coloured maps have been brought thoroughly up to date in accordance with the readjustments that the war has made all over the earth. The book is clearly printed, compactly bound, and the right convenient size for the pocket.

The death of Olive Schreiner in Cape Colony, removes one of the most distinguished women writers of the late Victorian period. It is nearly forty years since the publication of "The Story of an African Farm" made her famous. Issued as by "Ralph Iron" it aroused considerable sensation in the literary world of the day, and there was much speculation regarding the authorship. Then it came out that this novel, which was largely autobiography, was written by Olive Schreiner, the daughter of a missionary in Basutoland. It remains the author's only widely known book, and it provides an instance of the theory that every one can write one good book, but comparatively few can continue to write them. Although Oliver Schreiner wrote several others, among them "Dreams" and "Trooper Peter Halkett of Mashonaland," they enjoyed neither the vogue nor the popularity of her first.

Mr. Sydney Pawling, who has been for many years sole partner with the late Mr. Heinemann, has been joined as partner by Mr. F. N. Doubleday, President of the distinguished American publishing house of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company. Mr. Pawling retains control of the London business, the title of which remains unchanged.

"Stories and Ballads of the Far Past," by Nora Kershaw, a collection of sagas and Faroese, Danish and Shetland ballads, most of which are here translated for the first time, will be published early this year by the Cambridge Press.

"The Kaiser's Letters to the Czar" (12s. 6d. net), the famous Willy-Nicky correspondence that throws revealing sidelights on the Kaiser's private character and on his secret intriguings in Europe when he was preparing for the great war, has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It is, as Mr. Winston Churchill says, "one of the most remarkable series of letters which have ever seen the light."



Photo by Porter, Ventnor. **Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole,**

whose new book, "A Man of the Islands," was recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Mr. Keighley Snowden's biography of Sir Swire Smith, "The Master Spinner," announced by Messrs. Geo. Allen & Unwin, is due for early issue. It is understood to tell the life of a romantic man of business in something like story form, intimately. Sir Swire was a great humanist, and almost as well known in America as in his own country. He seems to have been loved everywhere, and to have left diaries full of humour and shrewd observation, not without their value for the nineteenth century.

The fifth and sixth volumes just added to Messrs. Nelson's excellent "New Age Encyclopædia" (3s. 6d. net each) well maintain those qualities of utility and accuracy which are indispensable in any work of reference that is to be of real assistance to the busy man of to-day. They continue to justify the editor's claim that this is essentially an up-to-date Encyclopædia, giving full attention to living men and living movements, to modern history and geography and, without omitting any essential lore of the past, preferring new knowledge to what has become old lumber.

"The Pilgrim of a Smile," by Norman Davey, the first novel of a new writer, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing this month, is a story of the many adventures through which a young man had to pass before he discovered wisdom.

Lord Bryce's "Modern Democracies" will be published this month in two volumes by Messrs. Macmillan, who have also in hand a new edition of the works of W. E. Henley, to be completed in five volumes.

The latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's popular Highways and Byways series is "Highways and Byways of Northumbria," by P. Anderson Graham (7s. 6d. net), illustrated with many beautiful, very delicately finished drawings by the late Hugh Thomson.

There is much in common, in its grimly pictorial realism and its whole attitude towards war, between the verse of Wilfred Owen and that of Siegfried Sassoon, who has written an introduction to the "Poems" of Wilfred Owen which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have published (6s. net). They have, as Mr. Sassoon says, a sustained nobility and originality of style, and their profoundly self-revealing humanity touches with the beauty of poetry things of pity and terror and makes the barbarism and wrong that gave rise to them the more abhorrent by contrast. When time winnows the war poets, as it will, Wilfred Owen will be among the few that will survive.

In "The Murder of Edwin Drood" (6s. net; Cecil Palmer) Mr. Percy L. Carden makes another of the many attempts that have been made to solve the mystery of Dickens's unfinished novel. He has studied Dickens's manuscript and his notes for the story and collated these with the printed book to good purpose, and his ingenious working out of the problem is described by Mr. B. W. Matz, in an introduction, as one of the most important contributions to the subject.

Of the four one-act plays by Margaret Macnamara ("Love-Fibs," "Light Grey or Dark?" "The

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Witch" and "Mrs. Hodges"), published by Mr. C. W. Daniel, "The Witch" is the only failure—its story is too crudely improbable; and "Love-Fibs" is the most entirely successful—a delightful bit of rustic comedy, its dialogue crisp and natural and its three characters simply and cleverly presented.



Miss D. K. Broster,

whose striking novel, "The Yellow Poppy," was recently published by Messrs. Duckworth.

Mr. Arthur J. Rees, whose fifth novel has just been published by Mr. John Lane, is an Anglo-Australian, born at Melbourne in 1875, who has done a great deal to link the Homeland and the Commonwealth together by means of journalism. His Welsh descent showed itself in his first published venture, "The Merry Marauders," a capital mixture of wit and wisdom, and he has developed power and grip in a series of remarkable detective stories since. The first of these was "The Mystery of the Downs," written in conjunction with Mr. J. Watson, and last year's "The Shrieking Pit" has now been succeeded by "The Hand in the Dark," with "The Moon Rock" to follow in due course next year. "The Hand in the Dark," by the way, has already run through several editions in the States.



Mr. Arthur J. Rees.

The exhibition of etchings by members of the Print Society recently invited to America by the American Federation of Arts, was exhibited during November at the most important Gallery in Washington—the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Two-thirds of the exhibits found purchasers. The exhibition is now on view in Philadelphia and will be shown in all the important cities in the States. The Print Society is a new society of etchers and collectors founded at Ringwood, Hampshire, by the young British landscape painter and etcher, E. Hesketh Hubbard, A.R.W.A. Its first publication, "On Making and Collecting Etchings," reviewed in our Christmas Number, went out of print within a month of publication. We understand Mr. Hubbard is now bringing together an exhibition of etchings to tour the British Isles.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing a new and cheap edition of Mr. George Goodchild's "Tiger's Cub," a film version of which the Fox Film Company are producing in this country. The story was founded on the popular play, in which Miss Madge Titheradge made such a success as the "Cub," a part taken by Miss Pearl White for the cinema.

A booklet of devotional verse entitled, "For Remembrance: A Circle of Sunny Messages," by Daphne Hammonde, which Messrs. Alexander Moring have published, is the work of a poet whose faith, ennobled by suffering, gives force and beauty to her lines. There is a verse for every month—each with its message of hope inspired by the changing beauties of the year—and the whole is printed by the De La More Press with excellent taste.

The Index to Volume LVIII of THE BOOKMAN will be given in our next Number.



Photo by Cosmo Rowe. **Mrs. Victor Rickard,**

whose new novel, "A Reckless Puritan," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

In "Merlin's Isle: A Study of Rudyard Kipling's England" (2s. 6d. net; Gyldendal), Mr. W. Worster gives an interesting realisation of Mr. Kipling's vision of England, as he has himself revealed it in his stories and poems. "Kipling's Englishmen, and Kipling's England," says Mr. Worster, "are of one type from the Stone Age to our day," and if he does not altogether prove that, he shows that his Englishmen have certain great qualities that have always been common to the race. A book that all lovers of Kipling will find pleasure in reading.

Mr. William Rothenstein's "Twenty-Four Portraits" (21s. net; Allen & Unwin) are of men famous in latter-day art, science, politics and letters, with Dean Inge as a solitary ecclesiastic and Lord Haldane as a selected politician, T. E. Lawrence, an exception among empire builders, and Sir Edward Elgar representing music. There is no need to praise Mr. Rothenstein, or to say more than that he has never done finer, more exquisitely finished work than in these portraits, especially in those of Max Beerbohm, John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, John Drinkwater, Arnold Bennett and John Masefield. But when you look again at his Bernard Shaw, or A. E. Housman, the other A. E. (who is George Russell), W. H. Hudson, or Edmund Gosse, you are inclined to go on adding to this list of the best of them, and in the end are satisfied to be glad of every one in the series and are tempted to take the book to pieces and frame them for your walls.

"The Straight Furrow," by C. Rutherford (7s. net; Melrose), is a good readable story set in a sleepy English village and revolving around the sweet-natured, childish little Philippa Stapely, her lovers, and her ne'er-do-well brother, Dick. The characters are lightly sketched in—Gervase with his advanced views, Blakiston with his shrewd business instinct, and the various worthies of that rural world, teeming with gossip about each other and meting out pious disapproval to Dick Stapely, patronising pity for his loyal sister, and thrilled with delicious horror at Gervase's conception of life. Philippa, infatuated by Gervase's unusualness, believes herself in love with him, even though she learns of an unfortunate marriage contracted in his youth. Blakiston, whose sole object in coming to the village has been to renew his acquaintance with her, in endeavouring to do her a service earns her scorn and distrust. The interest increases as the plot unfolds to a natural and satisfactory conclusion. If this is a first novel, as it appears to be, it shows very considerable promise.

Juliet may have said, "What's in a name?" but if she had been in the shoes of the hero of Mr. Harold MacGrath's new novel, "The Man with Three Names" (8s. 6d. net; Hutchinson), she would have been driven to the conclusion that there is very much in it indeed. First introduced to us as Brandon Cathewe, a man of extraordinary daring, he takes our breath away by demanding the privilege of paying court to a beautiful girl whom he has never spoken to in his life. Her father consents, half in jest, on certain conditions, which he believes to be quite beyond the range of possibility, being fulfilled. But nothing is beyond the range of possibility to a man of Brandon Cathewe's calibre. To begin with, he isn't Brandon Cathewe at all—unknown and ill-clad—but a famous writer named George Cottar. And he isn't really George Cottar either, but some one else whose name is unenviably notorious. However, he takes up the gauntlet and through intricate happenings and a sequence of exciting episodes, arrives at a climax which leaves the reader more than satisfied with a story that is as enjoyable as it is ingenious.



Mr. Nicholas Everitt.

Author of "British Secret Service During the Great War," just published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

WILLOUGHBY WEAVING.

IN voyaging through the perilous seas of present-day verse, the adventurer must be prepared to encounter conflicting tides and adverse winds, and it is no easy matter for him to get his bearings and steer a direct course for the ultimate haven of his desire. Not for many years has the output of poetry been so great, and of such diverse kinds, as within the past six or seven years, and perhaps never before has the examiner of it been so baffled in striving to sift the grain from the chaff, or in his judging of poets whom he may deem worthy and unworthy of high marks. It is close on four years since the present writer first became acquainted with Mr. Willoughby Weaving's enchanting Muse, and the familiarity with his work, bred from a "love at first sight," has grown into something like a steady admiration. Among the poets of the day who are *facile princeps*, Mr. Weaving must take a worthy place, and in awarding him that position one is, at the same time, aware of the fact that certain particular forms of his verse have not been perfected, or even entirely conquered. Happily Mr. Weaving has youth on his side, and the rapid and maturing development that has accompanied his successive performances gives one sufficient confidence to hope for complete mastery of his medium, which surely he is destined to gain.



Mr. Willoughby Weaving.

When Mr. Weaving first saw the light the gods must have decided he was to be a poet for, apart from the poetic ring of his surname, the fact that he was born in June, 1885, is not without significance. If there be any time of the year that one associates with the "weaving" of poetic dreams it is the month of roses. His early days were spent at Cuttesloe and Wolvercote, near Oxford, and then at Pewet, near Abingdon, in Berkshire. When ten years old he attended a preparatory school in Oxford, and about 1906 he went up to Pembroke College, Oxford, of which seminary he became a scholar. From scholar he turned teacher, for, after leaving Oxford about 1910, he took up the profession of schoolmaster and, except for his period of war-service as Lieutenant in the Royal Irish Rifles during 1914–1916, he has continued in that rôle ever since. He always refers to this practical side of his life with enthusiasm, "being," as he says, "as much devoted to the three Graces of Education as I am to the Musical Nine. Fortunately," he adds, "I have never grown out of my first childhood—being made thereby exempt, I hope, from my second—and find my greatest delight and chief companionship in children." For some time he has been settled in Ireland, "this delightfully uncompromising land," to quote him again; and at present he is an active partner in the management of a boy's preparatory school in County Down. For one who is so avowedly a music-maker, a dreamer of dreams, and a lover of children, few occupations could give him more genuine satisfaction than that of familiarising the young mind with all that is best in education.

"The height of poetry is to speak the language of the gods." Thus spake, not Zarathustra, but Mr. Santayana, the philosopher. It is rarely that poets of our time gain that height, but on turning to Mr. Weaving's "The Starfields, and Other Poems" (1916), a volume that contains so much of burnished beauty and which, though only his second production, seems to me to enshrine his most finished work, in the "Ode to Memory" Mr. Weaving has attained that ideal. The ode reads like a fragment of Keats or Tennyson which, hitherto having lain undiscovered, has but come to light. One recognises a traditional distinction in the following six noble lines, more perfect in their poetic endowment than anything I can remember by Rupert Brooke and as surely the work of a born poet as is Alan Seager's familiar sonnet, "Written in a Volume of the Comtesse de Noailles":

> "Memory, thou high-walled Garden, where I find
> The sweetest and the choicest flowers of all,
> Most fragrant shrubs, most delicate tendrils twined,
> And honey-dropping boughs ambrosial,
> And all of beauty that my heart can dress—
> An ordered garden, a sweet wilderness."

In Mr. Weaving's subsequent volumes, "The Bubble, and Other Poems" (1917), "Heard Melodies" (1918) and "Daedal Wings" (1920), many of his inspired pieces sustain "the language of the gods," though in as many his Muse hesitates and fails him at rather critical moments. He trusts so confidently to his spontaneous and unquestionable inspiration, which is remarkably fecund, that, after his setting down the expression of it, one would advise him to cast aside the

prompting pen and, with eraser in hand, to mould the material into durable shape. It is well with him that he can rely so continuously upon the sublime afflatus, that he can venture with ease upon innovations of new and original metrical forms, but if he is to reach that pinnacle of fame toward which his trained powers seem to be bringing him, he will have to look to keeping all his faculties in perfect condition for the formidable effort.

His latest book, "Algazel,"* gives evidence that he has already prepared for that feat. His command of the supernatural in this poetic narrative of Eastern magic leads him to a completer mastery over his material than he has hitherto shown. The theme is largely concerned with the transference of a wicked man's soul into the body of a good man. Whether the play be actable or no, tragedy here receives completely satisfying poetic treatment in a strange and wondrous atmosphere. The sonorous lines in some of the verse ring out with strong and sweeping melody. Thus Algazel to Miriam:

"I could not blacken with my frosty touch
All that bright blossom, nor freeze within her throat
The fountained music of the singing bird.
It is not long before a fairer mate
Shall pipe you to the bough's end. . . .
I was but looking down a dreary vale
That spreads before me like too true a dream.
Give me your hand. I fear no touches now.
The warmth may melt some winter from my heart.
Winter so warmed lies down at last to die,
Smiling on Spring who passes on his way
To make the sad world merry once again."

He has visualised his characters with unfailing distinctiveness, the poetic diction is consistently dignified, and the plot is ever held steadily in view. If it is true, as we have been assured from several quarters recently, that the poetic drama is coming into its own, that there is the bright prospect of its renaissance, Mr. Weaving's tragedy should be earmarked for early stage presentation along with Mr. Symons's "Tristram and Iseult" and Mr. Gordon Bottomley's lately published plays.

Mr. Weaving's first work, "Poems" (1913), showed that while he had not yet steadied his feet, he was well on his breathless way to a Promised Land of poetic accomplishment. To realise his rapid advance one has only to compare "Daedal Wings" with his earliest poetry. His development has been as sure as it has been swift. Originality is patent in all he touches in spite of a near relationship, now and again, to Keats, to Tennyson, and sometimes to Swinburne, which means that his Muse is for ever occupied with the simple, the sensuous, and the passionate. The fact that so many of his pieces are short and in the lyric strain testifies to his being eminently a poet of passing moods, which have been caught, like flashing fish, in the net of his song.

A former schoolfellow, and a very close friend of the poet, has assured me that Mr. Weaving "has dallied much of late with the 'Planchette,' with which he certainly obtains curious results—recondite messages from Dürer, quasi-Shelleyan fragments, and the like. To my mind," he says, "these curiosities merely indicate the importance of the subconscious element in his genius. I have known him conceive and compose a considerable amount of excellent verse while apparently engaged in conducting, quite creditably, an argument, or other conversation or business. He has a certain leaning towards 'spiritualism'—ghosts, visions, visitations, which his residence in Ireland has perhaps accentuated." This same friend has told me that in his early days Mr. Weaving was a good tennis-player, and was fond of sport with the gun. It was when he went with Mr. Weaving for country walks that he discovered how close and true were the poet's observations and love of nature. In natural objects "he had a habit of detecting associations and resemblances, . . . a certain appearance of radiating cloud-wisps, such as wind and the laws of perspective often conspire to bring about on a rough day—this was 'the mouth of the wind,' as of some blowing Boreas in old woodcuts!"

Mr. Weaving's means of courting inspiration, though I should be among the first to imagine it came unsought, is simple and unaffected. "Given a quiet room," he says, "myself alone, a couch, tobacco, paper and a Waverley fountain pen (a long-trusted and never-failing source of inspiration), I will produce or not, as the spirit takes me." It is hardly necessary to inquire further into Mr. Weaving's personal life, for we shall find abundance of idealised autobiography, that is, the higher autobiography of the soul and its emotional manifestations, in all his work. But he has told me that (to repeat his own words) "there is a small zany in my mind prompting me to write the true story of my life, and he laughs so heartily behind his hand that there must be something very entertaining in it. From sheer curiosity I shall some day do his bidding, perhaps." The most fitting epilogue to this survey of him, as well as the best summary of his attitude to life, finds expression in his poem, "Content," in "Daedal Wings":

"I could live on for aye and never die,
Never grow weary of the world agen,
So much I love the sea, the earth and sky,
And the sweet converse of my fellow-men.
I have no wish for fairer things than those,
Nor yet conceive how things could fairer be;
Nor dream of an here-after that could close
These earthly days with more sincerity.
The beauty of the fields and floods and hills,
The splendour of the human form, the fine
Swift vigour of the pardlike soul that fills
The form with love—for these I should repine.
Oh, when I die returning whence I came
May I awake to find life still the same."

At present Mr. Weaving is well in the forefront of the younger poets; may it be his fate, as there seems every prospect it will be, to soar to the higher circles of fame, beyond the obscure murmurs of the prevailing poetic winds, and there to "dance on the stairs of the sun."

W. M. PARKER.

* "Algazel: A Tragedy." 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

THE READER.

THE LONDON OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

DIAGONALLY, across the rough board table, his eye, which I had been avoiding—for I was not yet hungry for the society of my compatriots—caught mine. Then, in the course of a few minutes, some one undertook the labour of departure, and there was the general unscrambling of legs made necessary by the closeness of the quarters; and, sliding along the narrow bench, he was opposite me, and making his appeal for temporary companionship with the expected and conventional platitudes. I had heard them all before in the same place from other American lips.

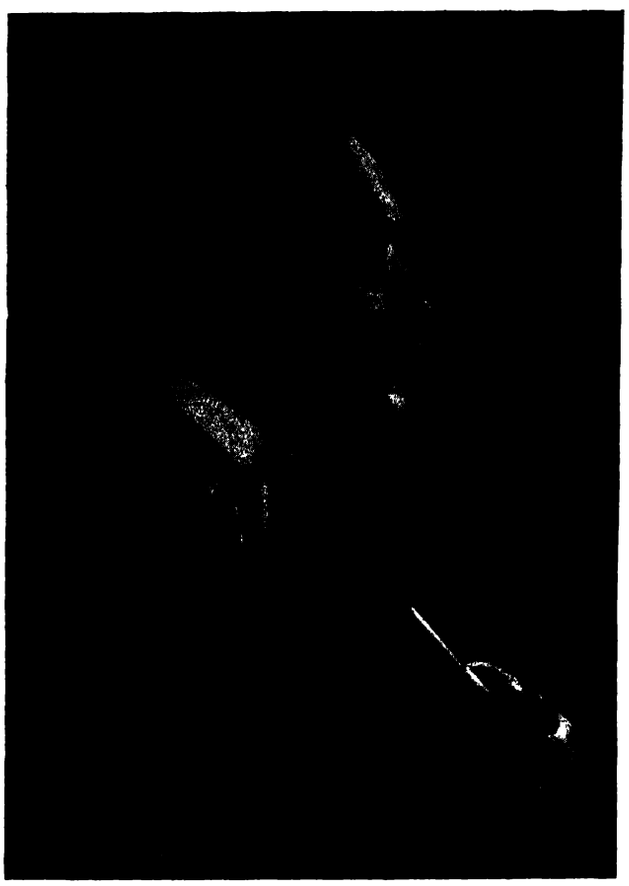


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Nodding toward "ye famous chair"—he had been gobbling "ye famous pie"—he spoke of him with offensive proprietorship as "the Doctor." Also, I knew that in his heart at the moment was the prayer of the Pharisee, and that he was comparing himself approvingly to certain Americans of steamer acquaintance, now probably calling loudly for drink at the bar of a hostelry a mile to the west.

"So few of us over here take advantage of our ideal opportunities," he was saying fatuously, and with just the slightest affectation of an English accent. "To think of him filling that chair, and Boswell sitting silent in the corner there and taking notes; and poor 'Noll' Goldsmith waiting for a favourable moment to wheedle a small loan."

"Are you aware," I asked icily, "that there is no direct evidence that 'the Doctor,' as you call him, ever came to the 'Cheshire Cheese,' here, at all?"

Over the face there came something so expressive of unexpected hurt that I softened somewhat.

"Of course, living as he did so long in Gough Square close by, it is morally certain that he came here not once but many times. But the direct evidence is still lacking. 'Ye famous chair' looks the part; be content with that. After all, relatively, what does it matter? Why the pumped-up reverence? What do you really know of Dr. Samuel Johnson? In short, you know just about as much of Dr. Johnson as I do, which is very little, and in your secret heart you care even less. Now isn't that true?"

"I suppose it is. But why spoil the illusion?"

"Why pretend that it hurts? It doesn't. And sometimes destroying illusions makes room for realities. For example, do you know your Kipling?"

"I'll say so." In the colloquialism there was the ring of assurance and sincerity. "That's my middle name, and papers from the old home town." There was no trace of the English accent now, and I thought of "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," and Wilton Sargent after he had stopped the Great Induna, and things had begun to happen. "Once, when I was very young," he confessed sheepishly, "I was guilty of writing stories and poems. But I found that they were all bad imitations of 'Plain Tales From the Hills' and 'Barrack Room Ballads.' So I reformed."

The ice was broken. The pose gone, the man became possible. We talked; we passed from story to story, from line to line, and for us, from the stuffy little room with its sawdust covered floor and its murky walls, the shadow of the pompous Doctor had passed for ever. I had been right, and he had been right. He had not known Dr. Johnson, but he did know his Kipling. Now when an American who wears a collar can recite snatches from "Mandalay," and "Danny Deever," and "The Recessional," it means nothing. The lack of ability to do so makes him conspicuous. But when he can cap with the next line your line of "Tomlinson," or "The True Romance," or "McAndrews' Hymn," or "The Mary Gloster," he is to be tolerated; and when he knows the Centurion of the VII Cohort of the XXX Legion, and thrills to the marvellously prophetic "France" and to "Sussex," he is worthy of being admitted to a degree of intimacy. It was "Sussex" that was rolling from my friend's—I had reached the point of so considering him—lips.

> "And here the sea fogs lap and cling,
> And here, each warning each,
> The sheep bells and the ship bells ring
> Along the hidden beach."

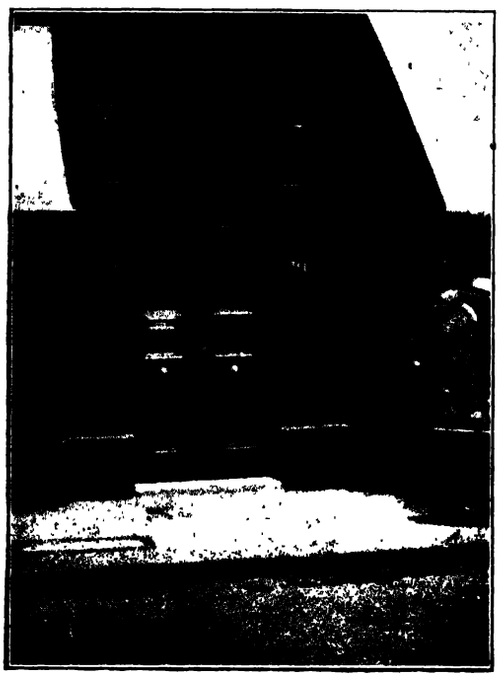
It was like Charlie Mears of "The Finest Story in the World." He gasped with the pure delight of sound.

"The sheep bells and the ship bells ring," he kept repeating. "Maybe I shall have great-great-grandchildren, and there will be a Kipling's London for them to come over and see."

"Why the future generations? Just round the corner from your hotel, at No. 19, Villiers Street, is a building known as the Embankment Chambers. You might spare a moment to glance up at the windows some day if you happen to pass by."

"*Après?*" The French was preferable to the affected English accent.

"I haven't the time to begin to tell you what was written there. Roughly, say everything from Kipling's pen from 1889 to 1891. But it was from the doorway there that poor Dick Heldar groped blindly down to the water's edge for the sense of the Thames damp and the feel of the ships that wafted the scents of the East. It was from that doorway that Bessie Brooke slipped, bound for 'south o' the river,' after having scraped away the face of the 'Melancholia.' It was at that doorway that Torpenhow first found her. By that doorway probably passed Badalia Herodsfoot on the way to Gunnison Street. Enter and climb the staircase and you will find the diggings where Eustace Cleever, who knew the moods of the cities and the fields, listening to the voices of the fresh-faced young subalterns, learned the lesson that the lips that have a sufficiency of kissing have no time for song, and cursed his art, for which he would be sorry in the morning. On a table that was once there Charlie Mears scrawled the words, meaningless to him, that told of the agony of the galley slave. It was there——"



19, Villiers Street, Strand,
where Mr. Kipling lived when he wrote "Badalia Herodsfoot.

But my friend of the "Cheshire Cheese" was on his feet.

"Westward along Fleet Street and the Strand, you say? The turn to the left before you come to the Charing Cross Station? I'm on my way. I'm beating it while my shoes are good. Me! I just want to stand across the street and take off my hat."

II

A narrow, sloping thoroughfare, lined along one side most of the way by the grimy, smoke-smudged walls of the Charing Cross Railway Station, Villiers Street connects the Strand with the gardens of the Victoria Embankment. To the immediate east is a little humpy hill over which one zigzags through crazily twisted lanes on the way to Adelphi Terrace, the Savoy quarter, and the Temple beyond. It is the region of the "dark Harches" to which turned the mind of Private Ortheris in his madness. It is a region about which, incidentally, a few score books might be written without more than scratching the surface of the subject. But that, in a word, is London.

The last door at the bottom of the Villiers Street slope, as one goes in the direction of the river, is numbered "19," and over it there is the lettering: "Embankment Chambers." It was there that Rudyard Kipling, then "the Man from Nowhere," in the flush and glow of the early twenties, lived during two of the years that are linked with his richest production. It was there that he found Bohemia, which is not a locality but a state of mind, an outlook upon life, and a condition of struggle. It was there also that for the first time in his life, he meditated upon existence as a man does working spiritually and physically within four walls; and to the tales that were written there we must turn for the only reflection of the turmoil and clamour of great cities that is to be found in all the Kipling range. That place and that period were needed to round out the life. To Kipling that habitation in the Embankment Chambers was what the Rue Lesdiguières was to Balzac; the lodging in the Rue du Dragon, later to be pictured as the home of Marius of "Les Miserables," to Hugo; Furnival's Inn to Dickens; the quarters in the Rue Visconti, whence he journeyed to the discovery of Terré's Tavern of "The Ballad of the Bouillabaisse," to Thackeray; and a combination of Fontainebleau and the Latin Quarter attic to Stevenson.

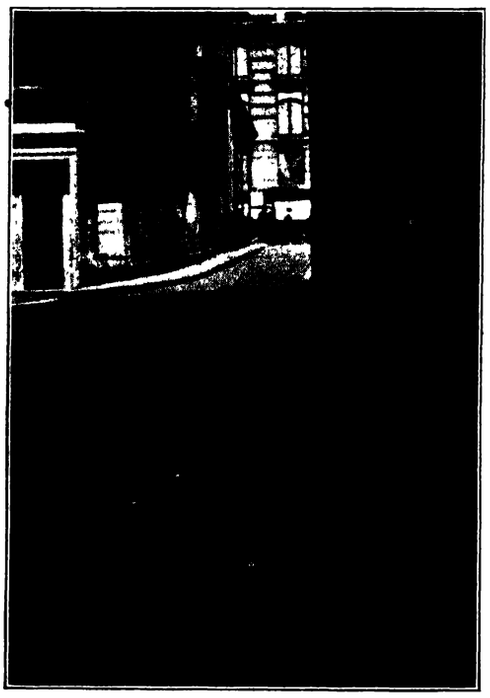
It is a busy street now, Villiers Street, with the tide of humanity ebbing and flooding. Far into the night it overflows the sidewalks between Strand and river front. It was a busy street at the dawn of the golden nineties. But it has changed, as even old London streets occasionally will change. Just opposite the Chambers—where now, in a cinema theatre, films that, despite heavy British attempts at camouflage, flicker shriekingly their American origin, are being ground out—there was, in the years 1889-1891, a Gatti restaurant. And behind the restaurant was a music hall that, to one living where Kipling lived, did not need to be entered, but could be enjoyed and criticised through eye and ear from the comfort of an arm-chair drawn close to the window above.

If you are a real Kiplingite you are entitled to know at least something of the repudiated book, which is "Turnovers" or "Abaft the Funnel," for in those pages is to be found, as nowhere else, something of the moods and dreams and ennuis of the worker when fame was only in the making. There is, for instance, one chapter, "My Great and Only," telling of the inspiration of the song: "And that's what the Girl told the Soldier." It was born of that music hall and its ascending strains, and of the applause of the billycocks and the bonnets and the refrain that was the ironic precursor of militant suffrage, and which told how, when husbands

"Stagger home tight about two,
An' can't light the candle, I taik the broom 'andle
An' show 'em what women can do."

Then the bonnets, on promotion, murmuring softly to the billycocks: "Not me, Bill, not me."

East is east and west is west but sometimes the twain do meet. At moments the pavement below became the City of Dreadful Night and the Gate of a Hundred Sorrows. There were sights and sounds of Villiers Street that were not those of the music hall—sights and sounds as grim and terrible as lines of "At the End of the Passage" or "The Mark of the Beast." Once it was the grey man who became the red man. On the opposite sidewalk, just below the windows, he stood, hesitating and slightly swaying. In the fading light, with the long beard of age and the dust-covered clothes beneath, he gave the impression of being all grey from head to foot. Then, hideously, the colour scheme changed. There was a quick movement, and everything was red. He had cut his throat from ear to ear. The thing crumbled to the pavement; men came and carried it away; there was the hurrying of pails and the splashing of water-dipped brooms then life went on again as usual.



View of the Strand from the Adelphi Arches,

the "dark harches" that were known to Ortheris.

There is a mine of Kiplingiana to which to turn for the flavour, the flotsam and the jetsam of those years Some of it is perhaps not strictly accurate, but it serves a purpose. Some years ago, in a New York club, the late Robert McClure gave the writer of this paper his version of the origin of what eventually became "Stalky and Company." It was a story linked with those Embankment Chambers rooms. Mr. McClure was in London buying material for an American literary syndicate, and in the Villiers Street quarters, according to the tale, Mr. Kipling—for those, it must be remembered, were the lean years—outlined the tale of schoolboy life at Westward Ho! as it was beginning to form in his mind, ending with the tempting promise: "Why it will suit you down to the boot heels." There was the working table of those years which 1970 will probably seek for the purpose of enshrining in some museum—of course it will not be the right table at all upon which visitors of future generations will be gazing with reverent eyes. There is a link besides the mere writing between that table and "The Finest Story in the World." R. Thurston Hopkins, in his "Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation," has recorded: "Kipling at that time had been burning the midnight oil and generally overworking himself. On his table he had graved the words: 'Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee'—the motto which the galley slave carved on his oar."

Also of those days in the Embankment Chambers is C. F. Monkhouse's story of the writing and selling of "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot":

"I went to see him one day and found him in the throes of composition. The room was knee deep in manuscript. He called out to me when I entered that he was just finishing and that I was to sit down and keep quiet. I did sit down and gathered up the manuscript, which I read. It was 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot' I liked it, though I thought it a little out of his line. I remember we talked over the story and went and dined at the Solferino in Rupert Street. I don't fancy the place exists now. Then the holidays came and I did not see him for several weeks. I criticised a story he had written for *Lloyd's News*. 'The Mark of the Beast' it was My criticism was that the readers of *Lloyd's Weekly* would not understand the story. 'Why not,' I said, 'give them "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot"?' 'That's a good idea,' said he. 'Where is it?' We hunted high and low. We searched the rooms. Kipling sat back in black despair. The manuscript had been stolen! But at length we found it on the dust-covered top of a bookshelf. It was transferred to the editorial office of the *Detroit Free Press*, where it appeared in the Christmas number"

III

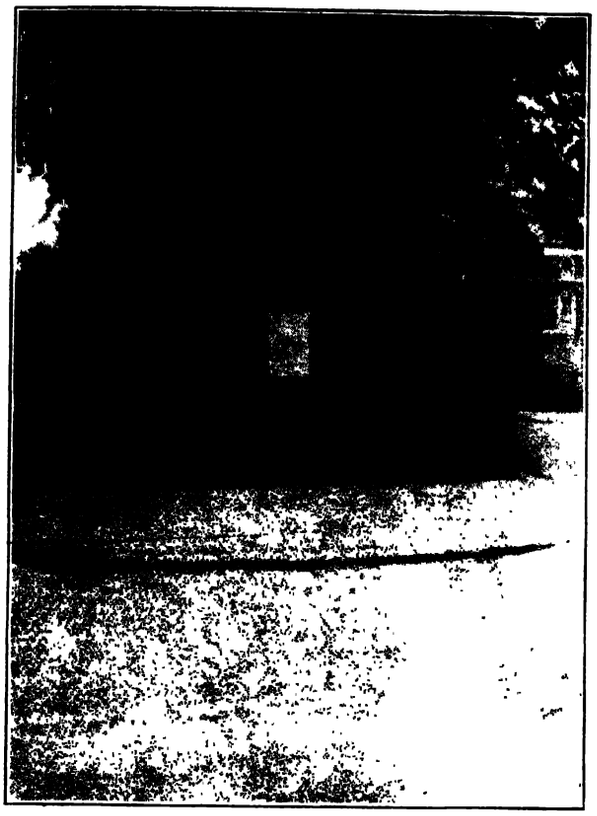
But this is an article designed to deal, not at all with the belated tribute of an American admirer, and to a minor degree only with the London that marked the period of Rudyard Kipling's Bohemianism; but with the actual London trail of certain of the stories and poems. There is much more to that trail than even the sound Kiplingite is likely to recall on the spur of the moment. It was none the less London when it had an Indian setting. Listen to Stanley Ortheris:

"No. I'm sick to go 'ome—go 'ome—go 'ome. No I ain't mammy sick, cause my uncle brung me up, but I'm sick for London again; sick for the sounds of 'er, and the sights of 'er, and the stinks of 'er; orange peel and hasphalt, and gas coming in over Vau'all Bridge. Sick for the rail going down to Box 'Ill with your gal on your knee, and a new clay pipe in your faice; that and the Stran' lights where you knows every one, and the copper that taikes you in is a old friend that tuk you up before when you was a little smitchy boy lying loose between the Temple and the dark Harches."

But that was Ortheris in his madness and in India. Be sure that if he ever came to settle down as the proprietor of the little taxidermist shop in the Tottenham Court Road of his dreams, it was a sadly discontented Ortheris, singing loudly with his creator, and perhaps there too is an autobiographical touch:

"I'm sick o' wasting leather on these gritty paving stones,
And the blarsted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
'Tho I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?"

The trail, too, properly begins at No. 19, Villiers Street. Given the knowledge that it was there that the stories were written, it is to them that one turns for corroboration. Of course those were the diggings of Torpenhow and Dick Heldar. Of course it was there that Eustace Cleever "listened to interludes in a strange tongue." Of course those were the stairs that Charlie Mears, coming from his home in the north of London, climbed to gasp over Longfellow's "Lost Youth." What other spot in London would have fitted all the flashes of description in "The Light That Failed"? It was after his twenty-four days of temporary starvation when he lodged in a street by the East India Docks and subsisted on sausages and potatoes, that Dick found the Embankment Chambers. "Good place to bank in; bad place to bunk in," said Torpenhow one night as he leaned out of the window overlooking the city. "My God! What a city to loot!" was Dick's reply. His heart was never there. As for Maisie, she preferred her untidy little room, "in the north, the black north, all across the Park," to such sights as Dick offered her: "A big, dead, red city, with raw green aloes growing between the stones lying out neglected on honey coloured sands." And as for the "red-haired girl," she seemed to spend most of her time shopping in the Edgware Road.



Brook Green, Hammersmith.

the final destination of the Old Man of the Sea in "Brugglesmith."

Looking from their windows at night Torpenhow and Dick could see to the north the great glare of lights about Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus, and below them the river boats of the Thames. Torpenhow first found Bessie Brooke lying in the doorway. Villiers Street is exactly the one that Bessie would have followed in an invasion of the wicked heart of London from her home "south o' the river." It all fits, just as it should fit. Just beneath the Embankment Chambers is the little garden where Dick brooded in the darkness that had engulfed him, and close by are the streets leading toward Westminster Bridge through which he stumbled under the guidance of Beeton or of Beeton's boy "Alf." They are not pleasant to recall, those chapters. Happier was the day when, led by Bessie's hand, he found the ship that bore him eastward to the kindly release of his death in the charge on the square. The Embankment Chambers! With the memory of "The Light That Failed," "A Conference of the Powers" and "The Finest Story in the World," and the knowledge that there was the setting of them all, the American of the "Cheshire Cheese" seems justified in his avowed resolution to "take off his hat."

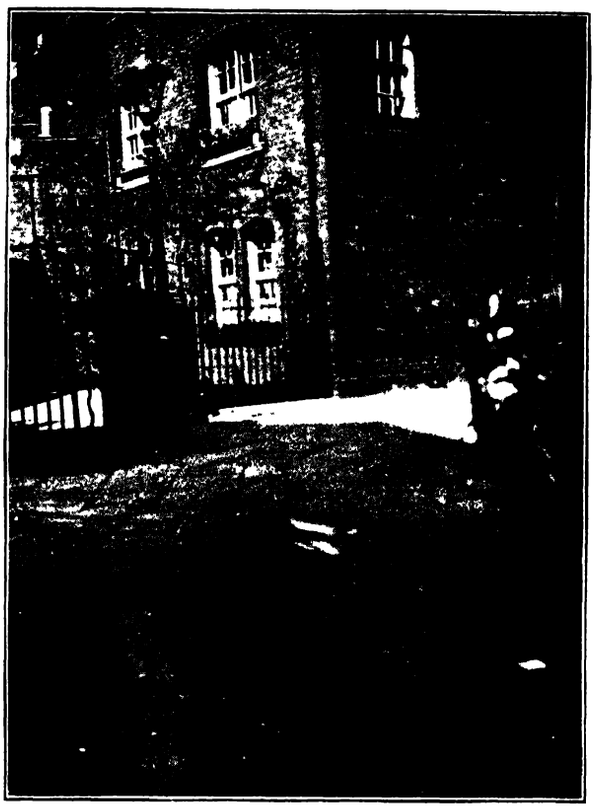
There is the comic odyssey, "Brugglesmith." It is no indiscretion to speak of it as having been autobiographical, or at least as having had an autobiographical basis, for the simple reason that no human mind could possibly have invented it entirely. The "Breslau," on the deck of which the narrator first fell in with his Old Man of the Sea, and was by turns lauded as "the immortal author of "Vanity Fair," and reviled for his peacock vanity, was lying below London Bridge. In the dinghy the two shot under the bridge, and then on land began the series of extraordinary adventures that carried them to Fleet Street, by the Law Courts near St. Clements Danes, up and down Holywell Street "which never goes to bed," along the Strand, through Cockspur Street, to Piccadilly Circus, past Apsley House into Knightsbridge—"respectable Knightsbridge"—through Kensington High Street, where the Old Man of the Sea professed to love his captive and guardian as a son, into the Addison Road, and on to the final destination of "Brugglesmith," which was as near as the drink-tied but, otherwise, embarrassingly eloquent tongue could get to Brook Green, Hammersmith.

Fleet Street, too, is of the tales, even when it is not actually in the tales. As an institution rather than a street it was in the mind of Rudyard Kipling who lived in the Embankment Chambers, just as it had been in the mind of Thackeray when, some forty years before, he penned that famous descriptive chapter of "Pendennis." Between the lines of "The Light That Failed" the presses whir and crash as they whirred and crashed in the heat of an Indian night at the beginning of "The Man Who Would Be King." In the direction of Fleet Street Dick Heldar disappeared with hot anger and grim resolve. Fleet Street was as the breath of their nostrils to Torpenhow and the Nilghai and all the rest of the war correspondents, who, in the strange lost version of the story, not to be confounded with either the happy ending or the unhappy ending, gathered to sing to the falling curtain Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Nor should one forget the comical dismaying effect of Fleet Street, and Printing House Square, where "there would probably be a bishop in the office," on the American journalist Kellar who, in "A Matter of Fact," had somewhere in the South Atlantic witnessed the death of the sea-serpent and the agony of its mate, "blind, white, and smelling of musk.'

It was in Berkeley Square that Tomlinson, fleshless, bloodless, without the shadow of a personality, vacillating between good and evil, and therefore equally abhorred by God and devil (the type always most of all

detested by Rudyard Kipling), gave up the ghost, and started upon his profitless journey through the upper and nether stars. It was back to Berkeley Square that the "grim black stallions" were to bear him with the devil's parting admonition: "Look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back again." It was the Cromwell Road that was cursed in the dying prayer of Sir Anthony Gloster. Then there is the Gunnison Street of "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot." Said Badalia:

"I'm Gunnison Street. I know what's what, I do, an' they don't want your religion, Mum, not a single——. Excuse me It's all right when they come to die, but till they die what they want is things to eat. The men they'll shift for themselves The women they can't shift for themselves, specially bein' always confined. They wants things if they can get 'em anyways. If not they dies, and a good job, too, for women is cruel put upon in Gunnison Street."



Gunnison Street.
The home of Badalia Herodsfoot.

Perhaps, as Mr. Monkhouse thought, "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" was a little out of what, in the year 1890, was considered the regular Kipling line. But no slum of Indian heat and fever clings more persistently and hauntingly in the memory than the Gunnison Street where Badalia, on her wedding day, a flare lamp in either hand, danced on a discarded lover's winkle barrow; where the Reverend Eustace Hanna and Brother Victor of the Order of Little Ease laboured for souls; and where Sister Eva, youngest and most impressionable of the Little Sisters of the Red Circle, went about on her errands of gentle mercy. There was an actual number mentioned, No. 17, and the suggestion that it was somewhere in the East End. But to Whitechapel or Limehouse turn not for Gunnison Street, but to Hennessey's Rents, where Tom Herodsfoot had established himself with his new woman. For the real Gunnison Street which was at once the locale and partly the inspiration of the story was in the Soho region, a sinister little alley that winds and twists close by Seven Dials.

E. T. RAYMOND.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

THE writing of Characters is a greatly neglected art. Time was when it was a favourite exercise with our essayists. Overbury's Characters and Earle's Microcosmography set a fashion which was followed by many other authors, especially by historians from Clarendon and Burnet to Macaulay and John Richard Green, whose studies of notable personages give to their chronicles that touch of gossip which makes the whole world grin. Since Green we have had no one really good at this art: for Mr. Herbert Paul in his history of modern England, is more preoccupied with affairs than with persons, and his sketches of character are coloured more by consideration for opinion than by attention to temperament. The writing of separate characters has been left to novelists. nothing is more lamentable about the books of memoirs, the biographies and the essays of the recent decades than the failure of the author to give a concrete, three dimensional description of the notable persons met, loved or quarrelled with. We have had plenty of scandal, but little gossip, with the exception of that feast of it provided in Mr. George Moore's accounts of his life in Ireland. Of course there have always been journalists who have attempted a little of what I mean by character writing, but most journalists have not the time for the real care and trouble involved in producing a sketch of a man's character, as apart from his opinions, his professions, his clothes or his habits. They fasten, as does the caricaturist, on to the orchid and the collar, and are content if the man is roughly recognisable. E. T. Raymond is a journalist: but his character sketches are of a very different calibre from those of the ordinary writer. It may not be unsuitable, in discussing the works of an author of character studies, to attempt a slight sketch of Mr. Raymond.

He is a big, friendly, shy person, intellectually alert rather than subtle, and not at all nervous except in manner. He strikes me as being impatient of the ordinary journalistic absorption in affairs and easy acceptance of current events at current value. He has a sense of perspective and proportion: and knows well enough that success, like manners, is often an accident of birth. He is of broad rather than deep sympathies, and has no use for persons whose pose is kept up in their own thoughts. Humbug may have a place in the economy of public life, but it should be discarded with one's public manner. A countryman by birth, he mixes with his appreciation of London that sound,

deep-rooted conviction of the countryman that there is something incurably frivolous about town life. What he really respects and likes, I feel, are the things one can't gossip about. As a youth, after a period of apprenticeship on the provincial press, he came to London. He has been connected with many London papers, including the old *Standard*; and he was for a time in Japan. His dropping into the work which resulted in those two delightful books, "Uncensored Celebrities" and "All and Sundry," was in a way accidental. Mr. A. W. Evans—better known as "Penguin"—took over *Everyman*: he liked Mr. Raymond's work, and he suggested to him the idea of these critical appreciations of well-known men. It was a happy thought. For months many readers turned first to the pages in which E. T. Raymond, week after week, subjected to his shrewd analysis, quick comment and keen humour the characters of the heroes of the bar, the press, the public and the club at St. Stephen's. There had been nothing like them in recent journalism. They did not pretend to the personal touch which distinguishes the gossip of "Toby, M.P." or "T. P.": they were at once less intimate and more serious. They were an effort to view their subjects if not *sub specie æternitatis*, at any rate in a guise not quite so transient and casual as the manner of to-day usually is. They put the man, very deftly and considerately, in his place. They are stereoscopic, and remain on the retina as portraits which may not be altogether true, but are certainly veridical. Mr. Raymond, whose one fault is modesty, thought of them largely as news. He did not anticipate the interest they would rouse in circles where ordinary reading includes nothing but novels—even if good novels. He seems still a little unconscious of what he has done. Let me for a few paragraphs try to examine precisely what that is.

II

In the first sentences of the first sketch of his first book Mr. Raymond reveals his preoccupations:

> "It is not very material to this or any other generation that Mr. Lloyd George has been 'filmed.' But posterity, in its study of this time, will be grateful that he has been painted by a man of genius."

Mr. Raymond has no use for the merely superficial. The camera and the film can only give us the swift, mechanical picture of externals: it needs art and a great artist to give us a study of that in a man which makes him what he is to us, and to himself. The world of to-day is excessively obsessed by external tests. Never perhaps have men been so taken at face value. We do not even trouble to examine their mouths, as we would a horse's: we take as evidence the words which issue from them. We have lost our sense of character and retained only a sense of the theatre. If a man acts well we cease to be curious about him, unaware or forgetful of the stern truth that acting is a very small part in life, and at the best, is the lowest of the arts and the least indicative of character.

At the root of Mr. Raymond's sketches, I believe, lies a deep impatience with this facile acceptance of our politicians, our lawyers, our journalists and generals. He is determined to restore, if he can, a sense of the importance of truth to a generation wholly set on admiring plausibility; to turn our eyes away from the spectacle of success to consider the great problem of righteousness. And he has not done this with the heavy denunciation of the prophets; he knows that would not get the attention of those he wants to rouse and so he adopts a spirit of lightness which has a pungency as acute as any more ill-natured satire, and is far nearer the truth. If Mr. Raymond is suspicious of success, he is quickly alive to real greatness. There are certain temperaments which do not appeal to him. He cannot really understand the Cecils: he respects Lord Robert, but he has against him a grudge which is quite unreasoned, similar really to the grudge some people used to have against the poor. Lord Robert Cecil—in the more considered study in "All and Sundry"—gets his full meed of praise, for Mr. Raymond has a simple test for statesmen, which he tells us in his devastating sketch of F. E. Smith, now Lord Birkenhead:

> "There is one infallible touchstone to-day for a man of affairs. Are they mere creatures of the moment, or have they some touch with the eternal? Their attitude towards the full policy of President Wilson—its refusal to parley with evil no less than its search for a healing formula—distinguishes statesmen as the sheep are separated from the goats. Every fool can point out the difficulty of that policy, but every truly wise man knows that those difficulties must either be conquered, or they will conquer mankind"

His range of appreciation is really very wide. He is not so much independent of, as superior to, the ordinary party distinctions: he insists on judging politicians by their loyalty to their own better standards. In judging non-political figures he is not always so happy. It is quite evident in his sketch of the Bishop of London that he knows nothing of ecclesiastical affairs, and not much of the organised churches: an ignorance which is a real disadvantage when you are endeavouring to estimate the character of a bishop. Nor does he show any acquaintance with the character of so well known a man as Mandell Creighton. To any who ever met, or heard, or has even read anything by, Mandell Creighton or William Temple, Mr. Raymond's sentence, "neither of them gave the notion of having anything specially to do with spiritual things," is quite ludicrous. Apart, however, from this study, the essays in "All and Sundry" show a wider range and as much humour as those in "Uncensored Celebrities." Mr. Raymond has a very happy gift of simile—an alluring talent. Who could resist going on with an essay which began: "There is no very obvious connection between Mr. Bonar Law and the Ancient Mariner"; or that on Lord Derby, when Mr. Raymond writes: "He is entitled to the same sort of respect one pays to a fifteenth-century manor house now being used as a tavern"; and not even Mr. Chesterton in an irreverent poem reached the description of Mr. Walter Long as "a pedigree squire. Few others are so genuine."

Mr. Raymond is rarely unkind—his sketch of T. P. O'Connor in "All and Sundry" is the one exception to his good temper. Mr. O'Connor may or may not be "very much the stage Irishman"; but I confess I cannot see the point of Mr. Raymond's remark when he writes about the rebels of Easter week, "we might

still have had to shoot them, but we might have shot them understandingly, and taken better measures to avoid future shootings, but for the comical contrast between Mr. O'Connor the Irish stalwart, and 'Tay Pay' as universal provider to the Cockney passion for trifles." As a specimen of Mr. Raymond at greater length I would commend this paragraph, out of the essay on Mr. Leo Maxse:

"One wonders sometimes how he 'scapes killing.' For it is no light risk nowadays to deal critically with the mighty. There was a time when the pamphleteering bravo could say much what he liked of a minister. There is an old story of a troublesome North Country visitor at a Riviera hotel, who declined resolutely to pay thirty francs for butter he had not eaten. The staff was in a quandary. It was against the hotel-keeper's morality to waive a charge once made; on the other hand, the Englishman clearly would not pay. The tactful manager got out of the difficulty by one of those inspirations which only occur to master-minds. 'Put it on to the bill of the Grand Duke,' he told the clerk; 'I am quite sure His Highness will not mind.' Such disregard for small charges was common enough among the statesmen of a few years ago. Confident of their own integrity, they cared little who assailed it from without, and they knew exactly how to deal with attacks in the House of Commons. Gladstone never brought actions for libel over the 'murder' of Gordon. Parnell met *The Times* forgery by a simple denial in the House of Commons. But some modern ministers have developed a strange sensitiveness to Press criticism, and if it cannot be dealt with by blandishments, they are quite prepared to use all the terrors of the law, criminal as well as civil. To tell the exact truth about public men to-day is as exciting as big-game hunting, and far more expensive."

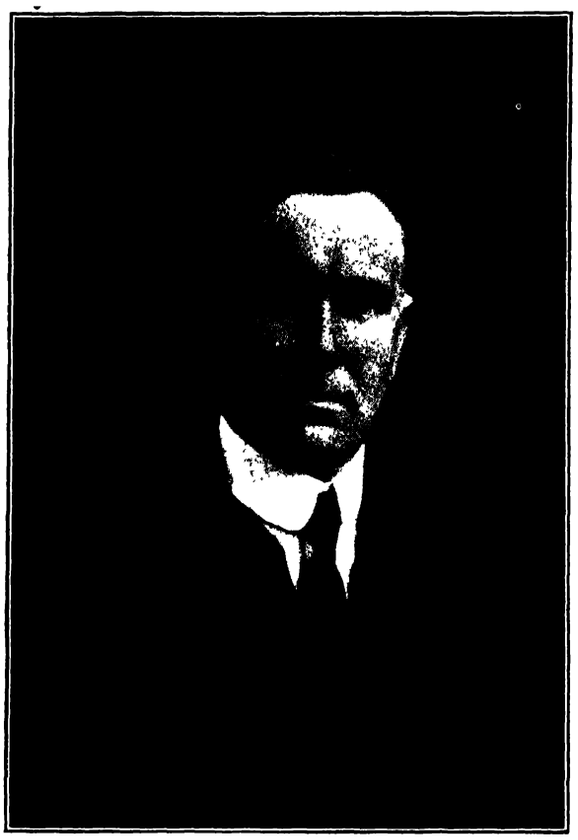


Photo by Maull & Fox.

Mr. E. T. Raymond.

III

There are those who felt certain, when they heard Mr. Raymond had undertaken to write a long book on Mr. Balfour, that it would not be a success. "He is obviously a hundred-yards man," they said. I feel that the publication of "A. J. Balfour: A Biography"* leaves the question undecided. This book is not so good as were the essays in the two previous books: but the subject may have as much to do with it as the author. Mr. Balfour is emphatically not the right subject for Mr. Raymond. His clear, arid, devastatingly lucid, dispassionate, religious and philosophical temperament is too remote from Mr. Raymond's understanding. He has confessed as much by getting another hand to write some pages on Mr. Balfour's philosophy: for Mr. Balfour is his philosophy, and if you cannot appraise that, you cannot get near the man. This is not to say that the book has not in it plenty of good and amusing and wise things. It has. It has, too, a very interesting theory that, at the time when he seems to have been most excluded, most oppressed by his colleagues and least considerable in the nation's counsels—during the years of the Tariff Reform controversy—Mr. Balfour was performing his life's work on the defence of Great Britain and the Empire. Mr. Raymond deals almost exclusively with Mr. Balfour's public career; indeed the book is misnamed by being called a biography—it is really a careful account of Mr. Balfour's influence and position in the Unionist party. A great part of the book is given to the war record of one whose energy always surprises his enemies as much as his laziness annoys his friends. When George Wyndham said, "Arthur does not care enough for these things: he remembers there has been an ice age, and he knows there will be an ice age again," he forgot that it is sometimes those who have the best sense of proportion who take the keenest interest over the small things. After all, if there is going to be another ice age, it is important that we should make ourselves warm now, and leave a warm world for our children. It is no use anticipating discomfort. Mr. Balfour's devotion to political life is remarkable in one who seems so remote from many of its immediate issues. No doubt its finesse appeals to him; but there is as much opportunity for finesse in social life. Nor am I satisfied with Mr. Raymond's belief that in politics "he adopts the habitual cynicism of all players in that fascinating game of mixed chance and skill"—a judgment which leaves oddly out of account, in that "all," so considerable a personality as Gladstone. And I am not sure of Mr. Balfour. There remains a real problem which Mr. Raymond admits he has to leave unanswered—which will perhaps never be answered: why did Mr. Balfour enter politics? I would suggest that it would be worth while to consider the possibility that he was actuated merely by a sense of duty.

* "A. J. Balfour." By E. T. Raymond. 12s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.
JANUARY, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Valentine in four lines of original verse addressed to any well-known person.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Arthur A. Eaglestone, of 15, Fitzwilliam Street, Parkgate, Rotherham, and to Kathleen Morrison, of 20, Lilybank Gardens, Glasgow West, for the following:

MUSIC.

I have drawn down into my lute
The dying stars—the blackbird's flute,
The golden threads of morning light.

And slumb'ring now within the strings
Are half a hundred little wings
That brushed the moon but yesternight.

I need but touch just softly—so!
And singing winds and waters flow
And dreaming birds awakened flash!

Or fiercely on a quicker note
Arouse the lance—the quarter coat,
And trumpets in the tourney crash.

And yet—and yet—alack a day!
I have a mind to cast away
My pearlèd ebon instrument,

For how shall I, unworthy, vain,
Awaken into life again
The magic with her laughter blent?

ARTHUR A. EAGLESTONE.

GIPSY LOVE.

A gipsy sang a wild sweet song,
Which echoed through the woods and stirred my heart.

* * * * *

Pierced were her ears with rings of gold
That stood out bold
Against her dusky hair
And soft neck round and bare,
While berries wondrous big and red
Encircled like a crown of jewels her head.

She saw me then and slowly came,
Her eyes aflame
With questioninge. She smiled
And in my heart a wild
Sweet love was born. There was a moon
High up above that summer night in June.

And now across the dusty grass
The horses pass
Dragging their caravans.
The gentle breeze that fans
Them on their way whispers and sighs.
And oh! the blackness of her deep set eyes.

And still I hear the gipsy sing
That wild sweet song which stirred my heart.

KATHLEEN MORRISON.

We also select for printing

LENT LILIES.

Now shades cluster under
The flowers and chairs,
And hedgerow and wainscot
Are muffled in gloom,
Now softly are shining
Through dusk-sweetened airs
A moon in your garden,
A lamp in your room.

But the moon is so young,
Your lamp is so low,
That nothing at all
Can I see where I pass,
But the yellow Lent lilies
With green stems below
That stand on your table,
That nod on your grass."

(C. A. Macartney, 11, Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris, 6ième.)

From the large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation the thirty by G. B. Chase (Wallingford), John Dronsfield (Prestwich), Cicely Nevill (Dunedin, N.Z.), G. Lawrence Groom (London, N.W.), Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, U.S.A.), Una Malleson (London, W.), L. M. Priest (Norwich), K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Ivan Adair (Dublin), "Link Lodge" (Forest Rise), William King (Edinburgh), Diana Patrick (Wallingford), M. B. (Calne), Maud Slessor (Rottingdean), Olga Mills (Croydon), Stanley Stokes (Exeter), Faith Hearn (Florence, Italy), Mary Forbester (Leicester), Oscar Williams (New York), Muriel Grainger (Hampstead), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), Dulcima Glasby (London, N.W.), Delphine Stringer (Cromer), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), A. M. Wall (Nottingham), Cecil Thomas (Quetta), M. D. Baynes (Pitchcombe), A. M. Hughes-Carr (Balham), William A. G. Kemp (Northwood).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Ethel Mulvaney, of 21, Drury Street, Dublin, for the following:

THE BREATHLESS MOMENT. BY MURIEL HINE. (Lane.)

"Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Mikado.*

We also select for printing:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH.
(Thornton Butterworth)

"There must be something good in you, I know—
Or why does every one abuse you so?"
OWEN SEAMAN, *In Praise of Fog.*

(Edith M. Dean, Clare Hall, Clare, Suffolk.)

BLACK OBJECTS By COULSON KERNAHAN. (R T S)

"One little, two little, three little, four little,
Five little nigger boys;
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little,
Ten little nigger boys"
Old Nursery Rhymes.

(Sybil Senior, 2, Compton Street, Eastbourne.)

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON. By F. A. MACKENZIE.
(Hodder & Stoughton)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."
BEN JOHNSON, *To Celia.*

(J. M. Johnston, Knowetop Lodge, Motherwell.)

MODERN ENGLISH STATESMEN.
By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR (Allen & Unwin)

"So much they talked, so very little said"
CHURCHILL, *The Rosciad.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.)

IRISH MEMORIES.
By E. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS. (Longmans.)

"The isle is full of noises"
The Tempest, Act III., Sc. II.

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the reply in not more than three hundred words to the question: If it were possible for you to spend an evening with any famous author of the past, which one would you rather meet and why? is awarded to Miss Duffin, of Riddel Hall, Stranmiller's Road, Belfast, for the following:

Whom shall I choose? Scott? Lamb? Warm, human personalities both, and I feel I could be at ease with either. I would give much to hear that delightful laugh of Sir Walter's, which all but sounds in Lockhart's description—or to catch the fleeting delight of a stammered pun from the lips of Lamb. But on consideration, I feel I know them both very well already. The same objection applies to Dr Johnson; thanks to Bozzy's industry, I have spent many evenings in the Doctor's company. Besides, I might be nervous: one of those sledge-hammer retorts, I feel, would wither on my lips all my carefully prepared and intelligent questions.

No. I will be bold, and give my vote for an evening with Shakespeare. Not altogether for the delight of hearing the author of "Hamlet" discuss philosophy, and the inventor of the Witches, of the ghosts of Hamlet's father and of Banquo give his views on psychic phenomena. Not even that I long to question the creator of Portia, of Lady Macbeth, of Rosalind, and Juliet, as to his opinions on the emancipation of women, eliciting perhaps a comment on Mrs. Asquith's Autobiography and the psychology of Christabel Pankhurst.

Delightful, certainly! But the real joy of my evening with Shakespeare would be the aftermath. Think of demolishing the commentators, of sweeping into limbo the millions of foot-notes that encrust his works like barnacles on a stately ship! Of proving beyond question that Lady Macbeth was tall and masculine (or frail and feminine, as the case may be)! Of settling once and for ever the identity of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets! And, oh, wondrous thought, of informing a breathless world on unimpeachable authority that Shakespeare was (or was not) Bacon!

I choose Shakespeare.

Other replies are very good indeed, and but for lack of space we should have printed several. The authors



Mr. Russell Green,
whose new book of poems "Passions," Messrs. Holden & Hardingham are publishing.

chiefly favoured by competitors are Shakespeare and Dickens. Lamb, Johnson, Goldsmith, Stevenson, have each a good following, and from two to four papers each are devoted to Chaucer, Homer, Carlyle, Ruskin, Burns, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, Keats, Wordsworth, Jack London, Coleridge, Byron, Borrow, and among the many who would each be welcome to one competitor are St. Luke, Thomas Traherne, Plato, Mrs. Riddell and Twells Brex. One competitor rather anticipates things, and names an author who is still living. We select for special commendation the twelve replies by Victor S. Pritchett (Bromley), Mabel Westby Nunn (Cheltenham), Hilda Fletcher (Highgate), K. Norman Browne (Bournemouth), H. A. Venting Gibbs (Epsom), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), J. R. Sisson (Wallasey), E. M. Ruglen-Gregory (Weston-super-Mare), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), M. P. Lillie (Ullapool), A. M. Warren (Moffatt), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Gertrude Pitt, of 8, Wyndham Crescent, N.19, for the following:

IN THE MOUNTAINS. (Macmillan.)

Surely there is no one but "Elizabeth" who possesses this fascinating blend of humour and philosophy? War has laid a ruthless hand upon her: the gardens and solitary summers of the Fatherland are forgotten, the "Man of Wrath" is no more, and in mountain solitudes she seeks healing for her sorrows. But soon "cheerfulness is breaking through," the seclusion is invaded, and in supervising a middle-aged romance, her zest for life returns. There are wise and witty aphorisms on many subjects, including Tobacco and Kissing, intriguing lures betraying an ardent book-lover, and a "hitherto-unpublished" letter from Henry James!

We also select for printing:

NEEDLECRAFT FOR OLDER GIRLS.
By MARGARET SWANSON. (Longmans.)

This book is a Compendium of Psychology based upon Needlecraft as used by the growing girl. The many illustrations—verbal and pictorial—are designed with this purpose, and instead of an epitome of Needlecraft, at a certain stage, one is conscious of having read an interesting treatise on the "Psychology of the Adolescent." The importance given to "Stitchery" as a means of self-expression should make the book invaluable to those who advocate "home-making" for girls, while those who fear the loss of "womanliness" in the future education of girls will rejoice greatly that their fears are vain!

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

This prize would have been awarded to J. R. McCallum (Oxford), but he has considerably exceeded the hundred words. We select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Alan G. Fraser (Broadstairs), R. M. Jefferyes (Sloane Square), E. M. Liddell (Chepstow), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), E. M. Peet (Southport), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Winifred Bates (Bridport), E. Hicks (London, N.W.), Isabella Griffin (Wolverhampton), Barker Ogden (Wimbledon), M. K. Boothby (Newby), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), E. G. Horner (Surbiton), F. Webster (Walworth), F. A. Douglas (London, S.W.), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Sybil Sandeman (London, S.W.), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Queenie Scott-Hopper, 25, The Crescent, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

FEW, if any, persons who take a real interest in English literature, and who read Professor Elton's earlier "Survey" of its progress from 1780 to 1830, will not be anxious to see what he has to say of the other fifty years that followed. There are of course still some differences in estimate of our whole body of letters from the death of Johnson to that of Scott, and more on details of person and book. But something like a *communis sensus*, both in the original meaning of the Latin, and the transferred one of its English equivalent, has, or ought to have, been reached respecting all this. How far that is from being the case with regard to what is loosely called Victorian literature or, with a little more precision, Early and Mid-Victorian, everybody knows. Was this literature, in spite of the drawbacks and foibles which, like all other periods, it showed in some ways, in others the equal or almost the equal of the greatest? Or was it, with some redeeming features, a lamentable exhibition of sentimentality, pretension, snobbishness, prudery, cant, false wit, etc.? Or ought one to adopt or construct for oneself, one of the almost infinitely possible shades of opinion between these two extremes? For a period like the present, in which individuality of thought is certainly not the strongest element, and in which myriads of half-educated folk undulate from one loudly-voiced gospel to another, a guide who can offer a soundly twisted rope to hold by through the whole maze ought to be welcome.

For such a guide's office Professor Elton has some remarkable qualifications, independent of his undoubted intellectual ability and his personal and professional acquaintance with his subject. Perhaps the most important of all of these for the company who are likely to make use of his services, is that of age and consequent starting-point. He is neither a fossil of the first half of the nineteenth century, nor a suckling of the earliest twentieth. He is one of those who, coming to such years of discretion as they were ever to attain in the early eighties, found themselves in the ebb of that tide, both of production and of reception, which had begun to flow at the opening of the period of his present book. These eighties themselves, earlier and later, were to be nearly as curious a reaping-time for the great ones of the immediate past as the thirties had been. Carlyle, Newman, Arnold, Browning, were to go in the actual decade; and Tennyson to follow soon after. Even the so-called Pre-Raphaelite phase of poetry was not new to the young men of that day. So they very generally revolted, as at such times young men will do, and they very often spoke unadvisedly with their lips, as revolters always do; though out of youth there comes always much, and out of revolt often something, that is worth heeding.

It may be left to the twenty-first century, if it cares to take up the usual though possibly not very estimable habit of its forerunners, to look up any earlier utterances of Professor Elton's and compare them with this. It is pretty certain that if any apparent inconsistency be found it will go to prove, not any transaction or compromise such as is often charged against advancing years, but merely that quality of balanced judgment which should be their best acquisition. Differ of course one may; if anybody could read eight hundred pages of somebody else's literary criticism and agree with everything in it, it is a question whether he ought not to go and hang himself—being evidently "a thing of no value, only a duplicate." The questions of importance in such a book are: "Is it well informed?" "Is it distinguished by critical ability?" and last, but perhaps most important of all, "Is the writer capable of giving, and willing to give, due praise to the literary value of things with which, on non-literary points, he does not sympathise?" Or to put these queries in different words: "Does this man know?" "Does he understand?" "Can he in the true sense, judge?" and "Can he put his judgments so that they are worth reading?" In Professor Elton's case all these questions may, allowing for the inevitable differences of personal opinion just referred to, be answered cheerfully in the affirmative.

Some of these differences, and the most instructive of them, turn perhaps not so much on personal taste as on personal experience. For instance, Mr. Elton thinks Blanche Amory "almost a failure" and "jarring."

*"A Survey of English Literature, 1830-1880." By Oliver Elton, Hon. D.Litt., Professor of English Literature in the University of Liverpool. 2 vols. (Edward Arnold.)

Whence it is clear that he has never met her, and perhaps likely that he has never read the Memoirs of that Mongol minx, Marie Bashkirtseff, in whom Blanche turned up alive, though at a longer interval, as another masterpiece of Thackeray's—Costigan—did, *after* their respective book-creations. (Since these lines were written another writer has compared Marie to a living lady, who is, however, not nearly so like her as she is like Blanche.) The present reviewer is proud to say that he has met, talked to, danced with, etc., if not the perfect Blanche, quite a number of what may be called "Blanch*ettes*"—mere Nature's attempts at what Art had already anticipated and perfected. Whether our author's state or ours be more gracious, who shall decide? Other disagreements *à l'amiable* may perhaps arise from a certain generous habit which Professor Elton has of sometimes disregarding that disagreeable but useful functionary—the Devil's Advocate. For instance, again, in echoing the common praise of S. R. Gardiner, he gives the unwary no warning that there are persons, not quite fools or quite ignorant of the period, who utterly deny that historian's real impartiality, though they admit and indeed urge a most dangerous simulation of it in him; who say that Gardiner's omissions are sometimes as treacherous as Macaulay's "plurals"—indeed much more so, because they hide instead of proclaiming themselves. These opponents may be right or they may be wrong; but their existence should perhaps not be passed over. So also it might not have been quite superfluous to mention that the "massive fragments" (p. 73) of Lord Acton's never completed *opus* or *opera*, drew from some even of those who had taken him on trust reluctant reminiscences of Sterne and Sydney Smith and Horner and the parish bull. But it may no doubt be contended that an excess of generosity in a survey like this is very much more of a merit than of a fault. For it is much better for the reader who is not likely to go further to know the successes rather than the failures of the subjects: while those who are, as many should be, induced to undertake direct study, will, if they are good for anything, soon discover the blots as well as the beauties.

This is all the more to be allowed our author because he never turns a merely "foolish face of praise" on any of his heroes or texts. There are, perhaps, no three writers (to take examples of the most diverse kinds) with whom he would seem to be in more sympathy than Dickens, Mark Pattison, and George Meredith. "Mark" has perhaps no "whole-hoggers," and he would probably have been as rude to them—if they had existed and he had been brought in contact with them—as Browning was the reverse to his. But the two pages on the Rector of Lincoln here are admirably just, and here the blots, though not dwelt on, are at least allowed. So, with Dickens, though Mr. Elton may approve a stream of tendency which some deplore, it does not in the least induce him to mask the extraordinary inequality in art, taste, logic, style—everything, which characterises that great writer. And though he is an undoubted Meredithian, the swagger of the Meredithian stalwart, which has often amused the true Comic Spirit so much, is a quite impossible attitude for him. Indeed, by quoting that simple yet final utterance of "O! George, why don't you write as you talk?" in which Sir Francis Burnand summed up the spoken or unspoken thought of all (except idolaters) who ever had a conversation of any length with the novelist—he has put on record most of the reasonable indictment against his subject.

But such animadversion only touches points of the general handling, while that general handling itself, though difficult to characterise briefly, is the thing which makes the book valuable. Once more one may disagree with Mr. Elton in some respects, such as his apparent concession sometimes to the latest of critical heresies, the confounding of form and matter after all the pains that have been taken to keep them distinct and all the advantage which the distinction has conferred on those who observe it. Still, in one passage on Swinburne's marvellous miniature, "Love laid his sleepless head," he restores to us as "outline" what certain esteemed but perhaps mistaken critics would take away from us as "form." Indeed we rather like "outline," which reminds us of Mr. Mantalini. His general estimates of the poets come always "right in the main," whether they be Tennyson or Browning, Arnold or the Rossettis, Swinburne or Morris. Nor is he less successful with, or less interested in, the prose-writers. The opening chapter on Carlyle is one of the best discussions of that by no means easy subject known to us. "Macaulay and Froude"—a felicitous and rather audacious coupling—gives opportunities for a different kind of evaluation: and the section devoted to Newman is one of the most remarkable in the whole book. For once here is a looker-on—for it cannot be impertinent to assume that Professor Elton backs the side neither of the Tractarian nor of the Evangelical, nor of the Roman Catholic, nor of the Anglican indignant or regretful at Newman's secession—who *does* see the game steadily and clearly. As in the case of the Carlyle, it may be recommended as a quite exceptionally good treatment of the subject for the general reader.

But that reader ought perhaps to be most indebted to Mr Elton for his notices of minor writers. It is in regard to them that the historian of literature on a large scale in point of time and matter, and a small one in point of space, feels the cramp and confinement most. He has to give three lines where he would like to give thirty, and thirty where he would like to give three hundred. Professor Elton has had the room, and has allotted it well and wisely. Perhaps only those who have gone over the whole of the same ground carefully themselves are justified in saying—and we think they can say it—that he has scarcely left out any author who had a distinct right to come in.

And even this commendation does not exhaust the merits of the book. Such a book may be a very faithful chronicle or catalogue without "finding the whole," or communicating that whole to its readers. Not merely in a short but excellent summing up but throughout his work Professor Elton has pointed out, to all but Mr. Wilful Wontsee and Mr. Impotent Cantsee, the remarkable combinations of nobility and variety in spirit, of precision and freedom in form, which characterised the period and which, to say the least, have not been quite so perceptible since. So he may be safely pronounced to be *bene meritus* of the time and the country of his birth.

MRS. C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

By Edwin Pugh.

I AM not sure whether Mrs. Dawson Scott is at her best in her home or in her books.

That she is great both in her home and in her books there is no gainsaying. A woman whose qualities, like her eyes, lie in ambush—to spring out upon you suddenly. She is all womanly, motherly. And she has that magic gift of the mistress of a *salon* which transforms half-dead creatures into palpitant human beings.

It doesn't matter, of course; but I am not overmuch in love with what is known as literary and artistic society. I would rather any day talk with a common workman in the tap-room of a pothouse than with the highest of highbrows. But I have met at Mrs. Dawson Scott's house men and women of flesh and blood whom I have shunned at other houses as mere figments whose skin seemed made of parchment, and whose veins seemed filled with ink.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott.**

Mrs. Dawson Scott has a girlish habit of clasping her hands together, not in a prayerful attitude, rather as if she would hug herself for very joy in the capture of your friendship, your confidence. She seems always a little surprised, a little excited, at finding that you and she understand one another. "Oh, *yes*!" she exclaims. That expresses her acceptance, her acclamation of the truth of things. She has a very passion for truth. I have never read any books that were more free from fake than her books. It must be the truth, even if it be improbable truth, unkindly truth, that she seeks after and expounds.

When you are reading her stories you feel that you are not so much hearing about people as living with them. She does not lead or drive you; she goes with you; and such is her compelling force that if you love her company, as I do, you can only say in the spirit of Ruth: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

I feel sorry for the many who have not as yet read her books. When I read "Against the Grain," better and more aptly named in America, "The Rolling Stone," I felt sorry for myself on reflecting that this was the first book of hers I had read. And then I found that it was not the first. I had read "Wastralls," and I had not forgotten it. I had only forgotten the author's name. Since then I have read "The Story of Anna Beames," "Mrs. Noakes," and her last wonderful, terrible novel, "The Headland." I have read all these books at least twice. I have also read most of her poems—more than twice. They are poems.

I would not like to say off-hand which of her books I like best. There is "Against the Grain," otherwise "The Rolling Stone," with its especial appeal to my temperament. It is hard to realise even now that a woman wrote that book. One would have thought that the character of her hero, Harry King, was so altogether outside a woman's experience. This is not to question that women have the fighting spirit. "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." But in Harry King Mrs. Dawson Scott projected a man to whom the love of fighting for sheer fighting's sake was the beginning and the end of life. There was nothing worth having that hadn't to be fought for. And, indeed, the fighting was far better worth while than the end to be gained by the fighting. And it was real fighting, not the fighting of wits against wits, mind against mind, but the physical conflict of brute strength and skill against brute strength and skill. In less sure hands such a theme would be repellent, such a man hateful. In Mrs. Dawson Scott's hands the theme is made intensely attractive, the man most lovable.

As a rule women have a crude taste in men. That at least is one of the faults that most men find in most women's books. And perhaps Mrs. Dawson Scott is not wholly free from this reproach, which however is not to say that her men are not real men. Reuben Noakes is a very real man—and utterly abominable. He is a selfish *bon viveur* to whom the only things that matter are the so-called "good things" of life, which include drink, cards and racing. Truth, honour, the well-being of his wife and children: these are as nothing to him. But—he is outwardly kind, he is very fond and gentle and caressing, he has curly hair; and so all else is forgiven him, everything, everybody else is sacrificed to him—by his wife.

Again, in "Wastralls," there is the dark, sullen Leadville Byron. "Love did not at any time come easily to him, and all the emotion of which he was capable had long been concentrated upon Wastralls." In order to possess this farm he marries its owner, Sabina Rosevear—"big, ripe, fair, a woman who might have stepped out of the Elizabethan age"—only to find that she is now as much in the way of his ambition as she had been before he wooed and won her. She treats him almost as if he were an irresponsible child.

She meets with an accident, and becomes loathly to his senses. He plots to murder her, and thinks he has succeeded. And when I read that he had not succeeded, that by this attempted murder he had for ever ruined all his hopes, I was as sorry for him as if I had known him. Is it possible to pay a higher tribute to the power of the author than that, especially as my sympathy was obviously misplaced and should have been with the triumph of the dead Sabina?

And then there is Stephen Barclay in "The Story of Anna Beames"; fierce, coarse, cunning, shallow, something of a dare-devil, something of a windbag, something of a coward. He fascinates poor Anna in the time of her second blooming. Her narrow life has warped her imagination. She does not understand. He seduces her, deserts her, marries her under compulsion, and is finally instrumental in encompassing her death in childbirth. He is not very like Mrs. Dawson Scott's other men; and yet there is that likeness in unlikeness of the primitive male whose appeal to the average woman seems irresistible.

And now this latest, greatest book, "The Headland." It differs a little from Mrs. Dawson Scott's other books in that it deals mainly with debased rather than with predominant types. And yet it resembles her other books in that its story is so inimitably told that it cannot be retold. It is indeed this exquisite economy of means which makes it so hard for the mere reader to render again any of Mrs. Dawson Scott's work at all adequately. On the one hand you have the broad effects: the wide spaces and elemental forces of Nature in raw travail, naked and unashamed—the Headland rocks under you as you read!—on the other, the fine close etching in of detail. And anyway no one ever reads any first-class story—and above all Mrs. Dawson Scott's stories—solely for the sake of their plot. One reads them because they mirror life, its beauty and its ugliness, its comedy and tragedy: life reflected, as only it can be, by the light of genius.

One is, however, chary of the use of that word "genius." All those who are geniuses know it, but some know it who are not geniuses. There's the rub. Genius is a simple thing, and so, like all simple things, profound. Mrs. Dawson Scott's genius lies more in her humanness than in her tragic faculty. It is her humanness that I started out to insist upon. And I have strayed a little from my starting-point. I like best in her work that lively insight into the depths of what we call the commonplace. Her peasants, her humbler folk, her minor characters generally: these are the simple souls she delights in and introduces to us with the same delicate unconscious art that she would employ in introducing a prizefighter to a poet. Her sketches of such people are as subtle and finished as her full-length portraits.

There is Tunks. "'Poor Tunks!' said Anna Beames lightly." But poor Tunks, with his gooseberry-coloured eyes and uncouth figure, is inestimably richer in the guerdon of manhood than her tinsel idol, Stephen Barclay, or her three bowelless brothers, the vicar and the two doctors. And Trispin Job in "The Headland," glimpsed, as it were, in a flash of lightning, yet fully revealed in just those few words of stern condemnation touched with pity that any honest man might pass upon any such horrible degenerate as Hendre Pendragon: "Up to â's tricks agen, is â?"

But this brief, feeble appreciation of Mrs. Dawson Scott and her work would have to be rewritten—it would have to be one of many other essays on other phases of her work—to be commensurate with its worth.

I have said that Mrs. Dawson Scott is a poet. If she had never written a line of verse, or even a line of prose, she would still be a poet. She has the poetic vision. That she has chosen to follow the tragic Muse in the pursuit of her art means merely that she sees in the bigger issues of life all that they involve of lesser issues. But, says she:

> ". . Give me the sun
> Fierce on my head, the sand
> Hot, blistering beneath my naked foot—
> Give sun or storm
> So that I live!"

And again:

> " But I can look
> From the dark face that dreams above my heart
> And laugh"

New Books.

CHESTERTON THE UNCHANGED.*

Mr. Chesterton does not change. Like another public character of festive reputation he is still going strong. He writes the same little essays in the same old way, indicating infallibly what is wrong with the world and putting it right with suspicious ease, reducing all the difficulties of life to a pair of simple alternatives, greeting the obvious with a cheer, puncturing the windbags, exposing the humbugs, and sometimes exposing himself in the process. There is an example of this self-exposure in the present volume—an essay on Meredith that Mr. Chesterton's better angel should have made him suppress. He is welcome, of course, to praise Meredith as highly as he pleases—but does he really find it necessary to slander Thomas Hardy in the process? He once permitted himself to describe Hardy as "the village atheist brooding over the village idiot." So far from repenting, he now writes thus:

"Mr. Hardy is wholly of our own generation, which is a very unpleasant thing to be. He is shrill and not mellow. He does not worship the unknown God: he knows the God (or thinks he knows the God) and dislikes Him. He is not a pantheist: he is a pandiabolist. The great agnostics of the Victorian age said there was no purpose in Nature. Mr Hardy is a mystic; he says there is an evil purpose . Swinburne and Thomas Hardy talk almost in words of one syllable; but the philosophical upshot can be expressed in the most famous of all words of one syllable—damn. Their words are common words; but their view (thank God) is not a common view. They denounce in the style of a spelling-book."

There is a point at which an alleged honest opinion is not entitled to the least respect. Mr. Chesterton has reached that point here. A man who declares that Hardy is "shrill and not mellow" is no more respectable than a man who declares that the sun is green and not luminous. Mr. Chesterton is great enough to be told bluntly that such an utterance from him is silly, if not disgraceful.

* "The Uses of Diversity." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Its intellectual level is no higher than that of a suburban debating society at which crude young men argue about "Capital" and "Labour" without any idea of what they mean by these empty words Mr. Chesterton (who will sometimes sacrifice truth to an antithesis)can no more get on without his pair of alternatives than G. P. R. James could get on without his pair of horsemen, and so, in order to discuss Meredith he has to invent a bogey-man to which he attaches the name of Hardy. I am not going to argue with Mr. Chesterton, I will simply tell him that Thomas Hardy is one of the glories of English letters; that he is almost the only novelist we can set without shame by the side of Flaubert, Dostoevsky and Turgenev; that "The Dynasts" is the greatest poem produced in Europe since "Faust"; and that in writing as he does of such a man he is simply making a public exhibition of folly. I profess that I admire Mr. Chesterton as a cheerful, courageous and wholesome influence in these horrid times; but I hope my admiration is not inconsistent with an honest resentment.

Let us turn to more pleasant matters. The essays in this volume, as in all its predecessors, show Mr. Chesterton's happy combination of gravity of purpose with levity of manner. Here, as elsewhere, his hand is heavy on the so-called "Lady Bountiful." I rejoice in the castigation, for I know the spirit of the people who run the poor as an occupation or duty or amusement. Heartily do I enjoy Mr. Chesterton's "Ballade d'une Grande Dame," the essential truth of which is unquestionable. In the present volume he connects our Lady Bountifuls, our hard, heartless, uncharitable charity-mongers, with Jane Austen, above all people, and his essay may be starred as an excellent example of his penetrating, revealing criticism.

There are other subjects here on which he enlarges with pleasure to himself and delight to his readers—detective stories, Christian science, spiritualism and the joys of life. I like his reference to the Coventry Nativity Play (produced a couple of years ago) as an example of mediæval, humorous reverence; but I wish he had said a faithful word about the performers, who, when I saw it, drawled and droned out their lines like a pale young curate intoning collects. Surely, in minimising the liveliness of the play they were minimising the essential reverence!

Well, here is the volume, with its faults and its many merits. You must be a crusty old creature if you cannot receive it with joy, gratitude and admiration.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE END OF THE ROMANOVS.*

The old Russian slogan, "Life for the Tsar," sounds in bitter ironic contrast when the dire fate of the last of the Tsars in 1918 is considered. But it was not the great mass of the Russian people who desired or decreed the massacre of their Imperial Family. The crime was the work of a number of polyglot Jews, headed by Lenin, who were in the pay of Germany, and the actual assassins were certain of these Jews assisted by soldiers of Magyar and Lett nationality.

These facts are further established in Mr. Robert Wilton's book. He had special opportunities for elucidating the facts of the murders which the Bolshevists had entangled in a network of lies, for they gave out a false report of the "execution"; they destroyed the bodies of their victims, but later invented a bogus funeral; and they staged a mock trial of assassins with imaginary names. But murder will out.

In April, 1919, Mr. Wilton being in Ekaterinburg, the scene of the murders, met N. A. Sokolov, the investigating magistrate who had been appointed by Koltchak to ascertain the truth about the end of the Imperial Family. "He was relentless, tireless, full of resource in the pursuit alike of murderers and beasts of prey. . . . It is thanks to him that an overwhelming mass of evidence has been built up into a structure that cannot be overthrown." Mr. Wilton was with Sokolov during many months of the inquiry.

One is glad to find that the author produces fresh evidence to prove that the Empress was never pro-German, as many people no doubt still innocently believe:

> "She hated Germany with a bitterness and a fervour equalled only by her contempt and loathing for the Russians—always excepting the peasants, whom she imagined to be endowed with all the virtues and qualities that Rasputin was supposed to possess."

When the Bolshevists wanted to take the Tsar to Moscow, he turned to his followers and said: "You see they want me to sign the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. But I would rather cut off my hand than do so." The Empress, much agitated, interposed: "I am also going. Without me they will persuade him into doing something, as they did before. . . . The Germans know that their treaty is valueless without the Tsar's signature. They want to separate him from his family in order to frighten him into some disgraceful act" She lost all self-control, at times pacing the room like a caged tigress, and then bursting into a storm of tears.

Mr. Wilton relates the whole course of the Via Crucis of the Imperial Family from Tsarskoe-Selo to Tobolsk, and then to Ekaterinburg, where their final agony began and ended:

> "The prisoners were in a trap from which there was no escape. There was no privacy, not even for the girls—no consideration for decency or modesty. . . The guards sang revolutionary songs devised to hurt and shock the feelings of the prisoners, containing foul words such as no man should dare to utter in the presence of innocent girls; but the revolutionary warriors delighted in wounding the modesty of the Grand Duchesses in this and in still more repulsive ways, by filthy scribbling and drawings on the walls and by crowding round the lavatory—there was only one for the prisoners and the warders."

On the night appointed for the murders—July 16th, 1918—the Imperial Family and the four faithful attendants who remained with them were conducted to a semi-basement room, and this is how they were dispatched:

> "The twelve revolvers volleyed instantly, and all the prisoners fell to the ground. Death had been instantaneous in the case of the parents and three of the children, and of Dr. Botkin and two servants Alexis (the young Tsarevich) remained alive in spite of his wounds, and moaned and struggled in his agony. Yurovsky finished him with his Colt. One of the girls—presumably the youngest Grand Duchess, Anastasia—rolled about and screamed, and, when one of the murderers approached, fought desperately with him till he killed her. . . ."

That same night the bodies were mutilated and burned, and the ashes cast into the disused shaft of a mine.

Surely the most appalling crime in all the annals of history, for at any rate the five children were innocent of any offence.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "The Last Days of the Romanovs from March 15th, 1917." Part I: The Narrative of Robert Wilton, Special Correspondent of *The Times*. Part II: The Depositions of Eye-Witnesses. Illustrated from actual photographs. 15s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

THE SUNNY SIDE OF SPEECH.*

Many of us can recall with interest the alternating dullness and brightness of the English hour at school or college. The dull hour perhaps predominated, but the joy of the other hours made up for it. Those who wish to recall those happier interludes cannot do better than turn to Miss Alethea Chaplin's pages, where they will find the old charm revived. In her bibliography she mentions that "Archbishop Trench's books, 'English Past and Present' and 'On the Study of Words,' are still suggestive." This is faint praise, and only Miss Chaplin's own sprightliness reconciles us oldsters to this lack of enthusiasm for the ideals of our youth. I looked, without much hope I confess, to see whether Sullivan's "Dictionary of Derivations" found a place of honour in Miss Chaplin's list. To one who has worked through a dictionary and been

* "The Romance of Language." By Alethea Chaplin. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

examined on it page by page it is almost impossible not to think of that dictionary more highly than one ought to think. No doubt Miss Chaplin is right in omitting a book that must be very old-fashioned now, and perhaps never was quite authoritative. For she is nothing if not modern. Still, entertaining as she is throughout, she does not lack her slightly arid pages. This is written in praise, not in blame. One cannot, one should not, be brilliant all the time—a lesson that some of our literary young men do not seem to have learned. Miss Chaplin relieves the fascinating brilliancy of her romance of words by occasional expositions on language in general, and on the history of English in particular.

There is nothing that is remarkably novel in the book. The ground has been well covered many times before, but one need not be quite so pessimistic as our authoress when she says that she will "not attempt the impossible—the making of discoveries." There are things still to be found out with regard to language, and she herself indicates quite a number of them in the text. The next best thing to answering a question is to state it clearly, and this Miss Chaplin has done in many cases, though it is only fair to say that she answers many more questions than she leaves in the air. We have all our pet aversions in style, and one of mine is the irritatingly hopeless wish of this type: "If only those sculptured lions could speak, what stories they would tell!" It is seldom, however, that Miss Chaplin is vague like this. Indeed she is generally particularly direct and effective in her statements. What could be more straight than "From this point of view [namely, that simplification of a language is a gain, not a loss] English is the most advanced and the most enlightened of all languages, and therefore the most suitable for expressing the wants and thoughts of men." If some readers are not sure that they speak good enough English to take credit to themselves for the mastery of such a perfect instrument, Miss Chaplin is ready with the comfort that many of our so-called mistakes in grammar have historical justification, and even those who make "join" rhyme with line" have behind them the magisterial example of Pope. Some of the *obiter dicta* here may call for comment. I am not sure that the experience of our troops in France would justify the statement that the interjections "are among the last bits of a language to be acquired by a foreigner."

I learn from the title page that Miss Chaplin has published "General Knowledge Papers." This is a danger signal, and all young people preparing for their first school examination should earnestly pray that this book may not fall into the hands of examiners eager for interesting and puzzling questions. If their prayer is unanswered the only resource of the young people will be to buy for themselves and read this entrancingly instructive volume.

JOHN ADAMS.

GOETHE.*

How came it to pass that Dr. Hume Brown, a man engaged in the exposition of Scottish Chronicles, should devote his holidays during many years to the construction of a new "Life of Goethe"? No one would have claimed for Professor Hume Brown prerogative as poet or critic of poetry. His capacity for setting forth, against the background of Queen Mary's epoch, a humanist who took verse in his academic stride, was readily acknowledged. This author's biography of George Buchanan stands unrivalled as a description of that scholar.

But Goethe—the evoker of orbic verse, the equally distinguished wielder of a prose often as clear as Genesis, yet encyclopedic in its themes, shot through and through with theory of æsthetics, subtly enriched from a uniquely large vocabulary! Was it not a too daring enterprise for this palæographer to track the experiences of such genius in its upper air? No. The Scot has succeeded. His performance is heroic, in its jog-trot fidelity to common sense; in its balanced presentment of a creator of epic, who is himself eponymous in the evolution of Germany's science no less than of its letters; in the scale of values by which he ranges forth other writers in Goethe's company—for instance, the loyalties of Schiller; the first-rate comedy of Lavater's sentimental prankings; the revelation of Voltaire as an acid test in history, while the seer beyond the Rhine is a spirit of fostering, charitable impulse; the quantification of this thinker's loose relation to classic literatures. No signal discoveries mark these pages. The criticism of poetic matters is broad rather than penetrating. The corpus of poetic extracts—sometimes in the original, sometimes in translation—does not at all impress one with this biographer's power to rank, as an illustrator of genius, beside a Coleridge or an Arnold. It is surely, by the way, a pity that a book constructed to be a gift to plain English readers should marshal the many quotations in its footnotes without English renderings. Not seldom, this stout-hearted professor of Scottish history, surveying his mighty subject—no less now than the king of all modern humanists—intrigues us to doubt whether he did not share the spasm of dismay that occasionally visits many students of Goethe. Was there a considerable element of sham—of lath and plaster—in this imposing potentate? Why did Professor Hume Brown choose for his two goodly volumes these fearsome portraits as frontispieces? In our more placid moments we are glad to fall back on the testimony of many a literary friend of Goethe's, that this skald's bearing and countenance were godlike. We trust our own Lockhart when he pencils to Scott this note: "One must be struck with the majestic beauty of Goethe's countenance, the noblest certainly by far that I have ever yet seen." Yet Steiler's portrait that opens Hume Brown's first volume suggests a defaulting solicitor caught in a forgery. Machse's portrait of senility in the second volume



Goethe's House in Weimar.
From "Life of Goethe" by P. Hume Brown (John Murray).

* "Life of Goethe." By Professor P. Hume Brown, F.B.A., with Prefatory Note by Viscount Haldane. Illustrations. Two Volumes. 36s. net. (Murray.)

really could serve to indicate one of the dealers in old clothes who until lately haunted the southern corner of Professor Hume Brown's University. The first picture might be labelled, "Found Out"; the second, "Worn Out." It must have been with some subconscious smirk that our author allowed these disembowelling limnings to issue from his collection.

But we recover from such shocks. On a sober attempt to achieve opinion about Goethe, we reach the positives that cumulatively prove his to have been as many-chambered a brain as modern Europe has known. While we go back to him, and again, back, we are conscious of power hidden in calm; Rhadamanthus in serene Pentelic. Yet, as soon as our gaze leaves this marble figure, forth issue from its flanks sprites of ebriety, vanity, malice, impiety, shouldering their way among nobler phantoms equally alive—individuality demanding its birthright back from the dead hand of authority, a hunger for Greece's beauty as mordant as that of Petrarch, a conviction that life has its philosophy for untiring industry, the joy with which some men can dismiss in song the fevers of the soul, a sensing of order in external nature that matches Bacon's, and, at points, anticipates the discoveries of Darwin. It is a breathless book, this truly admirable biography, for the student willing to realise that Goethe's activity, as laid out here from ampler material than Lewes commanded, is a rupture of seals, a veritable Day of Judgment for ideals that nourished the last century's soul.

Miss Haldane is to be thanked for her labours in bringing together these chapters which her friend, Hume Brown, did not live to pass for press To ruminant mortals, up in years, such solid, sound, bold yet not over-bold pages (dignified by something of dear old David Masson's confidence in honest research) will come as the greatest literary windfall of the year. The same ruminants, if they bestow these two volumes on students born to this yeasty ferment called the twentieth century, will be presenting a fair substitute for a university education.

One chapter Hume Brown had not even sketched out. But Lord Haldane, having the mind of his associate from divers travels and "far-ben" talks, supplies that missing chapter, in much the same judicial, lucid English that forms the staple of this biography. Lord Haldane's pronouncement deals with the Second Part of "Faust." He attaches far higher value to that performance than Lewes does. Let us not care so much whether, in this second "Faust," Goethe squanders a zest for "playing with tin soldiers," and, so far as ornament goes, moves more usually in realms of mere fancy than in those of authentic imagination. Goethe set out, from intrepid youth, to face Life alone; impatient of tradition, though grateful for creation's zest; possessed with determination to question nature through every sort of first-hand experience; and relying on no sort of God that the Christianity of his times would have acknowledged. In the second "Faust," this explorer returns from his voyagings through tempests, to give his verdict, his philosophy, about Life; a verdict and a philosophy rescinding, or at any rate transcending, the utterance of the first "Faust." Pagan Goethe's judgment is delivered without prime reference to Gods or Christs. Yet the judgment is precisely and wholly that preached by Jesus, and never more needed than by To-day: Self-conquering is Life Eternal. "*Stirb und werde.*" Lord Haldane's analysis fitly completes a right worthy book, and is itself a gift to whatever elements of modern democracy are at least as sincere in testing the spirit of man as Goethe was.

ERIC ROBERTSON.

RIGHT ROYAL.*

IT "Right Royal" Mr. Masefield has told a stirring tale and, if he had been content to do only that, his poem would have been even finer and more effective than it actually is. Charles Cothill is riding his own horse in the race for the English 'Chasers' Cup over Compton Course. Right Royal is a good horse:

> "A noble horse of a nervy blood,
> By O Mon Roi out of Rectitude,"

but he has a tendency to sulk or funk on the course, and in the past has "hardly earned his entry money." The night before the race, however, Charles dreams a dream of such heartening prophecy that in the morning he backs the animal for all he is worth. Should he lose, he will have not only to sell his property, but to abandon all hope of his lady, "the golden lady Em." And there is a heavy field against him, eight of whom, as his trainer says:

> "could give him a stone,
> And twelve should beat him on form alone"

After the usual difficulty of getting the horses into line, the flag goes down, and Charles and Right Royal start well. But at the third obstacle, a hurdle and ditch, the horse jumps early and falls, and though his rider, who has kept hold of the rein, is soon mounted again, thirty lengths have been lost, and for the moment Charles is in despair:

> "Across the wet ploughland he took a good pull,
> With the thought that the cup of his sorrow was full,
> For the speed of a stag and the strength of a bull
> Could hardly recover the ground he had lost
> Right Royal went dully, then snorted and tost,
>
> "Tost his head, with a whicker, went on, and went kind,
> And the horse's great spirit touched Charles in the mind
> Though his bruise made him dizzy and tears made him blind,
> He would try to the finish, and so they would find"

So he goes doggedly on, sorely tempted to try by a spurt to catch up the field, but controlling himself to bide his time. Horse after horse drops out, coming to grief or unable to stay the course, but still there is a big field of great horses well ahead of him, and almost to the end Charles's case seems hopeless. It is not till they have entered the straight leading to the winning post that his moment comes:

> "Then Charles judged his second, but he could not tell how.
>
> "But a glory of sureness leaped from horse into man,
> And the man said, 'Now, beauty,' and the horse said, 'I can.'
> And the long-weary Royal made an effort the more,
> Though his heart thumped like drum-beats as he went to the fore
>
> "Neck and neck went Sir Lopez and Soyland together,
> Soyland first, a short head, with his neck all in lather;
> Both were ridden their hardest, both were doing their best,
> Right Royal reached Soyland and came to his chest."

Right Royal passes Soyland and, after a tremendous struggle, passes Sir Lopez, the favourite. For a moment he leads, but he has not yet won:

> "A hooped black and coral flew up like a shot,
> With lightning-like effort from little Gavotte.
> The little bright mare, made of nerves and steel springs,
> Shot level beside him, shot ahead as with wings"

Gavotte, however, "died to nothing"; but then

> "Soyland came once again
> Till his muzzle just reached to the knot on his rein.
>
> "Then a whirl of urged horses thundered up, whipped and blown,
> Soyland, Peterkinooks, and Red Ember the roan.
> For an instant they challenged, then they dropped and were done,
> Then the White Post shot backwards—Right Royal had won."

So Charles is not ruined after all, and though

> "For the bets on Right Royal which Cothill had made
> The taker defaulted, they never were paid,"

he lives happy ever after with "bright Emmy Crowthorne."

It is admirable narrative poetry. Not only the details of the race and the looks and characters of the horses, as brilliantly individualised as if drawn by A. J. Munnings, but all the surroundings, the lively crowd and the shouting bookies, the landscape and the weather, are vividly rendered. There is an exciting quality in the description of the finish which cannot quite be conveyed by fragmentary quotation. Only Mr. Masefield could have

* "Right Royal." By John Masefield. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

written the poem, and only Mr. Masefield would have given it the faults which mar it.

For Mr. Masefield, as he has repeatedly shown, will never be content with a merely concrete presentment of a story. He has a metaphysical mind, for ever questing after an unrealised ideal of beauty, which insists on expressing its longings without due regard to the appropriateness of the occasion. Hence, in "Right Royal," an unconvincing machinery of Helpers and Friends, who influence the fates of the horses, and a whole succession of thoughts which pass through Cothill's mind when he ought to be—and surely would be—thinking only of winning his race. The swing of the story, moreover, is constantly interrupted by a succession of similes, which, though they may be beautiful, are quite unnecessary; for there is no need to liken racing horses to anything but themselves to convince us of their beauty. And one regrets all the more these external decorations which appear—though one knows they are not—meretricious, because Mr Masefield can convey the beauty and thrill of the form and motion of horses so finely without them.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

OLIVER ONIONS'S NEW NOVEL.*

Any novel coming from the pen of so accomplished a craftsman as Oliver Onions is always worth reading; for it is bound to contain elements which are surprising, arresting and idiosyncratic Whether the author is writing passionate tales from a far riding, ironical romances of the modern advertising or newspaper world, searching studies of the camp-followers of art in Hampstead or Chelsea, fantastic ghost stories which link the ages together, or sombre records of a *crime passionel* committed in the underworld of pre-war London, his *point d'appui* is always fresh, unexpected and allusive. More especially does Mr. Onions shine—take for instance the famous trilogy which begins with "In Accordance with the Evidence," continues with "The Debit Account," and concludes with "The Story of Louie"—when he seeks to squeeze the full value, corporal, pictorial and psychological, out of a baffling murder problem. As a mere example of happy mastery in unravelling the threads of a mystery and of keeping the reader all the time in an attitude of keen suspense, "A Case in Camera" is quite worthy of the writer of "The Moon Stone" and of "The Woman in White"; for, though the web of the story is less complicated, the knot is never cut by Wilkie Collins's favourite device of coincidence and melodrama. Given his initial kink, which, though seeming inexplicable at first sight, is eventually elucidated by the most natural solutions, Mr. Onions disentangles motive and action with such dexterity, and with such a reliance on the reader's own perspicacity, that when the air-pilot's motive for killing his observer is finally revealed, when too the artist on whose studio the parachute had crashed describes how from the cellar of his studio he was an eye-witness of the whole astounding affair, you realise that the clues have all been given and not a single one obtruded needlessly. But "A Case in Camera" is something more than a thrilling detective story. You want to know of course why the pilot, who kept his colleague's portrait in his wrist-watch, killed his observer. You want to know how the artist was able to see the whole transaction from the cellar of his studio, and why he and the brother artist who concealed the incriminating pistol deliberately hushed up the whole business. But in the course of satisfying your curiosity on these points you are forced to observe the strange reactions of the case on the conduct of the leading characters, the artist and his wife, the brother artist and his fiancée, the journalist who tells the story, the police inspector who takes the case in hand, and the estate agent—the man in the pub—who passionately but unsuccessfully endeavours to throw the light of full publicity upon it. You will note too, with an interest that should make you feel that here is a case in which killing is no murder, that the young pilot and his sweetheart are the victims of no reactions, and regard the killing of an observer on the skylight of a Chelsea studio as quite in the ordinary nature of occurrences aeronautical. On the other hand you cannot help feeling that Westbury, who discovered the younger artist with the pistol concealed about his person, had a distinct grievance, rank outsider as he was. Mr. Harry Westbury, land and estate agent by profession, reader of *John Bull* and of *The Daily Sketch* in his spare time, and would-be Public Prosecutor at the house of call he "uses," is a brilliantly original piece of characterisation, a type of pub-frequenter never so far as I know depicted before, but here realised with the most admirable humour and verisimilitude Next to Harry Westbury I like Joan Merrow, the young airman's fiancée, a delightful young woman of the day, just emerged from flapperdom, whom the author renders with real insight and realism and with only the tiniest touch of malice. I should like to say more about Mr Onions's latest characters; but I think I have shown that those who want entertainment and new ideas from their fiction should on no account omit to read "A Case in Camera"

W. A. L. B.

* "A Case in Camera." By Oliver Onions. 7s. 6d. net. (Arrowsmith.)

DR. DENNEY'S LETTERS.*

The late Principal Denney was one of the foremost theologians in our country He brought to the study of theology a first-rate training in classics and in philosophy, but he had by nature a mind of remarkable acuteness. These qualities are known to readers of his published work. When he wrote upon theology, it was with a trenchant, original thrust; there was no pious fumbling with phrases, no amiable evasion of awkward issues Dr. Denney saw things for himself, and said what he had to say with the conviction of a man who had applied his full mind to the subject Even when he did not convince you, even when he was somewhat impatient of notions which did not appeal to him, you at least felt that there were no echoes in his argument, and no commonplace phrases in his paragraphs.

It will be a revelation to some that he could also write letters, real letters. For over a quarter of a century he seems to have been corresponding more or less regularly with Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and this book contains a delightful selection of his letters. We are grateful indeed to the editor for this rare memento of his friend. The two men had common interests "We were not always of the same mind," says Sir William, "but we never differed in sympathy" A good letter requires a good receiver. No man can write out his mind with ease and security unless he can count upon a friend who will read what he writes with a sympathetic mind Evidently Dr Denney felt this. And, again, he could write a letter without becoming official. "Le public ne pardonnera l'ennui en aucune groupe," Voltaire once wrote It is the unpardonable sin in some eminent men's letters, e g, in Westcott's and in Matthew Arnold's They are too improving in their correspondence. Now, while Dr. Denney is never playful, he relaxes; he treats his correspondents as human beings, and he writes a letter as he talked, with ease, crispness and point. One particular pleasure of this book is the sense which it leaves of a living mind, moving rapidly, and expressing itself with candour and even *abandon* upon men and things. For example, after reading Professor Kirsopp Lake's book on the Resurrection, he lets himself go. "We have enough and to spare of the kind of man who splits the world into two unrelated sections called historical and spiritual, but mostly they do not quite realise what they are doing. The odd thing in Lake is that he has some perception of it, yet does not seem to mind. 'To think that he should know what he is, and be that he is'—it is a spectacle, if not for men and angels, for philosophers and Christians to wonder at." Or again, after reading the *Hibbert Journal* decennial supplement, he breaks out: "I never read such a production; the Plain of Shinar would have been a haven of rest

* "Letters of Principal James Denney to William Robertson Nicoll." 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

and a seat of light and leading in comparison with it. What struck me most in many of the papers was their conceit. It is like walking through a madhouse, where everybody that talks, talks about himself; and though there are *obiter dicta* of comparative sanity, the whole thing is as mad as Legion."

But the letters reveal much more than drastic, caustic judgment. They show a man who was generous, loyal, absorbed in the service of the Church, and alive to the public issues of the day. There are several letters which recall Hardy's line about George Meredith:

"His note was trenchant, turning kind."

There are others which prove that the writer had true public spirit and real penetration. In December, 1916, for example, he wrote: "A widely diffused feeling that everybody in the country was more deeply concerned about the war than the Government was the real power which upset the Asquith Cabinet, and any Government which leads can count on support." A hit in the bull's eye!

Dr. Denney was versed in English literature, especially of the eighteenth century. He constantly read Johnson, Pepys, Horace Walpole, Swift and Burke. He writes once: "Like you I have read Pepys twice, though not in twelve months, and think it in the strict sense of the term the most interesting book I know. There is not a square inch of it that has not interest, and it is as much a miracle in its way as 'Othello.'" I never could get him to see the greatness of "Tom Jones." Perhaps there was something about Fielding which repelled the puritan in him And he was cool about George Eliot. "She is only good—and then no one can be better—when she is dramatic; when she is herself, she is like other preachers out of pulpits." I notice that he agrees with Lord Rosebery "on two main points—that 'Vanity Fair' is incomparably Thackeray's greatest book, and that 'Esmond' is odious." This is sad reading. "Vanity Fair" may be the masterpiece, but "odious" for "Esmond"? "Odious"! It was George Eliot who thought this novel was "the most uncomfortable book you can imagine," but I am in anguish to find Lord Rosebery and Dr. Denney flinging stones at this incomparable romance. However, this is not the place to defend "Esmond." I think more will agree with Dr. Denney that "The Fortunes of Nigel," among the Waverley Novels, is "the best of those which are not the very best." And who cannot understand what led him to protest that "as for all the profound reflections on the dramatic art in 'Wilhelm Meister,' I had a thousand times rather study the Vincent Crummleses"? But it would be endless to dip into these letters for suggestive, provoking criticisms. He knew his way in book-land, and he speaks his mind. What this volume may do for some readers who are outside the Scottish Church is to give them some notion of how finely trained a mind was at work in this Scottish theologian, how cultured it was, in the best sense of the word, and how unprovincial. I shall end this notice with quoting two words about popular works. "The Encyclopædia Britannica is a wonderful book. Monro's article on Homer is worth any money." As for the "Cambridge History of English Literature," it is "a terrible book. It is like being shown through the co-operative stores. There is everything in it you want, and everything you don't want, and an impression from which you cannot get away that the whole thing comes short somehow of being first-class." Which is frank, and not unfair.

JAMES MOFFATT.

TRANSLATORS AND POETS.

When all the most evocative and expressive words of every human language shall unite in English, a language will exist suitable for every sort of literary translation. As it is, however, poetry is well-nigh untranslatable except in the minds of those to whom such expressions as "Dear Sir" and "your favour to hand" contain the music of human intercourse. When Akenside asked: "Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?" she might have answered "my translators," not because they have always lacked skill, but because she was Greek and they were not. What she had to convey was analagous to the passion and scent of "ruinous lilies"—feeling, not anecdote. That is why I rate the "Danish Ballads,"[1] translated by Miss Smith-Dampier, higher as a carrying vehicle than the Sapphic "rendering" of the agile and enthusiastic Mr. Stacpoole and the more interesting experiments in presentation by the distinguished scholar, Dr. Arthur S. Way The ballads, as is the case with bardic verse, seem to rise to poetry by the decree of life itself:

"They took a hair of Signild's head
To bind him foot and hand;
His haughty heart had broken
Ere he would burst that band."

Interesting as old fairy tales where prettiness is not a tyrant and the magical seems to say "I am true," are these ballads of long ago at one of which the interpretative pen of Mr. Edward Van Andel had already given me a peep. Even a prosaic person, if he can be spiritually warmed by love, valour and danger, will be able to lose himself in Miss Smith-Dampier's pages.

Human sympathy with that karmic yearning of the body, called by so many harsh names though expressive ever of the bane of monotony, the pain of solitude, is needed if Sappho is to be liked in translation. The loss in mere witchery of sound is heartbreaking: what is left is little more than a complaint and a manifestation of the dulcitude of the animal in humanity. Dr. Way[2] has done work of rare fascination to the student of the Greek poetess. He has avoided bathos, he is dignified, clever in artistry, and the translation (which he has appended to his Sapphic poems) of "Pervigilium Veneris"—a composition by an unknown ancient poet—contains a refrain of curious haunting charm:

"Tomorn who ne'er hath loved shall love, and who hath loved shall love tomorn."

As for Mr. Stacpoole[3] I am not at all sure that Sappho gains by the whitewashing chivalry of his preface. One may deeply regret that her name should contribute to the terminology of erotic science without finding it at all useful to insist fiercely on the innocence or normality of her passional life. Mr. Stacpoole is an accomplished versifier, and distinctly rises to poetry in a new rendering of Ovid's heroic Epistle XV, supposed to be written by Sappho to Phaon.

Original poetry of very high quality is to be found in "Don Folquet and Other Poems."[4] The story of a troubadour who turned priest, which opens the volume, is richly endowed with irony though it glitters with the tints of romance. But if I be asked to give a reason for naming Mr. Walsh a genius (a word I do not limit in literature to the masters of the ethereal or sublime), I quote this sonnet inspired by a well-known nursery rhyme:

"Her opera chaperon was heard to say—
'Miss Moffet's nerves, you know, were quite unstrung,
Because a spider—when she was quite young—
Sat down to join her at her curds and whey.
The specialists declared to our dismay
Her life itself upon the balance hung;
Since even the shock, they said, of being stung,
Could hardly worse upon her system play.'

"And as the music died away, there came
Into the box a monster with a name
Renowned of old—but now for debts known wider—
Miss Moffet's little face looked pleased and vain.
We saw that they had cured her nervous strain
As Prince Tarantula sat down beside her."

[1] "Danish Ballads." Translated by E. M. Smith-Dampier. 6s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)
[2] "Sappho and the Vigil of Venus." Translated by Arthur S. Way. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
[3] "Sappho: A New Rendering." By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 3s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)
[4] "Don Folquet and Other Poems." By Thomas Walsh. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Edwin Markham, humorous, tenderly Christian, presents in his "third book of verse"[5] a very substantial proof of his ability to maintain the reputation he made with "The Man With the Hoe." As a raconteur he is workmanlike and interesting—a poet who could be read to children at a Sunday school with a fair chance of appreciation. The poem that particularly struck me in his collection is "Rest in Flight," pithily paradoxical, and beginning:

"The flying arrow, knowing its path is made,
Goes singing softly at the bow's behest;
Taking its destined journey unafraid—
In every moment of the flight at rest."

Presumably it is the charm of the ludicrous which accounts for a revised and enlarged edition of "Verses from Fen and Fell"[6] by Mr. Thornely, whose "Whitewash" I have admired for twenty years. His address of the male mantis to the mate who will eat him is an outburst of affection of great worth to hypochondriacs. Unfortified by an artistic theory like Mr. Douglas Ainslie, Mr. Thornely uses terminal assonances offensive to an academic ear. He uses them, however, far less frequently than the admirable poet whom I have named. Some of his serious poetry deserves to be read attentively, e.g., "Peace in Peril."

The pathos of a *memento mori* belongs to the last book on my list.[7] Robert Kemp was a minister at Blairgowrie where he lived for thirty-four years. Born in 1856, he died in 1915 after living one of those lives compounded of devotion, innocent domesticity and literary work which the typical man of Fleet Street views with a sense of tears on the hidden side of his eyes. The little book to which Sir John Herkless has contributed a sympathetic memoir will be doubtless treasured by Mr. Kemp's friends, but there is something in it for those who have no link of ivy or rosemary with the gentle poet. He was no arid theologian. His Truth would not "call a creed her bridal veil," but his Christianity was fervent and so his work, which is not without a light, even frolicsome, aspect, conveys a feeling of freedom blent with reverence.

W. H. CHESSON.

FICTION AND THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.*

Novelists to whom their labour is an art pure and simple, and readers for pleasure pure and simple, may wonder at the unchanging output of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, which is not greatly concerned with their judgments. What sustains him? And what is it that he puts out steadily, like a good workman? Both questions are of high interest to literature, and of curious interest to such persons.

I do not know Mr. Phillpotts, nor how he would answer them. But he seems to me to stand conspicuously and very ably for the scientific spirit in fiction. Years ago the first clumsy innovations made in that spirit, by foreign workers mainly, provoked a rather stupid controversy between "idealists" and "realists." This turned on manners and taste as well as on literary aim. The innovations themselves have had effects of many kinds, which it is the business of criticism to trace. To artists they seemed menacing, and yet it may now be thought that art is none the worse for them. The art of the novel has learned to make use of science. But, with Mr. Phillpotts, the case is rather that science makes use of art; and it does so, I think, in a specially English way. By this time, too, the bulk and consistency of his work challenge for him a comparison with certain French, Russian and Scandinavian masters. I shall not attempt this in a review of "Orphan Dinah." The point is made in order only to do justice to his English humour, calm and fairness, and to rank him.

The scientific spirit lends an inexhaustible interest to the study of simple folk leading plain lives, and to the work of making books about them. One must have some touch of it in order to relish such books, no doubt. There is in Mr. Phillpotts, however, so much warm humanity that he rarely pursues the study of a group without achieving, as if by chance, some scene or passage of life that fastens on our memories. He is as much a realist of the noble as of the ignoble. I cannot recall, at the moment, any scene in fiction that moves one so unexpectedly, if not without intention, as the proposal of marriage made in this book by Thomas Palk, the chivalrous but unromantic farm hand, to a piteous and astounded old maid who was the victim of her father's plausible selfishness. It is unexpected because this writer's interest is equal and just in all his characters, and because he cannot contemplate a *coup monté*. Susan and Thomas are not the heroine and hero; they are just two casual members of the group studied.

The story of Dinah and her lover, Lawrence Maynard, is told to illustrate the stupid cruelty of the marriage law in its disregard of special cases, and the still more stupid cruelty of dull minds. Those two are sterling stuff. But they never divert attention from the other actors in a small community of Dartmoor rustics, drawn with invincible insight, easily. For a critic, indeed, the ease of draughtsmanship is paramount over purpose and story. To make such actors discuss high philosophy quite naturally is the unique fetch of Mr. Phillpotts' skill, as one has often had occasion to reflect.

Although there are fewer smiles in this book than in some others from the same pen, it strikes me as in truer balance than any of the earlier work, in respect alike of art and of human outlook. One sees that Mr. Phillpotts has definitely passed the stage of theory as to both, and that he writes now with a fortunate liberty. The scientific spirit, for him, means always a sincere quest and statement of truth for its own sake; but he is chiefly a man, in quick, sagacious touch with his fellows of both sexes, and not a doctrinaire above them. I have found "Orphan Dinah"[8] a fine novel.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

A TOO-CANDID BIOGRAPHER.*

If the name of John Thomas Smith is not unknown to the general reader of to-day it is because it is remembered as that of the author of "A Book for a Rainy Day"—a delightful, gossipy book about old London and its characters. It is eminently suitable for a rainy or any other kind of day, and the same thing may perhaps be said of another characteristic work—"Nollekens and His Times." It is now many years since the first book was reintroduced to the notice of the public by Mr. Whitten, and once more we are indebted to the same industrious, able and enthusiastic editor for a similar obligation. Although not a Londoner born Mr. Whitten's knowledge of a London that is past is extensive.

Many of us have been eagerly and impatiently looking for the appearance of the present work, as it was announced for early publication before the war, and, as a matter of fact it was, Mr. Whitten informs us, "compiled and in print in the summer of 1914, but its publication has been delayed by the events and conditions of the last six years." Smith's so-called biography was published in 1828, and the following year saw a second edition. After 1829 it remained out of print until, in 1895, Mr. Edmund Gosse edited an edition in one volume, excluding what formed the second volume of Smith's work, viz., the Memoirs of Nollekens's contemporary artists. Mr Gosse truly calls it the "most candid biography" in the

[5] "The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems." By Edwin Markham. 7s. 6d. net. (Alexander Moring.)

[6] "Verses from Fen and Fell." By Thomas Thornely. Second edition. 5s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

[7] "Poems." By Robert Kemp. With a Memoir by Sir John Herkless. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

[8] "Orphan Dinah." By Eden Phillpotts. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)

* "Nollekens and His Times, and Memoirs of Contemporary Artists from the Time of Roubiliac, Hogarth and Reynolds to that of Fuseli, Flaxman and Blake." By John Thomas Smith. Edited and annotated by Wilfred Whitten. 2 Vols., 31s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

language. Candid it certainly is, but it is more than that. It is a most spiteful production, and it would be almost impossible for a biographer to be more unsympathetic. Smith, whose father was for some time Nollekens's principal assistant and who himself when a lad was employed in the workshop, had been told by the sculptor that he had been mentioned in his will, found when the latter was read that his share of the £200,000 was an extremely meagre one—a paltry £100 as a recompense for his trouble and responsibilities as one of the three executors. When the will was signed and witnessed some five years before Nollekens died, Smith was not even mentioned, and it was only after the death of one of the two original executors—for at first there were only two—that Smith and an additional one were appointed. It must have been very galling for poor Smith, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that he felt resentful after having been for years buoyed up with the hope and, as he thought, the prospect of inheriting no insignificant portion of the old miser's thousands. There were also many others, apparently, who looked upon themselves as prospective legatees, for Smith prints a list of nearly ninety people who he stated had been each promised £1,000, very few of whom were even named in the will. So great was Smith's chagrin, and that of another of the executors, that the will was disputed in the Court of Chancery, but their appeal was unsuccessful. One may or may not sympathise with the unfortunate legatee in his disappointment, but there can be no disputing the fact that such a disgruntled being was not the proper person to write the biography of a man who possessed so many very peculiar habits and eccentricities as Nollekens did. In spite of so manifest a bias to the prejudice of his victim, or rather, perhaps, on account of such bias, it must be admitted that Smith's "Nollekens and His Times" is a most amusing and entertaining work. It is by no means a work of art, being, as it is, entirely formless, rambling and discursive, but it can be read with keen enjoyment if taken up at different times and not at one gargantuan mouthful.

Nollekens was one of the most celebrated bust sculptors of his time—he was born in 1737 and died in 1823. His most famous one was that of C. J. Fox. Among others were those of Sterne and Johnson. His statue of Pitt was subscribed for by the University of Cambridge, and he was paid the large sum of £4,000. Many statues and monuments of his are to be found in country churches, among them that most beautiful monument to the Hon. Mrs. Howard, in Wetheral Church, a few miles out of Carlisle.

Smith speaks of Nollekens as a sculptor appreciatively on the whole, although he compares him unfavourably with Flaxman. It is more especially when he writes of the old sculptor's thrifty habits, his meannesses and his eccentricities; when he sets himself out to relate as many as possible of his breaches of decorum—it is in these circumstances that he shows his animus, although professedly recounting the stories to amuse his readers. Nollekens was undoubtedly a miser in grain, though occasionally he could be, and was, very generous, and Smith would have us believe, when he can record such instances, that he "receives infinite pleasure" by so doing. Some of his stories are certainly very funny. Here is one of them:

"Mr. Nollekens, on entering his barber's-shop, was always glad to find another shaver under the suds, as it afforded him an opportunity of looking at his favourite paper, the *Daily Advertiser*. When his turn arrived, and he was seated for the operation, he placed one of Mrs. Nollekens's curling-papers, which he had untwisted for the purpose, upon his right shoulder, upon which the barber wiped his razor. Nollekens cried out, 'Shave close, Hancock, for I was obliged to come twice last week, you used so blunt a razor.' 'Lord! Sir,' answered the poor barber, 'you don't care how I wear my razors out by sharpening them.' Mr. Nollekens, who had been under his hand for upwards of twenty years, was so correct an observer of its application that he generally pronounced at the last flourish, 'That will do'; and before the shaver could take off the cloth, he dexterously drew down the paper, folded it up, and carried it home in his hand, for the purpose of using it the next morning, when he washed himself."

Smith does not add that Nollekens left this barber a legacy of nineteen guineas.

The book is so full of good things that it has been described as "one of the best books of anecdote ever published." There is, however, one instance in which Smith embellished a story. It is one where he tells us of a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens when he was working for the former, which must have been some time between 1779 and 1782, for he was only with him for three years. Smith was not present during the dinner, but he states he overheard the conversation from the adjoining studio in which he was working. As Mrs. Nollekens's father, Justice Saunders Welch—Johnson's friend and a successor of Henry Fielding in the Westminster magistracy—was present, and as he died in 1784, the dinner must have taken place before that year, and yet one of the guests quotes a few lines from Cowper which were not written before 1791 and not published until 1803; and Mrs. Nollekens refers to remarks made by Captain Grose and Boswell on the Hawkinses, which she may have read in the works of those writers, published in 1803 and 1791 respectively.

Mr. Whitten has performed his editorial duties admirably, and his edition must henceforth be regarded as the standard one. Most of his notes are informative and extremely interesting, and there appear to be very few misprints in the two volumes. On p. 74 (Vol. I) the date 1752 is certainly one, as Smith was not born until 1766.

In his note (p. 200) on Cibber's figures, formerly over the entrance of old Bethlehem Hospital, he states that Pope's well-known lines on him "are often quoted to show that Pope was among the detractors of those figures, but they do not seem to bear the brunt of the satire." He might perhaps have added that Pope himself, in one of his notes to the poem, admitted that the statues were "as the son [of the sculptor] justly says of them, no ill monuments of his fame as an artist." On p. 305 he remarks that Antonio Verrio is now best remembered by Pope's lines (which he quotes). Might not Mr. Whitten have also named Charles Lamb's references in his two essays on Christ's Hospital? The illustrations are many and well reproduced. That of the author is a most delightful one.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE ASSURANCE OF ART.*

"The Age of Innocence" is beyond everything else a triumph of the artistic freedom of Mrs. Wharton. It may be as good or less good than its predecessors—it is enough that it is Mrs. Wharton's and that no other living author handles with such fine ease the changing but authentic portraiture of the social aspect. She is in that respect inimitable. In this country the art of comedy flavoured by satire, never very cordial to the English palate, has fallen into neglect and disrepute.

Jane Austen is alone in her kingdom. Thackeray, in whose austere immobility is the redemption and perfection of humour, has no successor. The acceptance of the writer of great satirical comedy might almost be regarded as a proof of genius since its reception is so timorous and tardy. The capacity, moreover, to desert a familiar but never in her case down-trodden road is an example of the instinctive assurance of Art. When a novelist has scored a triumph—even a very small one—in one particular vein he is warned (should he have ideas) by his publisher that people who like stories about vicars in the country will resent vintners in the town.

The tendency, the road of the highest applause, is towards repetition until if you like a blue lagoon you know the author without any further mental strain, and if you care about the monkey house your way is clear.

So when Mrs. Wharton writes of New York in 1875 she asks for trouble. The reviewer works up a paragraph or

* "The Age of Innocence." By Edith Wharton. 8s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)—"The Happy End." By Joseph Hergesheimer. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)—"In Leading Strings." By J. K. Pulling. 7s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Islands of Desire." By Diana Patrick. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.).

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It has sometimes been said that the British people do not possess the "gift of tongues." Indeed, Disraeli, whose "Life" is now being widely read and discussed, once said that we were "noble barbarians, speaking no language but our own." This is not the view of the well-known Pelman Institute, which has just opened a special department for teaching Foreign Languages through the post by an entirely new and most interesting method.

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two on the necessity of novelists to avoid the war, the public feel vaguely as though they were asked to wear bombazine (whatever that was), and those eager readers who want to know just what America is thinking about everything in these critical days are a little surprised and chilled by Mrs. Wharton.

She, unlike so many of her English contemporaries, has no religion to teach, no grievance to air, no political betrayal to reveal. Her subjects are people, of a period perhaps, but people whose characteristics of snobbery, isolation, conservatism and humbug are not peculiar to the year '75.

Into the serene, exclusive atmosphere of the miniature Dresden china New York society passes the Countess Olenska, as the leaven enters the dough. With her comes the breath of the greater world, the world on the threshold. "All the old ladies had got out their faded sables and yellowing ermines, and the smell of camphor from the front pews almost smothered the faint Spring scent of the lilies banking the altar." That was the old world waiting for the knock at the door. But no extract, no deliberate choice of all the words relegated to sounds of praise can give anything but a second-hand, musty conception of the Van der Luydens, who must be studied not in extracts but in chapters if you would possess for all time their unforgettable savour.

It is the highest compliment to an artist to say that one never questions a word or action of her characters as unnatural or frankly beyond belief. When any writer can step back half a century and write as though the people lived next door there is no more to be said.

Joseph Hergesheimer in "The Happy End" has written a set of seven notable studies. Here again is an author fortunate in a lesser, perhaps, but admirable isolation in his work. There are few living writers can handle so powerfully as Mr. Hergesheimer the old immortal situations surrounding failure, sacrifice, courage and love. There is a peculiar and haunting beauty and rhythm in his prose that recalled to my remembrance the evening I heard Vachell Lindsay recite in his intensely moving fashion some of his American verse. In one of his tales the scene is laid in a bar where the negroes are carried away by the singing of an aged woman:

"The magic of her feeling swept like a flame over the room: shrill mirth, mocking calls, curses, were bound in a louder and louder volume of hope and praise. They were on their feet, swaying in the hysterical contagion of melody, the unutterable longing of their alien isolation.

"'God's chariot coming.' The song filled the roof, hung with bright strips of paper; it boomed through the windows and doors. Sobbing cries cut through it, profound invocations, beautiful shadowy voices chimed above the weight of sound. . . . The harmony wavered and sank, and out of the shuddering silence that followed Lemuel Doret turned again from the city."

In the works of Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Hergesheimer there is the assurance of art weaving without calculation from its eternal loom. Two other novels, different in type, performance and ability, are "In Leading Strings" and "The Islands of Desire." Mr. Pulling in the former opens with a pickpocket called Kit who, saving a manner of speech altogether too academic for a street arab, promises excellent sport if nothing more. Unfortunately he is associated with clergymen, artists and, finally, a girl who, however cleverly drawn (and Mr. Pulling has a nice vein of satire), rather tends to make the progress and development of Kit subservient to a study of temperament.

But the first quarter of the book is first-rate.

Miss Diana Patrick wrote recently "The Wider Way," which I ventured to criticise as an example of comedy, style and lucidity sacrificed to third-rate melodrama. In "The Islands of Desire" the background is well laid in one of the Northern factory districts with which the author is evidently at home, and the plot concerns the daughter of a mill-owner, who seeks her island of desire and suffers disappointment. The scene shifts to the second generation, and Rose's daughters are overtaken by the old eternal unrest.

As in her last book, Miss Patrick writes with feeling and humour, but one cannot forget a recent article by Sir Robertson Nicoll on the epidemic of dots. A sentence like the following should, I think, be avoided:

"'You do not believe,' asked Rose quite calmly. 'No, not yet, but you will . . . when he does not come back . . . when we hear what has happened . . . when *she* returns to tell us, as surely she will. . . . As for me, I am quite, quite certain.'"

FREDERICK WATSON.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.*

M. Augustin Filon was a well-known French man of letters who acted as private secretary to the Empress Eugénie during her Regency in 1870, and, owing to his position, was able to speak of the political and other events of that critical period with authority and knowledge. The publishers announce that the present "Recollections" were left among his MSS. with specific directions that they were not to be published during the lifetime of the Empress. They were not intended by him in any way as a biography of the Empress Eugénie, still less as a panegyric, but as a conscientious record of unbiased personal evidence concerning persons and events which have been the subject of much bitter controversy.

M. Filon tells us that he found the Empress entirely different, physically, mentally and morally, from the woman he had imagined her to be "There was no posing, no striving after effect; she was far simpler and more natural in her movements and in her speech than any of the ladies who surrounded her, and she seemed to think no more of playing the part of a pretty woman than of assuming the rôle of an Empress." Sincerity was the dominant note of her character, and she laid stress upon the development of character above all things. "The courage to think," she said, "must precede the courage to act." Instead of a "flawless beauty who reigned like a fairy queen in the midst of theatrical splendour," M. Filon found in her a woman who possessed both heart and brains, and who inspired him with passionate loyalty.

The idea that the Empress Eugénie was influenced by any motive of vulgar ambition in her marriage with Prince Louis Napoleon is emphatically repudiated by M Filon. "She detested politics from the first moment that she understood them," he writes, "and she not only disliked power, but she had no desire for luxury." In spite of the Emperor's amatory delinquencies, she believed that he never ceased to love her, and that he invariably acted honestly. After the tragedy of Sedan they were more firmly united than before.

The Empress used to go slumming in Paris, and on these occasions she disguised herself as an old lady with spectacles, a large hat and a thick veil. Like Marie Antoinette, she loved homely amusements, and was fond of arranging, ornamenting and changing her surroundings.

M. Filon says that the political rôle the Empress Eugénie was supposed to play has been strangely exaggerated and distorted. There never was a "party of the Empress"; her only party was that of the Emperor. During the terrible days of her regency, she showed amazing courage and self-reliance, combined with a self-effacing devotion to the interests of the Empire. When her Majesty came to England she resumed without any effort the ways of private life; but if she renounced without a sigh of regret all her retinue and splendour, she never forgot her great duties and continued to use all her influence for the good of the Empire.

No one who reads these illuminating "Recollections" can fail to tender homage to the memory of one of the noblest and most fascinating figures of recent times.

As M. Filon well says, the Empress Eugénie was

"The principal figure in a wonderful picture, the incarnation of French Society at a time when France swayed the world by her thought, above all when she was dazzlingly pre-eminent in the domain of art and taste, and enjoyed an incomparable and fascinating social prestige."

* "The Recollections of the Empress Eugénie." By Augustin Filon. With eight half-tone plates. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

Though surrounded by selfish schemers, she gave herself over to dreams and generous indignation; and she remained a convinced idealist in the midst of a society bent wholly upon material ends. What the world worshipped she looked upon with contempt, and she adored what the world derided. MEREDITH STARR.

BARBELLION AND HIS WORK.*

Although the personality of every living man or woman is probably of interest, could we perceive the complex of thought which controls the visible actions, the expression of personality in writing is extremely difficult, and when done deliberately, as in the form of journal or diary, is apt to be disappointing. For though we may not shut a door, or strike a match, or play a game, without betraying our personality in some way or another, we shrink from those final "confessions" and betrayals which in black and white give the real self and its thoughts about the world. That is why the great diarists are few in number, and Pepys fascinates us to-day because he gave us an inside view of his mind, uncurtained by pretence. For the same reason Barbellion's recent "Journal of a Disappointed Man" and its companion volume, "A Last Diary," will stand among the most remarkable contributions to this form of literature, I imagine, in a very long period. Bruce Frederick Cummings—there is no need now to conceal his real name—suffered that heart-aching, heart-breaking combination, a passionate love of life and the world's beauty and a physical frailty that doomed him to be continuously in ill-health, with, later, the certainty of early death. But his will-power was tremendous; where many another man would have given in and accepted the rôle of invalid, he fought his illness and worked to the last possible hour. "I am not going to be beaten," he said, after a severe attack, "if I develop all the diseases in the doctor's index. I mean to do what I have set out to do if it has to be done in a Bath chair" "Again and again," says his brother in the finely sympathetic character-sketch which forms the introduction to the latest book, "he spurred himself on to work with an appalling expenditure of nervous energy. . . . Surely there never was a half-dead man more alive"

The "Journal of a Disappointed Man" offended some readers, and its reception by the critics varied, probably according to temperament; for hardly any book of recent years has been so charged with that vague quality "temperament" or has more definitely demanded one sympathetic with its own. It was, one might say, an appeal, a hand stretched out to find a friendly clasp, and those who hastily termed it "morbid" missed the point of it perfectly. The fact is that when a man is ill in body, his mind is often extraordinarily active and perceptive, critical and competent; the word "morbid" is out of place. It was a question, once more, of temperament and frustrated ambitions; impatience, candour, his recurring expression of a sense of defeat, occasionally even of bitterness, are not to be confused with morbidity. Excellent, in him, the blend of literary man and scientist; proportionately strong his disappointment, his resentment—revealed clearly in this second volume—as it became more and more sure that he would not live to explore and record the world that enthralled him. Even its smallest evidences—a blackbird's song, murmurs of overheard conversation from those who passed his room, the contraction of a muscle, the consoling cigarette—held his attention, and in setting down his impressions of these minutiæ he made each sentence a little window into his soul. The sadness of it all is almost intolerable; the courage of the man is prodigious, inspiring. The "Last Diary" was written with death at his elbow, and he longs unutterably for the fullest life; he sometimes sorrows for himself (who would not?) but his love for his friends shines with a tender radiance through the shadows.

* "A Last Diary." By W. N. P. Barbellion. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

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The book is one to chide the grumbler, to make him give thanks for the mere ability to get up in the morning and walk about. One feels an intense wish to have met the writer, a keen regret that it was possible, on many a day—had one only known—to have called upon him, with the daring of desired friendship, and perhaps helped him to pass a tedious hour, taking all chances of the frowns and coolness that might deservedly have been the portion of so casual a visitor. Yet those who read intelligently will gain a distinct impression of the author, and it is hardly possible to praise too highly the quiet, thoroughly perceptive and illuminating sketch of Bruce Cummings and his career which Mr. Arthur J. Cummings has given as a preface.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Novel Notes.

THE GIRL IN FANCY DRESS. By J. E. Buckrose 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Girl in Fancy Dress" is a comedy of love and laughter, where the love interest predominates, but the humour never lags far behind. It might be taken as a satire on snobbery, though there is no malice in its sting. The Walgroves are expecting two guests—an heiress and a poor relation—and it seems to them an admirable solution of the family difficulty that Anthony, the handsome but penniless son, should marry Cynthia Rayburn, the heiress. All except Anthony are delighted. Cynthia arrives, in borrowed clothes (after a motor accident), to find herself mistaken for the country cousin, whom the Walgroves have not seen. Quick to read the situation, and disgusted with the cold reception given to her as Nellie Walgrove, she decides to play the part. Anthony, suspecting nothing, falls in love with her. Cynthia fears the consequences when her disguise becomes known, but hesitates to let the light of day into the fairy story which she and Anthony are building up about each other. He is the fairy prince and she is the little goose-girl or the Cinderella of his boyish dreams. There are times when the game seems to be over, but Mrs. Buckrose keeps up the tension and excitement, and the golden days slip on for the Girl in Fancy Dress. One evening the real Nellie appears and Cynthia's house of cards tumbles at her feet. Anthony feels that she has been playing with him and they part. Misunderstandings follow, but the story closes to the sound of wedding bells—as tales of disguise and mistaken identity have ended since Elizabethan days. The novel is brightly written. Cynthia is a gay, irresponsible and very human character. If she takes unnecessary risks with her happiness, life to her is a comedy and she will pass through it only once.

FORWARD FROM BABYLON. By Louis Golding. 8s. 6d. net. (Christopher.)

The Jew in fiction has been the theme of many an interesting disquisition, and the general verdict seems to lie in favour of books where the Hebrew interest is centred, as in "Ivanhoe," upon a champion of his race contending with alien rule and some degree of persecution. Where, as in "Daniel Deronda," the scene is laid in a Jewish interior, the interest hardly succeeds in holding the average reader, and in spite of much brilliant work, "Deronda" is usually voted one of George Eliot's failures. There is the same high intention in Mr. Golding's novel, and he makes his colour vivider, if his task is the harder, by surrounding his hero with the squalor of a north-country town. Philip's father is a schoolmaster intent on preserving the strictest racialism and ritual, and when he discovers Milton's "Ode on Christ's Nativity" among the lad's favourite reading, there is an explosion which leaves a fierce conflict through the rest of the story. Philip takes to himself a group of associates and kindred spirits whose progressive notions lack his own exalted idealism, and vision perishes among sordid conditions without enlisting much of the reader's sympathy. In all this Mr. Golding displays real artistry and a faculty of power, but the fight for liberation, while it has all the logic on its side, and strikes a shrewd balance between filial duty and the advance towards enlightenment, needs elements of attraction to broaden the appeal, and some of these are conspicuously wanting. The book therefore must stand as a bold and creditable exercise in the rendering of a difficult environment, and prompts us to expect something from the same pen which shall be none the less powerful by making a better bid for popularity. There is a great romance yet to be written inside this world of Yiddish and "Gollus" (the dispersion into exile), but it must avoid all bitterness.

THE BARTERED BRIDE. By Mrs. Patrick MacGill. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

If "The Bartered Bride" does not appear on the films it will miss its vocation. As an enthralling film drama it leaves nothing to be desired, and there is many a cinema star who will covet the part of lovely little Molly Osborne—"Carter's Kid"—living a solitary, browbeaten life in the frozen wilds of Lone Pine Station. Her brutal step-father beats and bullies her and ultimately sells her for the sum of fifty pounds. But, although she is childlike and innocent, Molly has spirit, and escapes from her purchaser to look for Jack Lorimer, who has formerly befriended her and avenged an insult offered to her in the low-down saloon where she was forced to dance for the amusement of customers. She finds Jack, only to bring pangs of malicious jealousy to the girl who designs to win Jack's love for herself—and so a succession of sensational happenings pursue poor little Molly till she takes refuge at last in her lover's arms. It is an excellent story of its type, teeming with lively interest, and deserves the success accorded to Mrs. MacGill's previous novels.

DEAD MAN'S PLACK AND AN OLD THORN. By W. H. Hudson 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

This volume contains two stories, the first belonging to the days of King Edgar, the second to our own times. "Dead Man's Plack" is the story of Queen Elfrida and her crimes, and it is told by Mr. Hudson with the skill and charm that he can always command. But, if he will forgive our ingratitude, we don't want this kind of thing from him. We want from Mr. Hudson not history, but natural history. Other people can tell historical anecdotes as well as he; but no one can tell as he can such a story as "An Old Thorn." The thorn stands on the Wiltshire Downs, strange, solitary, lashed by all the winds that blow across the naked hills, yet it is grown upon with ivy, serpent-wise. To it clings also the tradition that whosoever should hurt the tree must suffer in expiation. Johnnie Budd injures the tree and suffers. He lived in the great days of dear old England when the gentlemen on the bench had much pleasure in sending the lower classes to the gallows for theft. Hard times come. Johnnie, now married, and in desperation, steals a sheep; and the judge (who expatiated, as usual, on the enormity of the offence, and expressed his determination "to put a stop to that sort of thing"), sentenced John Budd to be hanged. And as he crawled in misery up the hill to his doom, thinking of his wife and little ones whom he had sinned to save, and was now leaving in abject want, he passed the Thorn, to which, too late, he now paid his tribute of repentance. This beautiful, tragic story is Mr. Hudson at his best and exhibits his strange and almost disquieting understanding of the forms of life that we stupidly call inanimate.

A RECKLESS PURITAN. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Georgie Desmond, the daughter of an Irish clergyman, attracts and marries an aristocratic Englishman, Eustace Clint, whose standard of morals was not hers. She found

herself, a wild but strict girl, plunged into English society, among people who lived for pleasure. "They did not believe in anything except motor-cars, and some main political principle which was established to keep out the hungry masses." Georgie's puritanical soul is at last stirred to rebellion by the discovery of her husband's unfaithfulness. She runs away, and eventually becomes a general servant in a London flat. This part of the book is particularly clever and interesting. Mrs. Rickard draws the mistress, a fussy philanthropic lady, and also an odious creature called Miss Angela Dubarry, who between them make poor Georgie's life miserable. She has now met another man who is worthy of her love, a reticent Government official. But unluckily her husband insists on tracking her down, Miss Dubarry accuses her of theft, and she is actually imprisoned. Then the clouds break. The husband is killed off, and Georgie at last marries her real mate. It is rather rushed towards the end. But the reader would not have forgiven Mrs. Rickard if she had defrauded this charming, reckless girl of happiness. The narrative flows brightly from the beginning. Where the authoress is excellent, is in the delineation of the women-characters, both in Ireland and in England; her women are of all sorts, old and young, but she has a particularly good eye for "cattishness" in her sex. The heroine is vital at every pore. "Sacrifice and death are fine things and can be met finely, but it takes a great deal of saintliness to stand still and be pinched, for months together." Georgie Desmond, before and after her marriage, had to stand a good deal of pinching in life; she was not always saintly, but she had humour, she was clean, and she was plucky—qualities which go far towards saintliness of a healthy type. It is a pleasure to read about so impulsive and charming a heroine, in days when most novelists make their women reckless, but by no means puritan.

OUR ELIZABETH. By Florence A. Kilpatrick. 3s. 6d (Thornton Butterworth)

Elizabeth started her career as a figure of fun in some sketches contributed to *Punch*. Expansion into book form has not dulled her infinite variety. This lank and angular servant-girl, with her fondness for furthering love affairs and breaking china (when the Signs of her Dream Book so ordain), who is always ready to lend a helping hand to Fate on those occasions when Fate is slow, bears us on in a stream of laughter. Her comments on her fellow creatures, and her machinations with their futures are unfailingly diverting. The comedy is never forced and there is no pressing of the hits. You either take them or leave them, and you usually take them. The humour is not more elaborate than it is in actual life and it comes as unexpectedly and as freely. Mrs. Kilpatrick achieves her effect without caricature. We are looking straight all the time at the people she shows us, and seeing things from their standpoint, we are amused by what amuses them. The book is sure of a miscellaneous public among sisters and uncles and cousins and aunts. In particular, to housewives who are finding the servant problem press heavily on their spirits, we would commend this exceedingly amusing tale.

THE ELEPHANT GOD. By Gordon Casserly. 6s net. (Philip Allan.)

Mr. Gordon Casserly has lived in India for a number of years, and writes with an intimate knowledge of the natives and of the general conditions obtaining in that vast country whose area is more than forty times the size of England. "The Elephant God" shows the high degree of affection and understanding which can be established between a man and an elephant. Badsha, the particular elephant of this story, saves his master's life on several occasions, and initiates him into the secret customs and gatherings of the wild elephants over whom Badsha rules with kingly authority. Both Badsha and his rider are regarded by the superstitious natives as the incarnations of gods, and

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THE PEOPLE OF THE RUINS. By Edward Shanks. 9s net. (Collins.)

Having achieved some measure of success as a poet, Mr. Edward Shanks has tried his hand at a novel, giving us in "The People of the Ruins," a story of the English Revolution and after. The book is to a certain extent a counter-blast to Mr. Oliver Onions's penultimate tale, "The New Moon"; for it predicts a cataclysm in our social system—to take place in 1922—and, instead of depicting an England under reconstruction, with a highly developed system of scientific and mechanical invention, it shows us an England of 2,000, which is living on the remnants of the undeveloped system of the previous century. Gas and electric light maintain a feeble existence. A few trains run from north to south. The inhabitants of London live in the broken-down houses of 1900. The secret of constructing big guns is the property of three old grey-beards. The monarchy has gone and the country is ruled by an hereditary Speaker. The North of England and Wales are independent states, paying a nominal tribute to the Speaker. Throughout the land every mechanical art is dying, the fine arts, literature and music are dead, the spirit of progress has been killed, nothing is being kept in repair. The account of how a young scientist, who has seen service in France in the great war stumbles into this decaying England and dies in a futile attempt to save it from the onrush of Welsh barbarism is the theme of Mr. Shanks's very original and imaginative story.

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A clever crime mystery by a man who is fast making a name as a master in this line of modern detectivism. The murder on which Mr. Rees works is usually abrupt and unaccountable, as every respectable murder ought to be, and usually occurs in good society. This time it is the shooting of Mrs. Philip Heredith, wife of the club-footed heir to a title, and there is no whisper of motive such as appears later when we learn that she has been fashionable and flighty, but never so as to occasion her death in her own bedroom while her guests are at dinner in the room below. The original element in the story, besides an ease and effectiveness of writing too often absent in this line of romance, is the way in which suspicion shifts from one character to the other and baffles the efforts of the professional sleuth-hounds engaged on the case. First comes Miss Hazel Rath, daughter of the housekeeper; then Captain Nepcote, the riff-raff lover of the victim—and here suspicion is intensified when we find she has entrusted him with a diamond necklace under clandestine and discreditable conditions. Finally, by the persistence of a private detective, Colwyn—the last of several relays who tackle the problem in succession—the mystery is unravelled, and the murder is admitted by the deformed and distracted husband himself. Even at the last hour there are genuine and well-contrived surprises, and though it cannot be said that Mr. Rees has introduced us to any characters with whom we experience any special sympathy, he has given us a sense of being personally involved in a very real and interesting drama.

The Bookman's Table.

MYSTICISM, FREUDIANISM AND SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGY. By Knight Dunlap. $1.50. (St. Louis: Mosby Company.)

Professor Dunlap has the unusual distinction of being at home in both philosophy and science. At the beginning of the book we move among the old familiar philosophical categories, and the unsuspecting reader does not know that the mystical theories are being expounded merely to be rent asunder. With genuine mysticism our author has a certain sympathy, though he cannot admit the claim to a third kind of knowledge that comes neither from sensation nor reflection. But his real object of attack is the whole brood of Psychoanalysts, under whatever banner they serve. The middle part of the book is given up to a merciless analysis of the modern version of the philosophy of the unconscious, and the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in imagining what devastation can be wrought by the application of strictly logical categories to a system that proclaims that its data are beyond the reach of the consciousness. After an ironical and sarcastic treatment of the Freudians and all their works, Professor Dunlap turns to the constructive side and develops the first principles of what he calls Scientific Psychology. This is purely biological, is based upon the reaction arc, and treats the Lange theory of the expression of the emotions as established. A notable book that deserves attention.

LONDON TREES. By A. D. Webster 15s net. (Swarthmore Press.)

During the summer evenings, when the light is long, and the parks and squares of the City are crowned with a mist of green, there will be no more welcome companion for the wanderer in London who loves nature than Mr. A. D. Webster's "London Trees." Its descriptions and its illustrations will take him out of doors on many pleasant rambles. In these fireside days, there is enjoyment of a different kind. Perhaps the qualities which strike one first, in the arm-chair as in the open, are the orderly arrangement, the wealth of detail, the concise yet comprehensive descriptions. Writing from a twenty-five years' experience of his subject, in just over two hundred pages, Mr. Webster gives an account of the trees which succeed in London with directions as to where the finest may be found. Yet the final excellence of the book is not a guide-book excellence, for the author's concern is not exclusively with the object seen. He may be speaking of the Willow, when he will turn aside, in the happiest of discursive writing, to remind us that Pope is credited with planting the first Weeping Willow grown in this country, and that, in the garden at Twickenham where the poet passed the last years of his life, a tree of this species was flourishing late in the eighteenth century. Some of the most interesting pages in the volume describe the trees of literary London—the Mulberry under which Keats wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale," the Black Italian Poplar and Lime Trees in Dickens's garden at Devonshire Place, or the Catalpa in Gray's Inn Gardens, ascribed by tradition to Bacon, who took over the management of the grounds in 1597. In his preface, Mr. Webster gives among his reasons for writing the book that no book of a similar kind has been published. The work has been done so superlatively well that those who come after may find their task thankless.

ESSAYS. By the late Dr. John Todhunter. With a Foreword by Standish O'Grady. 8s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

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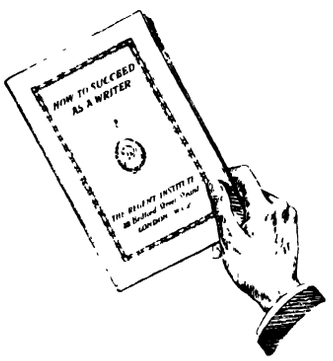
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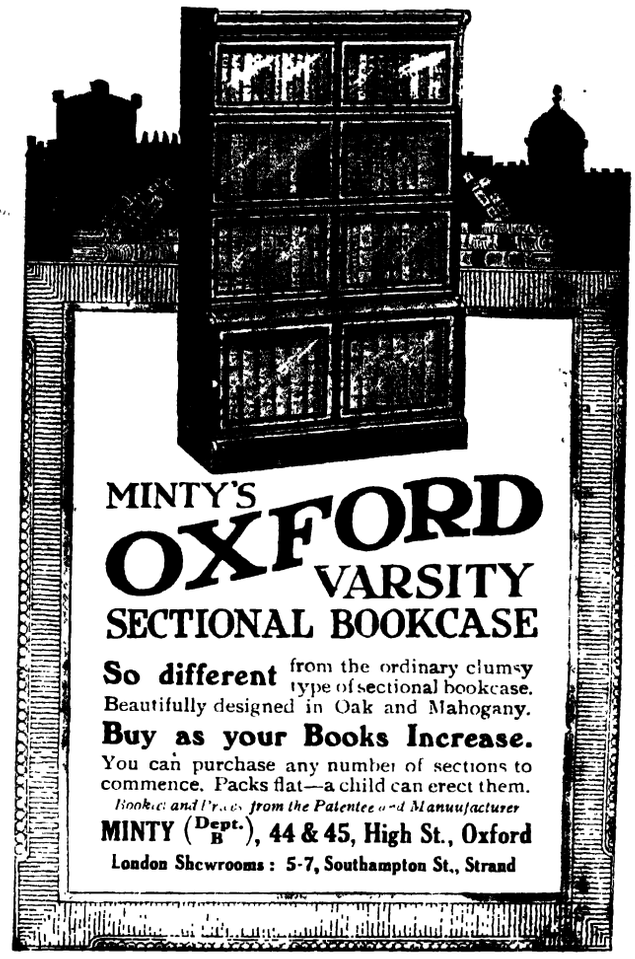
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This might fitly be taken as the key-note of the papers here collected, for, with the exception of the first of them, which deals with an abstract subject, their value for us lies in great part in the revelation of the personality from which they sprang. And that personality was one of rare charm. Todhunter, as Mr. O'Grady's foreword tells us, was born in Dublin, and a shrewd reader might perhaps have guessed at his Celtic origin from the essays themselves, for they bear in no slight degree the stamp of the Irish character. A habit of wistful retrospection, a happy knack of care-free and inconsequent meandering, a ready sense of humour, and more than a touch of poetry in his composition—all these are brought out strongly in these highly individual essays. Todhunter, moreover, was a man of wide culture, sound scholarship and liberal tastes, and his essays are tinged with a decided literary flavour. He is most at home among the older English writers—Burton, Browne and Sterne form the subject of more than one essay—and every page of his book exhales the faint perfume of old leather bindings and mildewed leaves. The essays are not of very wide range. The longest and most ambitious is the first—on the theory of the Beautiful—a closely-knit, but lucid, piece of philosophy, in which the conclusion is reached that the Beautiful is the revelation of the Divine purpose in creation—of the "Kosmical Order" which is ever struggling with the "Chaotic Order" of things. The other papers are true "whispers of personality," and are not so much set literary studies as sparkling little monologues in which the author's likes and dislikes—and, incidentally, his personality—find expression. One of the best of them is the "Essay upon Essays," though it is rather less than fair to Goldsmith and De Quincey, and perpetuates the old injustice to Steele by overlooking him entirely and praising Addison at some length. Among the others are two delightful appreciations of Charles Lamb and a sympathetic study of Herrick. Taken all in all, these essays were well worth collecting. They are racy, sincere, thoughtful, and full of individuality

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By Vernon Kellogg (Appleton.)

From the day when war was declared, right down to the close of hostilities, and after, Herbert Hoover played an important part in European activities. He is not only a remarkable American citizen—he is a very remarkable man. This biography, written by a friend and associate in his work, should have a hearty welcome in this country for, though evidently written for American readers, it throws much light on the working of the mind and the methods of a master in organisation. Hoover is nothing less than that; the vast task set before him could only have been brought to success by a man of colossal ability and determination, and possessed of wonderful mental clarity and far-seeing vision. Dr. Kellogg is full of enthusiasm for his subject, and gives us a fascinating picture of a strong, capable and resourceful administrator overcoming all obstacles, and at the same time a very human type of man who could not keep back tears of joy when he saw the effects of American help upon the children of Warsaw. We are given an account of his childhood and early life, of his mining activities in West Australia, China and elsewhere, of his invaluable work for the relief of stricken Belgium and occupied France, and we learn, too, how he tackled the seemingly impossible problem of food administration in the United States, where a hundred million people had been unaccustomed to government interference in their personal affairs, and above all in their "affairs of stomach and pocket-book." Ten days after the armistice, Hoover left the States for Europe, at the request of President Wilson, to direct the participation of America in the relief of the war-ravaged countries of Eastern Europe. It is a splendid record of a man, and an illuminating statement of the gigantic war effort made by American citizens apart from their military participation, and it is a book that Englishmen should read.



BOOKS—Alice in Wonderland, 1809, £2 10s.; Through the Looking Glass, 1872, 1st edition, £5 5s., Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray, 1st edition, fine copy, £2 2s.; Herbert Spencer's Works, 18 vols., best editions, £4 10s., cost £12; Bello's The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry, 10s. 6d; Carmen illustrated by Rene Bull, signed copy, edition de luxe, 28s. 6d, pub 42s; Ruskin's Works, complete, best Library edition, 39 vols, £25; Rider Haggard's Novels, 12 vols., mostly 1st editions, £4 15s.; Fuchs' Die Wiederherrschaft, 665 curious illustrations, 2 vols., £4 10s., Slater's Engravings and their Value, 1912, last edition, £3 15s.; Baron Corvo's In His Own Image, rare, £2 2s., Omar Khayyám, illustrated by MacDougall, 1898, 21s; Omar Khayyám, Quaritch, 1879, £3 3s., Omar Khayyám, illustrated by Dulac, £2 2s.; another, illustrated by Brangwyn, 1910, 10s 6d.; another translated by Heron-Allen, 1898, 25s; Maeterlinck's The Blue Bird, illustrated by Robinson, 30s.; The Life of the Bee, illustrated by Detmold, 30s.; Illustrated London News, 46 vols, handsomely bound, £12, The Cat, illustrated, 42 vols, publishers' cloth, £10 10s; Catlin's North American Indians, 2 vols., 1857, illustrated, £2 2s.; Greville Memoirs, 8 vols., 1904, £2 2s; Walter's History of Ancient Pottery, 2 vols., 1905, £2 2s.; Timb's Curiosities of London, 1867, 21s.; John Drinkwater's Poems, 1917; Swords and Ploughshares 1915, Prose Papers, 1917, all first editions, 10s each; The Bookbinder, vols. 1 and 2, £2 2s; George Moore's Pagan Poems, rare, 1st edition, title page missing as usual, torn out by author, £7 10s; Beardsley's Early and Later Work, 2 vols., £2 10s.; Oscar Wilde's Sphinx, illustrated by Alastair, 25s.; Forty-three Drawings by Alastair, 1914, £2 2s.; Austin Dobson's Eighteenth Century Vignettes, large paper, signed by author, 2 vols, £2 2s.; Shelley's Poetical Works, edited by Buxton Forman, 1876, 4 vols., £7 10s, Thackeray's Works, edition de luxe, 24 vols., 1878, £15; Expositor's Bible, 49 vols, fine set, best edition, £10 10s; The Graphic, vols. 1 to 36, strongly bound, £12; Chambers's Encyclopædia, 10 vols., 1908, half morocco, £6 6s.; Œuvres de Rabelais, illustrated by Robida, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Boswell's Johnson, with 100 illustrations by Railton, and many portraits, 1901, 3 vols., 35s.; Johnson's Rasselas, illustrated by Smirke, 1819, £3 3s; Finden's Illustrations to Byron, large paper copy, full morocco, gilt, 3 vols., 1833, £6 10s.; Landscape Illustrations to the Waverley Novels and Poetical Works, tree calf, gilt, 4 vols., 1833, £5 5s.; Gallery of Portraits, 7 vols., full calf gilt, 1833, £6 10s.; Puckle's Club, only 500 done, 1817, morocco, £2 2s.; Collector's Marks (Fagan), 1918, last edition, £4 4s; Smollett's Novels, 6 vols., fine set, 1806, £4 10s.; Fielding's Works, 10 vols., 1806, fine set, de luxe, 23 vols., £30, Œuvres Complets de Paul Verlaine, 6 vols., Paris, 1905, £4 10s.; Rudyard Kipling's Verse, "Inclusive" edition, 3 vols., 1919, £3 3s.; Thackeray's Doctor Birch, 1849, 1st edition, coloured plates, £3 10s.; Bret Harte's Works, handsome set, 10 vols., 1901, £6 6s.; Symonds's Essays Speculative and Suggestive, 1893, 21s.; Cockney Adventures, quaint cuts, 1838, £2 2s.; Œuvres de Molière, illustrated by Tony Johannot, Paris, 1835, 2 vols., 30s.; Crockett's Novels, 24 vols., £5 5s.; George Eliot's Works, "Cabinet" edition, 20 vols., £6 6s.; Oliver Goldsmith's Works, edition de luxe, 10 vols., £4 10s.; Meteyard's Choice Examples of Wedgwood Art, folio, 1879, £3 3s.; Swinburne's Posthumous Poems, hand-made paper edition, only 300 copies done, 30s.; Max Beerbohm's Cartoons, "The Second Childhood of John Bull," folio, 21s.; Vanity Fair, numerous coloured cartoons, 50 vols., £10 10s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1705, £2 2s.; Solon's Italian Majolica, 21s.; Whistler's Ten O'clock, 1st edition, £2 2s.; The Day's Doings, 4 vols., folio, 1871, rare, £4 4s.; Prints and Drawings by F. Brangwyn, £2 12s. 6d.; Bentley's Miscellany, 36 vols., illustrated by Cruikshank, Leech, etc., 1837–54, £10 10s.; Becker's The Nightless City, curious illustrations being a History of Prostitution in Japan, £5 5s.; Chaucer's Works, 1532 edition, with Introduction by Skeat, limited issue, £4 4s.; Noyes's First Editions, Forty Singing Seamen, presentation copy to Watts Dunton from the Author, 50s.; Forest of Wild Thyme, 1905, 50s.; Drake, 2 vols., 1906–8, 30s.; The Loom of Years, 1902, rare, £3 3s.; Cuala Press Broadsides, complete set, 1908–15, £4 4s.; Memoires de J. Casanova, 8 vols., Paris, half calf, £4 10s.; The Butterfly, 2 vols., edited by Raven Hill, 25s.; Thornton's An American Glossary, 1912, 2 vols., 7s. 6d.; Round's Feudal England, £2 2s.; Round's Studies in Peerage and Family History, 1901, £2 2s. One hundred thousand books in stock. Catalogues on application. If you want a book and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. I am the most expert book-finder extant. BOOKS WANTED: 25s. each offered for Boswell's Johnson, 2 vols., 1791; Burton's Pentamerone, 2 vols.; Desperate Remedies, 3 vols., 1871; Alice in Wonderland, 1865 or 1866; Hawbuck Grange, 1847.

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The Bookman

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We have always given due attention to the printed drama and books about music, and from time to time to the stage production of plays that have had distinctive literary quality. In response to suggestions from many of our readers, we have now arranged to enlarge our programme in that direction and shall in future include the criticism of music and the acted drama among the regular features of The Bookman. Beginning with our March issue, we are devoting some additional pages to Music and the Drama, and shall supplement a survey of current publications and performances with special articles on famous dramatists and composers of the past and present and on outstanding topics of musical and dramatic interest.

"The Prince of Wales's Book," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing for St. Dunstan's, is a pictorial record of the voyages of H.M.S. *Renown*, in which the Prince made his recent visit to Australia. The book is published in aid of the soldiers and sailors blinded in the war, and already the demand for it exceeds even the most sanguine expectations.

"The Wreck," a new novel by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, is to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan; who have in the press "Domesday Book," a new poem by Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Spoon River Anthology."

An important biography that Messrs. Constable are publishing this month is a "Life of Joseph Hodges Choate," by Edward Sandford Martin. It will be in two volumes, the second being almost entirely concerned with the record of Choate's life as American Ambassador in this country.

Mr. Cecil Palmer has in preparation a collected edition of the poems of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. It is to be issued in an edition de luxe as well as in ordinary form, and will be ready before the end of the spring.

"Musical Memories," by Camille Saint-Saens, translated from the French by E. G. Rich, a book that will appeal to every one interested in the history of music, will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray.

Mr. John Lane is to be warmly congratulated on the January issue of *The Bodleian*, a very interesting Anatole France number, containing an account by Mr. Lane of Anatole France's visit to London in 1913, and a collection of special articles on the man and his work by Robert Blatchford, Frances Ramsey, Lafcadio Hearn, W. J. Locke, Edward Garnett,

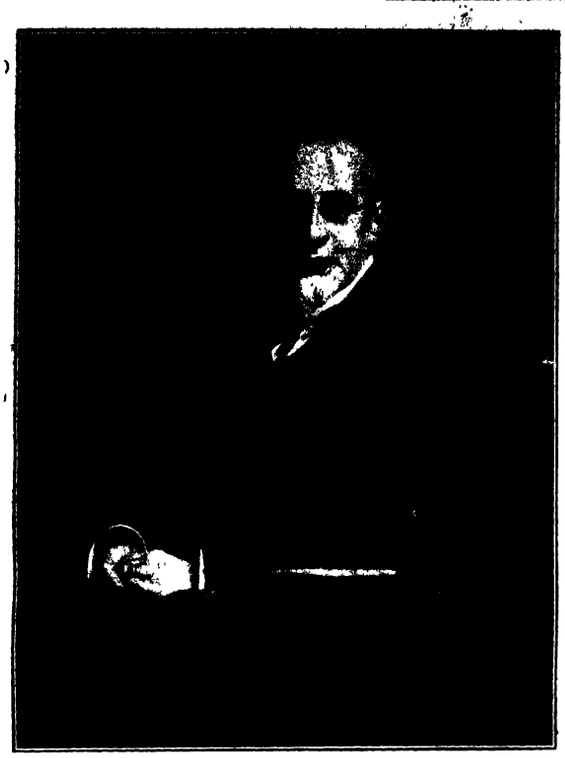


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Dr. G. C. Williamson,**

whose "Daniel Gardner" (John Lane) is reviewed in this Number.

W. L. Courtney, and others. A copy of the number will be sent to anybody who writes for it to The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.

Katherine Mansfield, whose brilliant book of short stories, "Bliss," was published a few weeks ago by Messrs. Constable, is the wife of Mr. John Middleton Murry, editor of the *Athenæum*, for which in the last two years she has done a good deal of reviewing. She was born in New Zealand, and began writing early; her first attempt at literature was published when she was nine years old, and she has been filling notebooks ever since. After she came to London she worked for some time on the *New Age*, and in 1912 published "In a German Pension," which she says was a bad book though the press was very kind to it. Later, she wrote for *Rhythm* and the *Blue Review*, then edited by Mr. Middleton Murry, and later still she married her editor. We share the general admiration of the stories in "Bliss," but Mrs. Murry is not satisfied with them and believes she has done much better work in the new book she is now engaged upon—another collection of stories, one with a New Zealand setting and several that are character sketches of women. She hopes to have this ready for publication in the coming summer.

"The Worker's Holiday and other Stories," by Bart Kennedy, will be published this spring by Messrs. W. Rider & Sons. Another book by Mr. Kennedy—a book of humour with an underlying seriousness—is also in preparation for this spring, and will be published by Messrs. Angold. Its probable title will be "Bart's Foolosophy."

Every year *Who's Who* is a little larger than it was the year before, and so gives you a comfortable assurance that the birth-rate of celebrities must be steadily on the increase, and if you look through the pages in an impartial spirit you will recognise that *Who's Who* rightly opens its doors to men and women of note in every walk of life and so becomes an essential reference book to professional and business men of all sorts. The 1921 edition (42s. net; A. & C. Black) still remains conveniently in one volume, though it is large enough to make three, and, considering its usefulness as well as its size, is the cheapest thing at the price to be had in the way of books nowadays.

Mr. Edgar Wallace's new novel, "Bones in London" (7s. net; Ward, Lock), is a breezy, delightfully humorous chronicle continuing the adventures of Bones and his friends in London business circles. The same firm is publishing "Musgrave's Luck," a new romance of love and adventure by Harold Bindloss.



Katherine Mansfield
(Mrs. Middleton Murry).



Mr. J. Storer Clouston.

It is thirty years since Mr. J. Storer Clouston dawned upon a delighted world as a new and true humorist with "The Lunatic at Large." He proceeded to justify what was hoped of him with "The Adventures of Monsieur Haricot," "Count Bunker," "The Peer's Progress," and other books that all good readers will remember. Though he developed another side of his genius in such stories of mystery as "The Spy in Black," he could never prevent his quaint and delightful humour from breaking through, just as it is continually breaking through in his latest series of tales, "Carrington's Cases" (Blackwood). There are touches of it all through the Carrington cases (in one of which he takes liberties with Sherlock Holmes's own Dr. Watson), and even in such an eerie fantasy as the tale of "The Devil's House." All his life, except for the years of the war when he was a variety of incongruous things, Mr. Storer Clouston has been nothing but a writer. Even when he was in chambers in the Temple and supposed to be working for the Bar he was chiefly occupied with writing the libretto of a comic opera which has long been lost, unacted. During that same period he wrote a series of short stories in his evenings and had them rejected by a magazine—he thinks it was the *Idler*, but has more than forgiven it, for a few years later he worked those same stories up into his first and most popular novel, "The Lunatic at Large."

That Mr. Clouston is on occasion a quick worker is evident from the fact that he wrote ten out of his twelve Carrington stories in one strenuous fortnight. But others in the book came with less readiness. He spent many months over "The Devil's House," and wrote it three times in various forms before he was satisfied with it. At present Mr. Clouston is busy on a play which he hopes will, in due course, find a producer, and has just finished a novel—a return to the adventures of Mr. Mandell-Essington of "The Lunatic at Large"—the story of his doings during a subsequent and similar relapse.



Mr. J. Weedon Birch.

"London Rover," which Messrs. Cassell announce, is a series of stories and sketches of life at Limehouse, Wapping, Poplar and around the Docks and on Thames-side generally, by H. M. Tomlinson, who knows that part of London as well and writes about it as cleverly as any man living.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing a new novel by Miss Kay Cleaver Strahan. It has the enigmatic title of "Something that Begins with I."

The Cambridge Press is publishing this spring "Spain Since 1815," by Marques de Lema, Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"Notes on Life and Letters," by Joseph Conrad, which Messrs. Dent are publishing early in the spring, includes critical essays on Henry James, Stephen Crane, Guy de Maupassant, and many others.

Mr. J. Weedon Birch has just joined the ever-growing ranks of publisher-authors, and his first novel, "The Lure," published by Messrs. G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch, is a striking



Lieutenant H. J Gripper.

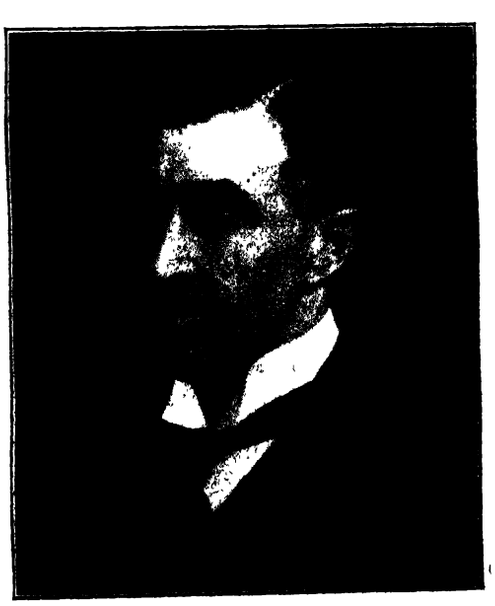


Photo by Basil.

Lieutenant Daniel O'Connor.

Among the many minor results of the great tragedy of the war may be counted the founding of another new London publishing firm. The two partners, Mr. Daniel O'Connor and Mr. H. J. Gripper, first met in France, on active service. Mr. O'Connor was the moving spirit of the late firm of Herbert & Daniel, and Mr. Hubert Gripper is an old Malvernian, whose father, Mr. Ernest Gripper, was for many years a prominent member of the Baltic Exchange. Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Gripper relieved the tediousness of long hospital hours in France during the war in discussing literary aspirations, which they have now gone into partnership to realise. The new firm has an interesting list of books in preparation for this spring, including a "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Elie Halévy; "Ireland in Insurrection," by Hugh Martin, with a Preface by Sir Philip Gibbs, K.B.E.; "Elizabeth Inchbald and Her Circle," by S. R. Littlewood; "Curiosities of our National Galleries," by W. H. Helm; "Advancing Woman," by Holford Knight; "Literary Impressions," by Jules Lemaître, translated by A. W. Evans; and in the way of fiction "By Olive and Fir," by Anna de Bary, and "The Iron Bell," by C. E. Lawrence.

Mr. Jonathan Cape, who is the latest addition to the list of London publishers, has been connected with books and publishers for the last twenty years, commencing first with romance of adventure in Matabeleland, in which country Mr. Birch was a pioneer in the days before railways had driven some of the romance out of it. Messrs. Hatchards, the Piccadilly booksellers. He was recently manager to Messrs. Duckworth & Co. Mr. Cape proposes to get together a general list of books—fiction, biography, reminiscences and children's books. By arrangement with the Medici Society, he will act as their sole agent for all their book publications, and in conjunction with Mr. Philip Lee Warner, publisher to the Medici Society, he will publish fine editions and fine art books. His first publication is the reprint of Charles M. Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta," which is published jointly by him and the Medici Society.



Mr. Jonathan Cape.

Messrs. Selwyn & Blount announce that Mr. Wilfrid H. Hulbert has joined them as a partner, having for that purpose resigned his directorship of Messrs. P. S. King & Son, with which firm he has has been associated for many years.

Mr. F. G. Shaw, the well-known authority on fly-fishing, who recently issued a second edition of his "Complete Science of Fly-Fishing," is now in South Africa obtaining material for a book on Trout fishing in those parts.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin have just published a new edition of Mr. St. John Ervine's play of Belfast life, "Mixed Marriage," which was produced at the Abbey Theatre in 1911.

Mr. Winston Churchill is engaged on an outspoken narrative of his work and personal experiences during the war years, and the book will be published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Mr. Douglas R. Hoole announces that he is now representing Messrs. Books Limited, Stanley Paul & Co., Jarrolds Ltd., and William Rider & Son, Ltd., chiefly in the West and South-West of England. It is only about a year since Mr. Hoole was gazetted out of the army with the rank of captain. Although of low medical category he was accepted in the army in 1916, and, after a short time with the Artists Rifles, was commissioned to the Devon Regiment and went to France early in 1917. Early in 1918 he assisted the Army Printing and Stationery Services in France.



Mr. Beard Francis.

Mr. Beard Francis, whose new book of stories, "Comedy and Tragedy," is published by Messrs. Holden & Hardingham, made his debut as a humorist with "Higgs and Potter," which scored a considerable success; he followed it with "How Like a Man," a farcical yarn about secret societies, mad inventors, burlesque detectives, stern men of business and other varieties of humanity. In his latest volume, as its title suggests, he mingles gravity with his gaiety and shows that a man may cultivate the broad grin and yet have a serious side to him.

Captain C. A. W. Monckton, whose "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate" (John Lane) has reached its third edition in three weeks, is one of the few men remaining who can speak with authority of the wild life of white men, traders and officials in the New Guinea of a decade



Mr. Moore Ritchie,

whose striking novel, "A Woman of the Desert," Mr. Andrew Melrose has just published. Mr. Ritchie is a nephew of Mr. Frankfort Moore.

or so ago. He is devastatingly frank and does not attempt to whitewash either his own actions or those of his superior officers, but gives a vivid and dramatic picture of the difficulties and hardships that faced the English official out there in dealing with savage races on the outskirts of the Empire.

What Cheer? a lively little quarterly published by Messrs. J. Miles & Co., the printers, and edited by their managing director, Mr. Ralph Frost, has just completed the third year of its existence, and its latest number amply justifies its assertion



Mr. Eric Robertson,

whose new book, "The Human Bible" (Nisbet), is reviewed in this Number.

that it is "issued to promote good fellowship." It is a succession of one good story after another from cover to cover. As a sample, here is one that should be taken to heart by all young authors who imagine that editors and publishers don't know their business: On having her novel rejected by a publisher a lady wrote indignantly saying she had proof that it had not been read, as she had pasted pages 98 and 99 together, and they were still sticking to each other. The publisher replied: "Dear Madam,—When I have the misfortune to come across a bad egg I don't feel called upon to finish it."

The Everyman Theatre, having weathered the first most critical months of a repertory theatre's life, opens this year with a special season of Bernard Shaw plays. The first, "You Never Can Tell," produced on January 24th, met with an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Brember Wills's Waiter was a delightful character study, and Miss Dorothy Massingham as Gloria and Mr. Nicholas Hannen as Valentine were admirable. It will be followed by: "Candida" and "How He Lied to Her Husband," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara," and a triple bill containing "The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet," "How He Lied to Her Husband," and "The Dark Lady of The Sonnets." The plays are produced by Miss Edith Craig.

"Lonely Lady ——," a joyous comedy in three acts, by Nita Faydon, makes good entertainment at the Duke of York's Theatre. A strong element of farce enters into the story, and the devastating effects of golf were never so plainly shown as in the relations between Aleen Dennison and her stalwart husband. If the fundamental idea of the play is not altogether new, it is written with so much sparkle of dialogue and acted so well that it keeps an audience laughing continuously, and promises to have a very successful run.

The Playwrights Theatre, in co-operation with the authors, has arranged to give a series of five special matinees at the Ambassador's Theatre for the benefit of managers and the public. On the 7th February they will present "Moleskin Joe," by Patrick MacGill, and on 7th March "Rhoda Fleming," adapted from Meredith's novel by A. Phillipson.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

There are graceful and charming lyrics in "The Phantom Fiddler, and Other Poems," by Cyril G. Taylor (3s. net; Daniel); but Mr. Taylor has also a gift of gentle irony, which he uses very deftly in such verses as "The Deceased"; and that he has imagination and metrical cunning is shown in the forceful and very striking poem that gives its title to this volume, and in "The Ballade of the Winding Road." It is the pathos of life, the passing away of beauty and love and all that makes life dear, that appeals to him most prevailingly, and these are the themes of "Sorrow," of "Beauty," of "The Ones that are not Near," of "He and She Look Back," and other lyrics in a little book that gives much to admire and to enjoy.

"Bolivia's Case for the League of Nations," by Jose Carrasco (5s net; Selwyn & Blount), is a strong, well-reasoned appeal for the return to Bolivia of that part of her territory—her only outlet to the sea—annexed by Chile after the Nitrate War of 1879. The League has made possible an appeal against the barbarous old doctrine that might is right, and, as Mr. Andrew Boyle says in an excellent Introduction, this would seem to be a clear case for the League to handle, and it could not be more lucidly nor more temperately put than it is in these pages.

The story of John Clare is one of those tragedies in the biographies of poets that have their most famous example in the life of Chatterton. But Clare's was the more tragic, for it lasted so much longer. "John Clare: Poems Chiefly from Manuscript." Selected and edited by Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter (10s. 6d. net; Cobden-Sanderson) tells in a prefatory biography the simple, poignant narrative of his chequered career, and in making this large collection of his hitherto unpublished work does a real service to literature. It is not often that, over half a century after his death, the unpublished work of any poet has been so well worth rescuing from oblivion.

NEW MUSIC.

THREE SAILOR SONGS. Music by Robert Coningsby Clarke. Words by John Masefield. 4s. net (Chappell.)

A fine set of songs, distinctly original and characteristic, are Coningsby Clarke's three Sailor Songs—"Cargoes," "A Sailor's Prayer" and "The Emigrant": words by John Masefield. They are as refreshing and invigorating as the tang of salt spray, and are worthy successors to "Sea-Fever," which in itself is sufficient praise to those who know this wonderful song. To the uninitiated we would strongly commend these "Sailor Songs," as we believe that they will find them the "something different" that is always in demand.

THE MASTER KNOT. Song Cycle from Omar Khayyám. By Denis Ashleigh. 3s 6d. net. (Collard, Moutrie.)

Denis Ashleigh's Song Cycle from Omar Khayyám has melody and Eastern mystery in it; yet it retains a simplicity which is particularly desirable in this kind of cycle. It should prove a popular setting of the ever-popular Omar poems.

SONGS FROM MEMORY-LAND. Music by Arthur F. Tate. Words by Edward Lockton. 3s. 6d. net. (Cary.)

Four tuneful songs—reminiscent of the Guy d'Hardelot school—are contained in this album by Arthur F. Tate. The songs are pleasing and dainty. "That Hour With You" has a haunting refrain which makes a special appeal.

NURSERY SECRETS. A Little Suite for Young People for Piano. By Felix White. 2s. net. (Keith, Prowse.)

Quaint little pieces, with an easy setting suitable for little fingers, are "Nursery Secrets," by Felix White. "The Forbidden Fairy Tale" (with ghosts in it) will delight and thrill small players. This story without words should be a great help in keeping youngsters interested in their music lessons. "A Dream of the Russian Ballet," "Who Broke the New Toy?" and "Why the Flies Go Round and Round" are the titles of the three other pieces in this delightful little album.

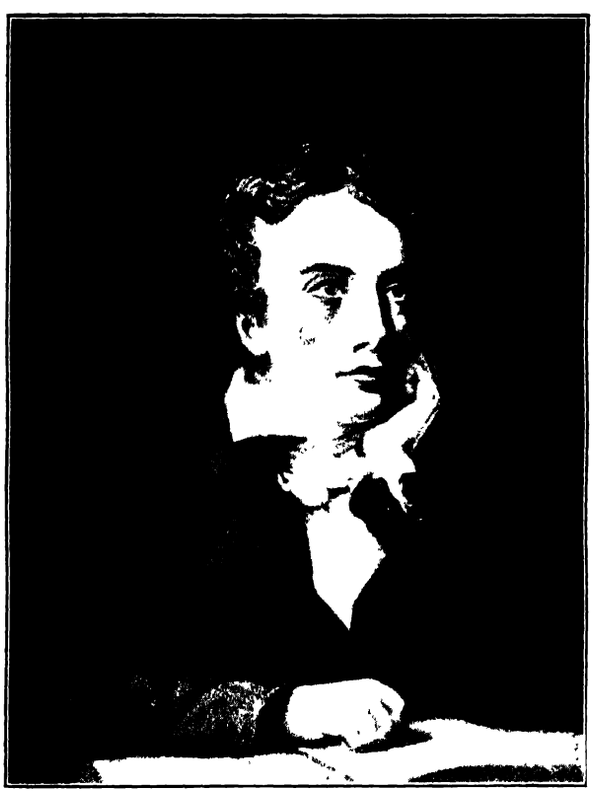
THE READER.

THE INFLUENCE OF KEATS.

By Eugene Mason.

(October 31st, 1795—February 23rd, 1821)

On the 15th day of April, 1445, a young girl of marvellous beauty was found in one of the ancient tombs which then bordered the Appian Way. Though she had lain for ages and ages in her uninviting retreat she was yet alive—at least it almost seemed that she lived, so fulfilled were her hair and her eyes "with the sweetness and light of the spring." An inscription upon her grave recorded the bare fact that her name was Julia—Julia, the daughter of Claudius. The beautiful maiden was carried in triumph to the Capitol, and for a short space of time the artists and poets of the city came to dream over so wonderful a vision. The priests and the civil authorities, however, agreed that such proceedings could not be tolerated in any reputable society, for the one order feared lest the people should return to paganism, whilst the other argued that the proper place for a dead body was the grave. At the first convenient opportunity, therefore, they restored Julia to the decent obscurity of her home, with as little fuss as possible, and after the interlude of this nine days' wonder, respectable, humdrum, commonplace life went on as before, undisturbed by any disquieting reminder of forgotten and buried beauty. I tell this story for what it is worth, and I do not tell it on affidavit. Half-believers—whom I heartily despise—hint that it is a mere parable of the Renaissance, of that time when the Middle Ages took fire from the classical torch. If this be true, and my legend but a fond thing vainly invented, I must console myself with the thought that the apotheosis of Julia occurred not only on a certain spring morning of the fifteenth century in Rome, but has chanced once and again in divers countries and periods ever since. For wherever art is touched to passion and to finer issues by the counsels of perfection from a great past, there Julia, the daughter of Claudius (perhaps under another name) is borne from her tomb with pomp to the market-place; and it is because our own England of the prosaic nineteenth century witnessed such an awakening, that I have ventured to introduce my little apologue in a paper on John Keats.

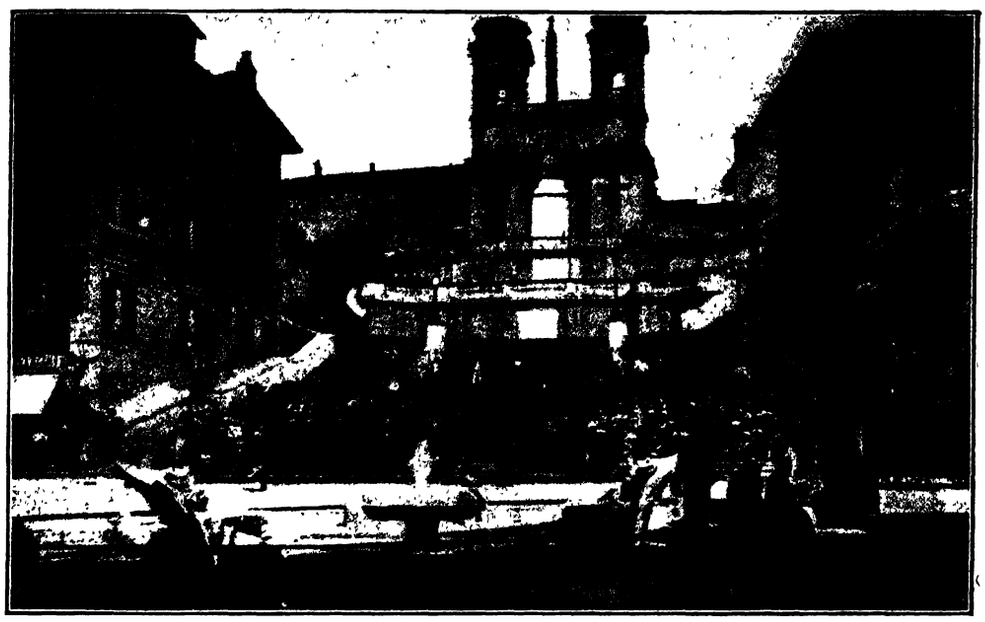


John Keats.

By J. Severn. From the original water-colour miniature given by Keats to Fanny Brawne, and bequeathed by Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., to the Hampstead Library.

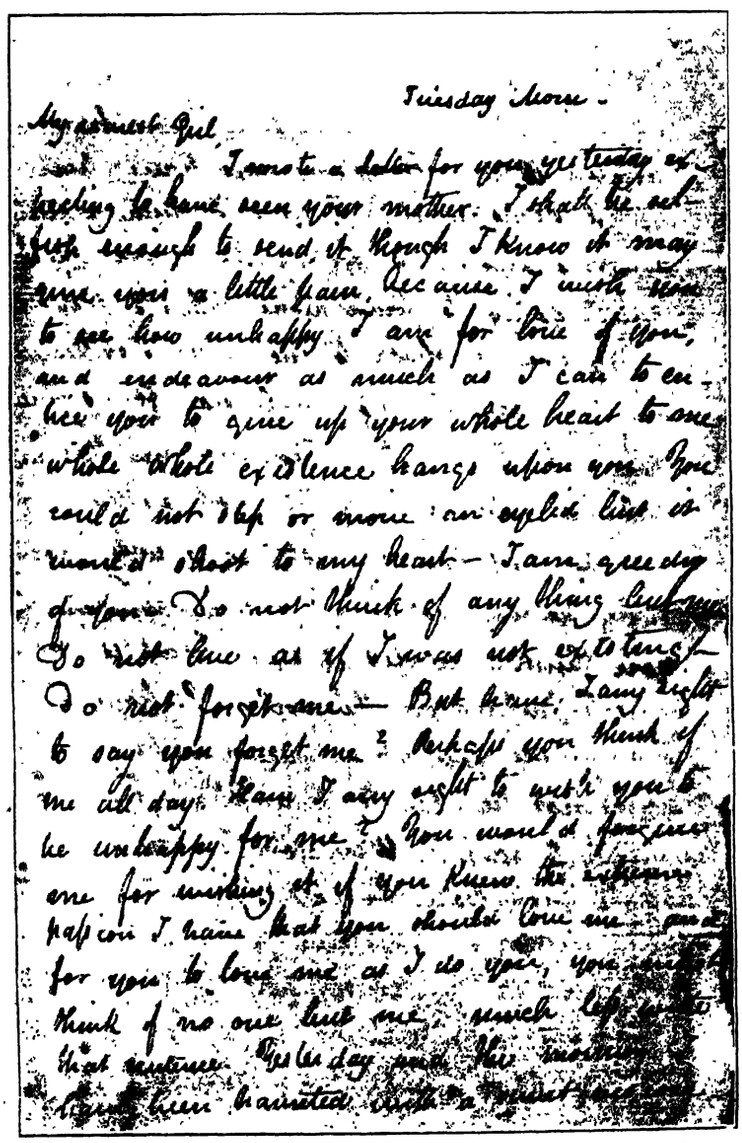
John Keats died on February 23rd, 1821, not having completed his twenty-sixth year. Biographies of poets are not always Bank-holiday reading, and in a certain sense the life of Keats is no exception to the common rule. His poetry, copious and marvellous as it was, did not afford him the oatmeal on which Meredith somehow managed to cultivate literature, for, as Browning pertinently inquires, "What porridge had John Keats?" He was harassed continually by financial difficulties. Ambition put a maggot in his brain; passion fevered his blood; and he fell sick of a consumption. Critics and his contemporaries proved often as bleak as his destiny. The highest praise Keats got from Wordsworth, always generous in appreciation, was that his ode was a very pretty piece of paganism. Byron, with characteristic large-heartedness, wrote to his publisher, "No more Keats, I entreat: flay him alive; if some of you don't I must skin him myself; there is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin." The careful charity of Blackwood—solicitous for an erring apothecary—bade him back to his gallipots, and urged him to "stick to his plasters, pills and ointment boxes." He died a stranger in a strange land, apparently a hopeless failure, leaving a name which he modestly trusted would be inscribed amongst the English poets, and an epitaph which recorded the bitterness of his humiliation. Yet the same century which witnessed his failure, registered the complete triumph of his plea upon appeal. The growth of no literary fame has been steadier and more continuous than that of John Keats. A consensus of judgment by his peers has pronounced with FitzGerald that he is "more akin to Shakespeare, in a perfect circle of poetic faculties, than any poet since"; with Tennyson, that he "would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us all"; with Dr. Bridges, "If one English poet might be recalled from the dead to continue the work which he left unfinished on earth, it is probable that the crown of his country's desire would be set on the head of John Keats." But even more significant of Keats's position in literature than any praise, however

glowing and sincere, is the astonishing influence he has exerted on the poetry of the last one hundred years. Being dead he yet speaketh by the mouth of those whose tongue-string he hath unloosed. I take it that Keats's peculiar genius may be defined, inadequately, as a sense of Beauty, quickened by imagination, and touched with emotion, expressed in terms of the most compelling and flawless art. It is impossible to study modern English poetry without finding evidences of his influence on every side. Keats's conscious—almost self-conscious—artistry, his æsthetic, the principles underlying and forming the basis of his art, his devotion to certain forms and schools of verse, his grave and coloured music, such things as these are plainly recognisable in the writings, and as the preferences, of his successors. The very greatest of them seem unable to escape this influence, for it is subtle and ambient as the air. Tennyson was his creature in a far larger measure than the late Laureate ever recognised—Tennyson even. Rossetti managed to combine a devotion to Coleridge with his worship of Keats; but Morris was whole-hearted in allegiance, holding him to be the first of modern poets. Quite naturally it was the colour, the romance, the mediævalism, of "The Eve of St. Agnes," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and "The Eve of St. Mark" which inspired their enthusiasm. They were painters all, and the latter fragment might well have been torn from the pages of "The Earthly Paradise." The minor writers of the same school followed, and exaggerated, such salient features, becoming too frequently but garish replicas of a great original. And in these later days—on which the ends of the world seem come—the most distinguished of our younger poets clearly have realised themselves in his mould and music. Flecker, the most gifted of them all, technically, was saturated with his qualities; and neither Mr. Squire's *Moon*, nor Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Leda*, would have borne quite the same aspect had it not been for their creators' intimate acquaintance with the master's handiwork.



Santa Trinita dei Monti, Rome.

The house in which Keats died is on the right hand side of the steps.



Tuesday Morn.

My dearest Girl

I wrote a letter for you yesterday of leaving to have seen your mother. I shall be sufficiently to send it though I know it may cause you a little pain, because I wish you to see how unhappy I am for love of you, and endeavour as much as I can to enliven your whole heart to one whole whole existence hangs upon you. You could not help or more an explicit line is meant about to any heart — I am already for you. Do not think of any thing but me. Do not love as if I was not existence — Do not forget me — But dear, I am right to say you forget me? Perhaps you think of me all day. Dear I am right to wish you to be unhappy for me? You would for ever one for wishing it if you knew the extreme passion I have that you should love me — and for you to love me as I do you, you could think of no one but me, much [illegible] that nature. Yesterday with the morning I have been haunted with a most [illegible]

Facsimile of part of letter from Keats to Fanny Brawne.

From the original which was formerly in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke, Bart.

It would be idle to contend that Keats's influence on contemporary literature is so apparent now as on that of some previous generations. The appalling cataclysm of the war has induced a new scale of values, æsthetic and moral. The themes selected by our youthful poets are not such as lend themselves to ornate treatment; and young men in a hurry have no time to waste on elaboration of technique. But though his example may be neglected, it should not be concluded that his reputation is on the wane. The very reverse is the case. It was but in 1917 that Sir Sidney Colvin's monumental life of the

poet appeared, and was received deservedly with every mark of interest and approval. Sir Sidney Colvin belongs, of course, to an earlier generation, but in the appreciation of Keats's genius the Young Guard marches steadily to the support of the veterans of Marengo. They are in cordial agreement with the highest estimate of the value of Keats's work, but they emphasise strongly the potential capacity of his gifts. There is, indeed, every indication both in his correspondence and in the Induction to "Hyperion," that Keats was groping his way to a simpler and a fuller form of self-expression. In this new art the head was to count for more than the chaplet, and the arm to be worthier than its jewelled bracelet. Porphyro and Madeline, for instance, as human beings with human passions, would dominate a rewritten "Eve of St. Agnes," instead of remaining gracious abstractions, purely subsidiary to a sumptuous and obliterating decoration. This may well be true, but discarding prophecy, and accepting his work with all its imperfections on its head, just as it stands, the commentary of Arnold on Keats's modest phrase, "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death," must win heartfelt approval from every student of literature, "He is, he is with Shakespeare."



Keats on his Death-bed.
Painted by Joseph Severn in 1821.

At a time when English poetry was a nymph of measure and of restraint, who went attired in a gown of Quaker grey, Julia, the daughter of Claudius, again was discovered in her tomb. Amongst the earliest of those who came to wonder upon her loveliness was John Keats. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the divine Spirit of Poetry incalculably chose an ostler's son for her mouthpiece. He loved the principle of Beauty in all things. Nature, Greek legends, Gothic cathedrals, Renaissance pictures—he looked upon them all with the eye of a lover. But this apprehension of beauty was the more common of the two gifts with which he was endowed. She gave him also that passion for perfection which alone permits the faultless vision to be rendered into the equally impeccable line. He was never content until he had loaded every rift of his subject with ore. The very phrase and verse he discarded in the effort are still a treasure-trove for the lesser artist. He is the Titian of poets in his glow and colour and sensuous grace. For a hundred years his influence is over all our literature, and modern writers are largely the work of his hand and the breath of his inspiration. His name is written, not in water, as he said in his dejection, but wherever an English poet gazes simply and directly on Beauty, and translates his emotion into flawless verse.

EDUCATIONAL PIONEERS.

By Professor John Adams.

In spite of the present depressed state of educational stock on the political Exchange there never was a time when expert school people showed more initiative. The spirit of inquiry and enterprise is abroad. However unwilling it may be to pay for it, the public is certainly deeply interested in education, and very willing to talk about it. Mr. Ernest Young may therefore confidently expect that his new book will attract attention and be discussed with some vigour. As editor* he presents no fewer than twenty-seven examples of pioneer work, each treated by an author who writes from first-hand knowledge. All the slogans of modern educational progress get ample illustration in these two hundred and forty-seven pages of remarkably clear type—self-activity, respect for the educand's individuality, anti-bookishness, rational bookishness, open-air teaching, learning by doing, all the varieties of the Play Way, the care of the body, manual work, the manufacture of dunces and their ultimate elimination. The only lack is the customary denunciation of educational systems in general. Either by inspiring his contributors with optimism or by rejecting the work of pessimists, Mr. Young has succeeded in producing a book marked by the rare quality of positive and constructive criticism. Adverse comment is of course not entirely absent, as for example in the remark on the ordinary Council schools: "In no way do they fit him [the child] to face the problems of life." But such criticisms are rare, and when they do occur they are accompanied by a suggestion of a definite way of removing the defect indicated. Each contributor appears to set out with the intention of taking present defects for granted and of presenting his contribution in such a way as to emphasise positive advantages. No doubt there is a certain danger in thus writing from the standpoint of an advocate. But we are so accustomed to the boredom of reading diatribes against the prevailing educational systems that we are grateful for this presentation of the actual efforts being made just now to reach a more rational practice of education.

To be sure, many of us are suspicious of such titles as "The New Era," whether in education or in other departments. We find so much that is familiar in those "new" schemes; but we whose business it is to read all

* "The New Era in Education." Edited by Ernest Young. 3s. 6d. net. (Philip.)

the books on education as they appear, are apt to forget that what is trite to us may be pleasantly novel to some others. In any case, the present book does not depend on the newness of the ideas presented; its value consists largely in the account it gives of the results of experiments that have been actually performed. It is one thing to advocate skilfully a particular line of action; it is another to exemplify its application to the conditions of real life. Mr. Young is generous enough to believe that "every reader will know of one [experiment] that is better than any herein described," but this polite view is too optimistic. What is really meant is that the editor is unwilling to claim either completeness or finality for any of the schemes he includes in his book. He tells us frankly that "none of the accounts could be read to a jury of teachers and get a unanimous verdict"; and this he claims as a merit. Each reader will accordingly select some experiment for special study or criticism. For myself I am greatly attracted by Canon Lonsdale Ragg's chapter on "Transmutation," which means the expression in verse of the impression produced by various pieces of music. I do not feel competent to deal with the musical side, but was attracted by the set of children's verses. Like Maggie Tulliver I may have missed the principle, but I enjoyed the illustrations. Several of the schemes are fairly well known, but on that very account have an added importance. No one, for example, who has read and admired Mr. C. T. Smith's "The Music of Life" will fail to welcome his "Music and Citizenship." Mr. Edward Green's account of the school work of the Halifax Public Library is full of useful suggestions. But, short of a catalogue of the twenty-seven articles, it is impossible to do justice to the book; none of the articles is negligible and some of them are of permanent value. That the writers do not think of themselves more highly than they ought to think is shown by the caution on p. 39 against accepting laudatory press notices as a true account of what is being done in certain schools. This reminds me of Mr. Norman MacMunn's warning in his just published "Child's Path to Freedom," that writers do a disservice to education when they convey the impression that our present teachers are a regenerated race, and have given up the old-fashioned methods against which so much is being written. We may accept his warning, and yet point to the present book, and to that published by Miss Alice Woods last year, to prove that there is at least a vigorous growing point in the present-day educational organism, and that by and by the new spirit will leaven the whole lump.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS.

By Frederic Whyte.

DURING all the twenty years of our intimate acquaintance I have never been able to think of Philip Gibbs without thinking also of David Copperfield. Even now as a man of forty, with his remarkably youthful countenance, he would still look David Copperfield to the life if only he wore his hair a little longer and his trousers a little tighter. There is a great deal of David in his character no less than in his personal appearance—in his grave simplicity, his unobtrusive humour, his depth of feeling, his wide sympathies, his keenly observant interest in everything, human nature most of all. And then, into the bargain, there is his literary and journalistic career. Had David Copperfield gone forth as a "War Special" who can doubt but that his record would have been just such as the record of Philip Gibbs? Incidentally he would doubtless have become "Sir David." I like to picture Mr. Wilkins Micawber inditing a letter of congratulation to the young friend whom he can never again address as "My dear Copperfield."

It was on a spot hallowed by memories, not indeed of David Copperfield and Mr. Micawber, but of their creator, that Philip Gibbs and I first met—at La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, the site of one of the celebrated old coaching inns of London, now for two score years and more the centre from which the multifarious publications of Cassell & Co. radiate over the British Empire. Young Philip, whose father was an inspector of schools, had recently joined Cassell & Co.'s editorial staff as assistant to the manager of their Education Department, Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., a very serious and strenuous man, and something of a celebrity in the world of politics. The twenty-year-old new-comer put his back into the work and soon made himself quite an educational expert, but a better opening which offered elsewhere put an early end to this stage in his career.

The better opening was that of editor of Tillotson's Fiction Bureau at Bolton, in Lancashire. Here also he made his mark. As a change from the countless novels and short stories which it was his business to procure for those wholesale literary purveyors, he introduced a curiously interesting new "feature" of his own, under the effective title, "Knowledge is Power"—a miscellany of extracts from all kinds of books with a running commentary by himself and original contributions from chance correspondents, famous or obscure. It was a huge success. That gift of sympathy which was to be so great a factor in his achievements as a war correspondent now revealed itself and brought him all kinds of communications—thousands of them—from all corners of the globe. I doubt whether anybody in England, except Mr. Stead of the *Review of Reviews*, had so wonderful a letter-bag.

But Bolton is a dismal hole and Philip Gibbs and his young wife—whom he had married in his teens—longed again for London. So we find him installed presently at Carmelite House on the staff of the *Daily Mail*. After the *Daily Mail* came, if I remember right, the *Daily Chronicle* and a first experience of that work as a "special reporter" which, with the writing of books, was to be his chief occupation during the subsequent years. I forget what he published first but I know that a biography of the Duke of Buckingham was one of his earliest ventures. Presently the *Tribune*, the loudly heralded new morning newspaper which was to be the

organ of the Liberal Party, entered on its luckless existence, with Philip Gibbs as its literary editor. The *Tribune* died ingloriously within a year, but its literary editor turned his experience to excellent account in his best novel, "The Street of Adventure."

What year was it that Dr. Cook did *not* reach the North Pole? I forget and I am jotting down these very imperfect memories in a remote village many miles away from any reference books. Anyway Philip was at Copenhagen with a number of other London journalists, among them Mr. Stead, to meet that accomplished — explorer. Every one else swallowed Dr. Cook's concoctions but Philip Gibbs refused to do so. He smelt a rat and he went for the unfortunate impostor like a veritable rat-terrier. All his newspaper colleagues thought he was making a fool of himself—even Mr. Stead urged him to desist, declaring that he was ruining his whole career. I remember how anxious I was for him myself for he seemed to be judging by instinct rather than on evidence and there was material for a libel action in his every message. But he was perfectly right and all ended happily—except for poor Dr. Cook.



Photo by Vandyk.

Sir Philip Gibbs.

Now I must skip some years and come to the war in the Balkans. I suppose there never was so raw a war correspondent as the Philip Gibbs who was then sent out (by the *Daily Graphic*) to describe the fighting. As the most experienced and most distinguished of all the old stagers expressed it, he looked the sort of dreamy youth who would always leave his kit behind and never know how to get himself a square meal. But within a very few weeks he proved himself on the contrary to be a young man of much resourcefulness and he accomplished his mission right well. So well that, when the great war broke out in 1914, he was among the first "specials" to go to the front.

How splendidly he acquitted himself during those long and terrible years needs no recounting. In a review of one of his war books that same Balkan colleague of his, cited above, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, whose own record of the Dardanelles campaign is a military classic, declared generously: "He has done better work than any of us." That is the general verdict. Without Nevinson's own profound knowledge and fastidious literary style, without many of the gifts to be found among his other competitors, Philip Gibbs, by right chiefly of his pluck and grit and pertinacity and his warm sympathy and observant eyes, is held by almost every one to rank first among all the British chroniclers of the war.

What of his future? Who can prophesy? Certainly not himself. He has never been a far-seeing planner-out of his own life. He has just jogged along, with an occasional big spurt. Perhaps the biggest spurt of all, brought to a close with the ending of the great war, is now to be followed by another of a new kind. His acceptance of the editorship of the *Review of Reviews* suggests as much. A man must gird up his loins in order to follow worthily in the footsteps of the brave and brilliant founder of that famous periodical.

Yet many of Sir Philip's friends would not have been surprised if with his latest volume, "People of Destiny"* —wherein, with a sympathy and appreciation almost unexampled among English writers, he has recorded his impressions of the United States—he had decided to withdraw from London altogether. I fancy that a quiet country life with his pen and his books is what he really yearns for even now. He is a genuine bookman—not a scholar exactly, but a real *lover* of books. Except music he has no other absorbing enthusiasms. Reading and writing, writing and reading—that is how it is natural to him to spend his existence. Thus employed, with his wife and fine young son for company, Philip Gibbs is the happy man he deserves to be.

* "People of Destiny." By Sir Philip Gibbs. 15s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four lines of original verse addressed to the new Jurywomen.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Hilary Thorpe, of 4, Crane Hill, Ipswich, and to Barbara E. Todd, of Kirk Sardel Rectory, Doncaster, for the following:

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

Once, in the sunset, when the light was failing,
There I saw a castle, a castle all of Spain;
Golden its turrets were and hung with red roses.
The dim sky was paling
And the moon on the wane.

At morning, by the quay-side, where the mist went drifting,
There I saw a tall ship, a-bound for Cathay;
Silver her masts were with rigging of cobwebs,
The summer mist was lifting
As she went on her way.

In the rainy Autumn, when the leaves were turning,
I passed a dying bonfire where the smoke curled slow;
In the red embers I saw a broken castle
And a tall ship a-burning
With the deep below.

HILARY THORPE.

TO DILLYS.

Where dimples twinkle out and in
From damask cheek to rounded chin,
A pixie poked his finger in
To see if you were fairy kin,
And found you were, without a doubt,
For still they twinkle in and out.

Where freckles cluster, I suppose,
The sun—and everybody knows—
Mistook your blushes for a rose,
Left golden kisses on your nose,
That all the world might understand
How you were loved in fairy land.

Forget-me-nots once chanced to look
Within your eyes, and so mistook
Their dewy deepness for the brook
And loved them better, so they took
To growing always there instead,
Or so at least a fairy said.

And so, though other men may seek
The modelled beauty of the Greek,
I rather love your dimpled cheek
And golden freckles that can speak
Of wilder loves and freer grace
In some remembering fairy place.

BARBARA E. TODD.

We also select for printing:

TO CORPORAL B——, D.C.M., COAL STRIKING.

Have we not suffered, you and I, together?
Together known the worst and best of things,
The winter trench, the rest in sunny weather,
The brotherhood a shared endeavour brings?
Shall we forget so soon the shrapnel's wailing,
The sickly reek of gas-fumes drifting by,
While still with soul and body well-nigh failing
We served the guns together, you and I?

Who never knew the places horror-haunted,
The houseless city and the fruitless land,
Nor saw your courage shining there undaunted,
How should we judge you now, or understand!
By all that we two gave, not priced with gold,
What could you ask me now and I withhold!

(C. A. Macartney, 11, Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris 6e.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by T. Sharp (Hatfield), Lucy Malleson (West Kensington), James Paton (Natal), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), Margaret Hill (Southampton), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Ian Cameron (Putney), E. Mackenzie (Pretoria), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Muriel Pinch (St. Leonards), W. H. Forster (Islington), Isobel Sim (Pietermaritzburg), Ivan Adair (Dublin), H. Drury (Streatham), Link Lodge (Forest Rise), A. E. Daniel (Reading), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, U.S.A.), Evelyn St. John (London, N.W.), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), "Wanderer" (South Tottenham), Haywood Magee (Leeds), C. M. Walkerdine (Thornton Heath), Cicely Nevill (Dunedin, N.Z.), Mark Segal (London, N.W.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. M. E. Brown, of 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield, for the following:

THE GREAT IMPERSONATION.
BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM (Hodder & Stoughton)
"Skim milk masquerades as cream."
W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, Act II.

We also select for printing:

OUR ELIZABETH. BY FLORENCE A. KILPATRICK. (Thornton Butterworth)
"She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs,
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs."
MAX ADELER, *Out of the Hurly Burly*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.)

THE HAND IN THE DARK. BY ARTHUR J. REES. (John Lane.)
". . His ghost is more terrible far than the ghosts
Of many more famous than he . . ."
ROBERT FULLER MURRAY, *Andrew M'Crie*

(K. J. Noble, Link Lodge, 9, Forest Rise, E.17.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best Valentine in four lines of original verse to any living celebrity is awarded to M. A. Lotz, of 13, Belvedere Grove, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19, for the following:

A VALENTINE. TO ELLEN TERRY.

This card, ten thousand lovers send
To Ellen, still the world's good friend;
Enchantress of the young and old,
Within, there lies a heart of gold.

The replies have been very plentiful, but otherwise rather disappointing. The Prize would have gone to Evelyn St. John, but her (or his) lines are not addressed to any definite celebrity. W. Swayne Little's Valentine to Sir Martin Harvey would have stood a chance but no man can be allowed to rhyme Sir Martin with Sidney Carton. We specially commend the twelve sent by Barbara J. Parker (Worcester), William Sutherland (Sunderland), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Gunnersbury), M. F. E. C. (Hornsey), Betty Cluff (Cookstown), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Roundhay), M. M. Priestley (Malvern), William Donald (Ayr), Elinor M. Dyer (Darlington), C. H. Cuddy (Birkdale), Edith Escombe (Bishopstoke), A. E. Halliday (Leeds).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to E. Robin, of St. Clement's House, Bolsover Street, W.1, for the following:

THE CAPTIVES. BY HUGH WALPOLE. (Macmillan.)

The two impressions that stand out clearly in this book are Maggie Cardinal's courageous simplicity, and

the feeling of oppression, as though Maggie and Martin were struggling against an unseen evil power. From the opening of the book, with the death of Maggie's father and its sordid revelations, Maggie, like "Alice," wanders, clear eyed, but puzzled, through a "wonderland" consisting of the Aunts, the parrot, and the Inside Saints. And then, later, there is Paul Trenchard, and the strange, inconsequential Grace. At last, her courage nearly failing her, she rescues Martin from himself, and together they find freedom.

We also select for printing:

BLISS AND OTHER STORIES
By KATHERINE MANSFIELD. (Constable.)

This audacious and compelling collection of vivid episodes and studies has appeared at an opportune moment Highbrows are at present concerned with the art of the short story, and aver that we cannot hope for pre-eminent short stories from English writers, any more than we can look for supreme native Grand Opera. "Bliss" has given the lie direct. Miss Mansfield possesses exceptional power of suggestion, commendable reticence and a capacity for telling much in few words. These qualities, allied with an interest in the abnormal and unpleasant, and a rare understanding of children, have produced a brilliant and provocative volume.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by M. J. Eayres (Hornsey), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Millicent Burbridge (Westcliff-on-Sea), B. C. Hardy (Bournemouth), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Vincent Hamson (Luton), Frances M. M. Cowper (Oxford), John Allen (Bury), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Alfred Green (Skipton), E. Mackenzie (Pretoria), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), Arthur B. Longbottom (Derby), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Florence Parsons, of Norcott House, Ellesmere Road, Altrincham.

MRS. F. E. PENNY.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

IN a distinguished group of Anglo-Indian women novelists of which Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Mrs. Alice Perrin, Mrs. B. M. Croker, Miss Maud Diver and Miss I. A. R. Wylie are prominent members, Mrs. F. E. Penny occupies an enviable and well-deserved place, both in regard to achievement and popularity.

Long residence in India, a gift of sympathy, powers of keen observation, and a touch of humour form no inadequate equipment for a novelist who seeks to bring before her readers the complexities and peculiarities of Oriental life and character. Mrs. Penny, during her twenty-five years in India as the wife of the Rev. Frank Penny (who was a chaplain in Madras) and an observer of much missionary activity, saw a great deal of the inside of native life, and of various portions of that vast Indian Empire to acquire a knowledge of which must be the work of years.

In all her books there is firstly a good story—for Mrs. Penny is undoubtedly a born story-teller—and a facility of expression which takes the reader right into the picture without delay. She has, too, the gift of observing and differentiating character. They are human people who fill her pages; they do human things; live ordinary human lives. The author's high spirits—for Mrs. Penny is still young in heart, sympathy and outlook—are present in the pages of her books.



The Rev. Frank Penny and Mrs. Penny
at tea in their Indian home.

Her first novel, "Caste and Creed," was published some thirty years ago, and nearly every year has seen a story from her pen, till a full score of volumes more than fill a shelf of her library. All have been quarried from that inexhaustible store of knowledge and experience laid up during years of observation in a country the romance and colour of which provide a vein of material that will never be worked out.

Mrs. Penny laughingly admits that, like many other Anglo-Indians, she went out to India in 1877 possessed of the idea that she "knew a lot about the country." But she says, "I soon found I knew next to nothing. I did not, of course, expect to meet a tiger on the landing-stage, nor to have a snake in my bedroom. But

I discovered many things very quickly for which I was quite as unprepared as I should have been for the tiger."

She arrived at the time of one of those terrible human crises which afflict India, a famine year. In fact, in the year of the Great Famine.

On arrival at Madras she had to be carried ashore from the surf-boat on the back of a coolie. She was deposited, armed with nothing but a sunshade, on the sands. Her husband, being a mere man, had to wait till all the ladies had been carried ashore before landing.

The famine was brought home to the new-comers immediately. On the beach there were thousands of villagers from up-country who had come to the coast because there were sacks of rice and grain on the shore and quays awaiting transport to the famine areas of the interior. To obtain food was their object. The method of obtaining it was beautifully simple. The natives simply bored a hole in the sacks, inserted their fingers, and caught the little stream of rice, as it poured out, in their palms.

Nowadays, when India has its railways, tramways and taxis, Mrs. Penny's travelling experiences must appear strange. She went to the hotel in a "bandy," or native carriage. The driver sat on the roof! And all that could be seen of him by the passengers inside was a pair of brown legs, and cracked and much scarred brown heels.



Photo by Clive Holland. **Mrs. F. E. Penny.**

The hotel, once the residence occupied by General Capper, was in a dilapidated condition. And the owner came, and with many salaams requested the "honourable master" (Mr. Penny) who had just arrived from England to advance him two rupees so that he could get the honourable master and mem sahib some dinner!

Destiny must have brought the future novelist to Madras; to the cathedral of which her husband had been appointed. A close neighbour of theirs in their first home was Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Lawson, the editor and proprietor of the well-known *Madras Mail*.

"I had, even in early girlhood, possessed a love of scribbling," Mrs. Penny told me, "and I soon started to see whether my new acquaintance would help me to publication. I wrote something, a sketch if I remember rightly, and had the temerity to send it to the great man. It was terrible rubbish, of course, and naturally he returned it. But when next we met he smiled encouragement, and I went at it again."

But it was not till after she went to Trichinopoly that the would-be writer succeeded in getting her work accepted and published. At last the articles she wrote pleased the editor of the *Madras Mail*, and after a time a series was commissioned upon a special subject, and she was also asked to do reviewing. She considers the early disappointments of rejected MSS., and the training she indirectly got from Sir Charles Lawson by way of advice and criticism, were most valuable to her as a future novelist. And here Mrs. Penny gives a hint to beginners. "Always seek to please an editor. It is worth while. The matter of length, and a strict adherence to the line he wishes taken, and the general tone of the paper or magazine is far more important than many novices appear to conceive. It may not be flattering to one's self, but undoubtedly an article 'just the length' to fill a column or a page may gain acceptance where something much better but too long, or too short, will be rejected."

When Mrs. Penny went to the Nilgiri Hills with her husband, who was appointed chaplain to the military station, Wellington, Colonel and Mrs. Croker were their next-door neighbours. It was the late Mrs. B. M. Croker, many of whose novels have an Indian setting, who encouraged Mrs. Penny to become a novelist. At that time Mrs. Croker had just published "Diana Barrington," one of her most popular books. Her name had been made by a book, which I believe was her first, entitled "Proper Pride." There is a good story relating to it. Mr. Gladstone had made one of his stirring and fighting speeches in the House. Afterwards he was seen calmly reading a book, which so engaged his attention that he did not appear even to notice what was being said about him by his opponents. Some one looked over his shoulder and read the title. The book was by Mrs. Croker, and the title of it "Proper Pride." Naturally the publishers, by means of the personal paragraph, made the most of the fact, and no doubt the incident helped that excellent novel to achieve its great popularity.

Speaking of Mrs. Croker's friendship, which was maintained from those early days in India until her death last autumn, Mrs. Penny told me: "Mrs. Croker did not hesitate to advise me to take up novel writing. She said, not untruly, that journalism, in the end, leaves one very much where one was at the beginning.

There is little permanence in such work. She gave me most generous encouragement, and was really the means of my becoming a novelist. I used often in those days to crawl through the hedge that separated the two gardens to have a chat upon literary topics."

Mrs. Penny's first novel, "Caste and Creed," which was one of the last novels published in the old two-volume form at one guinea, was afterwards rewritten and issued at six shillings. In this, and in many of her other novels, Mrs. Penny has made good use of her personal experiences and knowledge of India and Anglo-Indian and native society, and the local colour is always vivid and convincing.

Sometimes Mrs. Penny, as in her story, "The Sanyasi," has taken a definite Indian type as principal character. In this way she has been able often to reveal vividly and intimately the strange workings of the native mind. In the story I have mentioned, the "Sanyasi," or holy man, who is a religious mendicant and fanatic, plays a double part, and both as an ascetic and as a member of Anglo-Indian society he exhibits that astounding ability to adapt himself to circumstances which distinguishes the better-class Indians. At the present juncture, when India is so disturbed, an illuminating glimpse may be obtained from this novel of some of the forces which to-day are making for unrest. There is a delightful portion of the book dealing with the Ceylon Pearl Fishery. And the girl of mixed race, Averine Desormieux, who is the heroine, is a type with which Mrs. Penny had considerable personal acquaintance.

On the question of "mixed" marriages Mrs. Penny holds very strong opinions. In one of the most successful of her earlier novels, "A Mixed Marriage," the views are developed in a very powerfully conceived and well written story. In this, Lorina Carlyon, fired by the idea of becoming a reformer and of improving the status of women of the harem, whose condition she had been told was soul-destroying, married Mir Yakoob Ali Khan, an Oxford Indian student who had made the acquaintance of St. George Carlyon, Lorina's brother, and came to stay with him. The story of how Lorina fails in her mission; her interesting and exciting experiences in the harem as an Indian prince's bride, but with the marriage unconsummated because of Indian customs which had not yet been observed, is a fascinating one, throwing much light on the attitude of native women to foreigners generally. The psychology of the novel is especially good, and by means of it the reader gains an insight of the kind of life led by Indian women of twenty years or so ago, but now, in a measure, becoming a thing of the past.

Mrs. Penny, in speaking of present conditions in India, laid especial stress upon the Eurasian question. There is a far larger Eurasian population than is generally realised by people at home. These children of European fathers and Hindu mothers are nowadays desirous of being recognised as Anglo-Indians. The present unrest is indicative of a testing time which will, Mrs. Penny thinks, soon arrive, when the Eurasians and other people of mixed blood will be put to it to vindicate their superior claims and hold their own against the natives. The Eurasians have never been popular with the latter; they have, indeed, been almost more despised by natives than by the Europeans themselves. "They have many difficulties to contend with and as time goes on," said Mrs. Penny, "the English in India will be less able to help them."

In 1908 Mrs. Penny published an interesting though slight volume of reminiscences under the title of "The Coromandel Coast." In it are gathered together many interesting facts and personal experiences relating to those Indian days, the subjects of which range from fisherfolk to ghosts, from devils to famine. In the foreword there is an interesting passage from Mark Twain, who writes: "One thing is sure; they (the natives of India) are much the most interesting people in the world—and the nearest to being incomprehensible. . . . Their character and their history, their customs and their religion confront you with riddles at every turn . . . riddles which are a trifle more perplexing after they are explained than before."

I think that it may be fairly claimed for Mrs. Penny that, for the average English reader, who does not care to devote time to the study of abstruse works upon Indo-religion, history and sociology, she has elucidated much, and done not a little to bring to our ken the glamour, mystery and complexity of the India of the immediate past.

In her two recent books we have two distinct phases of her work. In "Desire and Delight" she tells a charming modern love story of Mary Edenhope and the husband from whom she was estranged. In "Diamonds" we have an historical novel of considerable merit, dealing with the early days of "John Company," and alive with the exciting adventures that belonged to that period, with some diamond smuggling of an ingenious character woven into the story.

Speaking of her Indian days, Mrs. Penny told us that her chief amusement, as she did not go in for sport, was exploring the bazars, and wandering about the streets of Trichinopoly and Madras. As she was supposed to possess a lucky hand, and had a son and a husband alive, which is considered by natives a great blessing, she was generally a welcome visitor to native houses. "So long," added Mrs. Penny, "as I kept out of the kitchen. If I had entered there the food would have had to be thrown away, as I should have defiled it."

Nowadays, though Mrs. Penny is busy as ever with literary work in her home at Ealing, where she lives with her husband and her daughter, who is a talented miniature painter, and has done the cover-designs of several of her mother's novels, she still finds time for other interests. A charming garden, which in the summer is a veritable blaze of colour and full of fragrance, claims its share in her spare time. No Indian garden ever showed a more gorgeous riot of colour, while a huge and almost "immemorial" elm diapers the green lawn with shadows in sunlight. The local Girl Guides organisation owes a good deal to Mrs. Penny's sympathy, help and enthusiasm: especially was this so in the early days when the movement, locally, was in its infancy. But with many other interests, and between occasional visits to old friends, and taking part in debates at the Women Writers' Club, Mrs. Penny is busily engaged on a couple of new novels, which she expects to have finished in time for publication this year.

New Books.

THE DRUDGE AND THE DREAM.*

The new Cinderella (like Peter Pan) is a nestling of "The Little White Bird." The egg is called Irene. Every reader of that delightful fantasy will remember David's brave and implacable little nurse, with her strong views of the behaviour of young ladies and gentlemen and her passionate belief in the kitchen-drudge who became a princess. "A Kiss for Cinderella" is just Irene's romance filled out and developed. It was exquisite on the stage, and it is just as exquisite to read, with its humorous, tender accompaniment of comment and description. If you were lucky enough to see Hilda Trevelyan as the little drudge (alias "Celeste et Cie., the Penny Friend") and Gerald du Maurier as the peculiar blend of stolidity and romance known to fact as a Policeman, you will enjoy it doubly. You will also enjoy, though a little sadly, the echoes of the war that is not yet over—the comradeship between the wounded Tommy and the titled probationer, and the prophecies of a new fraternity of the social classes. Well, has anybody noticed this new fraternity lately? Such a play as this, with all its frail and gossamer texture, is a vastly better sermon than any the churches have produced. Barrie's touch is "infallyable." His play is part fairy tale, part fantasy and part pantomime; but the text of all is the simple, unconscious courage of the poor. I wish the churches had been brave enough to read it to their comfortable congregations as a Christmas sermon, or message for the New Year.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THREE ART BOOKS.†

The debt of genealogists, and searchers after family portraits, to Mrs. Nevill Jackson is already considerable; and now this gifted lady increases the national indebtedness by placing within reach of thousands of English and American families the chance of recovering the portraits of their ancestors and kin of the last century. This rare treasure dropped into her hands through good fortune. It happened in this wise: The great age of the eighteenth century "profilists"—the exquisite makers of the famous "black shadows" or "shadow portrait miniatures"—had departed; by the eighteen-twenties the black profile had fallen on evil times—decay had set in, first the modelling of detail on the black shadow to debauch its whole significance, then the setting of it upon a painted or printed background—when there came to England the dapper little French refugee, August Edouart. This man, plagued by a mad conceit and a touchy snobbery that were a very disease, and at the end of his resources, had to turn to some means of earning a livelihood, at that time considered a very vulgar thing to do. In 1825, at thirty-six, he discovered that his deft fingers had given him an astoundingly nervous skill in cutting out of a piece of black paper with scissors, in three or four swift minutes, a remarkable full-length portrait in miniature of any man, woman, child or animal. Fearful of being cut by Society, he rechristened the shadow-portrait miniature the "silhouette"—by such grim irony was it that the name of Louis XVth's economical Finance Minister, Etienne de Silhouette, passing into the slang of the streets of Paris for anything cheap, was to come to so exquisite an immortality!—and so, having discovered the word wherewith to dignify his calling, Edouart set up as artist with a big A. The whole world flocked to his "gallery," the high and the less high, wheresoever he went—London, Bath, Edinburgh, Oxford, Cambridge, Wales, Ireland, America—for in 1839, at fifty, famous, he made for America and there too everybody who was anybody came to his studio. Fiercely attacking the debased state into which the "profilists" had allowed their art to drift, he was to purify it and bring it back to life. He landed in America in the very year one Daguerre was registering his appliances for taking "apothecary's pictures" in Paris. A man of orderly mind, and setting his art very high, Edouart made a habit of doubling his black paper and cutting every portrait he made in duplicate; this duplicate he set in a "Reference Folio," recording upon it every detail he could gather about his sitter, whereby he left us most valuable details of family history. By 1835, at forty-six, he had made 50,000 family portraits; it is calculated that by 1849 he had made over 100,000 portraits here and in America. There was now to fall upon the self-plagued man at sixty the tragedy of his life, a tragedy that at least proved his passionate devotion to his art. He had packed in great cases the whole of his huge folios of British portraits to take with him to America in 1839 as his witness to his high achievement; he had now in 1849 added the whole record of his American achievement. Returning to Europe with his treasure after his ten years of triumph in America in 1849, the sailing ship *Oneida* was wrecked in Vazon Bay, off the coast of Guernsey, near Christmas Eve, and but fourteen of the priceless folios of his long life's work could be saved from the sea before the doomed ship broke up on the rocks—an irreparable loss not only to Edouart but to the world, as this handsome volume makes only too clear. It broke the distracted man; his art was at an end. He gave the rescued "Reference Folios" to the Lukis family of Guernsey, who had befriended him in his day of trial, and returned to France to die in 1861. From this family of Lukis they passed lately with poetic justice to our authoress who, with Captain Desmond Coke, has done a national service by bringing back the silhouette into its fitting rank in the high achievement of the arts. No museum or



Miss Hanway.
From 'Daniel Gardner" (John Lane).

* "A Kiss for Cinderella." A Comedy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "Ancestors in Silhouette, cut by August Edouart." By Mrs. F. F. Nevill Jackson. £3 3s. net. (John Lane.)—"Daniel Gardner." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. £5 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"Vision and Design." By Roger Fry. 25s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)



August Edouart cutting the Silhouette of Liston, the Actor.

From "Ancestors in Silhouette" (John Lane)

library throughout the land can afford to be without this handsome volume, if only from its priceless genealogical value.

Doctor Williamson is a very sleuth-hound in hunting down the careers and masterpieces of men of genius in painting, who might otherwise sink into oblivion or, worse still, pass into the ranks of "artists unknown"—that exasperating legion of brilliant men whose high achievement is filched to swell the credit of the already great. His services to the history of British painting are already remarkable; but in bringing back Daniel Gardner into his own he has fulfilled a masterly feat of endurance and resolution which, had it been but his sole contribution to the history of painting, would have placed him in a foremost position in this field of research. Once he takes hold, he never lets go. By consequence we have here a superb gallery of British celebrities and people of fashion who strutted their picturesque part in the great days of George the Third, hitherto all unrecorded—an amazing treasure. The labour, which must have been prodigious, is serenely hidden within a readable and pleasant book free of all hint of weariness. He will be rewarded by the necessity of every library and museum and art lover to possess it—it must remain the foundation stone for all future research. Best of all, its illustrations are generous and its list of authentic works well recorded. The space at my disposal is all too short to pay anything like fitting tribute to this invaluable volume. Dr. Williamson has fulfilled his self-imposed task with consummate skill. The publisher also compels words of praise.

That Mr Roger Fry should have selected Art as his "honours" subject in life was perhaps inevitable in his day—Art was upon the town. But that so pleasant a personality and so charming a speaker, the moment he takes pen in hand, should write in a jargon as baffling as the Government-English in an Income-Tax return, is amazing when his whole object is to elucidate that subtle activity of man which is Art Still, it is in the great tradition Perhaps it conceals from the vulgar herd. Frankly, it is but tedious Volapuk to me. Art criticism has always been a failure because the critic has never first dug down to the basic significance of art and discovered its supreme necessity to man; and without that relation all judgment is invalid—empty windiness, however Oxford the accent Here is an accomplished and cultured man of vast erudition, of tireless reading and travelling, who has never discovered the basic significance of art. He has lived always in the rarefied and exclusive atmosphere of that intellectual snobbery which is called æsthetics. He has all its utter contempt for the people—"the crowd." He pities them He does not realise that it is he who may be the subject for pity, not the world. The people feel real vital art far more keenly than he. This book is a proof of it Here Mr Roger Fry gives his faith to the world—the carefully edited selection of his twenty years of writing upon art—the volume, I fancy, goes back further than that, and it gives scant idea of the many shrines on which he has turned his back; but let us discreetly take him as he desires to be judged by posterity. Mr. Fry opens by reminding us that Plato knew nothing about art, but no philosopher nor critic ever understood the basic significance of art—indeed, philosophy, which is an act of reason, has no relation to art, which is the means whereby man gains experience of life through the communion to him by his fellows of their sensations. Art is only that, but it is all that, it is thereby the supreme significance to man next to life itself, for only by and through art can man transfer to his fellow men the emotions he has felt—and for one thing we have ourselves experienced at first hand, we have experienced millions at second hand through this power to commune with our fellows. Without art, man is as one blind, in a narrow prison. It has nothing to do with being "appreciated by the mass of his educated contemporaries" Every man is an artist in his degree, and is moved by art in his degree Tolstoy came near to discovering the basic significance of art, but proceeded to cancel and blot it out by applying to art a religious test. Even this was lost on Mr. Fry, who denies to your ordinary man the power to receive the exquisite perceptions or emotions of life and arrogates this power to a priggish clique. When art, debauched by German kultur which has put a bastard scientific aim upon it, came dribbling through Italian Futurism and French Post-Impressionism and Cubism and What Not and Blast from Elsewhere, it was Mr. Roger Fry who bowed it into England. Indeed, so deeply is he imbued with the fatuity that art is not for the people that he rushes at any painting that baffles him and hugs it to his bosom, since he feels sure that what baffles him must baffle the vulgar herd What could be more significant than the majority of the second-rate works of art which he has selected wherewith to embellish this his Gospel of Art? He always reminds me of a very erudite man who, when fish was brought to table, begged his hostess that the skin might be sent to the kitchen to be toasted for him; who scorned a cheese that did not crawl to meet him; and would only eat his quail if it were what the daughter of the house wittily described as "sunburnt."

HALDANE MACFALL.

COLLECTED PROSE OF JAMES ELROY FLECKER.*

Flecker's literary executors have been well advised to reissue in one handy volume all the prose that the author reprinted, or would probably have reprinted, except his novel, "The King of Alsander." Flecker's prose writings, few as they are, have considerable intrinsic value and interest. They also help lovers of the poet to understand the man, his attitude towards life, towards the arts in general, and especially towards the art of poetry. The volume contains Flecker's early and fantastic story of the future, called "The Last Generation," the charming "Dialogue on Education" which he published in 1910 under the title of "The Grecians," a few articles and sketches contributed to periodicals, and, last and most important, about half a dozen critical studies, all of which are most intimately self-revealing.

Flecker's criticism, no less than his dialogue, "The Grecians," will make only too clear, to some of his readers, the gulf which separates his day from our own. It will remind many people of a "Humanity" which now seems to have gone from us, and of a generosity of mind which seems only too completely to have disappeared with it. For Flecker cared for the things of the intellect and for the Arts, not for anything that he might get out of them in money, fame or social success, but for their own sakes. He either wrote with gusto, with immense enthusiasm and delight, or not at all. He was incapable of becoming a "literary journalist," as is the fashion even among the most distinguished poets of the present time. As a journalist he remained an amateur; and I do not believe he ever could have acquired the faculty of turning out copy to suit an editor's "requirements." But when he had something to say in prose about matters which aroused in him an enthusiasm of admiration or anger, he stated his views with a happy emphasis, with precision and with a beautiful clarity.

The most valuable of his critical studies are those headed "Two Critics of Poetry" and "The Public as Art Critic"; though his essays on John Davidson and on the New Poetry and Mr. Housman's "Shropshire Lad" are also full of interest for the light they throw on Flecker himself, as well as on the work of the poets he discusses. In "The Public as Art Critic" he defines the qualities which the true critic must possess, in a passage which deserves attention at the present time:

"Criticism," he writes, "is almost as difficult as creation, and there is no royal road to the comprehension of the beautiful . . He (the good critic) will know that art is divided, not into decadent and healthy, classic and romantic, but into the two mighty divisions of Good and Bad, and that these divisions alone hold true. One great dogma alone he must hold—that human life is passionately interesting in all its phases, that over the filthiest by-ways the sky of night must stretch its flowery mantle of stars. The critic must be of purer mould than the poet himself. He must have a profound love for man, not the vague enthusiasm of the humanitarian, but a vivid delight in all the men in the world, men sinful, men splendid, men coarse, or cowardly, or pathetic. And in all the phenomena of nature, sordid or shining, the background to our tragedy, he must admire, if not the beauty, then the force, the law, the cruelty and the power. And with this enthusiasm in his soul he will bitterly condemn dullness, weakness, bad workmanship, vulgar thought, shoddy sentiment as being slanders on mankind; and in this sense and this sense only—that it is the glory of man—great art is moral."

In another passage—from "Two Critics of Poetry"—he sends, unconsciously, a message to the age into which he was not destined to live, which has a still deeper significance. In direct opposition to the theory which dominates our criticism to-day, Flecker actually deplores

"the absence of political interest in modern poetry. The dearth of proud and eagle-winged forces in this modern age," he says, "is a calamity for art. Whether these century-old poets preached an idea, as Shelley, Byron and Wordsworth, ran counter to it, as Crabbe, or neglected it, as Keats, they had the inestimable advantage of living in a society rent by the enthusiasms and hatreds of the French Revolution. In those good days Shelley was not an ineffectual angel whose pretty lyrics might be read by simpering girls, but a most effectual Devil, like a socialist of to-day, attacking the very foundations of society. Only during the last year has there arisen in England a political crisis worthy of the pen; and in this revived bitterness of strife lies at least some hope for the future of English poetry."

* "Collected Prose of James Elroy Flecker." 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)



Profile by Georges Ronault.

From "Vision and Design" (Chatto & Windus), reviewed on page 195.

The essay from which these lines are taken is not dated, so that it is difficult to state what precisely was the political crisis to which Flecker referred. But the fact that he should have considered any kind of "politics" worthy of a poet's pen must come as a shock to our critical reactionaries, who now preach with such fervour the gospel of Decadence.

When the war broke out, Flecker at once saw in it an occasion to which, as a poet, he must rise. His spirit became fired with the unselfish, semi-religious enthusiasms which, at least in its early days, the struggle aroused in the youth of Europe. He wrote several poems on the war, penned a Coronation Ode to King Constantine of Greece, and, had he lived, would have plunged into political controversies and indulged heartily in (to quote his own words), "abuse and invective of pro-Turks, pro-Bulgars, the Liberal Press." If Flecker were alive to-day it is quite certain that the battle of ideas raging throughout the world would not have left him indifferent or unmoved. On one side or another the generosity of his nature would have forced him to take part in the conflict. Perhaps he might have tried to do for the British Government of 1920 what Shelley and Byron between them did for the government of Castlereagh, just a century ago He might have become a Sinn Feiner, or an Anti-Venizelist, or a Hungarian Monarchist. He might "superbly" have denounced Bolshevism—or have hailed it as some of his great predecessors hailed the French Revolution. It is impossible to guess how Flecker would have reacted to the political events of our time. Of one thing only can we be sure, and that is, that he would have been incapable of the meanness of spirit shown by those who—because they are "artists" —think it justifiable to ignore them. In everything he did and said Flecker made it clear that, in his view, in order to be an artist it was not necessary either to resign citizenship or to surrender the rights and duties of a man.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

THE HUMAN BIBLE.*

Mr. Eric Robertson, in this his latest volume, claims to have written a plain book about the growth of the Bible according to modern knowledge; we shall see that he has accomplished this and indeed something more. There is a sense in which he may almost be said to have given us that of which he speaks in one place—"the apocalypse of a real people's genius." His work is called alternatively an account of the Jewish soul, while in the sub-title it is described as "a study of the Divine," and such it is when that loose and dubious word is understood as the purpose of God working through the higher aims, hopes and aspirations of man. In a previous study—"The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons"—Mr Robertson examined the legends of Genesis and, as we are told here in the preface, his theme is now taken up at the traditional making of the Law. The undertaking falls into two divisions, being the quest of Jewry after the Kingdom of God and the quest followed in Christ after that same Kingdom. The standpoint is that the Old Testament record of Israel is the best history in which to study the conduct of a nation in the following of such a research. The Gospels are a preaching of the Kingdom, an embodiment of the utterances of Jewish historians, psalmists, prophets, carried to a conclusion of spiritual logic. The proposal is to follow up "the experimental Kingdom" as conceived and worked for by the great leaders of old and thereafter in the teaching of Jesus. The result is a living picture, a processional story of leading, onward from Moses, through judges, kings and prophets, "the evolution of a historic people" towards power through suffering. If it can be said without exaggeration, there is not only nothing in exegetical literature which is quite like this "Human Bible," but, clothed in their new vesture, the old annals carry a new appeal, assuming another life and a fresh meaning. The truth is that Mr. Robertson tells the stories mainly in a series of powerful character-studies—witness his lives of Saul, David and Solomon, his accounts of kings "moving in the shadows of prophets," of prophets as king-makers, of prophets in the light of their own vocation, crusading for principles of righteousness, of Amos conceiving man as "mirror of the Almighty Spirit," of the "immeasurable monotheism" of Isaiah. It is right to call a book of this kind the "Human Bible," for it is a man of insight's study at first-hand of men and things in Scripture. It is also a book of many notable, shrewd and pregnant sayings, while beyond the faculty which produces lights like these there is another, also notable, bringing point after point forward, each of which seems obvious, and yet they will have occurred previously to few of us in the way that they are put.

I have spoken of Mr. Robertson's subject-general as the Bible's growth according to modern knowledge. For him, as in his opinion for general belief, its unique and plenary inspiration is abandoned. God has spoken to the world through many good men and in many good books, meaning however that these are registers of human consciousness in respect of Divine things, or, as it is expressed literally, "birthright yearnings of the soul of man." Somehow—but how I know scarcely—they are God's progressive revelation of truth; but it is to be understood that all tales of the Old Testament "were written hundreds of years after the events they purport to describe." The chronology of its making is broadly between 850 and 165 B.C. That of the New Testament—which is the picture of a great personality in a frame of miracles—lies between A.D. 52 and 160. It will be seen that Mr. Robertson stands for the moderate side of so-called higher criticism. He stands also against miracles. These matters are mentioned to clear up the point of view; they are no more of my concern otherwise than the alleged democracy of Jesus. As the Bible-message does not lie for myself within the measures of an orthodox rule of faith or a gospel of material betterment, so it is, I hope, unaffected by either side of the findings of textual scholarship on dates and authorship. On the question of miracles Mr. Robertson and I are perhaps nearer to one another than we should prove in most things else. Perhaps it is not very near. I observe that in one place he mentions the "subliminal self," which notwithstanding, it looks that psychical research is for him an unopened book. Were it otherwise he might have written his account of the Transfiguration from a different point of view. In the light of that research there is no difficulty in regarding this particular event of the Life in Palestine as a memorable psychic vision. So also, from an analogous point of view, there is no difficulty about the resurrection. I am neither psychist nor spiritualist, but with the correspondences of these things the world is filled, as Saint-Martin said long ago. I doubt not that the disciples saw their Master radiant in the spiritual aura of His unique personality on the Mount of Transfiguration and that they saw Him also after the death on Mount Calvary: they saw and did not understand. But the question is not vital. In either case I can say with St. Paul: "if Christ be not risen, our faith is vain." In their true understanding the Gospel miracles are mighty symbols, from the changing of water into wine to the end which crowned the work on the Mount of Ascension. Those who reject them as fables and those who subject them to a process of fatal explanation, like that of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," seem to me far from the term. But Mr. Robertson feels that they are symbols, though as one perhaps who puts out questing arms in the darkness.

I am quite sure that Jesus of Nazareth was a seer in the highest sense of seership; that He saw what is not seen by material eyes; that He heard things which may be uttered everywhere about us, but they do not sound within the ears of the body; that He was in touch with another world which does not communicate to man through physical senses; and that the visions, the auditions, the tactions, belong to what Böhme calls the "supersensual life." It is miraculous like the life of Nature and natural as the world of real miracle. Communion

* "The Human Bible." By Eric Robertson, M.A. 15s. net. (Nisbet.)

with this world is a result of the heart opening to God and of God overflowing the heart. It is substantially unknown to us, with our partial dedications at their best, our half-hearted devotions, our desire to make the best of both worlds, but especially of this one. The mind of Jesus is an illustration of that exotic but supremely possible state, about which it is said that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for those who love Him." The reservation does not connote only a future life of beatific vision; it is a state which Christ entered, like one who opens a door in the here and now, like one who shows us a way. In such showing He is for us the way, the truth and the life, until there comes, in fine, that much deeper state, of which Eckhart and Ruysbroeck knew, when Christ yields up the Kingdom to the Father, and God is all in all. This does not mean the passing of the Cosmos, as if withdrawn by Para-Brahma; it comes about as and when the uttermost end is attained in every soul—the end of the Christ-way, of the Christ-life and of the truth of real experience in Him. The words are: "that you also may be one in Him"

Mr. Robertson says that the only way God has ever spoken to humanity is through souls. It was to souls that Christ spoke; it is to souls that His life speaks. In fine, there is the Christ-life in the soul, and it reproduces stage by stage the story of Palestine, from the traditional birth in Bethlehem to that moment when in the presence of His elect, the Master was taken up into Heaven It is a story of inward experience told in symbols, from which point of view it is a picture of living miracles in a frame of personality. As I understand it, this is the higher criticism. In conclusion, however, as to "The Human Bible," Mr. Robertson's book marks a certain epoch; it has been done with the might of his sincerity by a lover of the truth as he sees it, and it has raised "modern knowledge" on the growth of the Bible into literature.

A. E. WAITE.

THE ART OF LETTERS.*

I doubt the utility of reprinting reviews, because it is a kind of mixing of materials which is rather more dangerous than a mixing of metaphors. A book is something in itself, not a convenient cellarage for liquors made up to be drunk at once. In the last paper in this volume, Mr. Lynd gives us his ideas about book reviewing and excellent sense they are, though inclined, rather irrelevantly, to be patronising and in some portions to create an imaginary situation and then demolish it. He detests those reviewers, that is to say, who denounce the popular, factory-made stuff, suggesting with justice that this is to expect figs of thistles. But where is Mr. Lynd's Apollyon? Personally I cannot think of a single writer on modern books who wastes his time thus beating the air. If he does exist, he is an undergraduatish Apollyon, who in his Tweedledum armour is poorly equipped to guard against Mr. Lynd's verbal fencing and, one would have thought, poor sport. Otherwise Mr. Lynd's notion of the reviewer's office is sound enough. It is, says Mr. Lynd, to give not an opinion but a portrait of the book in question. The reviewer who states his opinion about a book is stating his opinionatedness to the reader of the review. Theorising, generalising, sermonising, any departure from the simple rules of portrait-painting are a vicious heresy, an "unreasonable intolerance," a "detestable habit." I confess I am puzzled by Mr. Lynd's heat in the matter and it is unlike him to lose his equability in this way, if it is not in some degree a contradiction of his own theory. If we assume, as we must, that Mr. Lynd is not confusing a reviewer with a critic, we must cordially agree with almost everything he says. The difference between the two is obvious—the one sees a separate phenomenon in every book, the other sees every book as part of the phenomena of books and of life. One need not develop the antithesis, because that might imply a censure of the reviewer. But he fits his temporary office, just as the critic fits his more permanent one.

Now many of these studies of Mr. Lynd's are not criticisms but reviews, nor are they intended to be anything else. The question is whether they are properly adapted to the measure of a book. I take as an extreme instance Mr. Lynd's remarks about Mr. Davies—"Mr. W. H. Davies is by now a veteran among the Georgians, and one cannot easily imagine a presence more welcome in a book of verse. Among poets he is a bird singing in a hedge. He communicates the same sense of freshness while he sings. He has also the quick eye of a bird. He is, for all his fairy music, on the look-out for things that will gratify his appetite. He looks to the earth rather than the sky, though he is by no means deaf to the lark that 'raves in his windy height above a cloud.' At the same time, at his best, he says nothing about his appetite, and sings in the free spirit of a child at play." And so on. No one can seriously contend that having read this in a newspaper or magazine, he requires it in a book. Or take the paper on William Morris. It is a review of Mr. Compton-Rickett's "William Morris: A Study in Personality" Mr. Compton-Rickett's book (as Mr. Lynd sees perfectly well) is not in the same street with Mr. Mackail's, but all the same to get at Morris, Mr. Lynd has to wade through Mr. Compton-Rickett. The consequence is that we can hardly see one for the other and thanks to this intermediary method of interpretation, Mr. Lynd has not a single word to say about the most important and interesting idea Morris taught the world—the interrelationship between use and beauty. Again and again we are conscious of getting at the master at third-hand and piecemeal, of occasionalism, if I may be permitted to coin a word, and our patience is rather taxed. Mr. Lynd is not a thinker or a philosopher, but in a book written by him, we want to hear what he has to say about the great man and then to test whether we think it true or false, not to hear what he has to say about somebody else's remarks about the great man. Mr. Lynd's studies are not all of this oblique method of approach, but he should, I think, have revised those that are.

The same applies to Mr. Lynd's method of expression. In some remarks about stylelessness he writes: "It is like the rushing to and fro of motor-buses which save minutes but waste our peace. It is like the swift making of furniture with unseasoned wood. It is a kind of introduction of the quick-lunch system into literature." That is so. A quick lunch is a pleasant thing, but a succession of quick lunches is apt to lose its savour. Mr. Lynd's preference for the short, epigrammatic sentence in expression gives brightness and sparkle to a review; in a book it reads like a self-conscious smartness which becomes monotonous. Nothing is so wearisome as a perpetual glitter and it makes the machinery of workmanship far too obvious. I do not suggest that Mr. Lynd deliberately writes for effect but that it often looks like it. In one place he says of Coleridge at his worst that his work is little but the "dull flappings and slitherings of a penguin." That gives a false impression of Coleridge, because a penguin only flaps and slithers when it is out of its truer element, whereas Coleridge floundered by losing himself too much in his philosophic element. It is a commonplace thing to say of Shelley that he was "drunken with doctrine" and Mr. Lynd falls into such superficiality because of his dangerous *flair* for phrase-making.

It would be an unjust portrait of Mr. Lynd's book, if I omitted to praise its readableness. Insight, depth of thought, breadth of view and imaginative power it lacks but he has a highly agreeable way of introducing you to an author by apt quotation and comment. He is an easy, brisk, conversational writer and he can run on about his subject with dexterity and address. He is far more at home for instance when he is talking about Horace Walpole (his study of him is a long way the best in the book) than he is with the great poets or thinkers, and he does a much

* "The Art of Letters." By Robert Lynd. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

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needed service in rehabilitating that slandered shade. It is perhaps true that Mr. Lynd writes too much, but that is a judgment, if judgment it be, that should apply to a ponderous rather than a graceful writer.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

A STORM IN THE THEATRE.*

Miss Storm Jameson has written an arresting and stimulating volume. You will enjoy it, even though you don't agree with it, and your interest in the theatre will probably take fire afresh from its doctrines. The author, as she admits, writes from a thesis. She states a case and defends it. The advantage of this to the reader is that he always knows where he is, because he always knows where the author is. There are few things more annoying to a careful reader than a volume of reprinted papers in which the critical standard and standpoint change from page to page, according to the general tone of the periodicals to which the essays were contributed. In the present volume there is no such variation. Miss Jameson demands from tragedy the pity and fear of strength defeated, and from comedy sanity and criticism of life. But she acknowledges the existence of secondary drama by the side of great drama, and gives thanks for "the fragile distinction of Oscar Wilde and the intellectual power of Mr. Shaw's finest work." Upon imitative mediocrity and the commercial product her hand is heavy.

Miss Jameson, it would seem, has been influenced mainly by the fierce, austere æsthetic of Nietzsche:

> "In his attack on the accepted values of morality (she tells us) Nietzsche reminded the world of a truth supremely important to the artist. There is one thing in life that a man loves more than life; that is, power, power to reach beyond self to the finer than self. From the recognition of this truth come all the great tragedies of the world. If it were not for the knowledge of this, and the exultation in it, how were we able to bear the death that ends the play?"

Miss Jameson enforces her point by a comparison of "Justice" and "Ghosts," the first unsatisfying because Falder is merely a feeble, pitiable animal, the second nearer to true tragedy because Alving could have lived finely and, at the end, lifted his hands to grasp the sun. If you want another example, turn away for a moment from the world of art. Is there not something vastly finer than success and ease and comfortable existence in the spectacle of Scott and Oates and their fellows dying proudly in the awful solitudes of the frozen South, reaching beyond life and self to the something beyond life and self? That is tragedy, the death that is greater than life, the death that transfigures itself as a mighty gesture, motioning mankind to the stars.

Miss Jameson proceeds from her general principle to a particular discussion of the modern dramatists, and chiefly of Strindberg and Ibsen, in whom alone she seems to find great original and underivative dramatic power. Her criticism, however, is fearless and unawed. Having found her great gospellers, she does not treat them as canonical and unquestionable, but applies her standard ruthlessly and exposes their weakness as faithfully as she exhibits their strength. From Scandinavia she passes to Germany and leaves twelve baskets of Sudermann for anyone who cares to gather them up. To Hauptmann she is much more respectful, and she acknowledges the power of Hofmannsthal's verse even when she cannot praise the plays.

In France, Brieux is minced even more minutely than Sudermann. He is "an advanced old maid who believes in the feminist movement, possesses a fund of platitudes, a passion for reform and a total incapacity to rise above the level of the platform orator." Well, this is at least some of the truth; and if you are inclined to speak up for his social sincerity, remember that his critic is looking for great drama and not merely for good intentions.

Upon the adventures of Ibsen in England Miss Jameson says mercifully little. I am old enough to have been young in the nineties, and I can remember the grotesque imbecility, the shrieking, hypocritical folly manifested, almost without exception, by the duly accredited and selected critics of dramatic art in this country when they encountered the plays of Ibsen. But even more contemptible than the outraged utterances of Clement Scott and his tribe were the alleged Ibsenite plays produced in imitation by our intelligent playwrights, who were convinced that the one necessary element in an Ibsen play was serious adultery, as contrasted with the frivolous adultery of the French. With these plays Miss Jameson deals faithfully and joyously.

Her survey is continued right down to our own days, and includes an account of the indigenous drama of Southern Europe, including Spain, where my ignorance does not permit me to follow her. As I said at the beginning, her book is provocative and stimulating. It is not all good—it is patchy, partial and excessive; but the margin of critical profit is undoubtedly large. We need more critics of this fearless temper, for the position of England can be stated simply thus: we possess the greatest dramatist in the world and the worst theatre in Europe.

G. S.

* "Modern Drama in Europe." By Storm Jameson. 10s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

THE SECRET.*

Mr. Laurence Binyon could not have found a happier title for his new book than "The Secret." For his Muse is essentially esoteric; it is concerned almost entirely with the hidden spirit of things. Beyond all outward beauty, and behind all ugliness and error, it penetrates to "the dear human cause in the heart's core." He offers, it is true, no new entrance into the temple's inner shrine for those who do not already know the way, he writes only for the initiated. His art is quiet and wistful, and its main quality is that it perfectly rekindles for us spiritual experiences that we ourselves have had. There is a poem in which he describes a schoolboy, isolated from his fellows through illness, gazing from a high window and beholding

> "... an immense glory
> Flooding with fire the drops
> Spilled from miraculous leaves
> Of the fresh green lime tree tops.
>
> "Washed gravel glittered red
> To a wall, and beyond it nine
> Tall limes in the old inn yard
> Rose over the tall inn sign.
>
> "And voices arose from beneath
> Of boys from school set free,
> Racing and chasing each other
> With laughter and games and glee.
>
> "To the boy at the high room window,
> Gazing alone and apart,
> There came a wish without reason,
> A thought that shone through his heart
>
> "'I'll choose this moment and keep it,'
> He said to himself, 'for a vow,
> To remember for ever and ever
> As if it were always now.'"

That poem has no showy qualities of any kind; nor does it open upon new worlds, or interpret anything. To those who as schoolboys swore no such vow it might make small appeal; but for those who did, with what fidelity of atmosphere and what tender sympathy it revives the emotion of that first burgeoning and dedication of the young soul!

* "The Secret: Sixty Poems." By Laurence Binyon. 9s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

And that poem is typical of Mr. Binyon's new volume. It is a book of spiritual refreshment and renewal. It carries us on no strange flights of imagination; it offers us no adventures; it propounds no philosophy. But, whether the poet muses in the cathedral porch, or describes the winter dawn stealing over the wharves on Thames-side, while the tide comes flooding up, he recalls for us things that we ourselves have seen and felt and prayed in those rare moments when we too have broken through the outer crust of life, and have come into communion with the Secret at its heart. He brings back for us

"... the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the field";

and for any book that does that, in these days of darkness and disillusionment, we cannot be too grateful.

GILBERT THOMAS

BEERBOHM ONCE MORE.*

Now that the publisher is calling Mr. Beerbohm "the inimitable Max," it is time this peculiarly hackneyed expression was dropped, even by reviewers. We who pen what we call criticisms have found it a helpful phrase To be able to describe Sylvester Snooks as the Sage of Cheapside affords pleasant relief to a sticky pen; and we —anyhow, I— found it pleasant to nickname Mr Beerbohm in the manner aforesaid. But the practice has gone too far. A truce to this parroting; especially as he on whom the epithet has been fastened must be heartily sick of it. Besides, Mr Beerbohm is imitable—if only by himself. His "Christmas Garland" has afforded evidence enough of that And how else did Zuleika Dobson discover her conversational style? Is it not written in the chronicles of that amazing lady?

And so, after such somewhat episcopal preliminary we come to the delightful little book, Mr Beerbohm's latest burblings, entitled "And Even Now" It is, however, rather less even of quality than were his earlier volumes; one or two of the essays fall tame and flat, but are fully compensated for by "No. 2, The Pines," by "William and Mary" and some others, holding those throbs of surprise from which laughter springs into the heart and out to the world again. The individual note expressed by Mr. Beerbohm is essential His unforced sly humour, which subtly points the follies, extravagances, vanities of the times, is an asset too valuable to be wasted or ignored; while all he writes is so finished and endowed with grace of style that to miss a book by the—by him—would be as careless as was Oscar Wilde's orphan who had lost both his parents

Some aspect of joy dwells on every page of "And Even Now," while here and there are pen-pictures which live in the mind through the sheer brilliancy of their expression and colouring; as the vision of Dr. Johnson laughing with great laughter beside a post in Fleet Street; or the ponderous super-man Goethe being discovered and shown a bore by the little painter Tischbein; or the humorous pathos of the unveiled statue to Umberto, a marble victim of local political quarrelling. But the study of Swinburne at home, and the delicate, wistful sketch, "William and Mary," are the plums of the festival. Even then, the particular joy of "No. 2, The Pines" comes in the note preliminary to it. Asked by Mr. Gosse to describe Swinburne as he had known him, Mr. Beerbohm found it hard to be brief without seeming irreverent:

"So I took refuge in an ampler scope. I wrote a reminiscential essay. From that essay I made an extract, which I gave to Mr. Gosse. From that extract he made a quotation in his enchanting biography."

The subtlety is delicious.

* "And Even Now." By Max Beerbohm. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

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Vivid indeed is the picture of the little deaf poet at home; his flame of inspiration spent, but his joy of books not diminished, enduring and enjoying the smothering care of Theodore Watts-Dunton, whose protection of Swinburne, so overwhelming, considerate, particular, was in many respects beautiful. Mr. Beerbohm shows in this essay such a gift for humorously painting character that we wish he would write a full-length biography of somebody sufficiently human to have foibles and weaknesses, those essentials of true charm. That cap-and-bells is not Mr. Beerbohm's only wear; but that, under the badinage and persiflage and what not, beats a heart alive with sympathy and pity, is testified in "William and Mary." To re-read this study after the lapse of months is to find its beauty even rarer and more moving than before. It is a triumph of art, quietly finished, and the more effectual because the sensitive colours are touched with the exquisite dew of tears.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

WOMEN NOVELISTS.*

Less and less space is being given in the daily papers to reasoned criticism of new books: and never was criticism more needed. Whether reviews in daily papers ever did much to forming or guiding the taste of the public is uncertain; but certainly, in the old days, they were of some assistance to the authors themselves by reminding them that they were engaged not in a mere private enterprise, but in adding to the great body of English literature which had been made glorious by their predecessors. So I am glad Mr. Leonard Parsons has thought of issuing this series of considered judgments on contemporary work. It should do something towards providing the body of a critical opinion by which modern writers may be judged. It is true that some sour-minded persons would deny that our younger authors, except a few poets and essayists, are worth criticism; but that contempt is generally harboured by those who are as ignorant as they are contemptuous. To these may be commended this little guide-book of Mr. Brimley Johnson's.

Mr. Johnson has chosen a hard task. He is, at the start, confronted by the problem whether there is such a thing as distinctively feminine art—whether, for instance, Miss Kaye-Smith is more womanly that Mr. Hugh Walpole, or Mr. Compton Mackenzie more masculine than Mrs. Mordaunt. Except incidentally, he does not touch this side of the question suggested by his title; and we may take it that he is dealing with the women separately merely as a matter of convenience. It is a pity, however, that he does not explain on what principles he has chosen the women he has to represent contemporary novelists. There are none here whom I would have omitted except Miss Fulton and, doubtfully, Miss Amber Reeves; but no survey of modern fiction writing by women can pretend to completeness (which to be fair, Mr. Johnson does not claim) which omits Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne, Bridget Maclagan, Mrs. Dawson-Scott, Katherine Mansfield, Rebecca West and G. B. Stern. Without a consideration as to work done by these women Mr. Johnson's survey omits not only some of the best recent performances of women novelists, but also excludes any notice of the thoughts or influences which are conspicuous in the writings of many of the women he is criticising. The novelists he judges are May Sinclair, Elinor Mordaunt, Rose Macaulay, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Ethel Sidgwick, Amber Reeves, Viola Meynell, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, Stella Benson, E. M. Delafield, Clemence Dane, Mary Fulton and Hope Mirrlees. Anyone familiar with modern fiction will immediately be aware how different tendencies, how varied an outlook on modern life are found in these writers. There is little enough in common between Miss Macaulay's sanely passionate humour and Miss Meynell's solemn absorption; between Miss Mirrlees' scientific interest in the morbid and Miss Benson's gay defiance of all the blues and the biles. There is, that is to say, nothing noticeably in common between all these novelists. They do not all belong to the same age, to the same way of thinking, to the same conventions as did the Victorians, or even their predecessors. One thing is noticeable—among these fourteen novelists no less than six are marked by a sense of humour far greater, and far more freely exercised, than in any equivalent list of men novelists. The women have the laugh, now: Jane Austen has no disciples, perhaps, but her unsparing, embarrassing honesty is shared by many of the women novelists of to-day. Indeed, if I were asked what distinguishes the women from the men, I should say it was a contempt for humbug. It is true when the women are taken in, as Miss Meynell too often is, and also Miss Richardson and Miss Sidgwick, they fall in deeper than any men novelists of equal ability, but in nearly all the rest there is a gallant refusal to be deceived, a determination to face the worst, which is an admirable thing. Clemence Dane, E. M. Delafield, Mrs. Woolf, Miss Kaye-Smith—each of them, in her different way, can prick a bubble with a neat efficacy which was not surpassed by Thackeray. And Miss Macaulay has in one merrily-wise book after another devoted herself to showing the average man how like Peer Gynt he is, and the average girl how unlike she is to Solveig.

Among these young novelists one is remarkable as the inventor of a new method. I confess I do not understand Miss Richardson's method—which seems equally composed of Sterne, the creed of the Vortex, and Freud. And Mr. Brimley Johnson does not make it clearer.

> "Here, in fact, is a new form of realism, the reproduction of life in all the actual minutiæ of our impressions, truthfully reaching the infinite; whilst almost wholly ignoring material events or appearances, all the surface of things. If you imagine your thoughts and emotions thrown on a film, and illustrated by a phonograph, it becomes obvious that the 'moving picture' would go on for years—even to three score and ten. Inevitably Miss Richardson is not absolutely literal in this matter. She does, in fact, select; does not give us everything; but she approaches completeness more nearly than any other writer, and completeness is her aim."

Now, if there is one thing certain, surely it is that one cannot arrive at the infinite, "truthfully" or otherwise, by multiplying "actual minutiæ"—any more than one can arrive at eternity by multiplying time. It is just my complaint against Miss Richardson that she achieves an entirely unlifelike effect, because all people, save lunatics, do live with the sensation of a permanent, eternal background giving coherence to their impressions. Life is *not* "one damn thing after another"; except in our moments of irritation we never say so. All of us, except madmen, believe in cause and effect, and if you believe in cause and effect you believe in a reality which gives cause its validity. It is this reality which Miss Richardson leaves out, subsituting for it the very uncertain vehicle of Miriam's sensuous impressions. Mr. Johnson also finds Miss Richardson's style, with its curious reminiscences of Jingle and Mr. Ponderevo, "literally photographic," whatever that may mean. It produces on me the effect of an extremely sophisticated personality obsessed by a passion for form, which has taken a perverse turn. Miriam Henderson's hatred of books and men and grammar are the dislikes of a person who is preoccupied with all three.

I feel that Mr. Johnson coming to his task with enthusiastic caution has been swamped by his material. He has been over-impressed by the more solemn and pretentious novelists; it seems odd after the praises he gives to Miss Richardson to find him rebuking Miss Stella Benson for her "colloquial jerkiness" and exhorting her to believe "she would be none the worse for more careful grammar, and for some of that composed dignity which we of the older days have been used to consider essential to good writing." He is at his best in his essays on Mrs. Woolf, Miss Sidgwick and Miss Delafield; while his essay on Clemence Dane is only marred by the extraordinary statement that the author of "The Regiment of Women" is "pre-eminently an artist: neither a preacher nor a philosopher."

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "Some Contemporary Novelists (Women)." By R. Brimley Johnson. 7s. 6d. net. (Parsons.)

LISTENERS' LURES.

Complete coherence is distressingly rare in verse, though, as most people lose their way in poetry without being sure that the poet is to blame, the fact is not often mentioned. Coherence is not of course the highest aim of poetry, but, like a staircase, it is very convenient, and it is a pleasure to find that the posthumous volume[1] by the distinguished diplomatist, Sir Cecil Spring Rice, has the accessibility of a workmanlike building. We may not call him a poet of the highest class, because he did not quite realise the difference between good oratory of the schoolroom and speech appropriate to gods; but he had extraordinary aptitude for writing sonnets, and his masterly eloquence again and again electrically warms the audient soul. His last poem, dated January 12th, 1918, worthily leads to the word that means all that is good in death and a whole heaven besides—"Peace"; but this glorious if not quite perfect sonnet shall serve as an example of his artistry:

"Last night I lived a mean and abject thing,
Content in bondage, glad and prison-bound,
With greedy fingers blindly groping round
For such brief comfort as the hour might bring.
To-day I am the North-wind on the wing
And the wide roaring of the clamorous sea,
And the huge heaven's calm immensity
And all the bloom and music of the spring.

"I lived and loved. Now, is it life or death
Here in this new vast world wherein I move?
Now, when the winds of heaven are my breath
And the great sun the eye whereby I see?
I live not in myself; only in Thee
Last night I loved. This morning I am Love."

Dr. Foulke,[2] an accomplished American, writes from the viewpoint of an old man, faithfully loved and loving, to whom Nature is a friend. He has no Cagliostro-like defence against Death; but he is serene; his voice is clear and strong, and when he attacks with satire the singers of *vers libre* he exhibits such boyish gaiety as rippled in Sir Owen Seaman when in 1895 he parodied Whitman in the *National Observer*. An example of delicious humour is Dr. Foulke's narrative, "The Sacrifice," in which a fat princess pacifies a volcano by feeding it with a black pig, a white chick and a draught of gin. Our poet seems to know that part of America called "Hoosierdom" in a deep and homely way; his patriotism flames in "war poems" which will be readable to-morrow by those who are too tired to read such literature to-day. But when, his book shut, we think of Dr. Foulke, he figures as a gracious lyrist of the love inspired by woman and as a voice of appreciation and regret for things too wonderful to be contained in anecdotes or histories—the visions of Hellas, the beauty and flavour of material forms.

There is a wealth of tender reverence for girlhood in Mr. Sturge Moore's "Danaë"[3], and this is the more pleasing because the legend of the persuasive might of a god disguised as a golden shower invites cynicism; certainly the interpretation of shower as light is more valuable to the Muse than gold. I think, however, that "Aforetime" and "Blind Thamyris" offer more to the mental appetite than "Danaë." The reincarnation *motif* of "Aforetime" is treated so vividly that we feel a sympathetic pang with the poet depicting to us the slave-woman whose maternal feeling he brutally snubbed, while sharing her vision of the day when she was snatched by slave-hunters. If *vers libre* be worth quoting for the sake of pith, surely these lines are:

"In the close-curtained court
Those causes are deferred
Which most import;
These wait man's leisure.
These daily matters elbow;
Merely because
His panic meanness
Jibs blindly ere it hear
What wisdom has prepared,
Bolts headlong ere it see
Her face unfolds its smile."

[1] "Poems." By Cecil Arthur Spring Rice. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
[2] "To-Day and Yesterday." By William Dudley Foulke. 6s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)
[3] "Danaë, Aforetime, Blind Thamyris." By T. Sturge Moore. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

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In the myth of Thamyris Mr. Moore reads the tragedy of the poet without an audience fit to hear him. It is one that probably every writer of marked individuality can at least understand, especially if he is a poet rejected by poets. Mr. Moore conveys his ideas of Thamyris through the mouth of Agenor, a pupil of the centaur Chiron. This literary venture is mainly in prose, but is decorated by songs supposed to proceed from the singer whose frenzy cost him his eyesight. Mr. Moore is not an easygoing melodist, but he is not commonplace; he has vision, and his occasional awkwardness on the Parnassian slopes does not precipitate him to the bottom of "the singing hill."

The second son of the ex-Premier[4] is definitely a poet, but not fully awake to the difference between poetry and "minor" poetry, or he would not liken a meteor to a "tear" running down "the cheek of night." One finds in his war poems the graphic force of an unusually intelligent sightseer—irony also, as when he addresses

> "shades of gallant horses who have known
> Man in his ardour, thinking him a god."

His title-poem contains a really beautiful effect of the earth's recovery of scenic joyfulness after a thunderstorm. It is so beautiful, indeed, that in trying to remember a similar sensation of pleasure in literature, the most witching strains of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony are the only music which invade the mind to the disadvantage of Mr. Asquith. It was a happy idea to present the contrast between the inaudible lyric in the brain of the most beloved of amorous poets—Parson Herrick—and the voices of rejoicing Nature outside his church:

> "The robin piped upon the yew
> And thrilling down the avenue
> Through chestnut branches in the copse
> And tangled boughs above the lane,
> More liquid than the falling drops
> The warbler sang again."

And yet—glory be to printer's ink!—the lyric victory was Herrick's.

Mr. Hodge[5] makes effective verse of at least one of the common banes of life. There was true art in calling a poem "July" in which memory pelts a man with the cold mud of his past. Characteristically English, Mr. Hodge mingles mordant wit with a sad-coloured thoughtfulness. Simplified, he might become a sort of Wordsworth; but if he is a typical Balancer he will not simplify by his own initiative: he will remain subtle, contemplative, and with eyes for the sirens of the mist as well as for the angels in the azure.

Lieutenant Harold Hill[6] is a singer, a rhapsodist of scenery, and his varied rhythm should find favour with composers of vocal music. Being scientific, he is sometimes in touch with one's intellectuality. Essentially, however, he is a bird minus feathers.

W. H. CHESSON.

LIFE, LOVE AND JOY.*

There comes, if all too rarely, in the experience of a reviewer moments when a new work gives him something of that thrilled feeling to which Keats has given expression in a memorable sonnet, that combination of surprise and delight which belongs to discovery. For my own part I have never altogether lost the old zest with which, when I first slipped in among the ranks of the reviewers, I took up a new work wondering if it was to be something wholly fresh and "great." In the case of established writers of course their books are taken up with a knowledge that, within certain limits, they will be of an already gaugeable quality; it is the work bearing an unaccustomed name that stirs expectancy. When I picked up "Snow Over Elden," the name on the cover was new to me on a work of fiction, though I recalled it as one that I had seen attached to some short poems. The poet turned novelist is by no means always a success, but I had not read through the first chapter of Mr. Moult's story before I realised that this was not so much a case of a poet trying his hand at fiction, as of a rare master of prose who had, as has not infrequently been the case, begun by publishing verse, and had now found himself, as the saying is, in the other medium. With this book the author takes his place at once among the best of our story writers. In a novel of the very slightest in the matter of plot, to employ the conventional term, he has given us something that has all the sense of classic completeness about it.

To attempt any summary of the story would do it an injustice—the wonderful charm of it lies in the telling. The narrator, "our Jan," is the son of a farmer in the Peakland district, and he presents the family circle, the neighbours, the country-side, the "atmosphere," with loving, intimate knowledge and sweetness of humour all too rare in modern fiction—all however is as it were the setting for his own love for Joan Melody. It is perhaps little more than the all-important love-chapter in a young man's history of which the book consists, yet rarely indeed has it been presented in so fresh, joyous and feeling a fashion as it is herein by Mr. Thomas Moult.

Apart from all other considerations there is the rare literary charm of the whole presentation. The author has an individual command of his material which at times suggests that something of the seventeenth century sense of language survives among the dales of Derbyshire, which he evidently knows with deepest intimacy. It is a joyous book that he has given us, and I for one wished it twice as long as it is. It is a novel not of promise but of achievement.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE HARMONY OF THE SPHERES.*

Mr. Hill's treatise is a most remarkable production, both in its matter and its manner. It is unprefaced, unpadded, impersonal. From the cryptic title page the reader passes straight to the first chapter and finds himself contemplating the whirling globe of the earth revolving like the toothed wheel of a cosmic musical box, and producing a series of potential sound waves with a different rate of vibration on each circle of latitude. Then, with massive and mathematical calm, Mr. Hill proceeds to work out the vibrations on each increasing parallel from pole to equator until he gets the great rising earth-chord—a *dominant* chord, starting with C 32, 2 degrees from the pole, the B flat coming in at 14 degrees.

By further calculation Mr. Hill proves the scale of nature to be the Harmonic Scale, having sixteen notes to the octave, with E sharp distinct from F, G sharp distinct from A flat, A sharp distinct from B flat and B sharp distinct from C. Every musician knows that the octave, as most people accept it, i.e., the twelve-note octave of the piano, with its seven white and five black notes, is a false octave, deliberately put wrong by a system of equal temperament or tuning, in order that all scales may be played on the smallest number of notes. The violinist can play a true scale of F sharp and a true scale of G flat; but on the piano, Chopin's "Barcarolle" with its signature of six sharps and his "Study on the Black Notes," with its signature of six flats, are played as if they were in the same key. Even our notation breaks down. Bach, writing his Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues for the "well-tempered" (which does not mean "good-humoured") instrument, begins with a Prelude and Fugue in C major followed by one in C minor. He then passes in alleged semitones up the scale, the third Prelude and Fugue being therefore in C sharp major and the fourth in C sharp minor; but though the latter has its true signature of four sharps, the former is written in five flats—i.e., the key of D flat major!

[4] "A Village Sermon, and Other Poems." By Herbert Asquith. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[5] "Half-Way." By H. S. Vere Hodge. 4s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

[6] "Songs of the Highlands and Islands, and Other Poems." By Harold George Hill. (Erskine Macdonald.)

* "Snow Over Elden." By Thomas Moult. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)

* "Harmonia Harmonica." By Clarence S. Hill. (Novello.)

At the last Bach Festival, Miss Myra Hess was announced to play the Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major. What she played was a Prelude and Fugue written in D flat major, though called by the other name.

Mr. Hill insists, then, on the true Harmonic Scale. But he soars after that to heights where we cannot follow him. Not content with working out the great dominant chord of the Earth, he gives us the chords of all the planets, and so the staggered reader finds in this book, set down in plain music type, the fabled music of the spheres! What is so amazing is not that Mr Hill does it, but that he does it so calmly. He does not argue; he makes no attempt to convince you, he is as unemotional as Euclid. He just works out an elaborate mathematical calculation, and there, visible and audible, is "the roll and march of the eternal harmony to which the worlds keep time" Well, let the mathematicians refute him!

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A WORK OF PIETY.*

If Anne Brontë had not been the sister of Emily and Charlotte one suspects that she would be remembered no more than all the other singing ladies of the early and mid-Victorian days who have passed into the shades. Her verse was of the wistful and plaintive order which belonged to the immured women of those days. She had not the free and wild spirit that burst all bonds of the great Charlotte and the greater Emily. "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" had a tragic situation handled with rather less skill than Mrs Gore or other lady novelists of those days would have brought to it. The something of the parson's daughter which was in Charlotte was much more in Anne. Anne was a gifted, a talented parson's daughter, a conventional parson's daughter rather than the daughter of Patrick Brontë, with his melancholy Irish strain. No one could say that the Brontes carried the disabilities of their lives gaily It is perhaps the genius of two of them that is responsible for the churchyard tinge that lies over them in our view of them. Did they ever laugh? One has no record of it Patrick Bronte, bringing his Irish pride and his Irish melancholy to the Yorkshire parsonage and to the making of his children, can have brought little or nothing of the lambent Irish humour which plays over miseries and humanises them. But, to be sure, he was of a dour Ulster stock. The Ulster stock can be as wild, as feckless as the Southerner, but his gaiety ever has a darkness in it.

The Brontes, somehow, had a doom. Charlotte escaped old-maidenhood only to die before she could taste the full sweets of her marriage. Anne's lover died. Emily, the fiery-hearted vestal, was not made for common human joys. The fascination that lies over them, to which Mr. Clement Shorter has given himself so completely, is due in some sort to the atmosphere of tragedy in which they are steeped They are of Ireland undoubtedly. Only an Irish Protestant could dwell in such an atmosphere of gloom, and yet the Irish Protestant can be, has been, wilder than his Celtic fellows.

The Brontes, like Mary Stuart, but very unlike, keep their lovers and servants long after they are dead. When Mr. Clement Shorter reaches the Paradise where he would be, surely Emily, Charlotte and Anne will meet him at the gates. To him no trifle is unconsidered if it has touched with the famous Three. He is too good a critic, I believe, to take Anne Brontë's poems seriously, but because they are hers he counts them valuable, and he is right. She shared the doom of Haworth. It was hard on her, since she had not the genius of Emily and Charlotte. One suspects that she would have been very happy, poor Anne, with her Rev. William Weightman, if only she had had a chance. Having lost that bonny-faced lover, who was an unconfessed lover, by premature death (the doom of the Brontës), she yielded herself up to a gloomy piety,

* "The Complete Poems of Anne Brontë." Edited by Clement Shorter, with a Bibliographical Introduction by C. W. Hatfield. 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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which was perhaps all the piety to be had under her circumstances. Poor Anne again! She was destined to the Brontë doom and only accidentally to its immortality. Charlotte writes of her that her piety "subdued her mood and bearing to a perpetual pensiveness; the pillar of a cloud glided constantly before her eyes; she ever waited at the foot of a secret Sinai listening in her heart to the voice of a trumpet sounding long and waxing louder."

That was Charlotte's way of putting it. Really, poor Anne, turning to heavenly things from an unsatisfactory earth, was in the clutch of the terrible thing that often stood for religion in those days. The wise saying, "Fear God but do not be afraid of Him," cannot have reached her ears. It says much for religion that it can have survived those evil days, but Anne Bronte was one of the martyrs to the tyrannous and terrible thing.

Mr. Shorter has treated her with the honour due to even the least of the Brontes. Here she has a tome of her own—she would have liked it to be called a tome—in which is enshrined her pensive and pathetic verses. She has all the details the true bookman loves—preface, bibliographical preface, bibliographical notes, all the pomp and ceremony of the true bibliophile. The book is not for the common many, but for the elect few, and the lover of libraries will delight in its possession

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Novel Notes.

THE SEEDS OF ENCHANTMENT. By Gilbert Frankau. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

In a prefatory note Mr Frankau confesses to a little diffidence in offering his public a new story so vastly unlike his recent and brilliantly successful "Peter Jackson: Cigar Merchant." He is right in thinking gentle readers like an author to limit himself to the type of story with which he has already pleased them; but he is also right in thinking it wise not to condemn himself to work always in the same vein until his public grows tired of it or his fertility in that kind is exhausted. A novelist is likelier to be interesting if he forgets such considerations and follows his natural bent, wherever it may lead him It has led Mr. Frankau into remote, unknown, more or less imaginary regions of Indo-China, with a Royalist Frenchman, an Anglo-American merchant-soldier—both fresh from the horrors of the great war—and a Scottish M.D., who is an international socialist of sorts, on as wild an errand as ever lured adventurers into realms of romance. They go ostensibly to buy opium, but in reality to get through a bizarre and savage nation into an amazing Flower land inhabited by a white Flower People who cultivate a miraculous purple bean—the seeds of enchantment that have strange effects on those who eat them. How a knowledge of these seeds came to the adventurers, by what means they contrived to learn of the whereabouts of the Flower People and dispose of what seemed insuperable obstacles to their making the journey to them is too long a story and too crowded with sensational and surprising incident to be summarised; it is enough to say that Mr. Frankau set himself to write a daringly romantic tale of mystery, love and adventure, and has done it triumphantly. There is an ingenious satirical allegory underlying the tale but we doubt whether many of Mr. Frankau's readers will detect it. His medical socialist is something of an ass and his notions of socialism are farcical, but that is of no consequence—his other two adventurers are admirably drawn, and his story is so cleverly done that even certain jarring affectations of style cannot mar your enjoyment of it.

THE HILL OF THE CROWS. By Frederick Sleath. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Primarily Mr. Sleath's new book is a study of life in a small Scottish seaport—and a particularly ruthless study it is. The author knows his ground thoroughly, and in writing of the sordid life of the workers in the North he palliates nothing. Every page bears the stamp of truth, and if it were not for the vigorous action of the book its uncompromising realism might run the risk of repelling. But out of the grey background of dockyards and workshops start a number of living men and women, and the reader is at once carried along by a fine swinging narrative. The strength of the book lies in its characterisation. Old Ritchie Burnet, virtual ruler of Duncorbie and a great man at business despite his tempestuous passions; the elder and younger Alick Cameron; Jean, the delightful heroine; Montgomery, the junior partner, unscrupulous but not entirely untouched to finer things, and the almost Dickensian Erchie Templeton, are drawn with real ability. The construction of the story is quite excellent, though we have a feeling that the plot would have gained by the exclusion of the rather conventional episode of the German submarine in the penultimate chapter On the whole the book is a remarkably strong piece of work, sincere and unfailingly interesting.

WINSOME WINNIE, AND OTHER NEW NONSENSE NOVELS. By Stephen Leacock 5s net (Lane.)

Mr. Leacock has returned to one of the first forms of humour he ever adopted, and one where he has held his own from the first, along with Thackeray and Bret Harte. This time he prefers to parody types of current fiction rather than individual styles; sometimes indeed the effort is simply that of a man in high spirits extemporising the absurd out of the conventional, and turning hackneyed phrases inside out for the sake of pure fun. Thus the old and crusted lawyer, after revealing his wholesale defalcations, tells his chief clerk to take Winnie out and "throw her on the world"; and Lord Mordaunt Muddlenut, in the height of his impassioned declaration, reassures her by saying: "Your birth is all right. I have looked into it myself. While I supposed that you have a lower birth and I an upper, I was bound to silence." After the chromo-romantic comes the unimpeachably domestic, and another story, "John and I: or how I nearly lost my Husband," is a travesty on the Home-and-Hearth, or Heart-and-Home magazine sort of thing. "The Split in the Cabinet" is the only effort in the book that seems under-written, but this is because we are already accustomed, perhaps, to daring lengths in the way of contemporary ridicule in the political columns of the papers. Some day the world will wake up and realise what a shower of thought and fancy is squandered up and down the deserts of newspaper print, but then, if the world stopped to make such reflections as these, it might dwell on the other side of the account and complain, with reason, that there should be so high a proportion of newspaper reading which is independent of original ideas. Mr. Leacock is of the order of men who make everything they touch fresh and original, and that is why his humour remains distinctive and satisfying, even when he is working on such well-worn lines as these.

THE SWALLOW DIVE. By Sylvia Lynd. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Mrs. Lynd's second novel is a "glimpse of the world as it might have appeared ten years ago." It is a story of youth, and its picture of a young girl has the darting insight, the swift sureness, the beauty and joy of its title. Caroline Barrett is a poor relation, living with her grandfather and an aunt of whose tact it was said, "Your Aunt Mildred is so anxious to avoid treading on my toes that she appears to think I have very large feet." From this caged life her first swallow dive was no farther than to Kensington Gardens. There she meets Belailsa, a curiously-named young Irish journalist, whose mouth is full of witty words. Poverty releases her, she flies to her poor and charming mother, who lives in a dream world of lost causes and hopeless freaks, a world where there is always confusion. Then she darts into stage-life, into love, into a mad elopement, out of it, over to Ireland, back to England. Each dart has all the careless grace and loveliness of the swallow dive; she skims past tragedy—the

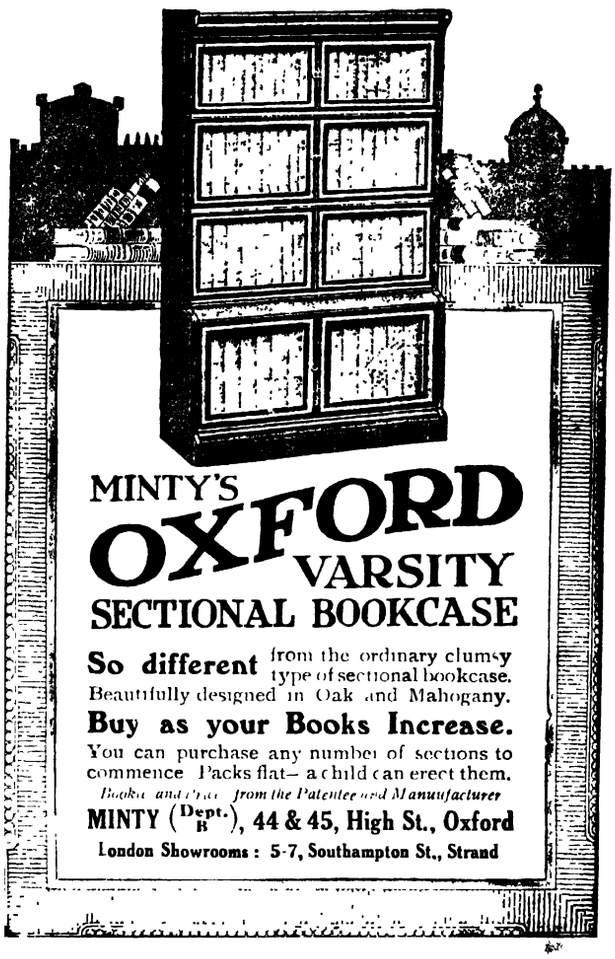
death of the unfortunate lover, dull, touching, slightly mad, who shoots himself while she is having supper with Belailsa—as a shallow above rapids. Yet just here the book begins to falter. The picture of Caroline in the first three-quarters of the book has an exquisite beauty and sweetness. How rarely one feels the charm of characters called charming! But Caroline's we see and hear and smell. And it is conveyed with a rare power of observation and in the wittiest words. The preparations for a wedding in a middle-class household, the life behind the scenes in a spectacular musical play—picture follows perfect picture. And through it all flits Caroline—light, sweet, shallow, seen as she sees life—rose-coloured. Then comes the tragedy and the book loses reality, though the pictures of life in Ireland are very lovely. It is true that terrible things can happen to light natures, that light natures are often the uncomprehending cause of horrors, but it seems hardly possible that the sensitive Belailsa and his friends should feel suicide and the hideous publicity of the modern press subjects for jest. And Caroline's old-fashioned relatives are won over to forgiveness of this dreadful episode in her life by apparently nothing but her flippancies on the subject—and her improved prospects. It is a cruel book for a busy reviewer; he dares not skip a line lest he miss some wise, witty or beautiful thing. Still, his review is written for him; he need do little else than quote Mrs. Lynd.

FIRE AND WATER. By Marwin Delcarol (Duckworth)

The mixture of modern life with recollection of experiences in some previous incarnation upon earth has been more than once attempted by writers of fiction. Mr Kipling's brilliant success in "The Finest Story in the World" was due partly to his historical imagination, partly to his instinctive sense that the effort must not be too elaborate. "Fire and Water" has historical imagination. But it is too elaborate. Here we have modern men and women, a group of them, who are carrying on relationships of love and wider interests which they have passed through in eight or nine previous ages, from Egypt to England. A table at the end of the book serves as a clue to these successive reincarnations. But the sudden alterations of period, although cleverly managed, are rather bewildering. Simon Deyne, Rhodanthe and Hugh Charlton are thoroughly alive, and one almost resents their repeated trances; to go back and pick up their pre-natal adventures in the middle of their present experiences is to jerk the mind. Yet the author does succeed in this weirdly-constructed novel. It is one of the most ingenious romances we have read, and the intrusion of their mutual past is so managed as to leave the lovers of to-day more than puppets.

INISHEENY. By George A. Birmingham. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

All readers of "Spanish Gold" know what to expect from Mr. Birmingham, and in his latest book they will not be disappointed. The great merit of his work is its perfect spontaneity—the humour wells up like the sparkling waters of a spring, and every touch of character is so natural and unforced that, however improbable his people may be, they are always credible and instinct with life. Inisheeny is a small island off the west coast of Ireland, inhabited by a large number of Flanagans, who are suspected by the local inspector of police of being virulent Sinn Feiners, but are actually only guilty of a little traffic in illicit whisky. Into the midst of them comes the eccentric old archæologist, Floyd—to say nothing of a pretty daughter—who, though in reality in search of nothing more alarming than historical relics, is believed by the islanders to be a government spy, while the ardent police inspector is equally certain he is a dangerous Sinn Fein emissary. The situation furnishes the basis for a comedy of the first water. Despite the slenderness of the plot, the book maintains its interest to the last line, and the author's irresistible humour lights up every page.



BOOKS—Lane's Arabian Nights, numerous engravings by Harvey, 3 vols., 1839, £3 3s.; Dalziel's Illustrated Arabian Nights, scarce, 30s.; The Windsor Shakespeare, 20 vols., £2 2s.; Mowell's Mary the Mother of Jesus, large paper, Medici Society, 1912, £2 2s.; Carmen, illustrated by René Bull, édition de luxe, 30s.; Barrie's Quality Street, édition de luxe, illustrated by Hugh Thomson, 30s.; Newgate Calendar, 1809, 5 vols., rare, £6 6s.; George Meredith's Works, fine set, 17 vols., £4 15s.; Maupassant's Works, complete in English, 17 vols., £4 10s.; Ruskin's Works, complete, best Library edition, 39 vols., £25; Rider Haggard's Novels, 12 vols., mostly 1st editions, £4 15s.; Slater's Engravings and their Value, 1912, last edition, £3 15s.; Baron Corvo's In His Own Image, rare, £2 2s.; Omar Khayyam, Quaritch, 1879, £3 3s.; Omar Khayyam illustrated by Dulac, £2 2s.; another, illustrated by Brangwyn, 1910, 10s. 6d.; another, translated by Heron-Allen, 1898, 25s.; The Life of the Bee, illustrated by Detmold, 30s.; The Tatler, 46 vols., publishers' cloth, £21; The Sketch, 80 vols., publishers' cloth, £30; Illustrated London News, 46 vols., handsomely bound, £12; The Car, illustrated, 42 vols., publishers' cloth, £10 10s.; Catlin's North American Indians, 2 vols., 1857 illustrated, £2 2s.; Greville Memoirs, 8 vols., 1904, £2 2s.; Walter's History of Ancient Pottery, 2 vols., 1905, £2 2s.; Timb's Curiosities of London, 1867, 21s.; John Drinkwater's Poems, 1917; Swords and Ploughshares, 1915; Prose Papers, 1917, all 1st editions, 10s. each; Beardsley's Early and Later Work, 2 vols., £2 10s.; Oscar Wilde's Sphinx, illustrated by Alastair, 25s.; Forty-three Drawings by Alastair, 1914, £2 2s.; Austin Dobson's Eighteenth Century Vignettes, large paper, signed by author, 2 vols., £2 2s.; Shelley's Poetical Works, edited by Buxton Forman, 1876, 4 vols., £7 10s.; Thackeray's Works, edition de luxe, 24 vols., 1878, £15; Expositor's Bible, 49 vols., fine set, best edition, £10 10s.; The Graphic, vols. 1 to 30, strongly bound, £12; Œuvres de Rabelais, illustrated by Robida, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Boswell's Johnson, with 100 illustrations by Railton, and many portraits, 1901, 3 vols., 35s.; Johnson's Rasselas, illustrated by Smirke, 1819, £3 3s.; Finden's Illustrations to Byron, large paper copy, full morocco, gilt, 3 vols., 1833, £6 10s.; Landscape Illustrations to the Waverley Novels and Poetical Works, tree calf, gilt, 4 vols., 1833, £5 5s.; Gallery of Portraits, 7 vols., full calf, gilt, 1833, £6 10s.; Puckle's Club, only 500 done, 1817, morocco, £2 2s.; Collector's Marks (Fagan), 1918, last edition, £4 4s.; Smollett's Novels, 6 vols., fine set, 1806, £4 10s.; Fielding's Works, 10 vols., 1806, fine set, £5 10s.; Chamberlain's Foundations of the 19th Century, 2 vols., 25s.; Leslie Stephen's English Thought in the 18th Century, 2 vols., 30s.; Handley Cross, Sponge's Sporting Tour, Plain or Ringlets, Hawbuck Grange, Romford Hounds, Ask Mamma, complete set, illustrated by Leech, etc., 6 vols., £5 10s.; Mark Twain's Works, Author's édition de luxe, 23 vols., £30; Rudyard Kipling's Verse, "Inclusive" edition, 3 vols., 1919, £3 3s.; Bret Harte's Works, handsome set, 10 vols., 1901, £6 6s.; Symonds's Essays Speculative and Suggestive, 1893, 21s.; Cockney Adventures, quaint cuts, 1838, £2 2s.; Œuvres de Molière, illustrated by Tony Johannot, Paris, 1835, 2 vols., 30s.; Crockett's Novels, 24 vols., £5 5s.; George Eliot's Works, "Cabinet" edition, 20 vols., £6 6s.; Oliver Goldsmith's Works, édition de luxe, 10 vols., £4 10s.; Meteyard's Choice Examples of Wedgwood Art, folio, 1879, £3 3s.; Swinburne's Posthumous Poems, hand-made paper edition, only 300 copies done, 30s.; Max Beerbohm's Cartoons, "The Second Childhood of John Bull," folio, 21s.; Vanity Fair, numerous coloured cartoons, 50 vols., £10 10s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1705, £2 2s.; Solon's Italian Majolica, 21s.; Whistler's Ten O'clock, 1st edition, £2 2s.; The Day's Doings, 4 vols., folio, 1871, rare, £4 4s.; Prints and Drawings by F. Brangwyn, £2 12s. 6d.; Bentley's Miscellany, 36 vols., illustrated by Cruikshank, Leech, etc., 1837–54, £10 10s.; Becker's The Nightless City, curious illustrations, being a History of Prostitution in Japan, £5 5s.; Chaucer's Works, 1532 edition, with Introduction by Skeat, limited issue, £4 4s.; Noyes's First Edition, Forty Singing Seamen, presentation copy to Watts Dunton from the Author, 50s.; Forest of Wild Thyme, 1905, 50s.; Drake, 2 vols., 1906–8, 30s.; The Loom of Years, 1902, rare, £3 3s.; Cuala Press Broadsides, complete set, 1908–15, £4 4s.; Memoires

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BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham.

MARIE CLAIRE'S WORKSHOP. By Marguerite Audoux. Translated by F. S. Flint. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Marie Claire's Workshop," an English translation of which has recently been brought out by Mr. J. S. Flint—a quite admirable translation—possesses all that tender, wistful charm and easy unforced pathos that characterised Marguerite Audoux's "Marie Claire." The story of life in a Parisian dressmaker's shop, with leading episodes in the histories of the principal employés, is told with a sympathy, with a right choice of detail, and with an easy avoidance of sentimentality that make the chronicle of the rise and decline of the atelier absorbingly interesting. Superficially it is a grey, drab narrative; but told as Marguerite Audoux tells it—with rare delicacy and precision—it becomes quite an idyll. So true it is that subject-matter is nothing, and treatment everything.

The Bookman's Table.

A SCORE IN METRE. By Thomas Sharpe. 5s net. (Fifield).

Mr. Thomas Sharpe is a new name in verse. He is not a Jazz poet or eccentric of any sort. His view and voice are quite his own, but he stands upon the ancient ways of song, and writes in the universal language of poetry that is common to Sappho and to Shelley. In the main his note is devotional, and he has achieved the rare distinction of writing religious poetry that has power and style—how rare that distinction is let readers of "Lyra Sacra" confess. Indeed, a fine sense of beauty and dignity in words, together with a cheerful radiance of vision may be called Mr. Sharpe's most noticeable gifts. The poems are not all of a kind. There are London pieces and a few that just glance at the war. Mr. Sharpe is evidently careful to give us nothing unworthy of himself and his art. The standard of all the poems is very high, and lovers of poetry will greet his name with respect.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA. Vols. III and IV. By F. W. Fitzsimons, F.Z.S., F.R.M.S., etc. 12s. 6d. each vol. (Longmans.)

With these two volumes Mr. Fitzsimons completes his series on the mammals of South Africa. They are distinctly practical books, giving in plain, simple language the characteristics and peculiarities of the many mammals known to inhabit Africa south of the Zambesi and Arneve rivers. The animals are dealt with in classification order, Volume III beginning with the antelopes, and Volume IV completing the work with the Aard Vark, or Earth Hog. Between these two orders of Ungulata and Edentata we have the many diverse orders ranging in size and point of importance from the shrew and the mouse to the rhinoceros and the elephant. The chapter on the elephant is particularly informative, and serves to enhance our respect for this remnant of the age of monstrous physical frames. We humans "could with advantage learn a good deal" from the elephant in respect to "fellow-feeling, loyalty and attachment for one another." There are a few short sections devoted to water mammalia, as whales and seals, though these, we are told, should have been used in the previous volumes. We must heartily congratulate the author on the arrangement of the work. The "Systematic Index" he gives is an introduction in itself. A special and most important feature of the work is the set of excellent illustrations. They are exceedingly well done, and they serve to make the book of value not merely to the student, but to the general reader as well.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C 4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The April Bookman, a Spring Double Number, in addition to all usual features and special articles by well-known writers on literature, music and the drama, will contain a fully illustrated Supplement dealing with the new books of the season.

Adjudication on the large number of MSS received in our Two Hundred and Fifty Guineas First Novel Prize Competition has been almost completed and we hope to announce the result in the April Bookman.

The latest addition to Messrs. Constable's admirable Makers of the Nineteenth Century series is a volume on "Cecil Rhodes" (15s. net) by Basil Williams, the general editor of the series, and author of the "Life of William Pitt." Our April Number will contain a Bookman Gallery article on Mr. Basil Williams and his work, by Captain Francis D. Grierson.

An important autobiography, described by Lord Northcliffe as "*the* autobiography of our time," is "Edward Bok," by Edward Bok, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing. It tells how, from small and unpromising beginnings, by sheer hard work and enterprise and the shrewd use of his natural abilities, Mr. Bok rose to be one of the most successful of men and famous of editors.

"Wayside Trees and How to Know Them," by Forster Robson, is the first volume in a new "How to Know Them" series which Mr. Thornton Butterworth has in preparation. Mr. Robson is his own artist, and has illustrated his book with a frontispiece in colour, collotype plates from pencil drawings and numerous pen-and ink sketches. "Wayside Trees," which is just out, will be followed shortly by "Resident Birds," by E. F. M. Elms; "Roses and Rose Gardens" and "Town Gardening."

The latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's admirable Story of the Nations series is "Belgium: From the Roman Invasion to the Present Day," by Emile Cammaerts—the first complete history of the Belgian nation from its origins to its present situation to be published in this country.

"Coquette," a new novel by Frank Swinnerton, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.



Photo by Keith Dannett. **Mr. Charles Kingston,**
whose "Remarkable Rogues" Mr. John Lane is publishing.

Another new publisher, Mr. Perkin Warbeck, is signifying his arrival by the publication of three books of verse, the first of which "Mice and Other Poems," by Gerald Bullett, contains a preface by Sir A. Quiller-Couch.

A book of drawings in colour by Mr. Starr Wood, "Dances You Have Never Seen," with a dissertation on dancing by C. N., will be published this month by Messrs. Angold

With its 1921 issue, the *Musical Directory* (8s.; Rudall, Carte & Co.) arrives within one year of its seventieth anniversary. Its lists of professors, teachers and traders in London and the provinces, with brief accounts of musical institutions, colleges, academies, charities, and other such information, make it a helpful, indispensable handbook for all connected with the professional or business sides of the musical world.

Dr. G. C. Williamson has written a series of essays on authors, books and miniatures, "Behind My Library Door," which Messrs. Selwyn & Blount are publishing this spring.

The practical value of occultism in everyday life is the subject of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's "Investigations in Occultism," which Messrs. Putnams have in the press.

In "The Greek Tradition" Mr. J. A. K. Thomson proved himself a scholar of ripe judgment and a writer with a style that had both strength and charm. In "Greeks and Barbarians," just published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin (8s. 6d. net), he returns to a subject he has made his own and, by a method partly critical, partly historical, contrasts and elucidates the mental and moral ideals out of which Western civilisation has grown and shows how Hellenism was born of the conflict between Greek and Barbarian.

Miss M. Morgan Gibbon, whose first novel, "Jan," met with a very favourable reception last autumn, has finished a second book, "Helen Marsden," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing shortly.

"The Right to Strike," one of the ablest and most successful of last year's plays, presented the economic and moral aspects of the strike problem with a poignancy of human feeling and dramatic effectiveness which made such a powerful appeal to crowded audiences that the performance was not infrequently interrupted by emotional outbreaks of hissing or applause. The play has been translated into an equally forcible novel by Ernest Hutchinson and George Goodchild under the same title ("The Right to Strike," 2s. 6d. net), and is published by Messrs. Robert Hayes, Limited.



Mr. John Payne,
whose "Posthumous Poems" are reviewed in this Number.

Sir H. Rider Haggard, whose new novel, "She and Allan," is just published by Messrs. Hutchinson, was born in 1856. He was originally destined for the Foreign Office, but in his twentieth year accepted a sudden opportunity to go abroad to Africa as private secretary to the late Sir Henry Bulwer on his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Natal. In 1876 Rider Haggard accompanied Sir Theophilus Shepstone (of whose staff he is now the only survivor) on the historical Special Mission to the Transvaal, and when that country was annexed to the British Empire ran up the Union Jack on its formal hoisting over the new colony. After the annexation he was appointed Master of the High Court of the Transvaal, being the youngest man who ever held a mastership. He also served as Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Pretorian Horse, a corps raised at the time of the Zulu War. On his return to England in 1880, he married the daughter of the late Major Margitson, a soldier well known in Norfolk. He went back to Africa a little later and lived for a short time near Newcastle in Natal, in the house with which readers of "Jess" will be familiar. On his return to England he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn.



Sir H. Rider Haggard,

whose new romance, "She and Allan," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

From a painting by W. Strang, A.R.A.

It was while he was studying for the Bar that he determined to try his hand at fiction. He had already written a number of articles and a political history of Africa. His first novel, "There Remaineth a Rest," was rewritten on a friend's advice, and a happier ending substituted. This was published under the title of "Dawn," and met with a certain amount of success. "The Witch's Head" followed, but it was "King Solomon's Mines" which brought him into world-wide repute, and incidentally, as he has been heard to remark, destroyed his prospect of success at the Bar, since solicitors are not eager to employ an advocate who has committed the crime of showing imaginative power!

The MS. of "King Solomon's Mines" was rejected by one or two publishers, but eventually came into the hands of W. E. Henley and Andrew Lang, who promptly recommended it to Messrs. Cassell, who published the book in 1886. In this story first appears Allan Quatermain, who reappears in "She and Allan," and has been a public favourite in fiction for no less than thirty-five years. The Bar having become impossible to him, Rider Haggard decided, not without groundless misgivings, to devote himself to literature. "She," perhaps his most popular story, was written in about six weeks and published in 1887. "Jess," "Maiwa's Revenge" and "Colonel Quaritch, V.C." followed, each adding to his reputation. His career has not been devoted entirely to writing fiction. He is a recognised authority on agricultural and rural affairs, and has written several highly important books on the subject. He has always been, and remains, a great traveller, having, amongst other expeditions, journeyed twice round the world. At home, he has been an active magistrate for over thirty years, and on several occasions has been nominated a Commissioner of the Crown. As the special representative of the Royal Colonial Institute he visited all the self-governing Dominions during the war to arrange for the post-war settlement of ex-soldiers and sailors on the land in various parts of the Empire. His new work, "She and Allan," which is illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A., tells of the first and last meeting of the old hunter, Allan Quatermain, and of the Zulu warrior, Umslopogaas, with the splendid and fickle She-who-must-be-obeyed in the ruins of Kôr, and of the many adventures that befell them there.

Literary taste is much too variable a quality to be described in the singular number, but most of us unite in confessing that we can always enjoy a good detective story; one distinguished and scholarly critic recently declared that nowadays it was the only sort of novel he really liked reading.

He will not be alone in liking to read "The Mysterious Affair at Styles" (7s. 6d.; John Lane), the first novel of Mrs. Agatha Christie, and the most ingenious and absorbingly interesting tale of sensation and mystery we have read for a long time. Mrs. Christie knows all the tricks, and does them with the cunningest skill, in an easy and attractive style that must have come by nature, for she has only just begun to practise. She says she has always been fond of detective stories. She wrote this first of her own as the result of a bet that she could not produce a story in which the reader, though given access to the same clues as the detective, would be unable to "spot" the murderer; and, if justice has been done, she must have collected the money. When she was Miss Miller, before she married Colonel Archibald Christie, C.M.G., D.S.O., in 1914, Mrs. Christie lived at Torquay, and during the war she took up dispensing, and worked there as a dispenser at the Red Cross Hospital; which may account for the girl dispenser in "The Mysterious Affair at Styles." She is at present engaged on a thriller of the most pronounced type, dealing with the adventures of a boy and girl couple who are seeking a job and find themselves involved in mysterious and exciting happenings; and has finished a series of detective stories concerning some of the cases solved by Hercule Poirot, the quaint little Belgian detective who figures so prominently in the Styles affair. We take pride to ourselves that with her first poem, "Harlequin's Song," Mrs. Christie won a prize in our monthly lyric competition, and owns it was this that encouraged her to go on writing.



Photo by Rita Martin. **Mrs. Agatha Christie.**

We have received from Messrs. Lafleur & Son the first Number of *Alliance Musicale*, a bi-monthly musical magazine devoted to all interested in orchestral and instrumental music. Notes on orchestral and musical news, and articles on "The Rise of the Violin in England," "The Orchestral Conductor," "Shakespeare's London Theatres," "The Story of the Beggar's Opera," the origin of the ballad opera, and an account of the beginnings and progress of the firm of Lafleur & Son make up a varied and interesting miscellany that augurs well for the success of the new venture.

Another excellent first Number, that of *Music and Youth*, a new monthly edited by E. M. G. Reed, reaches us from Messrs. Evans Bros. It appeals both to pupils and teachers, its purpose being to make the study of music easy and attractive to the young. There is a musical competition and musical puzzles; first exercises and studies for the piano, and a number of varied and well-written articles that deftly combine instruction with entertainment, including one on Grieg, the first in a series of "Lives of Musicians," by the editor.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Mr. R. L. Gales's "Old World Essays" (8s. 6d.; Daniel O'Connor) have all the charm and genial humour that we have learned to expect of the author of "Studies in Arcady." Whether he is writing of "Peasant Christianity," of "Heathen Folk-Lore," of "Poems, Bad and Good," or "Street Games Old and New," he always has something to say and his own way of saying it. He is as interested in life as in books, and gossips of both with shrewd good sense, a gracious idealism, and large discursiveness that make delightful reading and leave you the wiser for what you have read.

After reading the stories of some of our psycho-analysts it is refreshing to read one by Mr. Pett Ridge, who does not put on any scientific frills, but in spite of all temptations retains his delightful sense of humour and remains a novelist. In "Bannerton's Agency" (7s. 6d. net; Methuen) he has written a story of London life and character that, being true to the better as well as to the worse side of both, is intimately realistic without being merely unpleasant. Briefly, it is the story of how Grace Lennard left a good situation to marry a man who was an inveterate shirker, a drifter, and not fond of work; and of how, a practical, energetic young person herself, she took both their lives into her own hands and, in the result, made a man of her husband and a happy woman of herself. The book and its very miscellaneous company of men and women are all alive, and the whole tale, despite, or because of, all the sentiment and pathos that blend with its humour, is an excellently entertaining comedy.

"The Lure of the Honeybird," by J. Weedon Birch (7s. 6d. net; G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch), is a capital romance of love and adventure in Matabeleland, told by one who is obviously familiar with the place and its people. It is crowded with incident and dramatic surprises. Pete, the sinister half-caste, brings villainy into it and something of tragedy; and the romance of it gathers about Marie,

the daughter of Hardman, and about the son and daughter of the old settler Cranbourne, who were kidnapped as small children and brought up among the natives, the revelation of their identities at a critical hour clearing away certain apparently racial obstacles and making a happy ending possible. A thoroughly readable yarn.

Even though Mr. Maxwell Lauric may take too many liberties with the long arm of coincidence, he has in "The Black Blanket" (8s. 6d. net; Werner Laurie) written a first novel that makes uncommonly good reading. His pictures of life in a West Indian island are admirable, and his story of David Sheldon and the tragic vicissitudes that result from his having to live under suspicion of being a half-caste is one that holds the reader's interest throughout.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JOHN COURNOS.

SINCE the dim days when "Beowulf" was being sung to Saxon warriors, while over against them, round Gaelic fires, the men were being encouraged by Arthurian stories of derring-do, two streams of widely different literature have flowed from human minds. The two streams—that of the faery tale and actual life—do not mingle; but they flow side by side. The same age produces both; in fact, one may say that every age has produced them, for we have the early Saxon Chroniclers on the one hand and Giraldus Cambrensis on the other; we have Chaucer and Malory, Shakespeare and Spenser, Hardy and Tennyson, Theodore Dreiser and Hewlett. The one, looking back to an heroic past, says: "Here is the Ideal. Let us seek to bring heaven upon earth and, dreaming of the Golden Age, recreate it." The other, sceptical of past glories, dealing with men and matters as they are, leaves it to humankind to develop as it must.

The faery story—the story of things as they are not, as they cannot be—is immensely popular. If a woman is not loved, lovely and a queen, she would like to dope herself for a brief hour into the belief that she is. She would take refuge from hard facts in imaginary happiness. It may be enervating to do so, may leave her less able to battle for real joys, but, like a candle in a darkened room, it is a solace.

The story that deals with life, the life of to-day, the life which Wells tries to, and sometimes does, depict (which he would do better if he were not always in such a hurry), is stiffer material. It urges us to give our minds to the consideration of problems, to think. It says: "This is the state of affairs, here is a human story, these things happened to these people," and, in the end, most of us push aside the "happy ever after" book in favour of strong meat.

It is such a story—a story of actual happenings—a story without traditions, rigidly confined to the present—which John Cournos began in "The Mask," which he has continued in his just-published novel, "The Wall" (Methuen), and which he proposes to go on with in later books.



Mr. John Cournos.

When he wrote "The Mask" he had some difficulty in finding for it a publisher, on the ground, no doubt, that mice do not bring forth mountains; but once a sufficiently courageous mouse was found, the book leapt into a sort of fame; and it will be strange, indeed, if with the passage of time that fame does not increase. "The Mask" was published in England and America, where it received those column-long notices which so warm the heart of a writer. It was translated into French, German, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian. It was mentioned in connection with the "Hawthornden" prize (which, however, was awarded to Mr. John Freeman for verse), and it was generally conceded to be great after the manner of Romain Rolland's "Jean Cristophe," as great, but different.

Hitherto Mr. Cournos had only been known as a translator of Russian novels, of Sologub; but, while he worked on the art of another, his subconscious mind was busy with his own series—the story of a woods-goblin who became a newspaper boy in Philadelphia and later a newspaper man. For twelve years the seed had been germinating; at last it puts forth a leaf!

That "The Mask" should have so easily found its public is surprising. As a rule, big and original work repels rather than attracts. The reader finds in it something outside his experience. It may be good; it may be the reverse. As he is anxious not to make a mistake, the book is generally shelved for consideration—and while appreciation is growing the artist starves. That this fate has not overtaken Mr. Cournos is probably due to the fact that his book owes nothing, articulately, to the past, that it stands as clear of tradition, convention, the social shibboleth, as if novel-writing were his patent and this the first specimen ever made. For him the rules, canons, standards of

other writers simply do not exist. He makes his own. It is not that he differs from the authorities, but that he has not happened to notice there are any. He has written, therefore, as Neanderthal man drew, that is, of the things about him, the things he sees; and these things—industrialism as symbolised by the Three Chimneys in "The Wall"; industrialism as it presses on the lives of the people—are of almost universal interest. It is the fact that he is dealing with the day in which he lives and with the main preoccupation of that day, that has so quickly brought him to the notice not only of novel readers, but of the more intelligent members of a cosmopolitan public. He has something to say, and when a man says his say loudly, earnestly, and in a convincing manner, people will listen. Once they have yielded to his insistent "lend me your ears," it is for him to hold his audience; and this John Cournos does in several ways.

His subject is intriguing; he thinks, but he also stimulates thought in others. Baruch, old Gombarov, and more particularly John, the main character of the book (or books), question and leave us to answer the questions.

"Is it possible," thought Gombarov, "that civilisation with all its fine ideals, actually dehumanises one, makes one incapable of living normally, and inflicts upon one a Janus nature which faces in opposite directions, and renders it impossible to live either an ideal or a sensual life?"

Humanity may be roughly divided into those who follow authority, and a minority that prefers to think for itself. The latter find in "The Mask" and "The Wall" a suggestive symbolism, as when youth, hungry and clamorous, cries in the house of life, cries to deaf ears: "And though he went on crying his cry through the house, no one seemed to hear him, for they were all thinking of the dead." It is what we spend so much of our time doing; it is perhaps the reason that the great artists vouchsafed to us are not recognised until —yes, until their dead ears cannot hear the longed-for plaudits.

The reader, caught by the subject, held by the thought and symbolism, finds in "The Mask" and "The Wall" yet something more. The writing is often slipshod—at times Mr. Cournos seems to be lost in a desert of tedious words, a desert arid as Sahara; yet there is purpose in his journeyings, and much may be forgiven a man who can turn to us with: "One day Spring appeared with, as yet, a shy smile"; who can say of the girl, Raya: "Quiet, domestic, self-effacing, she was rather neglected. Her heart of gold lay quietly and deeply within her; and, covered by homeliness, as gold is often covered by the homely earth, it gave out no glitter"; who can lead us to some such oasis of beauty as the following: "Night lay upon the earth, tender and menacing. The earth yielded to his darkness, to his tenderness, to his menace. She yielded helplessly and unwillingly. She did not like his cold arms, his brooding face, his cavernous unfathomable eyes, his sepulchral silence. She lay quiet and inert, yielding to his embrace, waiting patiently for the coming of the sun, her lover and deliverer"; or give us poignant imagery such as: "From time to time realisation penetrated the fog in which she was immersed, like a bird with a small beak of fire, and it pecked at her heart with small hot stabs, very small at first, but growing deeper and bolder and more frequent. The little beak of fire continued to peck at her heart, while under her heart a new life stirred."

Beauty of writing, that beauty born of thought fused into flaming utterance, is the something more that Cournos has given us.

"The Mask" is the story of a "woods-goblin more familiar with the soft rustle of trees than with the harsh twang of men," whose family emigrates from Russia while he is still a child. Losing their money, they cross Europe to seek refuge in what they fondly imagine will prove a city of brotherly love, only to find themselves caught in the whirl of a civilisation more ruthless than the primitive conditions they have left—so that to them, "civilisation appeared to be inverted barbarism." John, starting work when only eleven, eventually becomes the mainstay of the family. In "The Wall" we learn how hardly this presses on his youth, "but the chaos of his existence strove towards orderliness, his torments towards peace, his pain towards beauty." The book ends when, as love—and John, as Edgar Jepson said of Hamlet, was "a washout as a lover"—has failed to teach him his lesson, and work has proved a mere wastage of the fires of youth, he leaves America for England, and, leaving, finds that for him, life is "just beginning."

The books might have had as an alternative title, "Childhood and Youth." This melancholy Russian Jew, engaged on a life history, the size of which puts to shame the modest trilogies of Arnold Bennett and J. D. Beresford, is the most ambitious writer of the day. His conception is mountainous. Unable to think episodically, he passes through a series of moods, each of which, lasting a couple of years, produces, not a complete work but one phase of a whole. Standing, as we must, close to this unfinished mass, it is difficult for us to estimate its size or appraise its value; while the flaws in it, the inequalities of the writing, the clumsy handling of much of the material, are only too apparent. The Queen who made the plum-pudding put in lumps of fat "as big as my two thumbs," and similarly Mr. Cournos drops in chunks of thought and discussion which are not pertinent to the story. But the Queen boiled her pudding until the fat made part of a savoury whole, while Mr. Cournos has left much of his raw. I was not surprised to hear that one publisher recommended him to study the novels of other, possibly inferior, and certainly less ambitious writers. He could do so to his gain. Novel-writing is more than an art, it is also a craft, and, while his originality is his own and will not be influenced by anything he reads, he could learn from others how to make his effects with less waste of energy, how to select; could say: "I see, that's how he does it." Conrad, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser—to mention only three of the writers who have handled effectively the big theme, show in their work a sense of proportion and construction. At present Mr. Cournos lacks this sense, but then, as with the main character of his book, so with him—life is just beginning! How many books has he written? Only two.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

THE READER.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721-1771).

By George Saintsbury.

WHEN Smollett was born two hundred years ago, he made up the "foursome" of writers who were to lay the foundations—and something more than the foundations—of the great structure of the English novel. But no one of them had as yet done a stroke of work that way, unless Richardson's early practice as secretary-for-love-letters to servant-maids be counted in. It was, indeed, more than thirty years since the future author of "Pamela" was born; but nearly another twenty were to pass before he begat (somewhat in his own likeness except in sex and good looks) that ingenious compromise between business and virtue. Fielding was at Eton; and though it is probable that Sterne, even at eight years old, had already made up to some young damsel of equal maturity, he can scarcely have begun to make "copy" of his flames. But in actual novel-production Smollett, of course profiting by the example of two of his elders, was much the most precocious of the four. Richardson, as has been said, if indirectly, was over fifty when he published "Pamela"; Fielding, though he had produced many plays and had probably written some other fiction, was thirty-five when "Joseph Andrews" appeared; and Sterne, waiting more than as long after Smollett to publish as he had been born before him, was forty-seven when "Tristram Shandy" introduced not so much himself as other people to the British public. But Smollett was only seven-and-twenty when, after the then and at other times usual false starts with poem and play, he struck into his own line with "Roderick Random."



Tobias Smollett.

This comparative earliness—it must be remembered that a beginner now even at seventeen would be nothing like so early—is to some extent explicable by the special character of the book, and also by the special character of the man's genius, though the explanation does not derogate from that genius itself. "Roderick Random" is, as "Pamela," "Joseph Andrews" and "Tristram Shandy" are not, a novel which not merely may be said to have possible patterns of at least suggestion—that may be said of the others—but which belongs to a definitely constituted and pre-existing class, the picaresque. It freshens and reforms the model, as compared with Spanish, French and English forerunners, most remarkably. It is quite different from Defoe; and you may overhaul Mr. Esdaile's invaluable catalogue of our pre-Richardsonian romance-writers without finding any one else of whom Smollett is even the pupil. But it can hardly disclaim membership of an already recognised species. And it was the less likely *not* to be such a member because of the peculiar character of its author's gifts. Thackeray's sentence, "I fancy he did not invent much," has, I believe, been quarrelled with as well as endorsed; but I have no doubt myself of its correctness. Thackeray was a most uncertain critic, but it would be difficult to catch him out in matters where his own craft was concerned, and where his critical judgment was not obscured by moral or sentimental mists. Nor need any admirer of Scotland's first great novelist in order of time, and perhaps her second in that of merit, be offended at the apparent limitation. After all, *mimesis*, though it may be misleading to translate it "imitation," covers observation as well as experiment; and it would not be mere "fighting a prize" to contend that invention is rather more the business of the pure romancer than of the novelist. But these generalities are sterile things. Let us turn to the much fruitfuller business of seeing what Smollett actually was and actually did.

The "was" need not take us very long; indeed, it may almost be dispatched with the satisfactory formula, "a much better fellow than you might at first think." It is of course possible, by looking at the debit side only, to run up a rather ugly account against him. You not infrequently want at least an ounce of civet to overpower his coarseness, and a good deal more than an ounce of chivalry to counterbalance his brutality. One longs for some one to give Master Roderick a thorough good setting down first; and, if he resented it, a comfortable pass through the ribs which might allow him a month or two in bed to cool his blood and clear out his gall-bladder. Much more does one long for some one to thrash Master "Perry" within an inch of his life; while the strictest *lex talionis* might insist on his being permanently disfigured and crippled, if not

indeed subjected to that extremity of retribution which was so nearly inflicted on a character in Richardson. The taking money for fathering Lady Vane's pornography was not pretty, nor was the "Habakkuk Hilding" business, though it must be admitted that Fielding himself was not quite guiltless there. The "Travels" are a triumph of *ill*-temper, and the "Adventures of An Atom" a desert of rancorous dullness. Let it be so. But everybody who really knows the eighteenth century knows that the ugly features here were real features of the time, presented without a veil by a nature more vigorous than refined; while ill-health and rough, if not exactly bad, fortune exasperated a naturally pugnacious disposition. On the other hand Smollett seems to have had a great deal of that "surly good nature" which is one of the historical characteristics uniting South and North Britain, and not the worst of them; he was admittedly most charitable, in deed if not in word; and I have myself always thought his letter to Wilkes in favour of Johnson's "Frank" (to be easily found in Boswell) not only curious and characteristic, but rather charming in its way. The candid acknowledgment, half jesting as it is, of the position of the "Great *Cham* of Literature"; the grumble, "he and I were never cater-cousins" (indeed, except politically, they had hardly anything in common), and the patient, full and essentially good-natured, if not quite accurate putting of the facts of the case so as to get indulgence if possible, make it very difficult to think otherwise than pleasantly of Smollett as a man.



The house in which Smollett was born and column raised to his memory, at Dalquhurn, Cardross.

From an old print.

But what he "was" in this sense—though it may have mattered a good deal to the lady whom men called Miss Anne Lascelles, and gods, as some would have it, "Narcissa," to his friends, to his enemies, and perhaps to himself—matters very little, if anything, to posterity, whatever certain busybodies among the said posterity may think. The matter for us is what he *did*—that is to say, what he was as a writer, and above all—so much above all that nothing else comes in much—as a novelist. "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn," is not very bad rhetorical verse; and the "History," which is most freely obtainable as bound up with that of his countryman, Mr. David Hume, is fair reading; while the translations to which he put his name, and in which he may have had more or less hand, are not bad translations. He seems, by Johnson's own testimony, to have infused into the *Critical Review*, which he edited, something better than a mere Grub Street spirit. But if these things had stood by themselves he would have been to us but as his own "copious Guthrie," or, to go a little higher, as Dr. John Campbell. Not with such is to be classed the author even of "Ferdinand Count Fathom" and "Sir Lancelot Greaves," still less of "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle; least of all of "Humphry Clinker."

I have sometimes wondered, though perhaps idly, what is the exact position of Smollett on what may be called the literary Stock and Share List of to-day? Editions of him still continue to appear—which, after all, is the principal point. The taste for "strong" things—I purposely use a convenient and widely connoting adjective—which came in with the nineties, and has scarcely gone out yet, should have favoured, and in some cases certainly did favour, him. But it seems to me that one does not often, at least as often as formerly, perceive those fragmentary and floating references to him in the literary work of the actual day which are the best test of sempervirescence, and which certainly did appear for more than a century after his death. Scott was born in the very year in which Smollett died; and before Scott's own death both Thackeray and Dickens had begun to write. To all three, and to a very large number of the literary contemporaries of all three, Smollett was evidently *archi-connu*. They had, to something like a certainty, read him early; and Roderick and Strap, Trunnion and Hatchway, Morgan and Lismahago, Tabitha and Winifred—if not, also, the grimmer pictures of "Fathom" and the oddly blended "interiors" of "Sir Lancelot Greaves," were members of their mental family and furniture of their spiritual home. I would venture (with all proper fear and trembling before a possible rebuke from my youthful betters) to say that it was not very different with me and with a certain number of my own contemporaries, though perhaps in smaller proportion than had been the case earlier. But does this familiarity continue? I do not say it does not; but *if* it does not I think it is a pity. And let none say, "Oh! we've plenty of better things, or at least of good enough things of our own." So, one may again timidly urge, had the earlier generations—or so they might think. 1770–1800 was perhaps worst off in this respect, but, after all, besides the rubbish of the mere Terror School and the Minerva Press, it had Fanny Burney and Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Inchbald, Godwin and Beckford, Moore and Bage. 1800–1830 had Scott and Miss Austen—*quid plures?* And immediately afterwards began the absolute harvest-time of the English novel from Dickens to Meredith. Yet people could read all these all this time and not leave



The combat between Roderick and Captain Weazel.

From "Roderick Random."



The three black hairs.

From "Peregrine Pickle."

Smollett unread. One at least hopes that it is not otherwise now.

Of course it may be said, not without justice, that fresh accumulations inevitably obscure to some extent the first constituents of the heap. And that historical interest which adds so much to the enjoyment of those who *can* enjoy it, may not reasonably be expected to appeal to many. But it would, once more, be a very great pity if Smollett ceased to be read. That he is one of the very greatest of novelists nobody can contend, save in a freak, or because of some extra-literary partiality. But as it has been confessed by wine-lovers of unblemished orthodoxy that the very greatest growths and vintages are not those one cares to drink oftenest, so a practised novel reader may admit that something similar happens with novels, and that the second growths are here also best suited for repeated consumption. Now in this article of re-readableness Smollett scores. I should myself put Fielding much above him on all intellectual and most æsthetic considerations; I should (to use a common form of expression, which is a nearly perfect example of a "bull") be more sorry not to have read all Fielding's novels than I should be to have missed any one of Smollett's, even "Humphry Clinker." But, with the counter-exception of "Joseph Andrews," I am not sure that for mere re-reading as a pastime, say, in a country inn on a rainy day, I had not rather find one of Smollett's. And the causes of this re-readableness are perhaps worth examining. That he has few or none of the digressions — the *parabases* — which annoy some people so much in Fielding and Thackeray; of the retrospects and recitals which occur in novelists so different in character and date as Scott and Trollope; must undoubtedly be counted in, though not universally. For some of us *do* enjoy the first kind of "stuffing," and others, or the same, have been gifted by Providence with the invaluable power of skipping with ease what they enjoy with difficulty. A *verior causa*, or at least one of wider application, is his remarkable combination of plenty of incident, well told, and plenty of character sufficiently delineated.



Strap's misfortune in the Dining Cellar.

From "Roderick Random."

The first characteristic is of course the *sine qua non* of the adventure-novelist, whether his subject is a ride from Paris to Calais in spite of all the force and fraud of a Cardinal Richelieu, or a valetudinarian visit to Bath. But it is comparatively seldom that adventure-novelists have combined with their tale-telling faculty such a gift of characterisation as that which Smollett possessed. And it is perhaps in reference to this last that examination of his genius is most interesting. For sheer narrative power—the gift of telling a tale so that the auditor cannot choose but hear, and has no wish but to hear—is one of the ultimate mysteries of art. It cannot be analysed; and those who have tried to analyse it have, saving their reverences, seldom talked to any purpose. But the different fashions of what we may call life-presentation in fiction are somewhat less "kittle" to deal with. To schedule them completely here would be of course impossible; but this brief notice would be incomplete without, and may fitly be completed with, a word or two on the fashions which Smollett himself could and could not provide. Of what may be called "poetical" character—using the adjective in its transferred and common sense, as well as in its original one of "creative"—he had no mastery, and at this he made no attempt. You are not to look in him for a Hamlet or a Falstaff, a Beatrix Esmond or a Becky Sharp. He did not, and no doubt could not, analyse like Richardson; nor work out a complicated plot with perfectly live characters like Fielding; nor indulge in fugues of eccentric fantasy like Sterne. But he could reinforce that sheer narrative gift which has been attributed to him with a remarkable

command of "humours" in the older as well as the more modern sense of the word—humours national, professional and individual—which seldom offend in either of the two directions in which such humours often sin—that of over-prominence in the particular case, and that of failing to get on with the general business. It is curious how *adequate*—granting the general scheme of the books and not asking them for what they do not offer—this characterisation, slight and superficial as it may seem to some, really is. For an outside and unhackneyed example, take Jerry Melford's letters to his friend at Jesus. Smollett can have had no interior knowledge of Oxford, and the eighteenth century notices of university life are, as a rule, by no means "convincing," yet, somehow or other, the slight touches here ring sufficiently true.

Now, to tell your story without stammering or boring, and to keep your puppets (even if they *be* puppets) "never *out*," are accomplishments not precisely attributable to the first-comer, or to many others besides the first-comer, among novelists. But the author of "Roderick Random" showed his possession of them at once, and the author of "Humphry Clinker" left examples of them to posterity in a vastly improved degree.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR.

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

A FEW weeks ago I heard Elgar's new 'Cello Concerto at the Queen's Hall. The solo was played most admirably by Miss Beatrice Harrison, whom I pause to salute as a player of genius, with the touch of personality that labour can develop but never bestow. No quantity of pains that you take (or inflict) will make you a genius on viol, lute or shawm. Labour will make you technically dexterous, but it will not give you the mysterious something that distinguishes genius from talent, the interpreter from the recorder. Immediately after the Elgar Concerto came Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," which I had heard and liked at its first performance here in 1897, and have heard and liked many times since. As I wended homewards, reflecting on the music, it seemed to me that these two pieces were engaged in a kind of conflict. They took at last the shape of two antagonistic forms of art, the art that is thought out, and the art that is felt out. The contest seems worth following, as it may give us a general view of Elgar and what he represents. A general view is certainly all I propose to attempt at the moment.

I am not going to deny that in the art that is thought out there may be a good deal of feeling, and that in the art that is felt out there may be a good deal of thought. The vital difference is that in the one the inspiration is mainly artistic, and in the other mainly intellectual. Now it seemed to me that, however faulty Elgar's concerto may prove when tested by familiarity, it was genuinely felt out, that its inspiration was purely artistic, and that Strauss's tone-poem, with all its camouflage of technical effectiveness, was something elaborately thought out, that its inspiration was mainly intellectual. I believe, in fact, that Strauss thinks in the terms of one art and writes in the terms of another. He is like Berlioz, to whose "Symphonie Fantastique" Strauss's "Tod und Verklarung" is almost exactly parallel. Berlioz was an immensely clever man with a great knowledge of technique; but Berlioz scarcely exists to-day as a musician, because he was a man of letters who tried to express himself in music. Strauss, I feel, is that kind of composer. What captures one at first in his music is its air of literary distinction, and, as this is undeniable and even genuine, one goes on liking him until (as is always the case) the surface wears off, and the nature of the substance exhibits itself. I do not merely mean that Strauss's orchestral pieces are what is called "programme music." That does not matter. A great deal of undescribed music is programme music, and the tendency of time is to wear out the programme, and leave the music—if there is any. Elgar's "Enigma" variations are programme music of which we do not know the programme. Beethoven's great Leonora overture is programme music of which the programme is immaterial; it would remain a superb composition if every other trace of "Fidelio" were lost. The point I make about Strauss is that his compositions are conceived and carried out in the spirit of literature and not in the spirit of music; and what seems to me significant is that he has tended to become more literary and less musical. Consider all his tone-poems from "Don Juan" to "The Domestic Symphony," and you will, I think, admit the truth of this. "Don Quixote" (another 'cello concerto!) is a specially good example, for here he has jumbled his planes, even though in certain passages he has perhaps touched the height of his purely musical achievement. In trying to occupy the desk-chair and the music-stool at once he has come heavily to the ground.

Long before this the patient reader will have been wanting to remark that he had supposed this article was to be about Elgar, and it seems to be about Strauss. I have not forgotten Elgar. In fact, I have been describing him all the time; for the conclusion of my homeward reflections on that conflict of artistic principles was that Elgar's great merit consists in his being just what Richard Strauss is not—or, if you prefer it, in his not being just what Richard Strauss is. There are places in his work where he stumbles; there are places where he is clearly below his best; there are places where he becomes elaborate merely because he is concealing a thin patch of invention with technical display; but I think there is no place in all the work of his I know where he ceases to be a genuine musician, moved by the spirit of music. Where he succeeds, he succeeds as a musician; where he fails, he fails as Beethoven and Brahms sometimes failed, he fails as a musician, without trying for success of an alien order. Elgar is a man of serious and cultivated taste in literature, but he never writes the music of a man of letters.

That he is a genuine musician is the major proposition to be asserted of him; and I think the next is that he

is a genuinely English musician. Some time ago, the art-for-art's-sake people used to maintain that art was universal, not national, and that to talk about British art was as ridiculous as to talk about British mathematics. (Personally I would not talk about either. I know what English is; I do not know what British is.) The fallacy of the contention is obvious. Art is not mathematics. Art is the embodiment of a personality; mathematics is not. The desire for unnational art comes strangely from the countrymen of Shakespeare, for Shakespeare is richly, almost rankly, English. He could not conceivably have been Irish, or Scottish, or Welsh, or French, or Italian or Spanish; and certainly not German. There is the smell of English earth, the touch of English weather, the breadth of English humour, the soul of English character in all that he wrote. Shakespeare is English; Milton might have been translated from the Latin. Elgar's music has an unmistakably English quality. There is nothing of his that could have been written by anyone not English—like Shakespeare, by the way, he is a west-midlander. Whether he writes of Alassio or Spain or Bavaria, he writes as an Englishman. Even when he drops into a sentimental piece like "Salut d'Amour" or a popular tune like the "Pomp and Circumstance" (or "Land of Hope and Glory") refrain, it is English sentiment, English commonness that he achieves. And how, it may be asked, is he specially English? Well, he is strong, sincere, wholesome, reserved, a little self-conscious, humorous without being witty, learned without being pedantic, original without being eccentric, emotional and sentimental without losing restraint and a care for the decencies of life. He puts all of a reverent heart into his work, but he never parades it as a spectacle. He is never showy or bedizened, neither is he ever dowdy or sordid. You might call his music moral, and, in the best sense, it is respectable. It is the music of a country in which conduct is (or was) three parts of life. Think of "Gerontius," the subject of which is the death of a man and the passing of his soul into eternity. How easily a musician with all the resources of a modern orchestra and massed voices could let himself run wild with such a theme! But Elgar is not metaphysical as Brahms would have been, or hysterical as Chaikovsky would have been, or realistic as Strauss would have been, or ecclesiastical as Franck would have been. "Gerontius" is not like the "German Requiem" of Brahms, touched with the dread and fear of death, or like the "Requiem" of Verdi, an outburst of almost romantic emotionalism; it is solemn, sincere and deeply moving, but nobly restrained, and mindful of the power that comes from self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. By a significant chance the part of Gerontius found an ideal exponent in the late Gervase Elwes, himself the embodiment of an English gentleman's deep feeling, restraint and dignity. Elgar's first Symphony is inscribed to a dead king of England; but it is not pompous or abject, and its Funeral March is an elegy, not a shriek. Compare his two symphonies with any two symphonies of Chaikovsky, and you will feel the difference between what is English and what is Russian. Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar; scratch an Englishman and you find a gentleman. Even in the more impersonal Violin Concerto the national character seems to prevail; it is as English as the last movement of the Brahms Concerto is Hungarian. The grace of Elgar is English, not Latin. He does not glitter, and he does not give us, as Debussy does, with French lucidity, a series of epigrams or *choses vues*. Elgar is, as I said, almost self-consciously English, for his favourite musical direction is *Nobilmente*. It is a good word. That is how Cromwell lived and Milton wrote, and Hampden fought, and King Charles died It is how Algernon Sidney went to the scaffold, and how Robert Scott perished in the Antarctic. Elgar's nobility is not a caste possession, and has nothing in common with the brute tyranny of the Junker, or the elaborate ceremony of the *ancien régime*. It is the nobility of soul on which he calls, not the pedantry of quarterings—a truly English nobility, the nobility of a people, of a land where a great peer was also the Great Commoner.

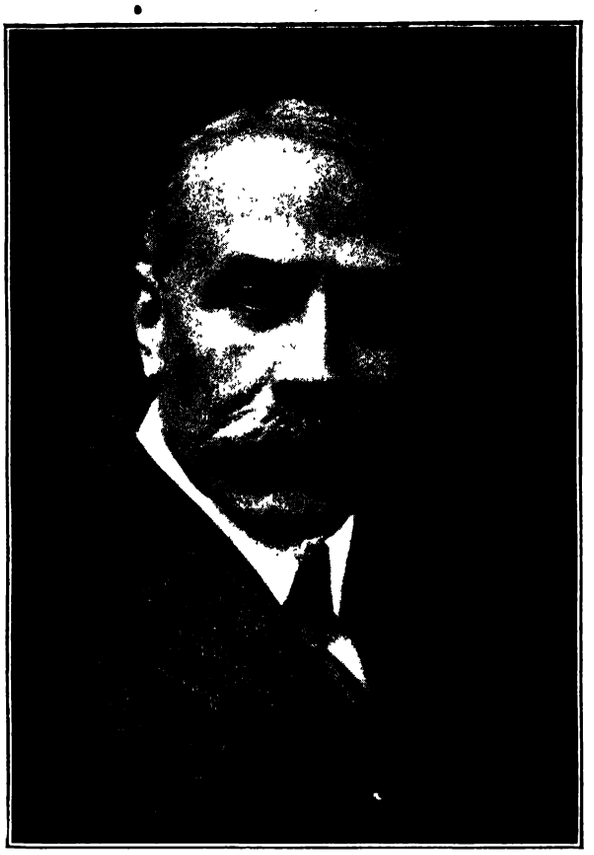


Photo by E. O. Hoppé

Sir Edward Elgar.

Another quality for which he should be praised is that he has never written beyond his means. (In parenthesis I should like to pay a similar tribute to another musician, untimely dead, Samuel Coleridge Taylor, who was not a great composer, but who never tried to delude the public into thinking that he was. He never wrote beyond his means, and his music will endure the longer.) The young English composer of a generation ago set out with an oratorio on the scale of the B minor Mass. The young English composer of a time slightly later began with a mythic trilogy on a scale exceeding "The Ring." The young English composer of recent date procured a quantity of forty-stave music paper, and, having filled every bar of every stave with noises for all possible combinations of instruments (including some new ones), called the product a Symphonic Poem. What early music of Elgar's never came to performance no one but himself can say; but certainly none of his known works overleaped his

capacity. He has never made the mistake of writing his last works first. I heard "King Olaf" and other pieces in the nineties; I heard "The Dream of Gerontius" as soon as it came to London; I attended the Elgar Festival at Covent Garden (and a worse place for hearing his music you could never find); I have heard the first performance of all his later concert works publicly given in London; and I see him through all those years a real musician, developing and expanding as naturally as Beethoven developed from the Septet to the last Quartets.

In that development there are the marks of authentic growth. Elgar has grown out of himself, stage by stage, without any abnormality. Walter Bagehot long ago pointed out that an enduring community is one that has the gift of conservative innovation, of matching new institutions to old. That this is true of art as well as of politics Ruskin knew when he said that men of genius are known by their respect to law and tradition, their work being, not innovation, but a new creation, built upon the foundations laid of old. That is a very important principle. The art of To-day that does not contain a little of Yesterday will not have a To-morrow. We are the heirs of time. The iconoclasts who cry "Let us have done with the Past; we are the men of the Future," ignore the simple, supreme and determining fact that we are all (themselves included) creations of the Past, and can neither make nor receive except as the Past has taught us. Indeed, all that we create is part of the Past as soon as it is created, and it is the living Past or dead Past according as we add to, or merely repeat, the Past that was our forefathers'. The original child who decides to be totally unlike its parents and to have two heads and four hands will perish as the freak it is. "Es klang so alt, und war doch so neu," exclaimed Hans Sachs, when he thought of the puzzling music he had heard. That is the note that all enduring art must have, the note of a genuine ancestry and of a genuine personal quality. Beethoven took the symphony as Mozart left it, and, destroying nothing, made it a new creation. Brahms took the symphony as Beethoven left it, and, changing little made it the vehicle of a real contemporary utterance. Elgar has taken, one by one, all the old classical forms, but he has not been mastered by their shapes or intimidated by their great traditions. His symphonies and concertos are built upon the foundations which were laid by the masters of old, but the building is his own, not an imitation of theirs. His music, with all its homage to the past, is the expression of a new personality. He does not write, he has never written, the Kappelmeister music into which the merely academic mind so readily drops.

At the risk of an anti-climax I will add that another mark of Elgar's greatness is that he can do little things and do them well. He has "magnoperated" with the best, but like the other masters he has known how to unbend, and some of his music has become popular in the best sense. It is not given to many musicians to find a song of theirs become, as "Land of Hope and Glory" has, an accepted unofficial national anthem. I am inclined to think it is a weakness of Elgar that he is afraid of his popular vein—he seems at times to avoid the obvious, and seek the recondite, lest the composer of "The Apostles" should be lured into another "Pomp and Circumstance." "Be not afraid of greatness" was the fatal advice to one whom ambition was to betray. "Be sometimes afraid of greatness" is sound advice even to an acknowledged master. But not all of Elgar's minor compositions can be called popular. His exquisite part songs are small, but they are not least among his works.

Elgar had the good fortune to be the son of a working musician, and to grow up in the atmosphere of his art. His development has thus been natural and wholesome, and not academically distorted. The circumstances that prevented him from going as a student to Leipsic perhaps seemed cruel at the time, but the failure saved his art alive. He has had to work his way through many forms of professional drudgery, writing or adapting the things that had to be used practically and immediately instead of the formal impracticable things that perish in the Conservatoire incinerator. Leipsic might have given him a fatally wrong orientation. As it is, he is the one modern musician of high rank and noble achievement that Englishmen can claim as their own. They can claim him with just pride and admiration.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief quotation from English poetry applicable to the Prince of Wales.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Julia Wickham Greenwood, of The Haven, Gibraltar, Spain, for the following:

THE CLOTHING OF THE LITTLE SOUL.

My fingers weave through weary days
The sombre patterns of the mill;
But my heart works with shining threads
On garments for you—still

The pretty clothes I would have loved
To dress you in, had you been here,
Could not have been so soft as these
So delicate and sheer.

I think I hear your little Soul
Say, in a whisper, tenderly:
"My mother cannot keep her thoughts
From working still for me.

"I must put on what she has made
Of things so delicate and fair,
I think they are the very clothes
A little soul should wear."

We also select for printing:

THE PEDLAR OF DREAMS.

One met me on the lonely road that runs across the moor,
His hands and head and feet were bare, his dress was mean and poor;
But laughter lingered on his lips, his eyes were bright with joy,
And so I paused to speak with him—a little barefoot boy

Quoth he, "My pack is stuffed with dreams; good master, take your fill."
He spread them out upon the grass, and carolled loud and shrill:
"I've dreams of Love and dreams of Youth and dreams of True Success;
I've dreams of Fame and Peace and Hope, and dreams of Happiness."

The laughing sunbeams caught his wares, and gold and blue they shone—
A dim mist swam before my eyes. . . . "Pack up your dreams, begone!
My time for dreams is o'er," I cried. "Why do you taunt me so?
They fell and crumbled into dust a score of years ago

"There was a dream of Love I wrought, the woof was hard to weave,
So beautiful it seemed, and yet—'twas naught but make-believe;
For one by one the gold threads broke, and into dust it fell.
No more I traffic in the treacherous wares you fain would sell."

. . . A little silence reigned, and then the stranger spoke again.
"Dreams are of costly stuff," he said; "the price of Love is Pain.
You must go barefoot through the plain and climb the distant hill—
But Love shall wait your journey's end. Good master, take your fill."



Photo by H. & J. Drummond Young

Mr. Cyril G. Taylor,

a successful competitor in our Prize Competitions, whose first book of poems, "The Phantom Fiddler," published by Mr. C. W. Daniel, was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

. . . Night's shadow fell across the grass, the world lay hushed and grey. . .
We stood together, he and I, and watched the dying day.
Then as the evening skies grew red I paid the youth his price,
And went, a barefoot pilgrim, down the road of Sacrifice!

(Lucy Malleson, 25, Auriol Road, West Kensington, W.14.)

A LA FIN DES FINS.

There are no more words to say,
For the living days are dead,
Dead and silent every one—
As the words you never said,
As the words you could not say

I have no more love to give,
It was poured out on the sands!
What I gave—I gave indeed,
Now—my whole soul understands
Love is no more mine to give.

All my heart is beggared now;
Life has knocked and passed my door.
I have stretched out empty hands,
Barren now of all my store—
All my soul is beggared now.

(Mrs. Hope, Southwold, Suffolk.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by Barbara E. Todd (Doncaster), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), G. Gwyn (Bruges), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), Ian Cameron (Putney), Geraldine Salmon (Canterbury), Ethel E. Mannier (Sunbury), N. W. Ware (Eastleigh), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), E. A. Macartney (Paris), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Edna I. V. Norman (Bournemouth), A. E. N. Andrews (Newbury), Doris M. Atkinson (Leeds), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Isobel W. Sim (Natal), Ivy Vernon-Gand (Bristol), Margaret Huggins (Exmouth), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), W. H. Shewring (Bristol), Irene Jennings (Windermere), Lorna

Keeling Collard (Wincanton), B. J. (Margate), Delphine Stringer (Cromer), Evelyn Waugh (Lancing), R. Newman (Accrington), L. Freeman (Wolverhampton), C. Burton (Norwood), D. M. Holt (Birkdale), Elspeth Carr (Barnes), A. T. Charman (Enfield), Vera J. Arlett (Worthing), Herbert Lionel Elvin (Westcliff), Norman H. Jones (Birmingham), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Vivien Ford (Bristol), E. H. G. (Norwood), Christiana M. Fazakerley (St. Helens), A. D. Johnson (Ealing), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Muriel Pinch (St. Leonards), Clarice M. Covell (Leeds), N. C. Clyne (Charlwood), I. A. (Mason's Bridge), Dorothy Nevill Fitt (Wangford), J. C. R. (Oxford), J. Binge (Sheffield), "Flamen" (Enfield), P. Hoole Jackson (Stockport), Freda Isobel Noble (Walthamstow), C. R. Girdlestone (Erpingham), Robert Cogger (Dartford), S. Elizabeth Underwood (Gloucester), John McGarvie (Glasgow), "Moonstone" (Liverpool), C. M. E. Semper (Spilsby), Margery Young (London, W.), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), Arthur E. Brown (Cardiff), F. Tylee (Bath), Beryl Carter (Hove), E. A. S. (Chingford), G. S. Purnell (Sandown), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Margery Hunter Woods (Cheltenham), "Wanderer" (Tottenham), O. J. O'Connor Duffy (Moy), Dorothy C. Trollope (East Ham).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to John Cullinane, of 48, Summerville Park, Rathmines, Dublin, for the following:

FIGS FROM THISTLES. BY ISABEL M PEACOCKE. (Ward, Lock.)

"Stands Scotland where it did?"
Macbeth, IV, 3.

We also select for printing:

A SCORE IN METRE. BY THOMAS SHARP. (Fifield.)

"Twenty lovesick maidens we,
Lovesick all against our will—
Twenty years hence we shall be
Twenty lovesick maidens still."
W. S. GILBERT, *Patience*

(L. H. Freeman, "Auburn," Paisley Road, West Southbourne.)

BONES IN LONDON. BY EDGAR WALLACE (Ward, Lock)

"What d'you think of that, my dog?"
HOOD, *The Bachelor's Dream.*

(B. C. Hardy, Holland Tower, West Cliff, Bournemouth.)

TRICKS OF THE TRADE. BY J C SQUIRE (Hodder & Stoughton)

"He said, 'I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton pies,
And sell them in the street'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking Glass.*

(Mariquita Gutiérrez, 25, Paseo de la Conchâ, San Sebastian, Guipuzcoa, Spain.)

SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH "T." BY MISS KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN (Jarrold.)

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 2.

(J. T. Harris, The Lawns, Witherslack, Grange-over-Sands.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quatrain addressed to the new jurywomen is awarded to Malcom M. Thomson, of 56, Russell Square, W.C.1, for the following:

THE WOMEN OF THE JURY.

Justice was aye a woman, though for years
Men have essayed a feeble imitation;
In vain! But now the Goddess reappears,
When you dispense the justice of the nation!

We are not surprised that so good a subject has inspired many competitors, but we are disappointed that it did not inspire them more. The twelve best of the numerous other quatrains received are those by M. C. Stanley (Sale), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Tunbridge Wells), S. C. Phillips (Bushey Heath), L. Thomason (Banbury), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), V. Ford (Bristol), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portslade), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), Mrs. Guy Branson (Birmingham), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Percy Lennoc (Hertford).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Kathleen Rice, of The Warren, Devonshire Road, Harpenden, for the following:

A RECKLESS PURITAN. BY MRS. VICTOR RICKARD. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It often happens that the attraction of a character in fiction is not actually felt by the reader; but in this book Georgie Desmond's appeal to the affections is very real. Her small indiscretions in her Irish home life are amusingly told. Her flirtation with Clint, her marriage to, and afterwards her separation from him, follow one another in easy sequence; her character developing through the happenings of her life in a way that endears her to the reader. Her intermittent friendship with Lousada and the events that lead to their ultimate happiness add interest to this pleasant story.

We also select for printing:

BLISS AND OTHER STORIES.
BY KATHARINE MANSFIELD. (Constable.)

If a fly on the wall could record its impressions I believe they would be marked with the same impersonal touch, the same attention to minute detail that characterises Miss Mansfield's work in her volume of short stories. Stories? They are scarcely more than sketches, each one a perfect little cameo, a fragment of a life, wonderfully suggestive, full of an irony almost amounting to cynicism, and painted with a vividness, a ruthless impressionism. Miss Mansfield, in her subtlety, her finenesses, has much that is akin to the work of some of the most brilliant French authors.

(M. C. Smyth, Pirbright, West Cliff, Bournemouth.)

THE BRONZE VENUS. BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS (Grant Richards.)

Gloomy prophets have already foretold misfortune and despair for 1921, hence this entertaining effort to counteract acute national melancholia is specially welcomed. Mr. Phillpotts deliberately holds his more imposing personality in leash, and gives us a gay, irresponsible farce that opens pianissimo and ends in a riotous crescendo of sparks, as all good fireworks should. The plot is based on the eternal conflict of youth with age, and its triumphant determination to marry as it wishes, despite the macadam objections and narrow prejudices of adamant parents. The author's "fresh fields" are delightful, but we prefer Mr. Phillpotts of Dartmoor.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Charles Gerken (Hong Kong), A. R. MacPhail (Blackheath), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), Winifred Jackson (Solihull), Stella Whittaker (East Sheen), Una Malleson (London, W.), C. E. Ellis (Brentwood), B. Noël Saxelby (Manchester), M. J. Eayres (Hornsey), N. Shorter (Hastings), C. Fell Smith (Felsted), Alfred Green (Skipton), A. A. Cocker (Bury), L. G. Mugford (London, S.W.), Frances Dickson (Hampstead), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Kathleen T. Maryson, of "Jesmond," The Park, West Hartlepool.

ANDREW MARVELL: THE POET OF THE GARDEN AND THE SWORD.

By EDWARD WRIGHT.

BORN in the sunset of the Elizabethan age and dying in the darkness that followed the Cromwellian period, Andrew Marvell is a kind of ghost in our literature. He would not now be commemorated but for a resurrection from oblivion as remarkable as that of Campion. In his lifetime he had no poetic fame, except as a rough lampoonist. He published none of his fine verse, and though after his death part of his poetry was printed, its worth was not recognised and his best piece was not included. For some years a few good judges, like Swift, though neglecting his verse, remembered him as the master of a new prose style, and throughout the eighteenth century a small succession of men of republican bent honoured him as one of the heroes of the Stewart age of corruption. Because of their affection for him as a politician, they collected his verse, published and unpublished, and printed it as a literary curiosity. About half a century later, after Wordsworth merely hailed Marvell in passing as a political reformer, Lamb, exploring our old literature with impeccable taste, found the poet and acclaimed him. At the present time Marvell probably has some thousandfold more loving admirers than he had in his lifetime.



Andrew Marvell.

From a portrait at Trinity House, Hull, for which city Marvell was thrice elected M.P.

He would be amazed if, on this third centenary of his birth, he could see from what light pastime his fame has revived and spread. Poetry was but a toy of his rare leisure, in a busy, fighting career of politics and religion. Most of it was composed in a Yorkshire country seat, during a short seclusion from a world of war, when he was acting as tutor to the little daughter of the former commander of the Parliamentary forces, Lord Fairfax. As soon as Marvell, with the help of Milton, rose to a place of power under Cromwell, and brought Dryden with him into the Office for Foreign Affairs, his early passion for poetry seems to have failed. He had then already written his finest work—the "Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland"—and did nothing more of high quality, though, inspired no doubt by Milton's intensity of purpose, he hoped to bend all his powers to the composition of a masterpiece of a grave kind. Leisure was what he asked for, in a hastily-rhymed address to Cromwell, but leisure he never henceforward enjoyed. A year before the return of the Stewarts he became Member of Parliament for the fierce Puritanic town of Hull, and succeeded his friend Milton as the champion of liberty. After a long and apparently vain struggle, both openly as a statesman and covertly as the most virulent of satirists, he plotted in Holland for the establishment of that Protestant Succession which was practically achieved by the Dutch king ten years after the great Puritan poet's death.

Much of Marvell's poetic work is lost. Some manuscript copies of his later lampoons, descending into terms of abuse that can scarcely be printed, are to be found in the British Museum. But there is also an important quantity of fine verse by him known to have existed in private families of the English middle class in the middle of the eighteenth century. The "Ode on Cromwell" was then recovered from a family of this sort, but nothing else of high value has since been found. If old Free Church stocks, especially those connected with London or Hull in the time of the later Stewarts, were to look through all ancient papers they possess, we might be able to crown the tricentenary of the last of the great Puritan poets by the recovery of his lost works.

Perhaps Marvell scarcely deserves the title of Puritan poet. In a life of some fifty-seven years he passed through a variety of religions, from Calvinism to Roman Catholicism, and was perhaps a liberal sort of Church of England man, until the persecution of the Free Churches and the French treaty with the Stewarts for the erection of an absolute monarchy and a general return to the Roman system made him one of the most active and cautiously daring leaders of the fighting school of Protestants. His best verse was composed before the age of thirty. He began writing as a travelled scholar, perplexed with the events of the civil war and longing for peace. He was then a close friend of Lovelace and other young Royalists of a literary turn of mind, and Lord Fairfax, in whose service he entered, was not averse to the restoration of the Stewart line. Fairfax was solacing himself and cultivating peace of mind by making verses on rural themes, and Marvell followed him in singing of the gardens, hayfields and river by Appleton House, the building of which was just finished when the general and the poet arrived in 1650.

In style Marvell was at first a late disciple of Donne.

He could imitate his master fairly well in far-fetched fancies, and equal Crashaw and Cowley in fantastic arabesques. All this was the ruling fashion at Cambridge, where at Trinity College he followed George Herbert, Milton and Cowley, and was succeeded by Dryden. But his way of versifying became clearer in four years of travel and loving study of classic poets. Fanciful he remained, but in a delicate, charming way, and, suddenly bringing an intense imaginative energy to bear on some garden fancy, he rose into high poetry. I sometimes think the only man of his school of landscape verse is his riotous French contemporary, Thèophile de Viaud, whose stanza on a flower- and rush-edged stream:

" L'ombre de
cette fleur
vermeille
Etcelle de ce
jonc pen-
chant,
Paraîssent
d'être, là,
dedans,
Les songes
de l'eau
qui som-
meille "—

seems to me curiously like Marvell's transmutation of a pretty conceit into a flower of imagination. The English poet, however, has a finer range of natural ecstasy. Unmoved by any fierceness of passion like Donne's, and not uplifted by any vehement mystic emotion like Vaughan's, he could yet in a high mood throw his spirit into any object that delighted him. In the small world of the Fairfax estate—garden, park and river leas—he expressed into poetry a philosophy as large as that which Coleridge could not reduce into prose. He was a singing Cambridge Platonist. For instance, there is the famous stanza in " The Garden," in which, after singing that he loves greenness of tree and grass more than the hues of flowers, he soars into a most picturesque idealism:

" Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

That veritably is metaphysical poetry. It is based on an extraordinary personal experience. There is an ecstasy of spirit in Nature, possibly distinct from the ecstasy of soul in religion. Wordsworth has indicated it, from experience, in some of his verse; Richard Jefferies and Mr. W. H. Hudson have tried to describe it in prose. I suspect the experience is the base of all that is of genuine feeling in pantheism. Marvell seems to be the first modern poet in Europe to express the mood in which he could, while " casting the body's vest aside," animate a tree, or sing in its boughs like a bird. In his two best garden poems he describes this natural flight of the spirit into animate things, but at the end, afraid perhaps of being laughed at, he closes with a cynical flirt of mind, saying that his garden paradise is doubly a paradise, for that there is no Eve in it!



Marvell visiting Milton at Chalfont St. Giles.

From the painting by George Boughton R.A., in the possession of Colonel Fairfax.

In exquisite detail of nature study Marvell is excelled scarcely by Shakespeare. Later poets, inspired by Gilbert White, may now equal his woodpecker and hatching throstle, but few or none can match him in concentrating a sudden blaze of imagination upon some small ordinary object and fusing it into something wonderful, as when his kingfisher, " flying betwixt the day and night," dyes the air, and changes, as she recedes up-stream, into a " sapphire-wingèd mist." Finally, his Ode on Cromwell, with its simplicity of structure and grandeur of tone, rests without parallel in our literature, proving him the true successor to his friend Milton, capable of attaining at a leap a height to which neither Dryden nor Pope could laboriously climb. Marvell's absorption in politics, at the age of thirty-nine, was probably a greater loss to our literature than the premature death of Keats. He had it in him to be a supreme moulding force during a most critical period of fluctuating taste. He justly felt superior to Dryden, whom he came strongly to despise as a frenchified, facile rhymer, and by the developing energy of his own genius he could have been the torch-bearer in English poetry, reaching out and lighting the impressionable mind of Pope as, by his now forgotten controversial prose, he kindled the hard mind of Swift. It might be contended that, by reason of the Ode on Cromwell and all that was buried with it, Marvell should be ranked alongside Marlowe and Keats, although his single achievement in the grand style was incomplete in quality, having no variety like theirs, and possessing no effective power upon other poets.

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New Books.

W. E. H.*

Henley is a boy's critic. His positive, knowing, defiant manner; his assured movement in a world of slang, swear-words and swords; his contemptuous dismissal of Sentiment and Rhetoric—all of them take youth, and hide, for a time, his own fundamental sentimentality, his own incurable rhetoric. Re-reading these major essays—where, by the way, is the Stevenson, and where the Swinburne?—I can feel in some of them the charm which they first exerted. Where Henley is at one with his subject, as in the Burns, the Fielding or the admirable series of notes to Byron's letters, he is the best guide in the world. He is not an interpreter. Devoid of the high kind of imagination, always too prone to favour mere strength of language, vivacity and vigour of expression, he can describe a man or a situation with unerring skill. His style in these essays is at its best. He is a little too fond of the paraphrase, the semi-humorous, buttonholing aside; he flatters his readers by the intensity of interest he assumes in them; and awakes that interest by assuming it. Never was a gang of notabilities, ordinary folk and nonentities made so exciting as in the series of vignettes here called "Byron's World." Some are caricatures. If Henley did not like a man, he first disfigured him and then took his photograph; but most of them are unsurpassed for their likeness to the originals, for a veracity of impression which at times, with the subjects he has in hand, reaches the dignity of truth.

It is a different matter when he approaches more considerable, more real persons. He came as near making an idol of Fielding as of any man; his homage is sincere and helps to produce one of his finest essays, yet one feels that he has not really grasped the virtue of Fielding, the curious dignity which, granted the national difference, makes Fielding, of all our authors, seem closest to Cervantes. The "Smollett" is admirable, if one wants an essay which disapproves of Smollett, a man and a novelist who certainly did little to extort approval, though one gives him readily enough admiration and even respect; but Henley here is misled a little by the tradition which puts Smollett too high for his deserts. Posterity must surely put him below Marryat, even though "Humphry Clinker" rates higher than any one of Marryat's novels. With Hazlitt and with Burns Henley is at his best; his Burns is more of "the jolly beggar" than he himself would have cared to seem; there is no trace in the portrait of the Burns who charmed women other than raffishly, but it is a portrait, as serene and as unimaginative as a Raeburn. In the other essays Henley's weaknesses are more apparent. He is humanly susceptible to the charm of old friendship and old loyalty, and this makes his essay on T. E. Brown as unbalanced a piece of writing as was ever done by a reputable critic. It is a pity; for Brown is a fairly good poet, and it is a shame that the sane reader should be put off him by Henley's absurd efforts to rate him above Tennyson or Browning. Hugo he falls on much as Thackeray fell on Louis XIV, but with less excuse; the old man was something more than a *poseur* with a picturesque gift for inaccurate history. Henley is careful not to mention "Notre Dame de Paris." The Balzac is better, but bearing a little too much to the grubby side of a great man; there were moods in Henley when he seemed to believe you could best learn the truth by lurking outside the laundry as the washing was taken in.

If early enthusiasm is not revived by the Essays, it is another thing with the Poems. There is truculence enough in them. Even the fine patriotism of "Pro Rege Nostro" is spoiled by the false rodomontade of the last verse with its nonsensical "Spouse-in-chief of the ancient Sword." There are too many capital letters; too many vague, sounding adjectives; too much ejaculation; too many loud-voiced exclamations that we are the people. In truth, Henley was done the worst service in the world when his friends or his temperament persuaded him he was a seer. He had no wisdom. What he had was kindness, pity, a gift for natural song, and a mind constantly aware of the imminence and the fear of death. What death meant to him it is not easy to ascertain. Most of the poems which deal with it are full of a sombre content that death is the end; but in his lines to his daughter there is another muse, and he speaks for a moment of a more human desire for immortality. The longer, boastful poems, poems full of sinister images and violent metaphors, are boys' poems, as the essays are boys' criticism. The desire to shout "lust" and "crapulous" and "obscene" and "rakehell" very loud and often in the British public's ears was strong in Henley. In part it was his form of sharing in the "decadence"; in part, I believe, it was a real anxiety to rescue good words from disuse and misuse; and in part it was a symptom of that "virility," which makes so much "masculine" literature seem childish to women and to all men who are shocked by things rather than words.

The true Henley, the Henley who is a poet and not merely a superb craftsman, is to be found not in the more ambitious efforts, but in the songs, in the formal poems, where he combines Mr. Dobson's grace with a richness of his own, and in some of those irregular poems where he excels so consummately the efforts of our modern imagists. In the shorter songs there is no trace of that swagger, of that insincerity which spoils so much of Henley's work. He is simple, direct and human, not hiding his weaknesses or his wiles in a noisy outburst of buckram courage.

There are memorable things belonging to the middle seventies, the Falmouth ballad, the Kew ballad, and in their very different way, the Hospital rhymes. And this singing Henley remained the truest. As he grew older, his essays in the noisier modes, the songs about speed and sword and swash, grew more mechanical, full of the old virtuosity but lacking the old gusto. But if he drops his trombone and drum (I'm sure he could use the instruments simultaneously) and picks up the old fiddle again, music steals over him into his heart, and music flows from his lips:

"Dearest, when I am dead,
Make one last song for me,
Sing what I would have said—
Righting life's wrong for me

"Tell them how, early and late,
Glad ran the days with me,
Seeing how goodly and great,
Love, were your ways with me!"

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "Poems. Essays." By W. E. Henley. 2 vols. 12s. net each. (Macmilan.)

A SKETCH OF SPURGEON.*

Great preachers, like great actors, are soon forgotten. Once the immediate recollection of their successes begins to fade, their reputation becomes a mystery to the next generation. Which is true, even if preachers have often the advantage of leaving printed sermons to accredit their powers. For sermons only reveal in print a small part of the preacher's power. His personality works far more richly than words can convey. And this was true of a preacher like Spurgeon. Those who heard him still speak of his wonderful voice, his fine Saxon English, and his extraordinary power of holding and persuading a large audience. But to read his sermons is not to grasp all these factors of his success. The sermons show his rigid Calvinism, his absolute belief in verbal inspiration, and

* "C. H. Spurgeon: A Biography." By the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton. (Williams & Norgate.)

his devotion to the Pauline theology. Yet we wish to penetrate further into his work; he had a true genius for preaching, and genius in any department is a challenge to the mind. What Mr. Fullerton gives us in this book is not, however, a psychological study; it is a record, drawn from contemporary documents and partly from personal observation, of Spurgeon's methods and achievements. The facts which he tabulates tell the old story. Spurgeon's genius was not indebted to training, at least to training of a university kind. He read books all through his life. It is absurd to think and speak of him as unlettered. But preaching was a gift that apparently came to him, and, although he worked hard at his calling, realising, as a German would say, that a *Gabe* means an *Aufgabe*, his best work remained spontaneous. He organised a college for pastors; he started an orphanage. But pre-eminently he was a man called to "speak the Word," and he kept to his calling.

He came to London in November, 1853, and he died in 1892. The Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened in 1861, and there he preached to crowds with unabated vigour for thirty years, the series of services being only interrupted by the burning of the original building in 1889 and its reconstruction two years later. "During all that time he was able at every time to command a crowd as great as Chrysostom in Constantinople or Savonarola in Florence, though each of them commanded it for a much shorter time."

Mr. Fullerton tells several remarkable tales. One is in connection with Spurgeon's sermon during the Indian Mutiny; he preached it in the Crystal Palace to over 23,000 people. Before the meeting, he went to try the acoustics of the building. "Having to say something, he said something worth saying: 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' A workman busy in one of the galleries heard the words, that seemed to come to him from Heaven, and, smitten with conviction of sin, he put down his tools and went home, nor did he rest until he was able to rejoice in Christ as his Saviour."

Spurgeon was not a "bookman," but his biography yields a very curious fact about books. Nowadays, if anyone mentions Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," it is with a smile of contempt. The prosaic platitudes of the book fill a modern with amazement that the Victorians actually read it with gusto, and took it for poetry. But Spurgeon courted his wife by the aid of Tupper's book He marked some lines upon a good wife, and handed the book to his future wife, as she sat beside him on the platform when the Crystal Palace was opened. Such was the start of their wooing For once Mr. Fullerton's sense of humour deserts him; he actually writes that "on August 2nd, 1854, in her grandfather's garden, they gave themselves to each other, she with her adoring heart and sweet face framed in the curls that fell on each side of it, he with his clear eye, swift brain, high collar, white tie and protruding tooth." This is not how to describe such a rapturous moment.

The book, however, is briskly compiled and well arranged. It does give a vivid impression of Spurgeon's personality. Martineau once said that you could no more think of "Heber's mind without piety than you can of colour without extension." It is impossible to think of Spurgeon apart from preaching, and yet he was a preacher because he was a personality. Mr. Fullerton's service is that he lets us see something of the personality.

JAMES MOFFATT.

LUCINDA.*

Sir Anthony Hope has secured an unassailable reputation among modern men of letters. One hears, it must be confessed, more of writers who have entered the arena since he began to write, and especially of authors who have lately caught the public ear. Yet Sir Anthony Hope stands where he did—and it must be confessed that the spot on

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which he stands is one that is envied by all novelists of the day who are blessed—or cursed—with the gift of self-criticism. The only argument in literary and popular circles about Sir Anthony Hope is around the style of novel in which he excels. Is the author of "The Dolly Dialogues" better than the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and its fellows? Is he who wrote "Quisanté" a greater than he who invented "The Great Miss Driver"? Or is he who gave us "The King's Mirror" a finer fellow than he who presented us with "Second String"?

In the case of Sir Anthony's latest book, "Lucinda," it is true that he does not ventilate the new-old theories of the "modern" novelist. He does not preach from a text: he is content to give a slice from life. Lucinda, who reminds one of the Great Miss Driver, is certainly alive, she is certainly real. Perhaps she is not quite so admirable a character as she appears at a first reading, but she is certainly an alluring creature. She behaves abominably to her devoted lover, she is not even really true to herself, she is—not to put too fine a point on it—a minx; but, in spite of her defects, she is a delightful creature—even though the reader feels she ought not to be. Her lover is a despicable creature, and this appears above and through the art of his creator. But it is a sad blow when the heroine declines at the end upon the worthy but dull Julius; if Julius is not so dull as he seems, our apologies are due to Sir Anthony Hope who, wittingly or unwittingly, has maligned him. "Lucinda" is an interesting novel, but it certainly does not rank with the best of its author. It lacks something of the sparkle, of the *joie de vivre* of the earlier books. But no author is always at his best, and an author is to be judged by his best work—and Sir Anthony Hope has to his credit a long series of books which ensures him a place of high distinction in any history of the English novel.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE NEW CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.*

This slim volume is the herald of a great and bold undertaking—nothing less, in fact, than an entirely new revision of the Shakespeare canon, in the light of modern researches into Elizabethan palæography and bibliography. With this comparatively new study the names of three English scholars are specially associated—A. W. Pollard, W. Greg and J. Dover Wilson; and we must add, as valuable auxiliaries, Percy Simpson, with his study of Shakespeare's punctuation, and E. Maunde Thompson, with his study of what he and some other competent persons believe to be Shakespeare's handwriting. The present volume is fathered by the University of Cambridge with special fitness, for Cambridge is not only the home of poets (Oxford being remarkable for turning them out in another sense), but the Alma Mater of those two scholars, W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright, whose "Cambridge" edition is the greatest modern contribution to the enjoyment of Shakespeare. The plain man little knows how much he owes to the almost sæcular labours of these scholars.

The new editor-in-chief is Mr. Dover Wilson, and he contributes to the present volume a textual introduction, a note on punctuation, and a bibliographical note. There is also a note by Mr. Harold Child on the stage history of the play, and there are two introductions, one general and one particular, by Sir A. Quiller-Couch. These mingle scholarship and charm in the blend that is "Q's" own secret. There are further explanatory notes and a glossary, to which all concerned have probably contributed. As an aid to the understanding of palæographical points there is a reduced facsimile of some lines in the supposed handwriting of the poet, together with a modern type transcription. Finally, there is the text of the play, printed in Shakespearean fashion, i.e., with "dramatic" rather than grammatical punctuation, and without the breaks for the supposed "acts" and "scenes" made by various editors. The spelling is modern, and there are elaborate new stage directions, clearly distinguished, however, from the directions of the original text. Some of the textual conundrums have not been solved. "Most busie lest, when I doe it" is here left alone; and we are bound to say that the conjectural emendation in the notes is too far-fetched to win acceptance. The same may be said for "having minted truth" for the difficult "having into truth." "Scamels" is explained, no doubt correctly, as "seamells," or seamews. For the present we must suspend judgment on the text as a whole: we wish first to see more of it.

In no spirit but that of entire friendliness to the new venture we note a few points for dissent. We are sorry that the issue did not begin with the earlier plays instead of the latest. No chronological order is certain; but we know pretty well which plays are early and which late. The folio order, here adopted, has nothing whatever to commend it, and we think the adoption an act of timidity very surprising in such editors. Then the scale of the volume seems very restricted. The "Sir Thomas More" facsimile is too small to be useful—an alphabet in "English hand" with the letters decently large would have been much more helpful. The annotation seems rather curt and tantalising. No one wants excessive commentary; but something a little more leisured and lettered would, we are sure, have pleased the greater number of readers. However, these points are small; the great fact is that here is a genuine recension of our greatest literary possession, and every lettered person must possess it.

* "The Tempest." Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE POSTHUMOUS POEMS OF JOHN PAYNE.*

John Payne, who died just five years ago, in February, 1916, was singularly fortunate in the friendship he formed with Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney. Mr. Wright became his Boswell. Not only did he note down Payne's conversation and observations for use in the biography he published a year ago, but he founded previously, in 1905, the John Payne Society—a most unusual thing to occur during the lifetime of a person honoured in this way.

Payne's greatest achievement was as the translator of Arabic and Persian literature, and of Villon. But he was also an original poet possessed of genius and a style entirely his own—characterised by the use of rare metres, and archaic words known only to the vocabulary of a savant.

Payne published many volumes of verse during his lifetime, but in no case did they meet with adequate recognition, primarily owing to the fact that they were issued privately on several occasions; and, of course, no new poet ever does achieve immediate success unless he writes in a popular sentimental fashion.

The present and posthumous volume of poetry, "The Way of the Winepress," was ready for binding at the time of Payne's death. It now appears under the ægis of the John Payne Society—which means the poet's indefatigable and enthusiastic friend, Thomas Wright.

These last poems fully maintain the charm and peculiarities of Payne's poetical work. Sadness and some measure of resentment with his portion in life's lottery are perhaps the predominant notes of his songs:

"Yet but a while and I shall see no more
The sun nor feel the fountains of the dawn
Life with full hands pour upon hill and lawn,
No more be witness to the mimic war
'Twixt light and dark, when Day or Night is o'er,
Or see the sun and shade at daggers drawn;
I shall not hear the birds; I shall be gone
Unto the silence and the shadow-shore.
Sick soul, content thee; thou art going home.
To the tired traveller, in the evenglome,
The long way wended, welcome is the inn,
Though narrow be the house and cold the bed,
At least thou shalt sleep well among thy kin,
The innumerous generations of the dead.

* * * * *

* "The Way of the Winepress." By John Payne. (The John Payne Society, Olney, Bucks.)

". . . My songs and I,
We have too long gone begging by the way.
But this I know; the world will hark some day
And shout, applausive, to the hearkening sky.
Some day! But then I shall be dead and cold
And nought thereof shall know, where, buried deep,
I lie and sleep the unremembering sleep;
No sound will reach me through the unresonant mould.
But you will wish me live and warm again,
That you may plague me with your plaudits vain."

Little is known of Payne's amatory experiences beyond the romantic affection he entertained for the beautiful Mrs. Snee in the earlier part of his life. She died in 1879, at the age of thirty-four, and this abiding loss inspired some of his finest poems in later life. Whether or no more vivid affections were his, he could write with real passion, as the poem, "Love and Love," in this volume testifies:

"We were lovers, indeed, in our day; we loved because we must,
Because of the heat in our hearts, that soared to the skies like a spire
And lifted our lives from the swamp, our souls from the mist and the mire.
For love and the world well lost we lived. You may style it lust;
But the lusts of the soul and the sense combine in a birth august,
To gender a joy divine, a flame like a flower of fire,
That dries up the dross of the flesh with the blaze of its bright desire. . .
Whilst youth in our hearts was hot, we poured out our lives like wine
At the altars of Love and Spring, and now that the fiery flood
No longer beats in our brain, no longer boils in our blood,
The love that we lit with sense, burns bright at the spirit's shrine"

S. M. ELLIS

SHELLEY AND CALDERÓN.*

The other essays are also on English and Spanish poetry and poets. It must be said that they are notable critical studies, regarded *per se*, or apart from the fact that their author is using what is to him a foreign language as his vehicle of expression. It is a long time since I have read a volume of belles-lettres with so much satisfaction, whether—as in most cases—one is in more or less full agreement or does not accept the judgments, at least unconditionally, as in the matter of the essays on Wordsworth. Taking the first paper in the first place, it cannot be denied that, as to most of us here in England, our knowledge of Calderón is practically nothing at first hand and very slight on the whole otherwise, though available sources at their value are not especially few or far between. The fervid admiration of Shelley and his fragments of translation communicate in reality nothing, unless it is a desire for knowledge, which has directed many to Archbishop Trench, but comparatively few to. Denis Florence MacCarthy and his version of several plays in the original metres. MacCarthy is unfortunately not mentioned in the criticism under notice, nor are certain other renderings—e.g., those of Edward Fitzgerald—which could be cited among experiments of past and present days. But it contributes greatly to our instruction on manifold points of fact, as well as to our delight in the pleasant and suggestive contrast between Shelley and Calderón. After all it is not exactly a contrast but a consideration of two great poets, placed side by side for the purpose of explaining how it is that the author of "The Cenci" conceived and cherished such enthusiasm for the author of "El Purgatorio de San Patricio" and "El Magico Prodigioso"—otherwise the English nihilist in religion—if that is a correct description—for the strictly orthodox and dogmatic Spanish priest. The explanation is reached, of course, by discovering certain roots of sympathy and likeness of disposition, which are drawn out with care and skill. These being granted, one feels notwithstanding that "Prometheus Unbound" and "Hellas" are separated by gulfs from the "religious mysteries," the theological and philosophical

* "Shelley and Calderón, and Other Essays." By Salvador de Madariaga. 15s. net. (Constable.)

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tragedies which help to swell the incredible sum total of Calderón's three hundred and twenty dramatic pieces.

In "Sidelights on Spanish Literature" there is an interesting set of comparisons between Beowulf and the anonymous "Song of the Cid," between Chaucer and Juan Ruiz, Shakespeare and Lope de Vega, Sir Philip Sidney and Garcilaso de la Vega, Milton and Calderón. They are sound enough in their way and within the limits of their respective measures; in the case of Chaucer and Juan Ruiz they deserve to be called convincing; but the comparisons after all need be counted only as pegs on which are suspended the author's appreciations of the several Spanish poets. These are the vital points of a choice study, and the rest we can take or leave. The most naturally attractive of all these papers is that on "Spanish Popular Poetry," partly because it is written in the free spirit of the subject, partly because it abounds with excellent specimens, accompanied by lilting, nervous renderings which do great honour to Mr. de Madariaga's ability as an English writer. In fine, there is a group of essays on the "Case of Wordsworth," "Wordsworth and Beauty," "Wordsworth and Truth," "Wordsworth and Virtue." The design is to explain why Wordsworth is not recognised abroad at his full and proper value; why there is a race of Wordsworthians; and why they read everything that Wordsworth wrote. It will be remembered that these points were raised by Matthew Arnold, who was one of the race in question. The explanations contain sound criticism, and there are other things arising out of them which are at once fresh and remarkable. The whole group will repay careful study; and yet it seems to me that the real Wordsworth escapes in the analysis—perhaps because he is like the bird of his own poem, "a wandering voice," not heard where we look for him, but sounding suddenly unawares. However this may be, he who is the essential and true Wordsworth, he unto whom "the primrose by a river's brim" communicates something which is invisible and non-existent for Peter Bell, is not present in these papers. There is the Wordsworth of Kendal and Grasmere, the Wordsworth of the "Intimations," and a very rare Wordsworth who is of the Eternal Kingdom: his is the presence which we miss. It remains to add that Mr. de Madariaga's essays are entitled to rank with the foremost literary criticisms of the present day.

A. E. WAITE.

THE EARTHEN VESSEL.*

Very few of the many books which deal with spiritualism and psychical research have any title to be considered as literature in the high sense. But Lady Glenconner's little book has a certain affinity with it. Author and poet, she has grace and charm of style, and the spirit messages of which she treats were conveyed in many cases by reference to passages in the works of classical writers and display a fine quality of literary allusiveness. Book tests, as Sir Oliver Lodge explains in a preface to the work, represent an ingenious form of conveying a spirit message in such a way that theories of telepathy, mind reading, and the "subconsciousness" of the medium shall be ruled out as explanatory of the communications. In the present instance through the medium Mrs. Osborne Leonard were given, as emanating from Lord and Lady Glenconner's departed soldier son, the Hon. Edward Wyndham Tennant, directions to look at certain pages in certain books the exact whereabouts of which (although unknown to the medium) were particularly described, e.g., "Take out the fifth book from left to right and look at page 16 and find a message for his mother." Nearly thirty such "tests" are recorded in the book, and there can be no disguising the fact that some of them are so singularly apposite that they would be remarkable as apt quotations in the circumstances, quite apart from their association with spirit messages. This is especially the case with the passage in Lewes's "Life of Goethe," in which there is a really striking parallel with the Glenconner family life. Some of the cases given convey subtle indications of the personality of the communicator—touches of humour and delicate allusions to topics in which he was interested in his life on earth.

These as "evidential material" are rather matters for the artist than for the scientist—dramatisations of personality and therefore full of interest to the analyst of human nature.

A portion of the book is devoted to the book tests received by the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas who, in experimenting with the same medium (Mrs. Leonard), received messages for Lady Glenconner to whom he was personally unknown. He was directed to refer her to certain pages in books unnamed but whose position on shelves in one or other of her residences was particularly specified. These also turned out to be curiously appropriate.

Lady Glenconner devotes some chapters to a general commentary on the "tests" as reinforcing the general body of psychic evidences, and in the course of her remarks observes:

> "I marvel that the Church should look on the activities of spiritualism as antagonistic to her teaching. In its central attack upon materialistic thought it should be recognised as a valuable ally."

That is a question of course which hardly falls within the purview of the ordinary reviewer in a journal not closely concerned with the polemics of the question. It is sufficient to say here that the volume has a literary quality which raises it above the level of the ruck of such books, some of which belong to Charles Lamb's *biblia a biblia*, being mere rubbish; and the "tests" are distinctly interesting—some indeed arresting in their evidential quality.

DAVID GOW.

THE CYCLOPS ON PARNASSUS.*

"Everything comes to him who doesn't wait" is an epigram the late Sir Herbert Tree recorded in his notebook. Like many aphorisms, after they are considered, we find this one is but a half-truth. Applied to the very latest mode in modern verse, it will be considered totally inadequate, and especially so if we relate it to the present examples. Success might have attended these three poets had they paused to consider how ridiculously swift and unsure their mechanical facility in verse-making carries them away from the essentials of true poetry. The headlong gallop of their verse, uppermost in these strained efforts, represents in a typical fashion a sign of the times.

Now it is not hurry and bustle all the time in the present books, but in nearly all the pieces the hammering-out of verse, ready-made and, like so many "ready-mades," badly-fitting, brings in its wake the wistful reflection that the Cyclops have definitely taken up their position on Mount Parnassus. In their forge the hammer and the anvil have gone to the making of a very metallic substance. But the tools employed have not been used with ringing effect. The grass of the sacred mount is strewn with strips and rims and rings from the process of working the material into some kind of recognisable shape.

Our little list is headed by Mr. Danford Barney. He is the mathematician *in excelsis*. Why had we never realised before the close connection between the exact science and the poetic art? Why had it never occurred to us that we lived among "minims of humankind"? And yet from minor dominants and diametrics Mr. Barney finds his—inspiration?—well, at any rate, his suggestions for poetic treatment. I have always reserved a delightful spite against Algebra as a cool, unemotional subject, but Mr. Barney has at last put me right and shown me how

* "The Earthen Vessel." By Pamela Glenconner. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

* "Chords from Albireo." By Danford Barney. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"Desiderium, MCMXV–MCMXVIII." By Norman Davey. 6s. net. (Cambridge: Heffer.)—"Flashlights From Afar." By R. Gordon-Canning. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

emotional an equation can become in the hands of a poetic mathematician, or is it a mathematical poet?—*c'est égal.* It will be interesting to find out how this mathematical phase progresses, and if triangles and Euclid propositions will move Mr. Barney's fellow workers in the same field (assuming there be more than one of his species) to the same mathematical exactness as diametrics and minor dominants have moved him. In fine, many of these performances may pass for poetic exercises in higher mathematics, but surely no one could be humoured into labelling them pure poetry.

To continue on the lines at which our title hints, Mr. Norman Davey's work is like a piece of tin battered (for we cannot admit that even such a forceful expedient as beating could have produced these feeble results) by a gong-stick. We marvel that it has never entered Mr. Davey's head to reflect how superbly the best of his themes, such as the scenes laid in Italy, have been set to poetic music by master poets, and therefore we cannot be blamed if these offerings of his, however well-intentioned, fail to arouse our interest, far less a lukewarm attention. For the sort of thing he attempts in his ambitious "Record of an Itinerary" in Italy we much prefer to turn to Byron's "Childe Harold" and Browning's numerous themes in the same vein. There is no doubt that this poem, with its too facile narrative quality and its satiric comments, is simply an unimpressive rendering of the Byronic-Browningesque pattern which, like all imitations of a master design, can never convey "the first fine careless rapture" of the original. Again, when we want nursery rhymes we would rather consult our Mother Goose book than read such indifferent child's stuff as Mr. Davey's "An Invitation," "A Quarrel," and "Binkie and Peter and Me," served up on an ultra-modern platter. It is pathetic that Mr Davey has not put his fondness for rhyme to better use, and it is perhaps more pathetic that his readers should be the victims of efforts which might have been relegated, without misgiving, to the waste-paper basket.

By the time I had finished Mr. Gordon-Canning's book I wondered gravely if I had become mad. Perhaps my powers of appreciation had suddenly slept. Yet, somehow, I felt like Douglas Jerrold when, reading "Sordello" during his convalescence from a serious illness, he cried, "O God, I *am* an idiot!" but you may remember that when he heard his wife and sister likewise could not understand the poem he exclaimed, "Thank God, I am *not* an idiot!" And, on second thoughts, I think that conclusion fits into my own case. Recently a poem by Mr. Herbert Read in *Coterie* caused a flutter in the dovecots of the critics. The poem contained the following:

"His limbs
Dangle
Like marionettes
Over
a
mauve
Sea"

One would imagine it hard to match that expression, but I think I have found one equally soul-stirring in Mr. Gordon-Canning's "A Summary." Here it is:

"Before the War: Work and Sport
During the War: Mud, Blood, Fear, Profiteering.
After the War: Seventeen minor Wars, Financial Ruin, Bolshevism, Forgetfulness"

To illustrate the common characteristic of these three poets, or Cyclops, as I have named them, I cannot do better than quote Blake's line:

"The sound is forced, the notes are few."

In their eagerness for freedom and noise, they seem to have forgotten the goal of all poetry—beauty. No doubt some readers will feel sympathetic to noise, and mathematics, and complexity as rendered in these books, but for myself, and for others alike constituted, if desire for orchestral sound in poetry is to be satisfied I would rather hear the "easy numbers flow" than hearken to "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

W. M. PARKER.

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FOUR AT A VENTURE.*

The coming revolution will, if our novelists take it up seriously, either be quite hackneyed when it arrives, or else a nice rebuff to false prophets—almost certainly the latter. Or, like most events in life, it will cover so many years that none will say when it happened or whether it is really accomplished. Already Mr. Shanks, in "The People of the Ruins," has treated in one vein a subject of considerable imaginative scope. Mr. Beresford is less visionary and more practical. He writes in "Revolution" of the actual event. Paul Leaming, a young officer invalided from the army with shell-shock, is living at home in a condition of mental inertia, when Isaac Perry, the genius of Labour, defies the Government and plans the revolution of our present economic system. The character of Paul—or rather the deft skill by which Mr Beresford establishes him as an observer freed by his period of isolation and acute sensibility from the normal and natural prejudices of his class—is beyond praise. In any other circumstances one could never have submerged a certain sense of incredulity, or even repulsion. There is a moment, for example, when Paul sees his father, a very conservative, hot-headed man, shot at his feet without any emotion more active than a pity for the murderer. In the attitude of Paul, one presumes that Mr. Beresford underlines the only road to peace. It is sacrifice that can alone avail At the same time, there are occasions when the isolation of Paul in a remote village lends to the scene an absence of either tumult or tragedy that is rather like the piping of a small boy in the Albert Hall. The horizon for any revolution must be of necessity vast and gloomy, against which contending forces move and disappear. Not, it should be added, that empty noise is a finer thing than solitary human emotion, but where the whole world teems outside the village of Fynemore, some echo, some vibration of doom or resurrection should cross the intervening country-side

It would be an impertinence for a reviewer to suggest that Mrs. Wilfred Ward, in "Not Known Here," has allowed her sense of religious observances to dictate to her artistic conception, for the obvious reason that such things may be inseparable in any writer of sincerity. Mrs Ward (and many there are who will agree with her) lays a quite supreme importance upon the sanctity of the marriage tie in so far as an illegitimate son may only atone for his parents' natural fault by a death at once ignominious and heroic. It must be explained that Hugh Dearmer was in love with Pamela von Lieben, whose elderly German husband died just before Karl (Pamela's son by Hugh) was born. The boy grows up by 1914, fights under the English flag, is captured and shot as a German renegade because he will not betray his mother This description is not merely brief, but ridiculous It cannot fail to give an impression that here is another story about "the war" No idea could be more unjust. There are few writers to-day who can handle with such fine distinction and sincerity those simple human emotions of domestic life which in other hands might ring sentimental or false.

It is too readily assumed that a humorous book is one of the simpler manifestations of fiction, dependent upon an extravagant notion and a spare ten days. The public are often at a loss to explain just why a book tickles them, but they are quite honest when they are bored. For that reason, if no other, comedy is a risky business and not to be undertaken lightly, for the humorist goes down with twice the bump of his colleagues. Take Mr. Eden Phillpotts. No author is more respected in his own field. But in "The Bronze Venus" he knocks off with a friskiness that is admittedly amazing a farcical comedy very tedious indeed. Why should Mr. Phillpotts, who is so fine an artist, attempt what Mr. Wodehouse, who is so competent a mechanic, can pull off so very much better?

The historical novel has been under a cloud so long that one wonders why some writer blessed with youth and determination and a splendid contempt for his predecessors, does not take it for granted that our ancestors, in spite of their garments and their very occasional obligation to unsheath a rapier, were persons very similar to ourselves. But in "Lantern Lane" Mr. Warwick Deeping, in a quite distinguished but traditional manner, treads the familiar stage. The scene is laid in the cheery days of Charles II, when our Birthday Honours would have struck a hollow and unambitious note, a time of much gossip and political back-stairs—a period, in short, most promising. But Mr. Deeping's characters do not whisper scandal, but shout the kind of mock-heroic remarks that always convey that curious sense of the footlights and a "ping" for the curtain. It is a pity. Surely our generation of all others has cause to distinguish the trappings of intrigue and conflict from the real flavour and potency of human life.

FREDERICK WATSON.

* "Revolution" By J D Beresford 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Not Known Here" By Mrs. Wilfred Ward. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Bronze Venus" By Eden Phillpotts. 8s 6d. (Grant Richards)- "Lantern Lane." By Warwick Deeping. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

THE NAPOLEON CULT.*

Since the Armistice of 1918 there has been a falling-off of literary offerings on the altar of Napoleon, possibly due in an appreciable measure to pressing matters of more immediate moment, but the incense is again rising. A dictionary entirely dedicated to their special study is now available for devotees and scholars: terms not necessarily synonymous.

In less than five hundred pages its compiler has contrived to compress an immense amount of valuable information For those who take no more than a sentimental interest in the Corsican there are articles on such varied subjects as their hero's stoutness, smoking, snuff, shaving, attempt at suicide, and swords, to mention only those under the letter S. In the same section the weightier matters of St. Helena, the battle of Salamanca, the Peace of Schonbrunn, Sieyès, society under Napoleon, and his strategy, receive attention among many substantial notices.

To do complete justice to the theme would require several volumes. There are no separate references, for instance, to Bruix, Forfait, Pasquier, Chaptal, Ségur, Roederer, Beugnot and Beausset, but the cutting-down process should not have gone so far as to preclude mention under "Russia" or "Russian Campaign (1812)" of the Continental System as a contributing factor in the Great Disaster.

One of the obvious disadvantages of history in compartments is evident in the article on the Peninsular War. No reference is made to the battle of Tudela, though it is given a separate entry under its distinctive name. Rather less than justice is done to the naval phase of the Napoleonic wars, and the briefest remark suffices for the activities of privateers. While Mr. Richardson, despite a somewhat meagre bibliography, gives scholarly estimates of many memoir-writers, he fails to note that the "Mémoires" of Constant—whose Christian name was not Benjamin—were in all probability not written by the valet but compiled from his notes by another hand. To Napoleon's railing against the climate of St. Helena the compiler adds the gratuitous comment, "as well he might." Reference to Seaton's "Napoleon's Captivity in Relation to Sir Hudson Lowe" (pp. 81–83), would assuredly have convinced him otherwise. Considering the vast amount of information given, and the fact that the work was not penned by a syndicate of writers on the redundant lines of the "Cambridge Modern History," errors of fact are singularly few.

It is peculiar that no space is devoted to John Sainsbury, whose Napoleon Museum in Red Lion Square, and subsequently in Piccadilly, did much to arouse interest during the forties of last century in the man previously vilified by such a large proportion of the population. Even Lord Holland's defence of Bonaparte is dismissed in half a dozen lines in the article entitled "English Opinion

* "A Dictionary of Napoleon and His Times (in the light of Modern Research)." By Hubert N. B. Richardson, B.A. 30s. net. (Cassell.)

(Contemporary) regarding Napoleon," and of biographical details there is none. The particulars furnished about Dr. Archibald Arnott, who attended the dying captive at St. Helena, are also inadequate.

To help lame students over stiles is, or should be, the main purpose of all reference books. They ought to be time-savers and guides in much the same way as a railway time-table precludes an intelligent traveller from arriving too soon or too late to catch a train, from missing a connection, and choosing the longest route. Perhaps the principal error of omission from this point of view is the absence of references such as are given at the end of so many entries in the "Dictionary of English History," issued by the same publishers. To take a case in point: after perusing the article on the Death-mask, which obviously cannot adequately sum up all the debatable points in the Burton-Antommarchi controversy, many readers will be anxious to amplify the details given Additional service would have been rendered had mention been made of such as book as G. L. De St M Watson's "Story of Napoleon's Death-mask."

HAROLD F. B. WHEELER.

BEDFORDSHIRE EARTHWORKS.*

This sumptuous and costly addition to the meagre records of British earthworks unfortunately leaves a good deal to be desired from the standpoint of the student of the subject In the first place it is not a complete record of the known earthworks in the shire, but only professes to deal with the principal ones more comprehensively than in works previously published. Nevertheless several apparently unimportant works are included, while there is no indication of the principle upon which the selection has been made, nor of the number and nature of the earthworks omitted The absence of a map, moreover, is a serious drawback, and in a work of this kind such an omission is hard to understand A map showing the position of the various earthworks would have been more valuable than many of the drawings which the author gives

The earthworks dealt with are grouped as follows under the historical periods to which the author assigns them - - Section I: Prehistoric and Ancient Earthworks. Section II: The Saxon-Danish Period. Section III: Norman Castles. Sub-section. Manors showing Norman Influence. Section IV: Manors and Domestic Homesteads. Section V: Miscellaneous

Each division, except the last, is preceded by a page or two of introduction, dealing in a very general way with such subjects as the history of the period, Norman influence in England before the Conquest, the rise of the manor, etc There are also two or three pages explaining the technical terms used in describing the Norman castles.

The author admits that his classification is largely problematical, but he excuses this "as an endeavour to render a story easily understood by the public," and the same reason accounts for his giving with the description of each earthwork a drawing as well as a plan and for the introductory articles before the various sections. There is an increasing tendency for archæological works to be written with an eye on the general public, rather than for the scholar, but this always involves the danger of the writer falling between two stools. In the present case the endeavour to group earthworks according to their supposed historical periods is radically unsound, as the author practically admits, and it is a method which has greatly hindered the proper study and understanding of the subject. Field workers know only too well the man who, when shown an earthwork, demands to know the date of it, and it cannot too often be insisted on that, in the absence of documentary evidence, it is unsafe to try and date any earthwork without the test of the spade.

* "The Earthworks of Bedfordshire" With 98 Illustrations By Beauchamp Wadmore. £3 3s (The *Bedfordshire Standard* Newspaper Company.)

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The introductory articles, again, contain little that throws light on the earthworks of the periods they deal with, and it is difficult to see what purpose they are meant to serve. The appeal of the drawings is mainly to local interest, though many of them give a very good general idea of the character of the earthwork represented. Altogether, it seems doubtful whether these concessions to the supposed taste of the general public will induce anyone not already interested in the subject to obtain the book, while they are likely to repel those whose interest is on the scientific side.

This, however, would be a pity, for its plans and descriptions give the book a distinct value as a useful, if incomplete, record of the earthworks of the county. Such records are the more to be prized, as throughout the country earthworks are constantly perishing, whether from the effects of time and weather, or from the ravages of man.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

W. J. LOCKE'S MOUNTEBANK.*

The war effected sea-changes in so many lives, altered values for the time being so astonishingly and discovered talent which might otherwise have remained hidden in such unlikely places, that it is not surprising a novelist with Mr. W. J. Locke's love for what is paradoxical in character or circumstance should seize upon the topsy-turvydom of its era and turn it to romantic account. Among its miracles, soon taken for granted in the stress of events, was the emergence from humdrum callings of men with the gift of command, with a forcefulness and an adaptability that enabled them to absorb the traditions of our regular Army officers and to supply leaders to match the steady expansion of our forces in the field. They came from our public schools and universities and Inns of Court, but they came also from banks and city offices, from the studio and the stage, from the newspaper world and the civil service, from the store and from the counter. Already much has been made in the theatre and in fiction of the game of "general post" produced in social life by the temporary rank which might exalt the employé above his employer and compel the wealthy and well-born to take their orders from a commanding officer whose home might be some little villa in a suburb. But it is none of the ordinary contrasts between the war hero and his civilian past, between his service distinctions and his private status, on which Mr. Locke fastens in his story of "The Mountebank"; he plumps boldly for the most extravagant of possibilities and conceives of a brigadier-general sprung from the sawdust and grease-paint of a French circus. Imagine the dismay of Lady Auriol Dayne, an unconventional but fastidious woman of the world, when after parting on terms approaching those of tenderness from the gaunt and masterful General Lackaday, she discovers him next, the other side of the Channel, in the motley of Petit Patou, a clown and conjuror, his height and leanness exaggerated in tights, his face painted red and white and "made up into an idiot grin," his scarlet wig ending in a foot-high point. There is the quintessence, grotesque enough, of Mr. Locke's newest romance. From that figure of farce Andrew Lackaday is transformed by the war into a grave and gallant British general, and into that masquerade he falls back when, his services no longer required save in quite subordinate rank, his qualities of leadership obtaining no scope in business affairs, he puts off his uniform to seek a livelihood.

The hero of "The Mountebank" would not be a Locke hero if he had not saddled himself with some burden of quixotry which makes his reassumption of the clown's garb more or less imperative. Save for this burden he might have waited for the offer of work held out by an Australian friend to materialise. But there was Madame Patou. A Chance (or the novelist's caprice) willed it that Petit Patou should stumble in pre-war days against a Frenchwoman of the lower class—need it be said that Mr. Locke knows Frenchwomen of this type almost as well as he knows the highways and by-ways of France and its bohemian life? Having once been befriended by her, Patou deemed it his duty to help her when he found her in hard straits. She became his acting partner and soon they began to keep house together, though there could be no marriage, because she was cursed with a runaway scapegrace of a husband. It was the thought of Elodie which kept Andrew Lackaday from declaring his feelings to Lady Auriol; it was her necessities which forced him back into clowning. His chance of happiness might have seemed hopeless had he not had for friend Horatio Bakkus, one of Mr. Locke's most amusing and successful creations. An artist with a fine voice, a cynic with a flow of epigrams, and lover of fine food, a sponging rascal whom it is impossible to dislike, Bakkus suddenly, on attaining a competence, runs off with the superfluous Elodie, pretending or really believing that he is behaving quixotically to Lackaday in an apparent act of treachery. The way is clear now for a fairy-tale ending, and of course it is a fairy tale Mr. Locke has written—written with that charm of style, that happy turn of wit, that urbanity of mood, that easy mastery of narrative, which held us captive, quite a long time ago now, in the history of "The Beloved Vagabond."

F. G. BETTANY.

* "The Mountebank." By W. J. Locke. 7s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)

GORGEOUS POETRY.*

The great literary skill with which the author of this anonymous volume has captured and reproduced many of the outward characteristics of several ultra-modern poets gives legitimate pleasure. No harm is done to the artists in pointing out the absurd side of ultra-modern art nor to those who believe that in every new movement there is something which is necessary to make art a living force. "In Death's Army," "Love" and "The Journeyman and the Maid," we note an apparently serious touch (which can usually be detected in true comedy), which suggests that our author may become a true poet. The following verses, while they are genuine parody, give a hint of true art:

"'Tell me, pretty journeyman,
What hast there?'
'Oranges and roses
For a Spanish girl's hair'

"'Tell me, naughty journeyman,
Tell me true,
What is a little maid,
A pretty maid, to do?'

"'Ah,' said the journeyman,
'You have me there, . . .
Oranges and roses
For a Spanish girl's hair.'

"'That's life,' said the journeyman,
'Life stripped bare;
And the more you can,
The less you dare.'"

When we put down this volume, we know that we have missed something; there is scarcely any humour, no playful banter which is to be found in the best parodies. On reading the preface, we find our feeling explained and justified. This preface is arrogant and intolerant, for the author finds the work of the poets he has set out to parody altogether unpleasing. He says that he has written quickly and gaily. We find no gaiety. He asserts that his book is not an attack on the upstart poets who try to crowd into the cool hall of Olympus, but that he hates their work, not because they write of ugly things, but because they write so badly.

Without appreciation and understanding there can be no true criticism; a genuine parodist must have both appreciation and understanding; hate can never understand, and without understanding there can be no appreciation.

AUSTIN H. JOHNSON.

* "Gorgeous Poetry, 1911–1920." First Series. 2s. net. (Philip Allan.)

Novel Notes.

MAINWARING. By Maurice Hewlett 7s 6d net (Collins)

Mainwaring is an Irishman, clever, well educated, unscrupulous, who marries a servant girl and is carried into prominence as a politician on the back of the working man. A demagogue *par excellence*, fully conscious of his power, and never for a moment losing sight of his goal—the Premiership of England—Mainwaring manufactures strikes and indulges in love-affairs with society ladies with the ease of the born "pusher," and is prepared to sacrifice anybody and anything on the altar of his fetish of self-aggrandisement A striking contrast to him is his wife Lizzie, a simple, beautiful soul whose only ambition it is to do her duty and live an honourable life. A happy union of types so fundamentally different is obviously impossible, so Lizzie solves her own problem by donning print dress and cap and serving as parlourmaid in her own house As a bare statement this sounds outrageous, but Mr. Hewlett presents these two main characters of his novel with such perfect skill and balance that we never feel in the presence of the improbable—we surrender unconditionally to all Lizzie's arrangements The key-note of the book is that true happiness can only be found in the fulfilment of Moral Law, and Lizzie as a pattern for womankind is a sound and beautiful standard

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY. By Fyodor Dostoevsky Translated by Constance Garnett 7s 6d. net (Heinemann)

This is the end of a great and excellent venture In less than nine years Mrs Garnett and the Heinemann firm have produced twelve large volumes of a powerful and formative writer till now imperfectly known here The war has banished the gold from the binding, deteriorated the paper and added four shillings to the price of each volume, but it has not prevented or postponed the issue, and the usual formal tribute to author and publisher must on this occasion be paid with unusual sincerity. Few translators have laboured more devotedly than Mrs Garnett; few publishers have served the cause of modern European literature more handsomely than Messrs. Heinemann The present volume shows us the secondary, domestic Dostoevsky rather than the cataclysmic, tragic Dostoevsky. "Stepanchikovo and Its Inhabitants," as the book is called in Russian, is a study in imposture. The principal character is a consummate knave and humbug who insinuates himself into a family first as a buffoon, but presently develops into the tyrant and master of them all. Foma Fomich is a great creation worthy of the artists who made Pecksniff and Tartuffe. But he is not a transcript from Dickens or Molière; he is as entirely original as the incredible tragi-farcical circumstances are entirely Russian. For the spectator of modern events there is something thought-compelling in the contrast here shown between the grave, simple (and sometimes sinful) peasantry, and the screaming, squabbling crowd of masters and mistresses, who are either malevolent maniacs or benevolent idiots. But such reflections are the readers' own, for there is, of course, no political purpose in this prose comedy, which is carried through with unflagging spirit.

PASSOVER. By Beatrice Baskerville 7s. 6d. net (Thornton Butterworth)

If Miss Baskerville has certain qualities in common with the great Russian realistic novelists, it is because in her stories of Polish life she moves among similar scenes and among a people who, like those of Russia, are still in many ways curiously primitive. She is as vividly realistic, but her realism is alive with a spirit of romance, a sense of the beauty and sweetness as well as of the unloveliness of human character. The grim, semi-barbaric old mother-in-law of Hermann Fincklestein is subtly and convincingly drawn, and the monstrous vengeance she wreaks upon

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WILTON'S SACRIFICE. By Paul Trent 7s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Trent's characters we have met before, many times in fiction, but if his latest novel contains no surprises, it succeeds in being a very readable tale. A high State official, whose fraud upon the Government has been discovered by an aide-de-camp who attempts blackmail, a strong silent man who suffers for a fault not his own, his young wife who, not in his confidence, misjudges his motive—these are the principal characters of the story. The scene is laid on the West Coast of Africa, where Sir John Lurgan, the high State official, is Governor. Mr. Trent gives a good picture of colonial life, and has reached the big success of the book in the character of Addah, a beautiful half-caste, who is in love with one of the Governor's staff. Addah dies before the question of her future has been solved, but her place in the story breaks in for a moment, with the reality of a pressing inter-racial problem, upon the familiar lines of a romantic tale. For the rest, Mr. Trent has a gift of easy narrative, and the swing with which the story goes will take all but the most exacting reader with it.

A WOMAN OF THE DESERT. By Moore Ritchie. 8s. 6d. net. (Melrose)

In this novel Mr. Moore Ritchie entertains the reader with a vivid picturing of Oriental life in action. He evidently knows the Somalis as it has been given to very few Europeans to know them. The story chiefly concerns the activities of two rival Somali tribes who, under the leadership of Abrahim Mursaal, a virile and capable fanatic, finally unite in rebellion against the Unbelievers, or agents of the British Government. There is a very fine description of a tribal raid, where men galloping wildly "killed and maimed each other neatly with their teeth, making for the windpipe like the swift fighting animals they are." It is fascinating to read about these Somalis—people whose actions develop like a flash and whose ideas are as changeable as mercury; who "can travel in a second from a religious impulse to a tribal massacre, and then to a holy war which ends in a conquest of the earth and bliss with unlimited wives and endless dancing and gambling in the highest point in Paradise—all within a few minutes thought." Throughout this story of primitive passions runs the influence of a woman, Faduma, the mate of Abrahim. "Allah made us, but Woman and the Sun rule us all" is the key-note of the book which winds up with a stirring climax in which a handful of men under Mark Shadd keep at bay and ultimately vanquish a horde of wild dervishes crazy with thirst. In Shadd, a genius of desert warfare, Mr. Ritchie has created a powerful and original character.

SHE WHO WAS HELENA CASS. By Lawrence Rising. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When you read a first novel which persuades you that the mysterious disappearance of its heroine was for three years the talk of two continents and which uses only the slightest of legitimate improbabilities to help out a difficult story, you are unlikely to forget the writer's name Such an author is Mr. Lawrence Rising in his story of Helena Cass. Helena in the car-race over the shining quicksands near Avranches, Helena on the Spanish hill-side, left for dead by Don Pedro, who had robbed her at the inn, Helena in the convent dress of the Sisters of the Adoration, is a new character in fiction. If there is a jingling of the mechanism in the reasons which keep her out so long on her adventures, that is a matter of small account. The adventures themselves are sufficient justification. Mr. Rising's gift of description is one of the features in his success. In pictures of clear outline and colour, set among the strong lights and shadows of foreign cities near the sun, he makes a background which localises the incidents of his story without taking the place of the incidents themselves. We commend to the reader a thoroughly exciting, well-told tale.

THE STORY OF JENNY. By Elizabeth Southwart. 7s. 6d net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

It is not every prize novel that justifies the title, but in this case there is no cause for doubt because Miss Southwart has given us here an example of the realistic and reflective novel which will answer most of the strictest tests we can apply. In three parts or stages she tells the life-story and impressions of a village mill-girl in the dales of Yorkshire, and although an outcrop of precocity here and there threatens to disturb the even tenor of development, the steady progression from childhood to youth and from youth to womanhood is convincing and unforced. Jenny is a creature rich in sensibility, with a shrewd mother-wit of her own, to countervail the absence of good looks; and in this way she holds her own against the slow-thinking but immovable philosophy of her father and the shrewish but not unkindly tongue of her mother. It is in handling the young men characters—her brother and his cronies, especially David and Jonathan, the rivals in her affections—that the novel shows its quality and depth. There is a naturalness without naturalism, and ardour without seduction, and in its way the story remains a real work of art to the last.

THE PILGRIM OF A SMILE. By Norman Davey. 8s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall)

Mr. Norman Davey's book is a collection of short stories, ingeniously bound together by the fantastic frame of a Sphinx that suddenly comes to life and grants the wishes of four Englishmen who, during a night of revels, find themselves making orations in front of Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. One of these four men desires the love of the most beautiful woman; one craves for the gift of portraying all human sorrow; one cries, "Give me the dibs, and I'll do the rest myself"; while the fourth apologises for his curiosity in wishing to know why the Sphinx smiles. It is this last one, Mr. Matthew Sumner, we follow on his pilgrimage in quest of the reason for a smile. With rare skill, and in a language which in clear-cut detail and poetic similitude approximates to the best passages in Greek classics, Mr. Norman Davey flashes fragments of life on to the screen before us, and as the author's steady hand leads us through the maze of human frailties we flit from the Riviera to Soho, from Lady Flayne's world-famed English gardens to a dingy French café, from the West End residence of an art collector of repute to a small mountain chapel in Capri, where in the confessional God Himself asks humanity's forgiveness for creating it in His image. This book is one of those rare specimens to which the cultured reader will return again and again with quiet pleasure.

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SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH "T." By Kay Cleaver Strahan. 7s 6d net. (Jarrolds.)

While living close to nature has a place in theory and may be justified in practice, of itself it gives no plot to the novelist. The everyday happenings of the simple life do not become more interesting or momentous from being grouped on paper. Thus, when Phyllis Winfree, aged twenty-five, tells her adopted son of nine years old, and through him all readers of the novel, that she is going to write a story which shall be about "perch-edifice (their home in Oregon) and the trees, and the sky—much about the sky—a near-by neighbour, a Mr. Miser, and other things," we have some misgivings about the result. The title of the tale is a challenge, and we read on determined to solve its mystery. Before we discover in the last chapter that "Something that begins with 'T'" is Truth, "that is what love is," we have gathered some knowledge of American slang and of Mr. Matthew Macelwayne, an interesting character, who brings the story to an end by marrying Phyllis. There is in the book a good deal of nature writing in the line of succession to Opal Whiteley. The best of it is the finest part of a rather inconclusive tale

CRASHIE HOWE, A HILL PARISH. By Bertram Smith. With Introduction by Sir William Robertson Nicoll. 6s. net. (Simpkins.)

Bertram Smith was an admirable writer and a brave, unconquered man. Many of those who knew him as an enthusiastic winter sportsman, and especially as the great literary exponent of curling (otherwise the game of "Mon" and "Soop her, Mon"), did not know that he was fighting all the time a losing battle with consumption. He died at forty-one; and there is no doubt that, but for his sheer physical determination and rigorous outdoor life, death would have claimed him earlier. Besides being a curler he was a great caravanner, and it is possible that those who hotly dispute the merits of Ailsas and Crawfordjohns have never read his adventures on wheels all the way to John o' Groats. They have much to gain. But sport did not exhaust his interests. As a writer he has dealt most sympathetically with the delights of youth as seen in retrospect. "Days of Discovery" and "Running Wild" have in them the real thrill of childhood's unsentimental, inexhaustible zest for life, and "Totty" is perhaps the most genuinely funny collection of schoolboy sketches ever written. In the present volume we have another aspect of Bertram Smith's capacity—he appears as a writer of Scottish idylls. "Crashie Howe" is a valley remote and isolated. There is a sketch of the one shop that serves the valley, and of Aggie the shopkeeper, who rules both And do you know what a "Deedler" is? You must read about Crashie Howe and realise the remoteness of a valley where music is unknown to understand the office and calling of a "Deedler" "The First Ice" is a sketch of "the roarin' game," and "The Famine" an intimation of the tragedy that besets the rearer of sheep in a desolate land. There are other sketches, all excellent, and they may be commended heartily for their own sake and for the sake of the brave spirit who penned them. The book has a sympathetic introduction by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll

The Bookman's Table.

ABSALOM: A TRAGEDY; AND OTHER PLAYS AND POEMS. By Torahiko Khori. 5s. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr Khori writes in Japanese, but has himself translated his play and poems, with the help of Mr. H. M. Sainsbury. The bulk of the volume is taken up with "the tragedy of Absalom," a variant on the Bible story. It will be enjoyed much more on the stage than in the closet; there is a vagueness about the telling of the story which would be overlooked if we had the spectacle and the players before us. The tragedy of unfulfilled desires, the deaths and suicides, would be most impressive, and the dignity of the words and phrases would produce its full effect. "The Sham Hero: A Comedy for Marionettes," is a Japanese version of a story which could be found in all countries and in every age, and appropriately staged would make a popular appeal. The Prologue to an unwritten drama arouses expectations which we hope the author will one day satisfy. We think most readers will turn more often to the poems, as they will be found to be Japanese both in matter and manner.

MY YEARS OF EXILE: REMINISCENCES OF A SOCIALIST. By Eduard Bernstein. Translated by Bernard Miall. 15s. net. (Parsons.)

If, in this democratic century, there exists a person in whose mind a suspicion yet lingers that a Socialist is a not entirely respectable man, he will surely have his last doubts dispelled by reading Herr Bernstein's book of reminiscences. For this book is, before and above anything else, the work of a kindly and simple soul, a man who harbours no animosity against anybody and against whom no such feeling seems possible. When the author tells us about his exile from Germany and his work in Switzerland as editor of the anything but moderate *Socialdemokrat*, which was smuggled into Germany and secretly distributed there, we realise that the fight which Herr Bernstein and his gallant band of "comrades" waged must often have been a bitter one, hunted as they were from one country to another by the secret police, always on the alert against spies outside and within their own movement But the author's dispassionate account of that period of the history of Socialism makes it equally obvious that he has escaped from nearly half a century of strife with a mind so charmingly childlike in its kindly serenity that we gladly forgive him for occasionally boring us with a style which loses itself in sentimental circumstantiality. For the English reader the interest naturally centres round the latter part of the book which deals with Herr Bernstein's exile in London, and his impression of prominent people he met here Once more the sad story of Eleanor Marx, that most ill-fated of unfortunate women, is brought to mind, and Mr. Bernstein writes of her youth, her life with Edward Aveling, and ultimately her suicide, with the sympathy of a sincere friend Many a shrewd observation is passed on the character of famous Socialists like Bernard Shaw, Belfort Bax, Cunninghame Graham and Sidney and Beatrice Webb, and among the interesting incidents from the Sunday evenings at the Engels' home a particularly amusing one relates to Dr. Rudolph Meyer. The book will be read with interest not only within, but also outside Socialist circles.

THE GOLDFINCHES. By Sylvia Lynd. 3s. 6d. net. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Mrs. Lynd evidently has a partiality for "bird" titles to her books; following "The Thrush and the Jay" and just preceding "The Swallow Dive," we now have "The Goldfinches," a slender little volume of poems full of fragrance and charm. Many a beautiful thought and quaint idea does the book contain, and many a vivid word picture:

> "To-night the sky is like a rose
> Above the little town,
> A petal fallen from a rose,
> The chalk-pit on the down."

And again:

> "Five little poplars in a row
> Stripe with long shadows half the weald,
> The elm-tree shadows flow,
> Like streams till all the vale is filled. . . ."

While for the sympathy and the lilt of it we must quote three of the five verses of "The Whistling Boy":

"It is not the whistling of blackbird or wren,
Nor yet the plump chaffinch that sings in the lane;
But a little starved boy that is crooked and lame,
A little starved ruffian that hasn't a name. . . .

"Sure not from his father such happiness came,
And not from his mother who left him in shame,
The song of green fields, of the streams and the groves,
The song of sweet hopes and of confident loves

"Oh, what puts that spirit of spring in his breast,
Oh, what makes him pipe like a bird by its nest,
Oh, what makes him whistle like blackbird or wren,
The little lame ruffian rejected of men?"

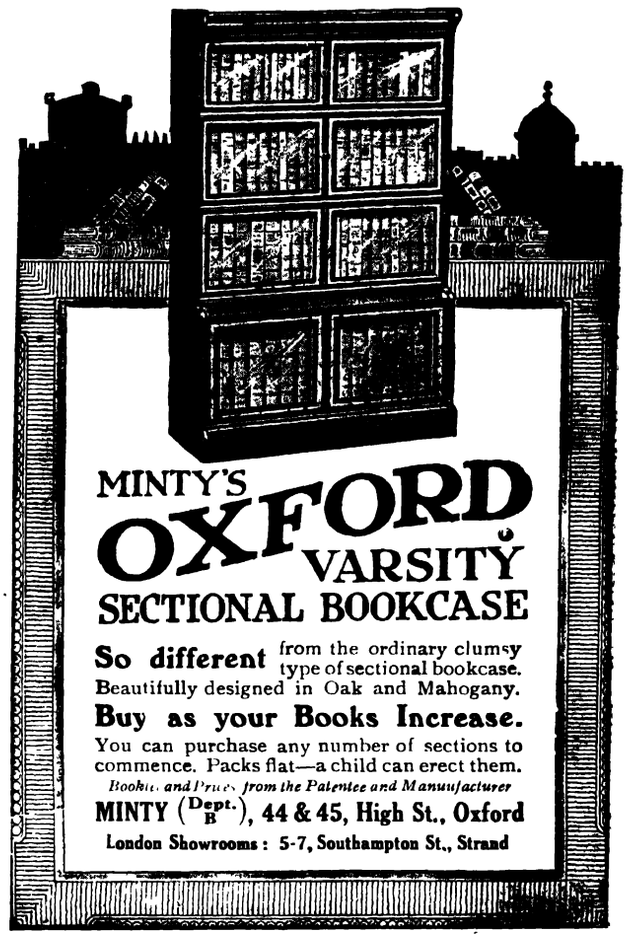
Mrs. Lynd's work is sincere and unaffected, and there is in this book a rare and distinctive quality which should win for her a place of honour among poets of to-day.

GUILD POLITICS. By G R Stirling Taylor. 3s 6d net (Cecil Palmer)

If we are to believe Mr Taylor, the statesmen and politicians of modern Europe, after having laid half the world in ruins, have during the last few years "freely announced to all the peoples that they do not know how to rule" The result is that in England we are brought face to face with the probability of a Labour Government in the near future, and the aim of this book is "to set down in outline a policy for a new Labour Party and for a new Labour economy." The new Labour economy is that embodied in what has come to be known as the Guild theory; and the essence of the guild, we are told, is the central principle that the industrial or trading units form the most rational basis on which to build a human society These units should be self-controlled, subject only to the sovereign State The ideal of the guild would be social service and not profit-making: and each guildsman would have a vote in deciding affairs pertaining to his guild This, then, is Mr Taylor's policy for Labour; and if the Labour Party accept the Guild theory of society, it must set to to realise it Instead of the mere pursuit of politics, the main work of Labour should be the organisation of production. Let it begin, with the help of the Co-operative movement, the practical work of organising one industry on guild lines Let it demonstrate that the thing can be done, and the Labour Party that is to be can then commence its business, by legislating for a fact instead of an idea So runs Mr. Taylor's argument, and he does his best to make it attractive by writing in a light and easy—not to say flippant—vein, which makes his book much more readable and persuasive than many others containing far more substance than his

CARTAGENA AND THE BANKS OF THE SINÚ. By R B Cunninghame Graham 15s net (Heinemann)

Cunninghame Graham is a dazzling and confusing person. He blends in himself a multitude of times and places His vivid, responsive and daring prose finds its material indifferently in Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew, in gaucho, seaman, laird or señorita, all his demand of these being that they should have a real life of their own. In the present volume he is on ground unchallengeably his, for no one has written like Cunninghame Graham of the lost and remote life of the Spanish Americas During the war he was sent to examine the cattle resources of Colombia, and he here presents, with all his mastery of word and phrase, a record of adventure, a gallery of character and a vision of things seen in tropical city or forest or plain. It is preposterous to think that before this task fell upon him he had laid aside his pen and vowed to write no more. Let us hear no more of that! Though we like him upon a peak in Darien we will not have him silent; for this is such a book as only he can write, a history and romance in one, a collection of unusual information about lost regions and a picture of high vivid lights or grey tones as the occasion demands. He is an asset of contemporary literature. No one else has his unique matter and his fearless art. They are both abundantly exhibited in this story of Cartagena de Indias, with its buried, forgotten life and its savour of slumbrous romance and exotic exuberance.



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Music.

BRITISH MUSIC IN 1921.

By GERALD CUMBERLAND.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Gerald Cumberland.**

EVEN those of us who are only just on the borderland of middle-age are old enough to remember the time when music in England was chaotic and fumbling, and held in contempt not only by our immediate neighbours across the sea but also by ourselves. Three hundred years ago we were the most musical nation in Europe; at the close of last century we had scarcely any music at all; to-day we have a musical life both diversified and rich, and a group of composers whose high talent and soaring aspirations at least equal, if they are not actually superior to, anything the world can show.

To trace the social, economic and other causes of this rapid development is not possible here; it will be sufficient for my purpose if I assert that the figure of Sir Edward Elgar has contributed largely to our recent musical renascence. He gave our musical life dignity; he was a rallying point for younger men; and the early recognition of his genius by Germany and the unstinted praise given him by Richard Strauss helped us to realise that in him we had a figure destined for immortality. Not that Elgar has founded a "school." His creative life has been lonely: he has had not a single imitator. His genius, strangely sensitive and energised by a nervous organism almost hysterical, has fulfilled itself by a rigid self-dependence, and even in the years of his greatest popularity many of us felt that he was in spirit remote and inaccessible, revealing beauty to the world like a snow-clad mountain peak smitten by the sun. But if he has had no imitators, he has shown the way, and many composers of the younger generation have reached their present positions through the inspiration of his example.

Yet such has been the flux of foreign musical influences into this country in recent years that Elgar has lost some of his hold upon the masses. Lately an orchestral concert devoted solely to Elgar's music—a concert conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald, a supremely fine interpreter of this composer's work—was given at Queen's Hall to a strangely sparse audience; his Second Symphony is not yet widely understood; his recent chamber music has but one admirer where "The Dream of Gerontius" has a hundred. The truth is, the musical masses are still under the astounding domination of Wagner, whose lack of reticence and splendid vulgarities are in direct opposition to the spirituality and intense, sublimated thought of Elgar. The Russians also have recently intoxicated us with their new vodka, their barbaric colours and barbarous rhythms; Debussy and Ravel have insinuated themselves into our psychology, pouring their delicate dissonances into our apprehensive ears; and once again Richard Strauss, giant-like, strides about our land. These foreign influences have disturbed the more insular current of our musical life, and on this account they have on many hands been deprecated; but disturbance is not necessarily disintegration, and though there are many signs that the individualities of some of our younger composers have been temporarily submerged in the sea of Russian and French music, the final result can scarcely be harmful. Music, after all, is the most cosmopolitan of all the arts, the most widely diffused, the most democratic; to advocate, as some writers have done, the erection of artificial barriers between one country and another, and especially between our own country and the Continent, is to assume that music is hostile to itself, that in it are antagonistic forces making for destruction. This of course is absurd.

If Elgar has worked out his own destiny, so have all the younger composers. Though Granville Bantock has ceased to make his vastly interesting experiments in huge masses of vocal sound, he still toys with orientalism; in everything he writes he stands alone. Frederic Delius refuses classification; John Ireland, a little Yellow Bookish, packs his music with his own special gold; Vaughan Williams, full of a vague mysticism, is cloistered within his own genius; Rutland Boughton, while reforming every one save himself, burns his bright lamp in Glastonbury; Joseph Holbrooke, having discarded his Poe-like dreams, is now gloriously but rather noisily Joseph Holbrooke; and Arnold Bax, Eugene Goossens and Julius Harrison and a dozen more react, each in his individual way, to the influences of their environment. For some years it has been regretted that there is no inner bond of union between these composers, no common, well-defined aim such as inspired the Lake Poets or the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Such an aim, it has been felt, would make for strength, for progress on well-established lines. But if ever there was any probability of conscious co-operation in the attainment of definite ideals, that probability exists no longer. The war destroyed it. The violent years of 1914–1918 led to violence in art, to an almost morbid intensification of the ego. The creative artist, having for five years crushed his individuality, is now face to face with the inevitable reaction; the ego within him is clamant for self-expression at whatever cost: he must be himself though that self be only a faint cry in the noise of multitudes. Hence such phenomena as Lord Berners, Erik Satie and Stravinsky, men who on occasion push music to its utmost limit of

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hideousness and whose extravagance is but rarely tempered by humour.

It might be thought that among so much varied talent there would be much confusion, that the public would be bewildered by this *embarras de richesses*, and that so many conflicting interests would make progress slow and difficult. But such is not the case. Never at any period in our history has the public had so many and such reliable guides as it possesses at the moment. A generation ago our musical criticism was contemptible, for it was incompetent, shallow and frequently dishonest. To-day, both in London and the provinces, newspaper criticism of music may not be perfect, for the conditions under which it is produced conspire to degrade it, but it is at least well-informed, fair-minded and, on the whole, constructive. Such writers as Ernest Newman, Edwin Evans, H. C. Colles, Samuel Langford and Richard Capell have done an enormous amount of spade-work in educating the musical taste of the public, in clarifying the public's ideas, and in sifting, day after day and week after week, the good music from the bad. Ernest Newman, indeed, has probably done more to educate the musical public than any man living, and no young amateur, attracted by music and wishing to understand its basic principles, can do better than study his various volumes of essays and, in particular, his books on Hugo Wolf and Wagner.

Music, then, flourishes to-day in this country with the health, the rich prodigality and the adventurousness with which literature flourished in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Among composers we have many men of genius, but only posterity can disclose how many of them are men of the front rank. Elgar, it is agreed, is sure of immortality; of the younger generation Rutland Boughton, Arnold Bax and Vaughan Williams have already produced work that will be heard with delight by thousands yet unborn.

GRANVILLE BANTOCK.*

Professor Granville Bantock has always held the gorgeous East in fee His "Omar Khayyám" really suggested the Orient and not the djibbahs of the Hampstead Garden Suburb In the present set of five songs he has found a libretto that has evidently gone straight to his heart. The words are adapted from the Chinese by E. Powys Mathers and they have a life and charm that is genuinely fresh as well as exotic. Professor Bantock has given them a strongly individual and attractive setting. Possibly they might not have been written quite in this way if Stravinsky had not written that wonderful piece of *chinoiserie*, "The Nightingale"; but they are none the worse for that. "The Emperor" has an appropriate note of burlesque pomp as well as of deep feeling. "The Red Lotus" is mystic, wonderful, and doubtless has a meaning. "In the Palace" gives us a miniature tragedy of suppression. "The Peach Flower," likely to be the most popular as it is the most obvious in appeal, is a charming study in the symbolism of love. "The Garden of Bamboos" is an exquisite poem in music, with an effective *morendo* at the close. Personally we like "The Emperor" and "The Garden of Bamboos" best of all, with "The Peach Flower" as a good third

* "Five Songs" By Granville Bantock. Words adapted from the Chinese by E Powys Mathers. 2s. each net. (Elkin.) —"Arabian Nights." For Pianoforte. By Granville Bantock. Part III. 2s. net. (Swan)—"Five Songs from Dramatic Lyrics." By Robert Browning. Music by Granville Bantock. 2s. net each. (Swan)



Photo by Vandyk. **Mr. Granville Bantock.**

Singers of taste and intelligence will surely welcome a set of modern songs with words in which there is no trace of the ineffable lyricism of the ballad concert. As for Professor Bantock, with his daringly subtle harmonies and rhythms, we need say no more than that he has redelivered the poems in music that is a delight to render or receive.

The third part of his "Arabian Nights" suite contains pieces five, six and seven of that set, entitled respectively, "On the Way to Damascus," "A Princess of Cathay" and "The Magic Horse." Professor Bantock here employs all the resources of an imagination sharply touched by the magic of the East, and of a musicianship that can invent delightful effects of rhythm, harmony and exotic melody to illustrate these tales of wonder. Players who take the trouble to master them will have a new and delightful addition to their repertory.

The Swan Company—publishers of "The Arabian Nights"—specialise in the production of modern high class English music. Merely as specimens of engraving and printing their work deserves credit, but most of all they must be praised for the quality of the matter they put forth The Browning songs of Professor Bantock illustrate his power and versatility What woman-singer of feeling and cultivation will not be glad to have finely-imagined settings of "In a Year" and "A Woman's Last Word"? And singers of both sexes will be pleased with "The Guardian Angel," "My Star" and "Home Thoughts," the last an especially full and ecstatic setting of words that everybody knows and loves. We recommend these songs to lovers of poetry and music.

MUSIC AND EDUCATION.*

The present volume by M. Jaques-Dalcroze is the gospel of a very important movement. Eurhythmics may be described as embodied music, or appreciation made visible in movement. It means, in school work, an evocation of the children's sense of rhythm and the association of real personal expression with the message of the music. Music thus becomes, not an artificial overlay passively endured, but something alive, active, creative. The eagerness with which the Eurhythmic doctrines have been taken up points to a general conviction of our failures and necessities. There is no need for us to describe at length the teachings that are held passionately by those who hold them at all. We should like, instead, as more interesting to unprofessional readers, to quote what M. Dalcroze says about the English:

"As to the musical feeling of the English, it is by no means of so low a standard as is generally asserted on the Continent. The people undoubtedly love music, and their hearing and vocal capacities are normal. As in Sweden, the old folk-songs have regained a position of honour; it is quite common to see children dancing and singing in the streets, and their choral singing . . . is remarkable for its accuracy and balance. On the other hand, music is too commonly regarded, in social circles, as a mere accomplishment, and its cultivation in schools and private musical academies is largely superficial and conventional. Once the efforts of the reconstruction enthusiasts have succeeded in obtaining a due regard for music and

* "Rhythm, Music and Education." By Emile Jaques-Dalcroze. Translated from the French by Harold F. Rubinstein, with an Introduction by Sir W. H. Hadow. 15s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Twenty Caprices and Rhythmic Studies." By E. Jaques-Dalcroze. Set II. 4s. net. (Augener.)—"Psychology Applied to Music Teaching." By Mrs. J. Spencer Curwen. 15s. net. (Curwen.)

Eurhythmics in the school curriculum, the English people will not be slow in attaining a standard worthy of the descendants of the great composers who represented it so honourably in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."

It would be difficult to state more clearly and cogently what is the matter with music in this country. Of the book itself we need say no more than that it must be in the library of every school and of every music teacher. Musicians will be glad to supplement it by the distinctive set of "Rhythmic Studies" published by Augeners.

The necessity for a radical reform in our approach to music will be plain to every reader of Mrs. J. Spencer Curwen's volume, in which there is a tragically significant collection of "howlers" made by young ladies in genteel educational institutions. Consider such answers as these:

"Palestrina's music is very monotonous and holy; when listened to it makes a man soar above all the evil and dark spots in his character"

"Mozart's operas were smooth, while Weber's were all large chords that only he himself could stretch"

Such things point plainly, not only to bad teaching of unsuitable matter, but to a hopelessly wrong attitude towards the whole purpose of music. Mrs. Curwen's book combines the new psychology with a long practical experience of teaching. The combination should prove highly attractive. GEORGE SAMPSON.

FIVE SONGS AND A PIANO PIECE.*

Here are five songs exhibiting four virtues which are becoming refreshingly common. The words are of value, regard is shown for true accentuation, sense is not sacrificed to momentary effect, and the piano parts are relevant and yet of individual interest. So far they are uniformly good; in the extent to which they catch the subtler sense of the lyrics they vary greatly. The most obviously appealing even if not entirely satisfying is D. M. Stewart's setting of Masefield's "The West Wind." It is pleasing, fluent, and, except for a rather hackneyed rosalia in the second verse, fresh The song will appeal most to mezzo-sopranos and light baritones.

Cyril Scott's setting of Teresa Hooley's "Our Lady of Violets" combines a rather deliberately simple vocal line with a piano part which, though subtle, does not obtrude except at the end of the fourth stanza, where it becomes excessive and unhelpful. Apart from a perverse jump of a ninth, which no singer will enjoy, the song is most suitable for mezzo-sopranos.

To treat afresh and successfully so famous a lyric as Sidney's "My True Love Hath My Heart" is a difficult problem which John Ireland has hardly solved. The result is of course interesting, but expresses nothing of the lyric's curious



Mr. Cyril Scott.

* "The West Wind." By D. M. Stewart. (Augener.) In E: B to E.—"Our Lady of Violets." By Cyril Scott (Elkin.) In C: C to E, and D.—"My True Love Hath My Heart." By John Ireland. (Augener.) In E: D to F, and G.—"All Night under the Moon," Low: C to E, and High, and "Valley Moonlight." Low and High: D to G. By Edgar L Bainton. (Winthrop Rogers.)—"Ballad for the Pianoforte." By Cyril Scott. 3s. (Elkin.)

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OLD ENGLISH PIECES AND A PAGEANT.*

Mr. Norman O'Neill, already known to many players and concert-goers by his "Blue Bird" music and his later accompaniments to "Macbeth" and "Mary Rose," here offers us a set of pieces deserving of wide popularity. Without being obviously archaic they have a real flavour of Old England, and without being obviously easy, they are simple enough to be within the means of any fair pianist. The first, called "Real Morris," is a bright and rapid dance-form, full of movement. The second, "Rigadoon" (the one we like best), has the charm of something really felt, and, with its effective modulations and varied movement, gives the moderate pianist plenty of opportunity for exhibiting acquirements of touch and delivery without burdening him with technical gymnastics. The third, an "Elizabethan March," forms a vigorous and satisfactory conclusion. We commend these pieces heartily to players who want something new as well as good.

After the "plain" of Norman O'Neill we come to the "coloured" of Cyril Scott. This musician is nothing if not ambitious. Having something to say he insists in saying it entirely in his own way, and his rhythms, harmonies and inventions are distinctively original. Some have objected that Cyril Scott illustrates not so much a style as a formula; but this, at least, should be added, that he was quietly producing his musical impressionism long before young ladies at the music schools had discovered the Preludes of Debussy, and that, having found his vein in music, he has not been deterred by objections or deflected by the attractions of popularity. The three pieces here presented are called, "Sentimental Waltz," "Exotic Dance" and "Processional Dance." They are unusual and attractive, and they do not play themselves—a distinction that will attract pianists who seek music that is not only original but the cause of originality in the player.

* "Three Old English Pieces" By Norman O'Neill 2s. 6d. net. (Schott & Co.)—"A Pageant": For Pianoforte. By Cyril Scott 3s. 6d. net. (Schott & Co.)

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From AUGENER.—Schubert Fantasia · The Wanderer.—Octagon Piano Albums. Vol V.—Butterfly Waltz for Pianoforte. By Erkki Melartin.—"Etudes de Concert," for Piano. By Arthur de Greef. In five keys

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From J R LAFLEUR & SON.—"Tristesse" Entr'acte for Piano By Austin Crayne.—"Paul-Nana". Flower Dance By Val Cheyne.—"Sweet Memories," for Piano. By Enrico Calcuti.

The Drama.

THE FUTURE OF THE THEATRE.

By ST. JOHN ERVINE.



Photo by Lena Connell. **Mr. St. John Ervine.**

ONE sign of the vitality of the theatre is the incessant lamentation which it creates. I doubt whether there has ever been a time when jeremiads on the drama were not extensively pronounced, and I am very certain that there never will be a time when jeremiads will cease to be pronounced. All those who mourn over the condition of the theatre—and I have done my little bit of howling over it from time to time—are testifying to the fact that theatrical entertainment is something of a necessity to mankind and, more importantly, that mankind is never quite satisfied with the quality of the entertainment, but is constantly demanding improvement in it. So that when I, for example, in the *Observer* print columns of invective about the state of the English drama, I am not so much proving that that state is rotten as demanding that it shall be made better. In point of fact, English drama is fairly healthy in spite of some very serious handicaps in the way of producing fine work which are significant of the present time only. But those handicaps are hindering the development of every form of art and of every form of industry; they are directly attributable to the rise in the cost of production and the false increase in wages during the war. I am not an economist, but one does not require a particular mental faculty to understand that unless we can revise our system of payment in some way that is conformable to real needs, all enterprises of whatever kind are likely to be in a state of flux for a period and to terminate in disaster.

The condition of the newspapers of this country illustrates the position very aptly. So does the condition of the theatre. The cost of producing a play to-day is out of all reason even if the prices of theatre-seats were higher than they now are; but when one remembers that, except in a few cases, the prices of admission, apart from the entertainment tax, which does not benefit, but positively harms, the theatre-proprietor, are exactly what they were before the war began, it will not be difficult to realise how very complicated and

harassing theatrical production has become. An immediate result of this economic pressure upon the drama is that managers tend more and more to produce plays which will appeal to enormous crowds, and less and less to produce plays which appeal to thoughtful audiences. That is the explanation of the spectacular play which although it costs a great deal of money to stage, earns large sums for its producers because the vast majority of theatre-goers like to leave their brains in the cloak-room when they go to the play and are quite content if their eyes are gratified by pretty pictures.

These problems of pounds and pence will, however, be adjusted in time, and we need not seriously perturb ourselves about them now. What is interesting to consider is just how the theatre is going to develop. I think that we are at the beginning of a very remarkable era of theatrical enterprise. The war, so far as the theatre is concerned, marked the climax of an old tradition and, by its abruptness, caused the new era to begin almost dramatically. Most changes in institutions take place imperceptibly by a process of merging. But the war caused a most perceptible alteration in the condition of the theatre. The actor-manager, for example, disappeared almost in a single night during the war and, by a merciful dispensation, the great actor-managers were prevented from suffering the misery of seeing themselves left in neglect while their successors mounted to authority. Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir George Alexander, the most eminent and authoritative of the actor-managers, died within a few months of each other. They did their work, and then passed on with the honour they had earned still rich and untarnished. Personal control, such as Tree's, disappeared from the theatre, and the control of syndicates, such as that of Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard, took its place. I doubt whether the change is entirely for the good of drama. It has indisputable merits, but it also has equally indisputable demerits. Time, however, will settle the hash of the syndicates if they are not as good for drama as the actor-manager, despite his faults, often was.

I foresee a great development in the purely mechanical side of the theatre. Most of the theatres in England are hopelessly out of date. The acoustics are so wretched that they may be said to be non-existent. The stage is constructed so that the production of any but the most simple form of play is a matter of very great difficulty. The lighting apparatus is sketchy, and the method of scene-shifting is clumsy and wasteful of time. We have hardly begun to understand stage-lighting in this country, but in America this part of theatrical enterprise has been highly developed, partly because electricity is much cheaper there than in England, and partly because the American people are more willing than we are to make experiments. It is not possible for me in the space at my command to give details of mechanical development in the theatre, but in a summary fashion I can prophesy that we are likely to see before long a method of production which will be a combination of light and mechanics. The stage in every theatre will probably be a revolving stage. There will be large, deep cellars under the stage itself into which whole "sets" will be sunk after use, so that a stage manager will be able to "set a scene" of very elaborate

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character in a few moments. The arid scheme of decoration which consists of hanging curtains and no more is not likely to endure upon the stage simply because it is dull, and, on the whole, depressing. Scenery is likely to become more, rather than less, complicated, but the manipulation of it will be so easy that long waits between the acts are never likely to take place. It will then be possible to produce a Shakespearean play as it was written by its author. The use of the "apron" stage is likely to become a general custom for the performance of small scenes between large scenes. While the small scene is being acted on the apron stage, the large scenes will be whisked round on the revolving stage, and the play will proceed with hardly any interruption. Plays will then tend to be longer and more varied in scene. The modern play is a very short piece, often played in a single "set." The Elizabethan plays were very long and played in a great variety of "sets." In "The Merchant of Venice," for example, the interest switches backwards and forwards from Venice to Belmont in a way that almost breaks the heart of the modern producer, cramped by the physical conditions of the modern theatre. These troubles will disappear. Some scenes will be composed of little more than a few cheap curtains and a great deal of light. Other scenes will be of a more elaborate and detailed character. But whatever the nature of the scene may be it will be manipulated easily and swiftly.

SHAW AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE.

The gallant efforts of the promoters of Everyman Theatre, at Hampstead, seem likely to succeed. They certainly deserve to. In spite of a few casual revivals of the more popular plays anyone who wished to see Bernard Shaw's plays on the stage had to journey, these last few years, to Vienna or Berlin or Munich or possibly Moscow. Here is Everyman giving us this month and next a repertoire which includes "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara" and "The Showing up of Blanco Posonet." The plays are being produced by Edith Craig, on whose co-operation Mr. Macdermott is to be congratulated. It would be difficult to improve on the production of "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell" as pieces of intelligent rendering by actors who were in some cases very miscast. In "Candida" the chief praise is due to Mr. Aylmer's Morell and Mr. Jefferies' Burgess. Miss Pratt, as Candida, wrestled with a part for which she was not suited—she was at her best in the final scene, but it was difficult to think of her as a poet's inspiration. Of the rest Miss Jones's Prossy was an admirable study; but she slightly overdid the exaltation caused by champagne. Prossy would be sad in her cups, even though excited. The performance of "You Never Can Tell" is full of pleasant surprises. No visitors to London should miss this Shaw season, which will continue till the middle of April.

THE WONDERFUL VISIT. By H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine. At St. Martin's Theatre

Let me say at once that in "The Wonderful Visit" the authors, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. St. John Ervine, and the producer, Mr. Basil Dean, have collaborated to provide a very charming entertainment. The two themes of the play, the resentment felt by the leading dignitaries of the village of Siddermorton at the appearance in their midst of an angel, and their desire to rid themselves of an unmarried mother whom the kindly old vicar has sheltered, are very adroitly blended. While the three scenes, the Vicarage Garden, the War Memorial and the Vicar's Study, to say nothing of the very realistic fire which takes place at the Vicarage, are marvels of pictorial and natural beauty. I don't quite approve of the figures coming to life in the vicar's replica of Leonardo's "Madonna della Rocce"—that seems to me too childish and unworthy a trick to be employed even in a dream play. Otherwise I have nothing but praise for the admirably tasteful way in which the play has been produced; for the poses and gestures of Delia, the unmarried mother, and of the rather theatrically-clad Angel, are invariably graceful and suggestive. The farce of certain passages is perhaps a little old-fashioned. The melodrama, too, wherein the titled war-profiteer makes amorous advances to Delia and is repulsed by the Angel, seems also a little crude. But the dialogue in which Delia, kneeling before the War Memorial, talks to her dead soldier-lover is poignantly affecting; while every scene in which the aristocratic Lady Hammergallow encounters the too inquisitive Angel or the upstart war-profiteer is full of the most delightful comedy. As the Angel, Mr. Harold French makes a distinct advance in his profession. Needless to say, Miss Compton revels in the part of Lady Hammergallow. Her superb aplomb and her mastery of witty dialogue are unfailing. Then Mr. Lawrence Hanray makes a delightful vicar; while Miss Moyna Macgill gives delicate pathos to the character of Delia. W. A. L. B.

THE TEMPEST. At the Aldwych Theatre.

"The Tempest" at the Aldwych Theatre is a pleasant and enjoyable but curiously patchy production. Those parts of the play that are usually done badly are here done very well, and the parts one usually finds excellent are here done rather badly. Stephano and Trinculo, often a weariness (if no worse), are thoroughly delightful. Mr. Ambrose Manning has solved the problem of being a drunken rascal on the stage and a delight to the house, and the scenes in which he is joined by Mr. Louis Calvert as Caliban are in the best sense Shakespearean. Mr. Calvert does nothing ill; and if his Caliban (thanks to his own ineradicable geniality) is hardly vile enough, we have compensation in hearing the often moving lines of his part thoroughly well spoken. The boyish (almost girlish) and bemused Prince Ferdinand of Mr. Francis Lister seems to us entirely right in conception and presentation. Of the other characters we will briefly say that they are adequate. No attempt, fortunately, is made at elaborate mechanism—the general effort is rather on the side of what may be called imaginative realism than material realism, and we think it entirely successful.

THE BETROTHAL. By Maurice Maeterlinck. At the Gaiety Theatre.

It is as well to endeavour to forget "The Blue Bird" when visiting the Gaiety in its present happy freedom from musical comedy; for "The Betrothal" shares the handicaps inevitable to sequels, and is very reminiscent of the great play which ran for months at the Haymarket in 1910. The differences are to the disadvantage of the sequel, which has no such thrill of surprise as "There is no death"; no such wistfulness as made the cottage-scene in the Land of Memory unforgettable, nothing so uplifting as the Kingdom of the Future. A breath of that music would have been welcome in the great scene of "The Betrothal"; when Miss Gladys Cooper, looking very beautiful on her throne with its backing of worlds, is recognised as the inevitable mother by her first-born. Yes; forget "The Blue Bird"; and a great deal of charm will be found in this new entertainment. The jest on Destiny is very happy. The comic diminution of this cubist figure, portentous in the moonlight of the first scene, until he becomes a lisping, fretful babe-in-arms, was entirely successful. Miss Gladys Cooper was delightful as Joy. Mr. Bobbie Andrews, as Tyltyl, spoke and acted excellently by the book; but not once did he show any trace of interest in the amazing circumstances about him. It was nice again to see Miss Winifred Emery. Miss Stella Campbell, as "Light," acted excellently and looked picturesque. The play, with its pretty ballet, has been thoughtfully and beautifully produced.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We regret that owing to the large number of MSS. that have had to be considered the judges in our First Novel Prize Competition have not been able to make their award in time for us to publish the result in this Number, but their task is now about completed, and their award will be announced in the May Bookman.

Messrs. Dent are publishing this month, "Torchlight: Revolution," the first of a series of Napoleonic novels by the Baroness Aminoff—a vivid, human story with the French Revolution as a background.

Many well-known authors, artists and critics were present last month at the complimentary dinner to Mr. Arthur Page, of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., who are now associated with Mr. Sydney S. Pawling in the business of Messrs. Heinemann. The guests included Sir Hall Caine, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Arthur Rackham, Mr. W. Nicholson, Mr. J. C. Squire, Mr. J. O. P. Bland, Mr. Walkley, Mr. Lovat Fraser, Dr. T. E. Page, Mr. Robert Donald, etc. The speeches were limited to three. Sir Hall Caine was very pleasantly reminiscent in proposing the guest of honour, and nothing could have been more charming than Mr. Arthur Page's serious-humorous, quietly whimsical response. Mr. Pawling, an excellent Chairman, followed in a delightfully genial and informal vein, and seemed on the whole to agree with Mr. Page that, though at the moment most things were more or less out of gear, the book trade was not in for such a bad time as some people expected.

The new William De Morgan novel, "An Old Man's Youth" (9s.; Heinemann), is as long and whimsically characteristic a story as any he has written. The lonely old Eustace John Pascoe recalls the history of his past, and the atmosphere of the Victorian fifties is reproduced as vividly and

with as matter-of-fact an effect of truthfulness as in "Joseph Vance." All De Morgan lovers—and they are numerous here and in America—will be glad to know that "The Life of William De Morgan" is being written by his sister, Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling, and will be published this autumn by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Under the title of "Myself," Mr. Thornton Butterworth is shortly publishing the reminiscences of Lady Tree. He has also in the press, "Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East," by A. MacCallum Scott, M.P.



Mr. Michael T. H. Sadleir,

whose brilliant novel, "Privilege" (Constable), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs, the gifted son of the much beloved preacher and *littérateur*, the Rev. George Eayrs, who is known to many of our readers as the author of "Letters to John Wesley" and many other important works, has been appointed President of the Macmillan Company of Canada. Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs went to Canada nine years ago, and was interested in newspaper and magazine work for some time. In 1916 he collaborated with T. B. Costain in the successful novel entitled "The Amateur Diplomat," published by Hodder & Stoughton. In 1917 the Macmillans in Canada published his biographical study of "Sir Isaac Brook," one of Canada's great military heroes. The proudest thing Mr. Eayrs has to say of himself is that he is a son of his father, and his father's many friends will wish him every success in his new and distinguished position.

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, who have just published John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart," are publishing shortly "The Death of Orpheus," by Laurence Housman. They also announce "Madam," a new novel by Miss Ethel Sidgwick.

A delightful little comedy that amateur players would find easy to produce in schoolrooms or small halls is "The Kettle is Singing," by Mrs. Hildyard (1s.; Norwich: Morris Printing Co.). Under another name Mrs. Hildyard has proved herself a successful novelist, and doubtless it is the practice she has had in that direction that has enabled her to get so much life and crispness into her characters and dialogue and handle a slight theme so deftly.

"Westminster Abbey: Its Memories and Its Message," by Mary Sturgeon, which Messrs. Harrap are publishing, is an account of the Abbey from the point of view of its connection with English life. The book has an etched frontispiece and fifteen drawings by Louis Weirter, R.B.A.

Mr. Denis S. Wright says very modestly in an Introduction to his "Musical Composition" (1s. 6d.; Perry & Gill), that he has aimed at nothing more than helping to guide the amateur composer in the way of writing music which may stand a chance of success on its merits, be it at the hands of a publisher, or only at a local concert. He has fulfilled his purpose most admirably, and amateur composers, and even some who are not amateurs, will find his very practical suggestions and advice of real service. They are just the little matter-of-fact hints and information that the beginner especially needs, and there are two pages of "Dont's" at the end which may be learned and inwardly digested with profit.

We are promised some sensational revelations in Captain Peter E. Wright's "At the Supreme War Council," which Mr. Eveleigh Nash is about to publish. Captain Wright was assistant secretary to the Council and brings a charge against two distinguished officers in connection with a leakage of information concerning the secret military plans of the Allies.

Mr. L. Bolton, the Senior Examiner at the Patent Office, who won the *Scientific American's* £1,000 prize for the clearest exposition for lay readers of Einstein's theory of Relativity, has been

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granted the Reward of Merit for Scientific Attainments by the Inventors' Union. Mr. Bolton's exposition is to be published in book form shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

In an interesting article on "Dreiser—After Twenty Years," Mr. Edward H. Smith writes in the current American *Bookman*: "On the dollar book counter of a drug store, the first night of this year, I encountered 'Jennie Gerhart.' No doubt this most palatable of the Dreiser novels had been for some time in happy enthronement beside the *opera* of Robert Chambers, Rex Beach and Zane Grey. Yet the sight arrested me, and the shopkeeper's assurance that he had sold 'quite a lot of copies' had the ring of the incredible. Dreiser with even a small popular audience seems somehow beyond the border of expectation. Within the week Dreiser himself magnified this portent with the news that 'The Financier' is soon to be issued in German by Kurt Wolff, of Berlin, and 'Twelve Men,' in French, by Rieder et Cie. 'Sister Carrie,' 'The Titan,' and 'Jennie Gerhart' are also to have French publication from the press of 'Editions de la Sirene,' and the last-named book is to appear serially in 'L'Humanité.' So this abused *Übermensch* among our novel makers is discovered in the act of invading home popularity and reaching, at the same moment, the elevation of international audience. Curiously and sadly enough it is now all of twenty years since the young Dreiser saw his first novel issued and the edition all but suppressed, and it is nearly twenty since 'Sister Carrie' was published by Heinemann in London, where the book received its critical baptism. It has taken the greater part of a generation for this significant literary figure to reach such 'success' as comes to the common spew of sensational novelists in a lustrum. . . .



Mr. Horace Fish,
whose new novel, "The Great Way," Messrs. Cassell have just published.

"Seven or eight years ago I encountered Dreiser in the flesh. A tall, loose-jointed, greying man sat on a bench in a Greenwich Village restaurant, humped down over a table, toying with a napkin and listening a little sadly to the babble of his companions. He was silent and abstracted, apparently absorbing what was being said and busily culling out for himself what was worth remembering. There was abundant chance to observe him and make note. His face seemed to me then a little pale and more than a little heavy. His bluish eyes looked dull and inexpressive save when he laughed. Then they appeared to glance anything but humour—rather depression, discouragement at mankind. He laughed or guffawed often and usually at something that amused no one else. I thought at first he was laughing in some mistaken notion of being polite. Soon enough I discovered that his explosions were outbursts of inner feeling, discharged to hide the vibration of some chord of pity—pity again for mankind.



Mrs. Wilfred Ward,
whose new novel, "Not Known Here" (Hutchinson), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

"A certain loneliness or remoteness is a need of the creative artist, and it seems to me that this quality is especially necessary to Dreiser, not only because of the kind of work he does but because of



Photo by A. Corbett.

Miss Christine Campbell Thomson,
whose novel, "Bourgoyne or Goyne" (Bale, Sons and Danielsson), is reviewed in this Number.



Mr. A. Trystan Edwards,
whose new book, "The Things Which Are Seen" (Philip Allan), is reviewed in this Number.

the manner of its doing. I imagine that he works slowly and with great effort. Unless he has recently yielded to the drudgery-lifting powers of the typewriter, he writes everything slowly and deliberately in his close but vague chirography. I fancy that words flow no more easily to his pen than his tongue, and that enormous imposts of time are necessary to his vast output. Hence, it seems probable that Dreiser has had to train himself against time-consuming friendships and social pleasantries. He has had to restrain his enthusiasms, whatever they may have been. He has closed his mouth and opened his ears, closed his doors and widened his windows. So we have here a man friendly but, so far as I know, without an absorbing friendship and probably incapable of one; a man closely touched and moved by all the pathos of life, akin to all suffering, and yet endlessly remote."

Mr. Douglas Newton's new novel, "Low Ceilings," is the story of the emancipation of a young man from his humble surroundings by the unselfishness of a woman's love. It will be published shortly here and in America by Messrs. Appleton.

"In Chinatown," which Mr. Grant Richards has published (2s. net), contains a selection of eight stories from Mr. Thomas Burke's well-known book of East London tales, "Limehouse Nights."

A useful, well-arranged reference book for writers, speakers, teachers, and the general reader is Mr. Gurney Benham's "Classified Quotations" (12s. 6d.; Cassell). Mr. Benham has drawn upon authors of all nations and periods, grouping his quotations under subject-headings, and furnishing a full index of cross-references and an annotated list of authors.

Mr. A. Trystan Edwards, whose "The Things Which are Seen" has just been published by Messrs. Philip Allan, is a native of Merthyr Tydfil, and was educated at Clifton College, and at Hertford, Oxford, where he took first class Honours in Mathematics and read Classical Greats. During the war, he served for four years as a seaman in the Royal Navy with the 4th Destroyer Flotilla. Since he left the Navy he has become an architect, having worked in his earlier time under Sir Reginald Blomfield, then for two years in the Liverpool Town Planning School, and for a final year with Professor Richard and Mr. Gill.

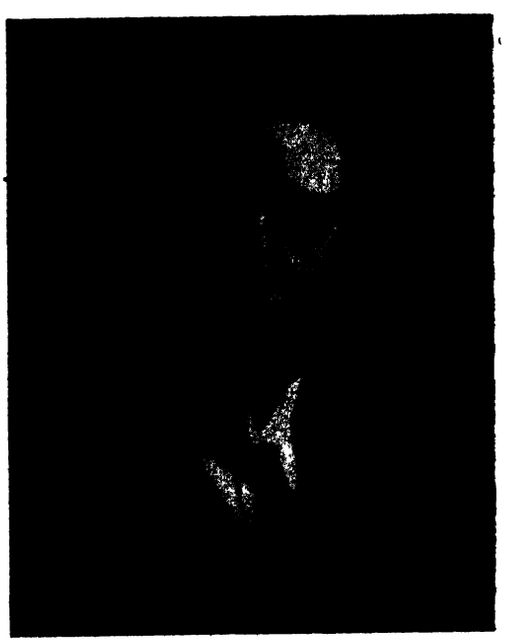
"The Acquisitive Society," by R. H. Tawney, which Messrs. Bell announce, is a study of the organisation of society and industry on the basis of its two-century-old principle of individual rights and a proposal for their reorganisation on a more moral and equitable foundation.

Nobody interested in rare prints should fail to see the remarkable collection Messrs. Batsford have recently acquired. They include woodcuts, engravings, etchings and drawings by or after German, Dutch, Flemish, Italian and French masters of the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, and twelve hundred engraved portraits of persons of rank and importance, English and foreign, dating between 800 and 1760.

All who have succumbed to the fascination of the Wild West novel should read "The Settler of Silver Creek," by Herman Whitaker, an excellent example of this type of fiction, which has just been published by Messrs. Collins.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

For the behoof of all who are concerned with setting type or correcting proofs Mr. Humphrey Milford has published a new edition of the very helpful book of "Rules for Compositors and Readers," by Horace



Mr. W. Douglas Newton.

Hart, the printer to the University of Oxford (2s. net). The English spellings have been revised by Sir James Murray and Mr. Henry Bradley.

In a recent Number of "The Chapbook" Mr. Gordon Craig writes of "Puppets and Poets" (1s. 6d.; Poetry Bookshop). He is caustic about actors and theatre management, and perhaps it is his despair over the condition to which these have fallen that has helped to stimulate his enthusiasm for puppets and the puppet play. Is he, in his glowing eulogy of the puppet and its potentialities, writing in all seriousness, or is he—in spite of his assurance that he is not—offering us elaborate satire and irony and pulling our innocent legs? The answer is in one of two words, but for the sake of a quiet life we will not say which.

A second series of "Selected Short Stories" has been added to the World's Classics series (2s. 6d.; Oxford Press). The selections in this volume are of nineteenth and twentieth century stories, and begin with examples by Mary and Charles Lamb, Hawthorne, Poe, Dickens, Wilkie Collins and Mark Rutherford, and end with stories by Stevenson, Wilde, Harland and O. Henry, and with two by Murray Gilchrist and one by Gerald Warre Cornish that are well deserving of a place in any such anthology.

Whoever Felix Folio may be, it is clear enough from his "Helicon Hill" (Selwyn & Blount) that he is no 'prentice hand. He has a delightful sense of humour, and guys the new poets and the new poetry with a light, gay, frivolously satirical touch that exposes their little affectations, careful eccentricities and general weaknesses so genially that, except for the hopelessly serious among them, it should set them laughing with us at themselves. His prefatory apology is a neat thing:

> "Silence is golden.
> Reader, wilt
> Thou say my breaking
> It is —— guilt?"

Perhaps the song of the mass meeting on "Helicon Hill," "Occasion Persuades Me," "Philanthrocite the Gay" and "Pale Poetry," are the gems of the collection, but the spirit of laughter runs riot from cover to cover, and you will enjoy the fun of it all — unless you are one of the new poets yourself and in too deadly earnest to see the ridiculous side of what you are doing even when it is shown to you.



Mrs. Florence Barclay,

whose death last month is very widely regretted. She was "discovered" by Messrs. Putnam, and if her first novel, "The Rosary," was also her most successful, its successors have rivalled it in workmanship and almost in popularity

In "Food for the Fed-Up" (6s.; Hodder & Stoughton) the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy administers a wholesome, rousing tonic for all whose faith in God and man has been shaken by the experiences of recent years. He has gone upon the assumption that "the hall-mark of the modern mind which separates it from the mind of yesterday is the idea of progress, the conception of man and man's world as being unfinished things which are in process of creation." He is the most unorthodox of men, but his belief in the fundamental truths of religion is undimmed by all the clouds of war and peace that have passed over it. He is as profoundly daring in his interpretation of Christian doctrine as he is profoundly religious. He is neither an iconoclast nor a dogged adherent to ancient dogma. He has no patience with pessimists, not even with the pessimism of the "gloomy Dean"; his inspiring common sense takes him straight to the heart of a problem and solves it by whittling away the unessentials and showing you that the sound and simple core of it is all that matters. Here, as in his poems, he is racy and outspoken and always intensely human in his outlook and his sympathies. For the doubting, the dispirited, the world-weary and all who cannot see that life is moving on through these worst of times to something better, here is a book that will help to open their eyes and uplift their hearts and convince them that we are not yet at the end, but that now as ever, there is still "a budding morrow at midnight."



Mr. J. Murray Gibbon,

whose successful new novel, "The Conquering Hero," Mr. John Lane published a few weeks ago.

"Dawn Songs and Other Poems," by

Arthur Bennett (2s. 6d.; Sunrise Publishing Company), will make a strong appeal to those readers who are not obsessed by the new poetry that does little more than crudely exhibit the affectations and eccentricities of the writers of it, but still look to find the poet putting into his song the thoughts, emotions and everyday human experiences which answer to what they too have suffered and enjoyed. Mr. Bennett does not strain after the unusual or go far afield for his themes; he finds them now and then in great events of the hour—in the death of Rhodes and of Irving; in memories of the famous dead; in the natural beauty of the world around him, and especially in the little affairs of ordinary life that come intimately home to himself. His verse has the twofold charm of Wordsworthian sincerity and simplicity in feeling and utterance. If there is a wistfulness and subdued acknowledgment of personal failure in the delightful dedicatory lines "To my Boy," there is also a hint of more than resignation in the faith that his son will fulfil the dreams he had once thought to realise himself, and this philosophy of hope, this courage in turning always to the happier aspect of things, is the prevailing note of the book.



Photo by E. W. J. Payne, M.C.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton,

Editor of "The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories" (Educational Book Co.), reviewed in this Number.

A guide to success in business, as entertaining as it is soundly practical, is "Putnams' Handbook of Buying and Selling" (12s.; Putnams). It starts by disclosing the first principles of selling, proceeds to defining the essentials of "shrewd buying," and tells in detail how to run a business, winding up with a couple of chapters on business wisdom. It is evidently written by men who know, and all engaged in trade may get useful hints from it.

"Books and the Man" (1s.; Newnes) contains the two popular "John o' London" lectures that Mr. Sidney Dark has recently been delivering to crowded and appreciative London audiences. He has the gift of communicating to others the pleasure he has himself found in literature; his comments and criticisms are sound and suggestive and, as Lord Riddell says in a foreword, the lectures most admirably "map out a voyage of discovery for those who are not widely read," and give those who are "renewed opportunities for meeting old friends under pleasing conditions and often under a new garb." The character sketch of Mr. Dark himself in Dr. Harry Roberts's introduction is a charmingly intimate and vivid essay in personal portraiture.

"The Nouveau Poor," by Belinda Blinders, edited by Desmond Coke, and illustrated by John Nash (5s. net; Chapman & Hall), is a joyous, irresponsible farce, with a good deal of wry truth in it about life in London after the war. Cheerful people will like it, and the disgruntled and downhearted will find no better tonic, for it aims at nothing but laughter, and hits the mark.

In "The Hare" (9s. net; Grant Richards) Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow continues the story of Harry Coggin that he began last year in "Coggin," and continues it in the vein of quiet realism and delightful humour that carried that first volume of his trilogy to immediate success. Like De Morgan, he is a true disciple of Dickens without being an imitator. "The Hare" is a novel to be read for the sheer pleasure of reading.

Barbusse's "Under Fire" is commonly spoken of as the greatest realistic novel of the war, and there is no need to say more of Roland Dorgeles' "Wooden Crosses" (9s; Heinemann) than that for its studies of character, its wonderfully detailed pictures of how the soldiers of France fought and endured, and its poignant narrative power, it is worthy to be bracketed with Barbusse's masterpiece.



Miss Iris Marshall,

whose first novel, "The Pitcher of Fate," a striking Russian historical romance, Mr. Stanley Paul is just publishing.

Dr. Walter Walsh is the leader of the Free Religion Movement, and his essays on men and books in "The Endless Quest" (3s. 6d.; Daniel) all tend to illustrate the views of those in that movement. There is one on "Tennyson and the Larger Hope"; two on Bernard Shaw's and George Moore's conception of Jesus; one on Browning's optimism; others on the ethics and religion of Edward Carpenter, George Eliot, Lord Morley, Whitman and Ruskin. They are admirably written and, though one may not accept all their conclusions, are full of interest and suggestion.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

BASIL WILLIAMS: BIOGRAPHER.

NO sea-serpent having been reported recently, somebody has been trying to start a Press controversy by asserting that the men who do things, who achieve, are not Londoners, though they may live in London; that, in short, London may *attract*, but does not *produce* giants. Which, as Euclid says, is absurd. I forgot to mention this to Basil Williams as we sat chatting in the Savile the other day, and I am glad of it, for he is a modest man, and has a sense of humour, and he was born in London. His father, a barrister, gave him the names "Arthur Frederic," but "Basil" he is to the world all the same. In due time he went to Marlborough, and from there to New College, Oxford (where he took a First Class in Classical Mods. and Second Class Lit. Hum.), and then sallied forth into the larger world.

He obtained clerical work with a capital "C," for he became a Clerk in the House of Commons, and it may be that the traditions of that stately building informed his mind to produce (in 1913) his Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, a work that gave him once and for all an honourable place in the ranks of biographers. The actual writing of his Pitt took little more than two years, but the preliminary delving into the records of the past was spread over something like a decade.

The young man's peaceful labours were rudely interrupted by the South African War (in those days one wrote of it with a capital "W"). Away went wig, gown and pen, and Basil Williams joined the oldest corps in the British Army—the Honourable Artillery Company. A battery of the H.A.C. was attached to the City Imperial Volunteers, and with them went Gunner Basil Williams to the land which was in after years to claim so much of his time and labour. He came safely through the campaign (to take part in due season in a far greater clash of arms), and found that the charm of South Africa had seized him. He entered on a period of administrative work there, and was for a time Secretary to the Transvaal Education Department.

Returning to England, he wrote an article for *The Times* of such ability that its publication was followed by an invitation to join the band of able men who wrote that journal's leading articles. When the great South African Convention was held, Basil Williams was present as the special correspondent of *The Times*.

The year 1914 called him once more from his desk. At first there seemed to be no niche in the military wall of discouragement, so he devoted himself to the work of receiving and caring for the Belgian refugees who flocked to Folkestone in thousands during the early days. It was strenuous and difficult work, but to Basil Williams and his colleagues many a frightened woman and hungry child owed mental and physical relief. After a time Basil Williams (who received the Medaille du Roi Albert from the King of the Belgians) went to France with the Red Cross unit organised by Mr. (now Major-General) Fabian Ware, and had a very interesting, though painful time.

One day the War Office suddenly realised that even middle-aged men who had dared to return safely from a previous war had their possibilities, and Basil Williams found himself a Captain in the Territorial Force, helping to train the younger men for their job. He would have preferred to follow the lads across the sea, but there was other work for him at home. In 1916 the military propaganda scheme was born- and nearly died in its first days because of the Bad Fairies at the bedside—and Basil Williams was one of that early band of martyrs who struggled desperately, and at last successfully, against—let us charitably call it Tradition. There were Lieut.-Colonel Davies, Major Fisher, Lord Onslow, "Monty" Johnstone, A. J. Dawson (who would *not* give in to the gas caught at La Boisselle), and——but this is not an Army List!

After some preliminary canters, Basil Williams settled down in a little room high up in one of the War Office annexes, and took unto himself assistants. He and his henchmen formed a sort of military Encyclopædia, but not merely Britannica, for they knew many other secrets too. So great grew the faith of the Intelligence Department at last in Basil Williams's section, that one X, a frivolous fellow, caused a momentary sensation in the officers' luncheon-room one day by announcing that the head of one of the junior officers of the section had burst—owing to the amount of knowledge that "Basil" had forced into it. During 1918, by the way, he found time to compile an informing book entitled, "Raising and Training the New Armies." Afterwards he became a Major and got the C.B.E., but he still recognised his old friends.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Major Basil Williams, C.B.E.**

All this came into my head as I sat and drank tea with the quiet, rather tired man in the Savile for when we last met we both wore a different garb and spoke almost a different tongue. I remembered how his short, rather stout figure used to come flying up the stairs with amazing agility (amazing to me, of a full habit myself), an attaché case in one

hand, a cane and gloves in the other; the bright eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles darting keenly about and about. He usually began to talk a minute or two before he got to my room, so as to save time. He was as indefatigable as he was accurate—but I am becoming obituary-ish.

So much for the man of affairs. Now, as to the writer.

His Pitt, of course, published in 1913, was not the effort of an inexperienced pen. Articles and reviews he had written in plenty, and in 1906 was published the fourth volume of *The Times* "History of the War in South Africa," of which volume he was the author.

As editor of the series of "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" Basil Williams has done valuable work, for the lives of great men are a part of the history of their time. When Lord Charnwood wrote his wonderful "Life of Abraham Lincoln," Basil Williams, who edited it, would hear no praise of anyone but the author. That is as it should be; nevertheless one realises something of his task, and can share to some extent in his joy in the finished product.

Now Basil Williams has given us another achievement. For his first biography he went back to the days of a man whose greatness had come down to him on the wings of time, but in his biography of Cecil Rhodes * he wrote of a man the power of whose extraordinary personality he had himself experienced, whose voice he had heard, whose struggles and triumphs he had watched, whose influence on the affairs of Africa had impressed him profoundly. While it may be that we are still too close to the object to be able to focus the telescope effectively, yet (as he replied to my suggestion) Rhodes's biographer had the inestimable advantage of being able to obtain first-hand impressions of the great statesman's influence on those actually around him—to see him, one might almost say, in the act of making history. How Basil Williams has used his opportunities will be appreciated by the readers of his book.

Cecil John Rhodes was born on July 5th, 1853, at Bishop Stortford, of which place his father was Vicar. It was his poor health that sent him out to South Africa at the age of seventeen to join his brother Herbert, who had a cotton farm in Natal.

"This book," says its author, "is not intended to be an unrelieved panegyric of Rhodes or a tract for the imperialism he preached and worked for. But it frankly sets forth with the belief that he was, with all his grievous faults, a great man, and that at the root of his imperialism were qualities that have done good service to mankind."

With that conclusion I do not think the reader will quarrel. Young Rhodes, farmer at seventeen, successful diamond-miner at eighteen and a half, "had many sides to his character and a rare faculty for keeping all his business interests distinct and becoming absorbed in the business of the moment." For example, he came back to England to study at Oxford, and while still an undergraduate maintained touch with his mining and other interests overseas, and dreamed his Empire dreams the while—dreams in the effort to realise which he became one of the great figures of the world.

Where every page is interesting it is difficult to make extracts without spoiling the picture. Yet there are portions which are themselves portraits in miniature. His religion:

"After weighing all the pros and cons in his mind, he concluded on a fifty per cent. chance that there was a God. . . . he argued, God was obviously trying to produce a type of humanity most fitted to bring peace, liberty and justice to the world and to make that type predominant. Only one race, so it seemed to him, approached God's ideal type—his own Anglo-Saxon race; God's purpose then was to make the Anglo-Saxon race predominant, and the best way to help on God's work and fulfil His purpose in the world was to contribute to the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race and so bring nearer the reign of justice, liberty and peace."

As Basil Williams observes, "it was a clumsy philosophy, like the man"; nevertheless, clumsier philosophers have created great commotions in the world before now.

For wealth, in itself, Rhodes cared little; but he quickly recognised that it meant *power*, and bent himself to acquire it. His struggle with Barnett Isaacs (afterwards called Barney Barnato), the eighteen-year-old Jew who sailed for Africa with a capital of sixty boxes of cigars, which he sold to the diggers at an enormous profit, is to me one of the most interesting and *revealing* episodes in the book. Not the least striking thing is the final tribute of the vanquished Barnato: "Rhodes has an extraordinary ascendancy over men; he tied me up, as he ties up everybody. It is his way. You can't resist him; you must be with him." This from a man who prided himself on his business acumen and his freedom from sentiment.

I have no space to examine Rhodes's career minutely—millionaire, politician, sportsman, man of a hundred interests and activities. The Raid, of course, cut sharply across his plans, but even before this "power and success had begun to spoil him. He became strangely arrogant; old friends noted with pain the change from his former simple and boyish good-fellowship to the almost pompous and overweening attitude of the later Rhodes." It is always painful to discover that one's idol has feet of clay, and to thousands of men and women—white and coloured—Rhodes was indeed an idol.

"Rhodes was indeed a faulty hero," says his biographer; "What hero is not? But he had great aims, some of which he attained, and he had the priceless faculty of inspiring others with the same aspirations."

Such biographies as this are additions to the world's literature.

Basil Williams has some interesting volumes in contemplation, but for the moment he is preparing to deliver the Ford lectures at Oxford in the coming term, for which he has chosen a very interesting subject, "Foreign Policy in the Eighteenth Century." After that, we may hope for—but I approach indiscretion.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

* "Cecil Rhodes." By Basil Williams. 15s. net. (Constable.)

THE READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE OPEN AIR.

By Arthur Rutland.



From Cover Design
or "The Mysterious Rider," by Zane Grey (Hodder).

IN the last few read two essays and listened to a lecture on "The Modern Novel." Both writers and the lecturer were novelists of the younger school, and they shared a common conviction that there is only one kind of novel that can be called modern, and somehow that happens to be the kind they are themselves writing. The hall-mark of the modern novel is, in their opinion, a free, unrestrained handling of the relations between the sexes. They seem to think these matters are only understood by psychological students (or psycho-analysts as they call themselves now) and will be new to most of us; in spite of the fact that Mr. George Moore was writing that kind of novel, and doing it better, forty years ago, and that, to say nothing of other countries, it has been pretty familiar in English fiction right away back to the days of Richardson, and earlier.

So far from being pitifully reduced to a single pattern, the novel was never more varied in style and outlook than it is to-day, and the best examples, even as literature, are by no means all of the same type. As for which is the most essentially modern there can hardly be any question that what is named, for the sake of convenience, the Wild West novel, is that. It is not only making the most widely popular appeal to modern minds but instead of tracing its ancestry back to Richardson, its family was not founded till more than a hundred years later. For though you may find foreshadowings of it in Fenimore Cooper's stories of prairies and Indian braves, of trappers and settlers, and in Captain Mayne Reid's of Mexican adventure, the Wild West novel did not really arrive till Bret Harte began to write it about sixty years ago. He brought the mining camp with all its accessories, including the saloons, miners, good and bad, all very handy with revolvers and prone to gambling, road agents, half-breeds, sheriffs, stage-coaches, lynchings, beautiful girls who were reverenced by all but the worst of those "toughs" of the back blocks—he brought them all into fiction and, with modifications, developments and new additions, they have remained there ever since, and no Wild West novel seems quite complete without some of them. Like most of his successors, Bret Harte could draw on his memory for the characters and scenes of his books, and when he was dismissed as a romancist and a sentimentalist by critics who had never seen the world in which he had passed his youth, but had "taken large and exhaustive views of mankind and society from club windows in Pall Mall or the Fifth Avenue," he declared that, except in one instance, he had transcribed all his people and incidents from actual life, and had truthfully presented "a peculiar and romantic state of civilisation" that was bound to seem unreal to those who, dwelling in the ordered security of streets, with a policeman on point duty at the corner, were entirely unacquainted with it.

The literal truth about any form of life is never the whole truth; romance and reality are as interdependent as spirit and body. No man sees romance when he meets it; he calls it romance when he only hears about it, but as soon as he is right up against it, in California, in Arizona, Alaska, or wherever it lives, it looks as matter-of-fact as the familiar, everyday run of things in sophisticated London Paris, or New York. But he gives you no authentic picture if he is one of those half-realists who can only draw what they see; unless he is able to do the thing thoroughly and interpret also the spirit of the place and its people, he is not a realist worthy of the name. Ben Jonson knew Sir Philip Sidney and told Drummond of Hawthornden that he was "no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples," but we know Sidney was a poet, a gallant knight, the mirror of chivalry, and the painters would have left out the soul of the man if instead of depicting him as handsome and debonair they had failed to see beyond his plain features and his pimples, and short-sightedly perpetuated them. Which is a parable, the bearings whereof, so far as the Wild West novel is concerned, lie, as Captain Bunsby would say, in the application of it.



Zane Grey.

The work of the many who have

sustained his traditions sufficiently vindicates Bret Harte's claim; for though most of them write of later periods they write of similar places and characters and, on the whole, confirm his representations of them. The coming of railways, motor-cars, motor-cycles and the telephone brings a modern air and all sorts of new possibilities into the later stories, and so far from making them less romantic adds as much to their romance as to their reality. None of these later novelists has done finer work in literature, perhaps, than Jack London and Owen Wister; but Wister's masterly studies of ranch life and character are outside the range of what has come to be regarded as the typically Wild West novel, which finds perhaps its ablest and most typical exposition in the virile, stirring, strongly dramatic tales of Jack London and Rex Beach. Indeed, this type of novel is no longer of necessity a story of the geographical West; it is not limited by the points of the compass, but is concerned with certain types of character and conditions of existence as common to the backlands of Canada, Australasia and South Africa as to those of North and South America. Ralph Connor's phenomenally popular romances of North-west Canada, and Robert Service's "Trail of '98" belong to the catalogue; so do the bushranger stories of Rolf Boldrewood, Bernard Cronin's "Timber Wolves"; David Hennessey's dramatic bushranging novel, "The Outlaw," Steel Rudd's "We Katyns" and other of his delightful stories of the Australian bush; so do Horace Rose's tales of the South African veldt; and with his first book, "The Lure of the Honey-bird," J. Weedon Birch has just added Matabeleland to the world-wide Wild West of the novelists. It would be easy to extend the list, and a little difficult to know where to draw the line, for all stories of the Wild West are not Wild West stories; life is not all cut to one pattern out there any more than it is in London, and the true Wild West novel is one that plunges for the large simplicities of nature and the natural man, troubles little with psychology, but gives itself wholeheartedly to the spell of the open air, the magic of vast spaces, the strength and weakness, baseness and nobility of humanity in the rough, and is more often than not, first and last and all the time, a breezy, rousing tale of adventure in which men are fighting the wilderness when they are not fighting each other, and are frequently doing both simultaneously.



Jack London.

That no form of novel is more popular than this with modern readers is not merely a pious opinion of my own but the bare restatement of a fact gathered from many readers and divers booksellers in my goings about town. The latter were so much in agreeemnt on this score that I may fairly offer the 'views of one of them, and one of the best known and most considerable booksellers in London, as representative. He was inclined to pessimism at first, saying darkly that the book trade was not what it used to be, and seemed pained by my frivolous suggestion that perhaps, like *Punch*, it never had been. "But look here," I reproved him, "your shop is crowded with customers who must be buying books, because you don't sell anything else, so it's no good telling me there's nothing doing. Let's come down to details. I see you have got stacks of three Wild West novels that are just out—what is going to happen to them?" "Well," he said, with signs of reviving cheerfulness, "if any novels are selling at present, that is the sort that are. Some sell extraordinarily well." "Who would you say is the best seller among them?" I inquired. "Zane Grey," he answered promptly. "He has only come up in the last year or two, but he has gone right to the front and topped the lot. The older hands hold their ground; there's always a demand for Jack London, Rex Beach, Ridgwell Cullum and Cyrus T. Brady; and for style, so far as my judgment goes, none of them can beat Stewart Edward White. Then there's Curwood; as a seller, I put him a good second to Zane Grey; B. M. Bower and Jackson Gregory are going ahead; so is Hulbert Footner—a great man, that—and here's this new book by Dane Coolidge, 'Shadow Mountain,' just in from Methuen—a capital story, that; and MacLeod Raine and Max Brand, Hendryx and Patterson White—there isn't an also-ran among them, but certainly at present Zane Grey is leading the field."



Rex Beach.

"I didn't know you went in for so much reading," I ventured. "I read as a matter of business so that I can recommend things to my customers," he said, "and I know what I enjoy." "So, of course, you are not surprised that the public is going after these Wild West yarns?" "Not a bit. There is something fresh



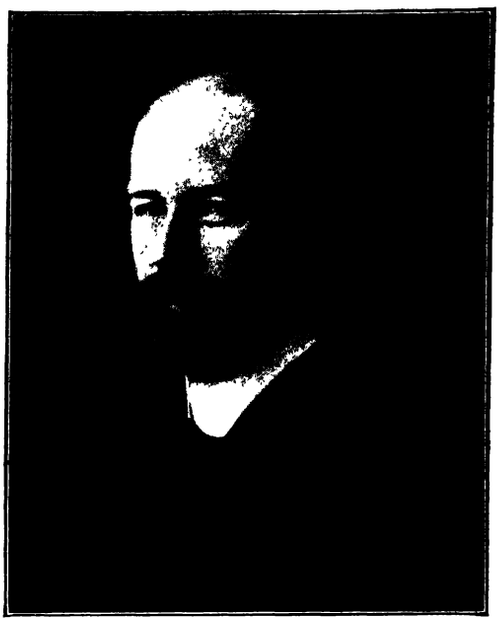
James Oliver Curwood.

and healthy about them; they are all alive and get you out into the open air. I'm tired," he confessed, "of stuffy, grubby little tales about the illicit passions of town-bred men and women who think too much of themselves because they haven't got enough to think of. If you have the same passions breaking out in some of the Wild West stories there's plenty of wholesome hard work and fighting and robust living to carry it off." "And how do you account for Zane Grey's pre-eminence?" "He can tell a rattling good tale, and the tales he tells are true, or if they are not he has an astonishing gift of making them seem so, and that gives them an extra grip, I take it. But it may be luck—I don't know—for I could say the same of Peter B. Kyne, Gregory, Bernard Sinclair, Parrish, Henry Oyen, and others. All of them deserve the success they get, and they don't all get the success they deserve, for these books are like that seaside place—they're so bracing; they're the best stories out for such depressing times as ours. Have you noticed, by the way, how well most of them are written? Now and then you come across one that tells a good yarn in slipshod English, but as a rule the literary style is better than Scott's or Ainsworth's, and I don't think any highbrow novelist should look down on them unless he has learned how to be as interesting."

With all which I was so far in accord that I was left with nothing to say.

II

But there are as good fish in the sea as any that my bookseller brought up in his net. The Wild Westerners make up the largest of any school of latter-day novelists—they are so numerous that even if there had been no limit to my reading I should not have space to write of them all. Like my bookseller, I can understand the vogue of Zane Grey after reading that fascinating narrative of men and animals, "The Last of the Plainsmen," which persuades me that Buffalo Jones was a real man, whether he was or not; "The Man of the Forest," one of the most charming love romances that ever came out of the wilds, and his latest and perhaps strongest piece of work, "The Mysterious Rider." In "Betty Zane" he goes back to the past and tells a story that culminates in the siege of Fort Henry in 1782—the last battle of the American Revolution, a fine, vividly-realised tale of the days when the Hurons, the Delawares, and other such famous Indian tribes still roamed in the West and were a constant menace to the early settlers.



Dane Coolidge.

You do not often come upon this Fenimore Cooper touch in the modern novel, but you may enjoy it again in Everett Tomlinson's "The Pursuit of the Apache Chief," which takes you with a party of prospectors among the Arizona cañons in the country of the Apaches, and gives you a rush of adventure and some of the best Indian fighting I have read for a long while. Charles Alden Seltzer, who proved his quality in "The Range Boss" and "Firebrand Trevison," may be relied on to prove it again in "The Ranchman," which Methuens are publishing, and in "The Trail Horde," which, what with cattle-raids, desperate shooting affrays, a true love and an intriguing Delilah, seems qualified to give the most hardened reader a new sensation. Theodore Goodridge Roberts knows the West and knows how to write about it, and would stand high among novelists of his school even if he had given us no more than "Forest Fugitives" and "Love on Smoky River." Dane Coolidge was, I admit, unknown to me till I read his just-published "Shadow Mountain," and I recommend you to go to it and make the acquaintance of Virginia, an exasperating, unreliable, attractive, altogether human girl, and be racked and



Stewart Edward White,
whose new novel, "The Rose Dawn," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

held in suspense by the story of the great fight for the mine that had no gold in it but, to the confounding of as ripe a rascal as fiction ever disclosed, yielded a metal that, during the war was of even higher value.

"It's a wild life, in the far West," says Johnny Ramsay, in William Patterson White's "Hidden Trails," and that novel and the same author's "Paradise Bend" justify anyone in saying so. Johnny is a laggard in love, but he is all there at once when it comes to fighting, and a rattling, headlong yarn of reckless, perilous adventure is the consequence. Like Curwood, Edison Marshall is interested in the four-legged people of the forest no less than in the two-legged people of hills and plains, and he has made them intensely interesting for all and sundry in "The Voice of the Pack" and "The Strength of the Pines." Although he has worked as city editor on several small dailies in Oregon, Edison Marshall has spent much of his time in the mountains, and owns to "a great love of the outdoors." He was born in a log cabin on the Illinois frontier, and some of his ancestors "seemed to be a rather adventurous breed, coming to America from England before the Revolution, fighting in every war and moving west as far as there were any trails to follow." There is a long string of novels to the name of William MacLeod Raine, and I would not have missed any of the four I have read—"Wyoming," "The Pirate of Panama," "The Yukon Trail"—a powerful story of two strong men and a tremendous fight for what each believed was his right—and "A Man Four-Square," which Jarrolds publish this spring; a tale that plunges you into New Mexico "at the time when it was a sink for all the worst men in Texas, when the cattle drive was a real occupation for real men, and when Indians and renegade whites rustled stock at will."

In "The Untamed" and "The Night Horseman" Max Brand has created an unusual, eerie character—"Whistling Dan of the Untamed Soul," who with his black stallion, Satan, and his wolf devil-dog, goes through these and, I believe, other of Brand's books strangely sharing the instincts of wild things—a small, quiet man with the gentlest possible voice but the quickest and most merciless hand with a revolver when occasion requires—as it often does. The victory in "—— I Conquered" by Harold Titus is the hard-won victory of the raw, rough V. B. over his besetting vice. There are delightfully quaint touches of humour in this and his new book, "The Last Straw," in which a girl inherits a ranch and goes to run it herself, unlearns, not without humiliations, some of the lessons she learned when she was wasting a fortune on Broadway, and that she rescues the ranch from bankruptcy and wins through is not so much due to herself as to the harsh outspokenness of the uncompromising farm-hand who advised her, and won her love by doing and saying the very things that threatened to turn her against him. There is humour, too, in James B. Hendryx's "Prairie Flowers," and if Tex Beaton is a bit of a sentimentalist, he paints Timber City red with a thoroughgoing violence that you would not expect from the title and rides off headlong into as thrilling and romantic a sequence of events as even a cowboy ever encountered.



Photo by Scott & Son, Carlisle. **Harold Bindloss,**

whose new romance, "Musgrave's Luck," has just been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock.

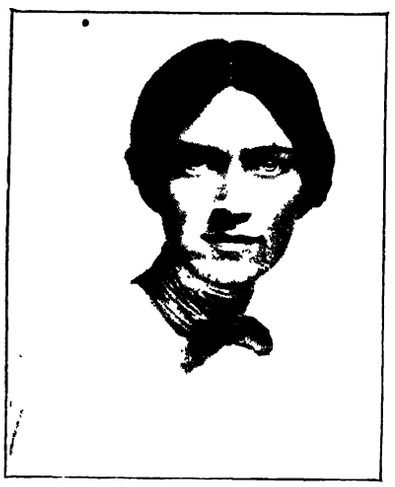
I have only seen two of Honoré Willsie's books. "Still Ian" has never come my way. But I read "The Forbidden Trail" with great admiration—a pioneering story with a terribly beautiful desert background, and one that is alive with interest. It is the haunting, vast loneliness of the Arizona desert that dominates her new story, "The Heart of the Desert" (Thornton Butterworth). Cartwell, the cultured North American Indian, is a very child of the desert, and feels the pull of it at the back of his mind, and under stress of passionate emotion he breaks the trammels of civilisation, reverts to his primitive ways and, in his Indian garb and aided by some of his tribe, he forcibly abducts the girl who had rejected his love, and the desperate hunt after him and his captive, and the surprising end of it all make a story that is full of excitement and dramatic surprises and touched with strange beauty. For the spell of the desert, the healing charm of the simple life and great open spaces harden the girl physically and, changing her outlook, bring about developments that are as natural as they are unexpected.



Photo by Central News. **Ridgwell Cullum.**

The list of these writers is

almost inexhaustible. There are Philip Curtiss, Will Ingersoll, George Goodchild, Ottwell Binns, and, to say nothing of others, there is A. G. Hales who more than holds his own with the ablest of them all. He has unfolded his own story in "My Life of Adventure," and you are aware from that wonderful record that his most riotously romantic tales have a backing of personal experience. I am not going to talk of his notable "McGlusky" series; good as they are, "The Red Hawk" is better, and for a story that has all the open-air vigour and spirit of the Wild West in it commend me to "Joy Beaucarnis." Joy and her father live at St. Cloud in the boarding-house of Mammy Thompson, the negress, and here is a sketch of the place that offers you a typical Western environment in a nutshell:



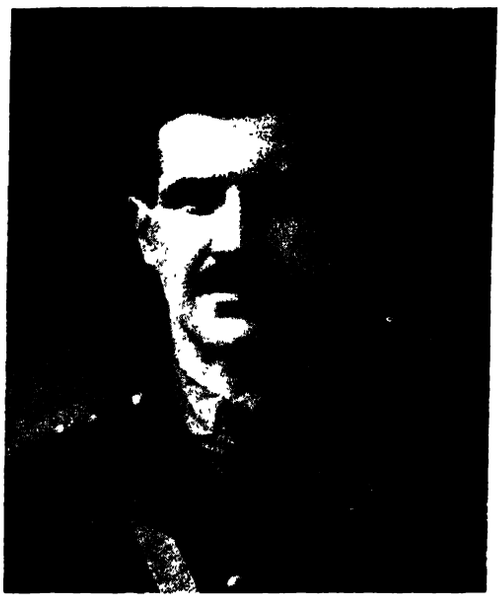
Miss Honoré Willsie,

one of the very few Wild West women novelists, whose new romance, "The Heart of the Desert," Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing.

"St. Cloud was a rather insignificant mining settlement on its own account, but important in this respect — that it was the jumping-off place for the bands of pioneer prospectors and hunters who sought to open up the wilderness beyond. It was a rich land, rich in gold, in furs and in timber, but it was rugged and wild, hot in summer, almost arctic cold in winter. Of law as men knew it in cities there was little or none; a sheriff in each of the scattered communities, elected by the people of the district, represented order as it was understood in the wilderness, and the sheriff's charter was the pair of guns that he carried in his belt, and the limit of his influence was bounded by his ability to use them . . . Prospecting parties coming out or going in added their quota to the mixture of humanity, in the main, the prospectors were decent, honest men, but when they were not, then they were bad to the bone. The same could be said of the cattle men who came to St Cloud mostly from the plains beyond the Western ranges; the best of these were white to the marrow, honest and incorruptible, but the worst were hangman's fruit, bad men, born bad, corrupt in spite of the glorious scenery in which a good deal of their lives was spent, cruel and lustful, though the stars were their sentinels by night and the scent of flowers and forests their hourly incense If environment were all that is required to make men manly, these fellows ought to have been supermen; some of them came very near that standard, because they were born clean, but there were others, and we shall meet them as we follow Joy Beaucarnis in the wilderness and along the trail of love."

It is a story to read, and to make you look forward to reading his new one, "The Long Lone Trail," which is due this spring.

I am not suggesting that in having lived the wild life he pictures in his books A. G. Hales has done anything exceptional; the great majority of these Wild West novelists, I repeat, have done likewise. Before he wrote "The Pioneer," "The Borderer" and the rest of his novels of Western Canada, another Englishman (though Hales really began as an Australian), Harold Bindloss, roughed it in the country that was to be such a source of inspiration to him. Another Englishman, Frederick Niven, was in his younger days—as C. S. Evans has written—"a clerk and a cowpuncher, or something equally adventurous, in the West of America. . . . He has fought life grimly with the gloves off and become a humanist." His first book, "The Lost Cabin Mine," was followed by "Hands Up!" with for hero of both "a chivalrous desperado known as the Apache Kid." Yet another Englishman, Ridgwell Cullum, has gone into the wild and brought stories back with him. He has mixed with Boer and Kaffir, and followed the trail in far places with bowie knife and rifle; came near to being starved to death in Alaska, and had a tough time with a band of freebooters when he was in the Kimberley diamond mines. He has been called "the new Bret Harte," but there is no Bret Hartian humour or sentiment in such stories as "The Watchers of the Plains," "The Night Riders," "The One Way Trail" or "The Way of the Strong," and in fierce elemental passion and grim realism he goes beyond anything Harte attempted.



Theodore Goodridge Roberts.



James B. Hendryx.

Jack London, as everybody knows, had revelled in the life adventurous before he began to write and, in the West and all about the world, went on revelling in it afterwards to the end. That Rex Beach had served his apprenticeship to the wild nobody who has read "The Net," "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "The Ne'er-do-Well," or any of his books, will need telling. He was born at Michigan and went to school at Florida, where his father was in business as an orange grower. They sent him to Chicago to study law, but he preferred football, and presently threw up the law to go gold-mining in Alaska. Then, having tried his hand at various other things, he went into the building line, and after seeing and doing more than enough to write about for the rest of his life, he wrote "The Spoilers," and its immediate success settled the question of his career.



David Hennessey.

Who could have had a more ideal beginning for the work he was to do than James Oliver Curwood? He is the grandson of Captain Marryat, and his great-grandmother was a full-blooded Indian princess. He made money to go to college by trapping in the Michigan woods. Later, having worked his way up from reporting to the editor's desk, he abandoned the *Detroit News-Tribune* "to fare forth into the wilds." For the truth that is in Curwood's books, Ray Long, who has known him intimately for many years, says in the American *Bookman*:

"James Oliver Curwood is a writing man because he has something to say, and he writes only of those things which he knows best. His novels are set in the far north region of Canada because he not only knows, but actually loves, that country. I think it is pretty generally known that Curwood was employed for two years by the Canadian Government as an explorer and that he has lived among the Eskimos. But I am not sure whether the public is aware that he makes expeditions on his own initiative and at his own expense into the unexplored regions. These are thoroughly organised expeditions, too, requiring a pack train of twelve horses or more, in charge of Bruce Otto, the noted guide. Curwood and Otto remain on the trail for months at a time, 'living off the land.'

"These periodic trips serve the double purpose of satisfying Curwood's craving for the wild places and of furnishing him with authentic material for his stories. In his own words, 'I travelled three thousand miles up and down the mighty Saskatchewan before I wrote "The River's End," and if I had not gone down the Athabasca, the Slave and the Mackenzie with the wild "river brigades" of God's country, I would not have written "The Valley of Silent Men."' Before writing 'The Grizzly King' and 'Nomads of the North' he lived three years with those noble animal characters—Thor, Muskwa, Neewa, and Brimstone, while 'God's Country and the Woman' and 'Kazan' were written in a cabin hundreds of miles from civilisation.

"He swears that he cannot write in his own home, one of the most interesting homes that I have ever seen. In it are twenty-seven guns, all of which have seen service—the stocks of most of them are scarred with notches recording his kills. And the place from cellar to garret is filled with mounted heads and furs. But each of these trophies of his days as a killer he regards as a martyr. No longer is Curwood the hunter, the trapper, the destroyer of wild life. A great light has come to him, and in what he terms his religion, he believes that the wild animals understand he is their friend. He has put this conversion of his into a book which is announced for publication in the spring. 'God's Country, The Trail to Happiness,' it will be called; and he says it has given him greater joy to write this confession and conversion of a killer than anything he has done.

"'Nature is my religion,' he says; 'and my desire, my ambition, the great goal I wish to achieve, is to take my readers with me into the heart of this nature. I love it, and I feel that they must love it—if I can only get the two acquainted.'

"Curwood's output to date (and he is still a young man in his early forties) is seventeen volumes—novels and collections of short stories, and a history of the Great Lakes—to say nothing of the stories that have appeared only in magazines. The very size of his output has been an asset, because his writing is easy and facile. In addition, in my opinion, Curwood has the greatest sense of the dramatic—or I might say melodramatic—of any writer in this country. He can tell a story supremely well. And what is a novel except 'a good story, well told,' or, as I believe Professor William Lyon Phelps condensed it, 'a good story'?"

So, one way and another, it becomes obvious that though saloons, card-sharping and shooting-on-sight were the Alpha of the Wild West novel, they are not also its Omega. You may follow the transition from the lawless to the orderly state in more than one novel—in Raine's "A Man Four-Square," for example, where the shooting is free enough most of the way but at the close, "the rule of the 'bad man' was over. Revolvers were no longer a part of the necessary wearing apparel of gentlemen of spirit. The frontier world gave itself to ploughing fields and building fences and digging irrigation ditches and planting orchards." To such complexion does all savagery come at last, but the interest of these stories does not go out with the noise of them, it only changes and is often intensified by the fierce conflict of larger,



Douglas Durkin,
with his Canadian huskie or malamute sleigh dog.

more complex influences that get to work on the minds and hearts of men when they pass out of comparative vagabondage and submit, more or less, to the yoke of organised conditions.

I don't imagine that Robert Stead ever wore hairy trousers and rode a snorting mustang and shot folks promiscuously; but you can't judge these quiet, gracious men by appearances—you never know. Anyhow, he was born and brought up on a Manitoba farm and lived for years in Calgary before he migrated to Ottawa, where, in due season he entered upon public life, and has burgeoned into a high Government official. He gathered his early recollections into "The Homesteaders," which appeared four or five years ago, and frames an excellent story in a setting of pioneer farming days in Southern Manitoba. This established his reputation and paved the way for "The Cow Puncher," a strong romance for whose scenes and dramatis personæ he went to Calgary; and this spring comes "Dennison Grant," which uses the foothills of the Rockies as a stage for a stubborn, embittered dispute over hay-rights between two rival gangs of ranch hands, into and through which conflict runs the charming love-idyll of Dennison and the adorable Zen.



Photo by W. J. Cranfield **Robert J. C. Stead.**

Another Manitoba author, Douglas Durkin, had his birthplace on one of the first homesteads opened up in the Swan River Valley, and led a working, wandering, romantic career all about West Canada, from the Swan River to Oregon, until he settled down to a more orthodox existence. Before the war they had so far tamed him that they made him a professor at the University of Manitoba, but when I wrote to him at the college I learned he was on vacation and had disappeared into irreclaimable parts with guns or fishing-rods. During the war he wrote his first book, "Canada's Fighting Men," some of the ballads in which were little Wild West novels in verse, as many of Service's and some of Stead's are. But it was the hard, pioneer struggle that appealed to Durkin, and this struggle, all the life of a new settlement at the time of the coming of the railway (he himself at one time worked on the Canadian Pacific, I believe), makes a lively background for his first novel, "The Heart of Cherry McBain."

Characteristic, too, of this later phase of the West, that is not so wild as it used to be, is Hopkins Moorhouse's "Deep Furrows," a romance of the Grain Growers movement in western Canada. It is a big theme and difficult to handle, but Moorhouse has not been a journalist for nothing, and these huge political and economic forces take fire and become living, eager issues in his hands.

Whatever fault may be urged against the Wild West or Open Air novel, nobody can say it is lacking in variety. It ranges from the complete idyll (punctuated perhaps by some unavoidable shooting), through the domestic drama, the graciously or riotously humorous backwoods yarn, the pathetic, tragic or melodramatic narrative of ranching or mining, to the hot and hurrying detective yarn, in which the detective is perhaps no more virtuous than the criminal; the mystery story; the story of headlong exciting adventure; from the Indian story and the quiet or raging love romance to the mighty epic of business operations, the tale of man's inhumanity to man after he has taken the feathers out of his hair and emerged respectably in a top hat. It adds to these varied phases, the story more of animals than of men, which is essentially of the Wild West and has no parallel in any other class of fiction, and, by this and by that, it opens a door of escape out of monotonously conventional surroundings into a world where the conventions are mostly forgotten, if they were ever known—a world where the most reticent of us may in imagination taste all sorts of excitements that would never come to us otherwise, and gratify that passion for romance which is native to us all, and, chilled by prosaic surroundings, would die of inanition if books did not keep it alive.

OPEN AIR NOVELS I HAVE READ.

By WILFRID L. RANDELL.

WHY do we, who have houses and hot-and-cold water taps and express trains, like to read about people who dwell in tents and log shanties, who take their water from rivers and streams, and whose journeyings are by horse or afoot across desert or prairie or forest? The answer is easy: although our surroundings may seem more prosaic than they really are, and although, as R. L. Stevenson said, "a man's true life, for which he consents to live, may lie altogether in the field of fancy," we like the contrast. "The clergyman in his spare hours may be winning battles, the farmer sailing ships, the banker reaping triumph in the arts," and by the aid of those who set down the thrill of lands where human nature is reduced to elementals, the dream comes to the business.

If, in the general verdict, some of us think that it is still hard to rival our old treasures, the "Swiss Family Robinson," "Masterman Ready," "Robinson Crusoe," and others, that may be ascribed to the prejudice of affectionate memories. It is simple fact, to be tested by any reader, that our "Wild West" authors—a comprehensive term, into which factors not entirely "wild" nor exclusively "west" may be allowed to enter—are "out" to tell a good story, and that they succeed

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admirably. Most of them are not concerned with subtleties of character analysis; they tell what happens when two angry men face each other over the gaming-table and the crowd starts shooting. "That is life," they say; "read about it, you quiet city people with your wall papers and evening papers and income-tax papers; your world is bounded on the north by the fire-place and on the south by the bookcase, on the east by the office window and on the west by Shaftesbury Avenue, but our world is wider. Read about it!"

And I have been reading about it, and gone past my station in consequence. "Cappy Ricks" was responsible for that, and Mr. Peter B. Kyne, his creator, may accept my best thanks for introducing me to such a fascinating old party as Alden P. Ricks, the owner of a fleet of ocean-going ships, as hard as nails for business, but with a heart as soft as butter for his daughter and her sailor lover. The 300-page duel between Cappy and Matt is something to make one's eyes water with laughter, and the controversy by cable between Cappy, as owner, in San Francisco, and Matt, as mate of a ship, in Table Bay, is one of the best bits of genuine fun I have read in any sea story. Incidentally I am lost in admiration of Mr. Kyne's knowledge of the intricacies of the shipping world, of insurance, charters, traffic regulations, sea-lore and law generally. "The Green Pea Pirates" is another good tale by Mr. Kyne—a lively story of Californian waters and the South Seas. Adelbert P. Gibney, otherwise "Gib," is the genius and leading spirit of a group of three pals who share a most extraordinary series of adventures worthy of the imagination of a "film writer." The difference is that these adventures are possible. "Kindred of the Dust," Mr. Kyne's latest novel, published last September, is the best he has written if style and construction are taken as the standard. Hector McKaye, owner of the Tyee Lumber Company, and his son Donald, are a finely-drawn pair, and the whole story is planned on big lines. With great skill the author shows how the father was torn between his love for Donald and his pride in the family honour. One feels that with less action and better study of character Mr. Kyne has taken the higher levels of authorship by this book, and although for sheer entertainment I am going to read "Cappy Ricks" again later on, "Kindred of the Dust" must stand before it as "quality."



Jackson Gregory.

So far, we have not discussed the out-and-out "thriller." Whereas you and I, patient readers, pride ourselves (owing possibly to the little trouble in Europe a few years ago) on handling a rifle passably well, the Hero, dead shot, can drive nails in trees and shoot out the eyes of a portrait at incredible distances—when intoxicated; the Heroine, also dead shot, can "draw" quicker than lightning, and can shoot—with both hands—from the back of a galloping mustang or bronco better than you or I could with elbow grounded and careful sighting. This comment brings me to Mr. Jackson Gregory's book, "The Splendid Outlaw" (Melrose; 1918). The effect desired is always intensified. In ordinary life a man arranges his necktie, puts his hands in his pockets, and goes to bed; but here "he jerked viciously at his neck-handkerchief, drove his hands deep into his pockets, and strode off to his bed." It is an exciting tale of the wildest West, with episodes of cattle-running, holding up the stage, shooting, card playing, nugget-finding, all painted in primary colours. It is not so good as "The Joyous Trouble Maker," by the same author, which tells of a conflict between a man with an immense sense of humour and a young lady, millionaire owner of a township or two and various sections of North America. The bad man is here in full force, well-groomed, plausible, and—need I add?—with white, well-kept hands, who makes love to the heroine for the sake of her money. In the end, after a book-full of rebellion, the domineering little lady capitulates to the right lover, and all is happiness, with the villain either dead or defeated; I forget which, because I have assisted at the killing of so many of these villains lately. Mr. Gregory takes a long step forward with "The Bells of San Juan" (Melrose), where not only is the writing restrained and the study of character more true, but the story itself makes a thrilling romance of the West without undue adjectival exuberance. The old bell-ringer, knowing his bells by name, sounding them for death or festival or wedding, gives a murmurous undertone to the exciting incidents of the little township; and the girl who settles in San Juan as a doctor is a heroine worth knowing, her rivalry with the incompetent local medical man being not the least interesting feature of a very pretty plot. And he reaches his high-water mark in "Man to Man," his newest romance, which opens with the return of Steve Packard to find that his sinful old grandfather has jockeyed him out of his inheritance, and the way in which he recovers it and worsts a whole nest of enemies, and wins the love of a girl who is as unconventional as she is charming, makes the best of good reading.

The real, authentic sensation came, however, when I read "Tharon of Lost Valley," by Vingie E. Roe (Cassell), published last autumn. "A story can be written of Western America in which revolvers are in abeyance," says Mr. Frederick Niven, in his foreword to that delightful novel, "The Lady of the Crossing," but Vingie E. Roe doesn't believe it. Tharon was *some* girl. Her blue eyes "narrow into blazing slits"; she

was "the rose of the valley"; she plays the harmonium and sings to the "boys," who adore her; she can do the "back-hand flip" with two "guns" as easily as you or I would take a trick with the ace of trumps; she can ride like the wind, pour on an assembly of "toughs" a torrent of words as prickly as a furze-bush and as stinging as a mustard-plaster; in fact, twenty-five years ago she would have made me save my pennies for a passage to the nearest port to "Lost Valley." Thrills in every chapter, lots of shooting—in short, a great book for the arm-chair if you have fallen out with the psychological novel.

In a class quite to themselves are the stories of Mr. J. O. Curwood, whose sympathetic insight enables



Bernard Cronin.

him to interpret wonderfully the thoughts of the animal world of the West. "Nomads of the North," for instance, is a little masterpiece, with Neewa the bear cub and Miki the puppy for heroes, and human beings as secondary characters. The scene is the Hudson Bay Company's territory, where trapper and fur trader gain their adventurous living. The skill with which the author "gets inside" the soul of the dog and shows the gradual knowledge absorbed by means of hard experience is almost uncanny. It is one of the best animal novels ever written—and I say this deliberately, not forgetting Mr. Kipling and Jack London. Another excellent story is "Son of Kazan" (Cassell; 1917), which tells of Baree, a wolf-dog, from fascinating puppyhood. Rejected by the wolf-pack as an undesirable hybrid, he takes his lonely way, and plays his part in the revenge for a brutal murder. Such a bare outline does meagre justice to a marvellous book. Baree is a fierce, lovable, faithful beast, and once more Mr. Curwood makes his story as exciting and real as the most modern novel of city life. "The Treasure Hunters," by the same author, deals also with the Hudson Bay wilds, but the theme is a hunt for gold. A very little spice of love seasons it, and the company is interesting; but I must place Mr. Curwood's animal studies—they are much more than mere stories—first in charm and competence.



Randall Parrish.

Mr. Rex Beach has made good use of his knowledge of the North-West in "The Iron Trail" (1913), a story of man against nature, in which a promoter of big schemes—chiefly railroads—is opposed by a flash financier. The account of O'Neil's building of the steel bridge, against time, across a river valley, and of the pitiless advance of the two glaciers that threatened to destroy all at the very hour of triumph, is one of the strongest things this talented author has written. Miss Appleton, journalist, is the "best girl" of the book, and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Beach would have been wiser had he not yielded to the obvious temptation. His heroine takes a theatrical flight across the spidery girders of the newly-finished bridge to meet O'Neil—who, as the ice-dam suddenly gave way and released the dangerous pent-up floods, promptly proposed to her. It would be quite in keeping with the "pictures," but rather spoils the ending of a good novel. A more satisfactory book in many ways is Mr. Beach's tale of Cuba and the revolution, "Rainbow's End" (1916), with Americans as the principal



Frederick Niven.

actors. The dare-devil boy "Jacket" is an exceedingly well-conceived character, and the search for a beautiful girl through perils of guerrilla warfare, with her discovery disguised as a hunchback, meets all the conditions of excitement we can demand.

I must include, of course, a story of gold-nuggets; and for this nothing could be better than the simply-named "Gold," by Stewart Edward White, which reached its fifth edition in 1914. It is a stirring tale of the Californian gold-rush in 1849, of the mining camps where law, as we know it, was not understood, and the game was every man for himself. The reader who wants to gain a good idea of the events of those early years of Western civilisation when San Francisco was in the throes of birth could not do better than read this romance, which is founded on fact. Mr. White has written other books on similar lines, but nothing more convincing. His little tale "The Claim Jumpers" is a comedy of semi-wild life in which the author himself pokes fun at "Wild West" novels, and depicts the regulation beautiful girl of the camp—who turns out to be a Boston young lady of the purest blood; so we have plenty of sentiment, with a pretty plot, but not so memorable a book as he has given us in "The Rose Dawn," a brilliant romance of the land bosses in California. He has never done finer character drawing than here, or created a more delightful heroine than Daphne, with her fantastic, imaginary fairy friend "Dolmen."



Henry Oyen.

From gold to wheat is a transition justified by the idea that both appeal to the primitive in humanity. The vast wheat-growing lands of the West have their own peculiar romance, difficulty and danger, and in "The Desert of Wheat" Zane Grey scored a triumph. The local war between the I.W.W. and the farmers provides abundant material for adventure, and the description of the burning of the wheatfields and the fight against the spreading flames is thrilling reading. The hero, an American born of German parents, goes to the greater war in Europe with the first draft in spite of the efforts of the girl he loves and of his father to dissuade him; and although he returns, badly wounded, to his old Western home for a happy recovery, there is nothing formal or displeasing about this brilliant story. Among many good novels by this author "The Roaring U.P. Trail" is one of the most exciting. "The Light of Western Stars," a romance of New Mexico, is of the "cowboy" type, with clever contrasts between the life of East and West; but it lacks the springs of motive which raise "The Desert of Wheat" to a higher plane.

If it is not quite "cricket" to include Tasmania in the "wild West," my excuse must be that "Timber Wolves," by Bernard Cronin, embodies all the characteristic features of Western stories, and is in addition a very fine novel. From his offices in Melbourne the powerful timber magnate, Frame, pulls the strings so cleverly and unscrupulously that he controls a very profitable section of the Tasmanian timber region, crowding out all who try to enter the trade, caring nothing if he ruins a few promising ventures or breaks a few hearts and heads. The final outwitting of his gang of "toughs" is the theme of the story, and the author of "The Coastlanders" has nothing to fear from the most exigent critic if he continues to write with so sure a style and such fine management of his material.

Two extremely provoking recent books come next in my list—"The Strange Case of Cavendish," by Randall Parrish, and "Big Flat," by Henry Oyen. They are provoking because if you start one of them you have to finish it, no matter what happens. You may have intended a ten-minutes read before bed; bed-time will pass unheeded. The fire or the family hosiery may need mending; you—of either sex—will be unaware of it. If you are reading one of these books on a long railway journey, you are quite likely to give the guard your pocket-book instead of your ticket. I know, for I began one of them in the train at York and was horribly annoyed when I was thrown out at King's Cross with several chapters still left to read. Sure thing, Mr. Parrish and Mr. Oyen can get the drop on you, and you might as well put up your hands at once. "Cavendish" is a "great" story; mistaken identity is the foundation of it, but the theme is so deftly handled and so cleverly varied that the reader is not let into the secret until the end; and the assortment of villains is "best mixed," without a doubt. Stella Donovan, the New York journalist who is sent west on the trail of a "scoop" for her paper, is a smart and capable heroine; Hattie Lee, of the "Big Flat," is another. In "Big Flat" we have an entirely different kind of story, but one with just as much grip. Here the grasping representative of a pulping company defies the inhabitants of Big Flat district, who refuse to sell their land, but in the end he overreaches himself, and is beaten by the determination of a little group of men led by a settler whose energy and competence command success. Incident and character are both finely brought out in the prolonged struggle, and the account of the hero's adventures when he purchased a power-tractor to pull stumps and clear the land is a genuine bit of good humorous writing, with tragedy behind it in the reluctance of the settlers to adopt improved methods, to fight the new enemy with the best possible weapons.

It is books such as these two that give the reality of the Wild West, as opposed to, or contrasted with, the highly-coloured romance which has no pretensions

save the entertainment of the reader. Strip "The Strange Case of Cavendish" of its complicated plot, its detective atmosphere, and you have still a living picture of the rough town in its embryo, elementary stage; take from "Big Flat" its company-promoting financial basis, and you have a vivid and convincing idea of man wrestling with Nature for the health and wealth she will ultimately bestow. They are the New World—or rather, they are a facet of its many-coloured general glowing life; in the Old World, we feel, such things can hardly happen to-day. Pigmy man, scenery on the grand scale, crude passions, energy hacking a path through every tangle, and love—well, much the same, we must admit, as we know it over here: of such brave matter is the best type of Western novel composed.

I mentioned Mr. Frederick Niven, who has two strings to his bow—his fine studies of Scottish life and character, such as "Justice of the Peace" and "Ellen Adair," and his excellent Wild West stories. My own preference, among his descriptions of Western ways, is the book I alluded to previously, "The Lady of the Crossing," a charming romance of a township in the final stages of civilisation; next to this comes a regular revolver-and-hold-up story, "Hands Up," exciting enough to satisfy the most critical expert in this line. Needless to say, all Mr. Niven's work bears the touch of the artist in words and of the philosopher; he provides much more than mere entertainment—he gives sound thinking, ideas, the pleasure of well-wrought prose. The pages of THE BOOKMAN have already contained an estimate of his work, and I will only add here that among novelists who treat seriously this ever-fascinating theme of the open life in the open lands he takes the highest place for style and craft.

The "Wild West" novelist comes of a hardy race; as a type, he is probably immortal; and let us not think him insignificant in the domain of fiction. He lets us know that the world is still full of life and energy, and not a matter of watertight compartments. We realise, as we read, that at this very moment there exists a sphere of life in rough-and-ready lands where all our knowledge of business would be at fault, where the woodpile and the timber shack take the place of office-stool and suburban house; lands for which we could to-morrow buy our ticket and take our preliminary train. But we either lack courage or have not the physique; we are too comfortable, too "set." Let us give thanks, then, to these hearty fellows who write of primitive things, of humanity unsophisticated, and be glad that we can enjoy their stories—and wish we were young enough to emulate their heroes.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd, Warwick Square London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief quotation from English literature in praise of music.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—THE PRIZE is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's Park, N.W.1, and Irene L. Watts, of Glyn House, Kingsgate, Broadstairs, for the following:

ANNIVERSARY.

April swings upon the bough,
Dances in the elfin breeze:
Not a bird is calling now
Through the arches of the trees.
In my little house of dreams,
Where no mortal feet may tread,
Silently the moonlight gleams,
Cold as lanterns of the dead.

Honey on a golden plate,
Wine, blood-red, in crystal clear:
Hasten, lest we be too late,
And the board be bare, my dear.

Fire, that on the hearth we lit,
Look, love! is it burning still?
Can you see the light of it
Dance across the window-sill?

Tip-toe at the door we stand,
So we paused—a year ago.
Now the latch falls to my hand.
Love, why do you tremble so?

G. LAURENCE GROOM.



Ottwell Binns,

whose romance of the great North-West, "A Hazard of the Snows," was recently published by Messrs. Ward Lock.

SICILIAN LOVE.

Because I held your hand a little while
Beside the murmuring soft Ionian Sea,
Because I kissed you in a flaming Dawn
In Sicily—in Sicily,

I have grown old, and all my life a dream;
Still in cold English dawns all pearly grey,
I see your dark face laughing through the vines
At sunrise, in San Felice.

And in a lilac-scented London night,
White hands are gleaming by the Southern sea,
And all the great heart of the world aflame
Is calling, passion-wild, to me.

And my soul, made eternal with the stars,
Dwells by the dreaming soft Ionian Sea,
Walking all wondrous days, all starlit nights,
Alone with thee—alone with thee.

IRENE L. WATTS.

We also select for printing:

ROMANCE.

I rose e'er night was over,
And sang the lark her praises.
I found a four-leaf'd clover,
And gather'd dew-kiss'd daisies.

I laid them on her window-sill
When all the world was waking.
'Tis evening, and they lie there still,
And Oh, my heart is breaking.

(Norman C. Gould, Flat 2, 47, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W.9.)

THE DREAMER.

They do not see, who stare at me
With little, life-sick eyes,
The lovely fire of my desire
Set flaming in the skies.

In quietude they think I brood
Within my hidden world—
Unloved and lone, as stick or stone
Into the darkness hurled.

They do not know, who see me go
Dream-shrouded down the days,
How memories stir, to make for Her,
Sweet-worded songs of praise.

O poor unblest! I bare my breast
Of dream and song and shroud,
That you may find therein enshrined
Safe hid from careless crowd

The happiness for which you press
Tired feet in every place—
And I have found with beauty crowned
Upon one quiet face!

(Claude Berry, 20, Godolphin Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Marjorie V. Miller (Manchester), Winifred Jackson (Solihull), Elizabeth E. Dougall (Dollar), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), Colonel Walter Keyworth (Bishop's Teignton), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), C. P. Y. Dawe (Montreal), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), James Paton (Natal), Hester Lawrie (Kersal), A. Thatcher (Birmingham), Dorothea M. Halford (Bealby) Margery Young (London, W.), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Ian Cameron (Putney), "Hermit" (Guernsey), F. Davidson (Bryansford), Mary F. Moore (Clitheroe), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Ivan Adair (Dublin) G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), L. M. Priest (Norwich), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Ismay Trimble (Muswell Hill), William Sutherland (Sunderland), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Margaret Marr (St. Ives), W. A. G. Kemp (Northwood), "Moonstone" (Liverpool), Ada F. Strike (Worthing), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Marjorie Ryan Bell (Birmingham), "Sarnicol" (Merthyr Tydfil), Rachel Bates (Liverpool), Joseph Nattrass (Middlesbrough), Sibyl Young (Hunstanton), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, U.S.A.), A. L. Pearce (Sydenham).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following:

PASSOVER. BY BEATRICE BASKERVILLE. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"I looked at her, and looked again,
And did not wish her mine."
WORDSWORTH, *Two April Mornings.*

We also select for printing:

THE STORY OF JENNY. BY ELIZABETH SOUTHWART. (Erskine Macdonald)

"Jenny kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in"
LEIGH HUNT.

(D. A. Griffin, 22, Therapia Road, Honor Oak.)

NOT KNOWN HERE. BY MRS. WILFRID WARD. (Hutchinson)

"A perfect woman."
WORDSWORTH, *She was a Phantom of Delight.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hampshire.)

DANCERS YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN. BY STARR WOOD (Angold.)

"See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

(Mabel Robertson, "Moresque," Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth.)

THE SILENT CLUE. BY MARIE C. LEIGHTON. (Ward, Lock)

"All they ever found was thist his pants an' round-about."
J. W. RILEY, *Little Orphant Annie.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.)

THE WAY OF THE WINE PRESS. BY JOHN PAYNE. (John Payne Society, Olney.)

"We sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would consumedly ache on the morrow."
BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends.*

(H. G. Walker, 44, Cawdor Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.)

III.—THIS PRIZE, for the best quotation applicable to the Prince of Wales, is divided, and TWO BOOKS are awarded to Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby, of 71, Thorney Hedge Road, Gunnersbury, W.4, and Jessie Jackson, of 83, Walkergate, Beverley, East Yorks, for the following:

"Wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it."
TENNYSON, *Gareth and Lynette.*
JOCELYN IERNE ORMSBY.

"For never Prince in grace did more excel."
JOHN DRYDEN, *Great Fire of London.*
JESSIE JACKSON.

The extraordinary number of replies received is a wonderful testimony to the Prince's popularity. The

favourite quotation, sent by some scores of competitors, was Chaucer's "He was a very perfect, gentle knight"; several sent Rogers's "Blest with the charm, the certainty to please," and Shakespeare's "He is as full of valour as of kindness, princely in both"; and all these competitors are specially commended, in addition to Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Kathleen T. Mayson (West Hartlepool), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Gilbert H. Forbes (London, N.W.), E. Drake (Scarborough), Constance M. Shaw (Leeds), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Mrs. J. B. Young (Croydon), A. C. Marshall (Midlothian), S. M. Isaacson (London, W.), M. C. Stanley (London, S.W.), Olive Forward (Cardiff), May W. Harrison (Lincoln).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Vincent Hamson, of 111, Dallow Road, Luton, for the following

GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE. BY CONRAD GILL. (Methuen.)

Though written primarily as an aid to a school course in citizenship, this plain account of the government system of England is one we should like to see in the hands of every voter. Ignorance of the elementary principles on which our social life is based is the weakness of modern democracy, and were the qualification of the voter to become knowledge instead of age, we would make Mr. Gill's very interesting and useful work the textbook for study. As a treatise on local and national government, it is the best we have read for a long time.

We also select for printing:

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. BY EDITH WHARTON. (Appleton.)

The "Age of Innocence" is New York society in the seventies, and its hypocrisies and inconsistencies are unmasked by Mrs. Wharton with consummate irony. The chief woman character is Ellen Glenska, who is separated from a scoundrelly husband, and whom "virtuous" society regards with suspicion. The "eternal triangle" theme is treated with originality and freshness, and in its restraint and polish this novel is a marked contrast from most modern fiction. Ellen is generous and loyal to the wife of the man she loves, and the story closes on a note of subdued sadness—the pathos of an unfulfilled love.

(Winifred M. Davies, 37, Babington Lane, Derby.)

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER. BY ZANE GREY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Golden West! Accept the escort of "The Mysterious Rider" and you will find this El Dorado for yourself. For sheer magic of word-painting and creation of atmosphere Zane Grey must take a foremost place among modern writers. Columbine and her lover are very attractive, while Jack Bellounds is consistently detestable, yet all three lack the originality which has touched Hell Bent Wade to life. The other characters are finely portrayed, particularly the pathetic figure of old Bellounds. This book has power and charm, and should be as popular as any of its predecessors.

(Miss N. M. Butterfield, 163, Coventry Road, Ilford.)



Drawn by W. H. Caffyn. **George Goodchild,**

whose "Colorado Jim" (Hayes), the most successful of his half-dozen novels of the West, has just been followed by "The Alaskan" (Lloyd), and will shortly have another successor in "Trooper O'Neill," a tale of the North-West Police.

DEADLOCK. BY DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON. (Duckworth.)

This book marks a decided development in the history of Miriam Henderson, through whose consciousness it is reflected. Though the form is materially the same as that of its predecessors, "Deadlock" bears evidence of a maturer skill, and of a surer handling of English. There are many involved and obscure passages, due mainly to Miss Richardson's eccentric punctuation, but interspersed with them are other passages of a quite definite beauty. The main theme is Miriam's relations with Mr. Shatov, a Russian Jew, accompanied by interesting digressions on women, books, and men, and the eternal fascination of London.

(A. R. MacPhail, "Cranford," Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath, S.E.3.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), James A. Richards (Tenby), Grace Thompson (Hampstead), Lucy Chamberlaid (Llandudno), A. P. Pearson (Halifax), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), P. E. Bentley (Halifax), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Lucy Malleson (Kensington), J. W. Goodwin (Bealings), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Edith Robin (London, W.), G. D. (Brighton), Grace G. Webb (Southam), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), E. M. Liddell (Chepstow), Hugh Roberts (Bournemouth), Laura A. Ward (Halifax, Nova Scotia), Barbara A. Todd (Doncaster), F. B. Talbot (Ceylon).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. McDonnell, 12, Robert Street, Lancaster.

BAUDELAIRE.*

BY EUGENE MASON.

IT is not necessary to be a French scholar for one to take an interest in the life and writings of Charles Baudelaire. Baudelaire himself was an accomplished student of English literature in certain directions, and, more than any other writer, is responsible for the vogue of Poe and De Quincey in France. Moreover he is the subject of one of the supreme elegies in our language, Swinburne's wonderful "Ave atque Vale." Baudelaire very nearly enjoyed the privilege of perusing this masterpiece in the flesh, for it was

* "Charles Baudelaire: A Study." By Arthur Symons. 15s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

composed in his lifetime, some three months before he actually died, upon a false report of his death. Baudelaire would have enjoyed the experience, for not only is extreme justice done to his gifts, but the threnody is written with a classical sobriety he was peculiarly fitted to appreciate, and incorporates—almost transcribes—certain of the French poet's images into Swinburne's more fluent music. Now Mr. Symons issues a sort of prose complement to Swinburne's poem, and in "Charles Baudelaire, A Study," presents a criticism which covers practically the whole range of the Frenchman's work. The book is not a biography, for it contains little more than the bare facts and dry bones of Baudelaire's life, but it is a piece of work that no living writer was so fitted to produce as Mr. Symons, not only because of knowledge, but also by temperament and taste. We may not always be able to accept his conclusions—the present writer must emphasise some disagreement in the course of this review—but every competent critic will recognise ungrudgingly the considered principles on which those views are based. In a sense, even, Mr. Symons is too conversant with the French language, and too saturated with French literature, for his familiarity leads him to write such a sentence as "leading a deliciously depraved life," which in English simply sounds comic; whilst his knowledge of books induces him to incorporate in "Charles Baudelaire" a long essay on Villiers de l'Isle Adam, having but the very slightest connection with his immediate subject.



Baudelaire.
From a drawing by Manet, 1862.

Mr. Symons's qualifications for dealing with Baudelaire are so pronounced as to include almost a liking for his personality. It is not absolutely essential, I suppose, to love an artist whom one admires—it would be easy to adduce illustrations to the contrary—but a liking for the man certainly predisposes one to appreciate his work. "In our approach to the poetry, or to the prose, of any famous writer with whom we are concerned, we must necessarily approach his personality; in apprehending it we apprehend him, and certainly we cannot love it without loving him. As for Baudelaire, I must confess that, in spite of the fact that one might hate or love the man according to the judgment of the wise or of the unwise, I find him more lovable than hateful." I admit that Mr. Symons's expression of attachment is not very passionate, but even so it goes beyond what most of us would be prepared to subscribe. Baudelaire cultivated a cynical and starchy detachment; he went abroad scattering the most amazing tropes and theses, and gladly appeared under aspects which he imagined would astonish the simple. He dyed his hair a rural green; he compared the taste of a child's brain with the kernel of nuts; and he willingly embarked on casual conversation with the formidable opening, "after I had murdered my father." These may be legends, at least I am quite willing to believe them to be, but there is no smoke without fire, and such legends do not exactly portray a lovable character with an unconventional sense of humour. But Mr. Symons himself gives a description of a portrait of the poet. "His face and his eyes are contorted as if in a terrible rage; the whole face seems drawn upward and downward in a kind of convulsion; and the aspect, one confesses, shows a degraded type, as if all the vices he had never committed looked out of his eyes in a wide revolt." I suggest the description of this engaging personality would interest an alienist rather than the Brothers Cheeryble.

The fact is that Baudelaire is esteemed not by reason of his lovableness, nor for his excellent moral qualities, but because this extremely undesirable person happens to be a very great artist. On this matter the consensus of critical opinion is practically unanimous. Any voice raised to the contrary is felt at once to be an expression of distaste on quite other grounds than those of art. Victor Hugo declared that Baudelaire had brought a new shudder into literature, and poets of a younger generation have treated him always with marked deference. Mr. Symons in his turn praises, and indeed overpraises him with a fine enthusiasm. Had the critic been content to stay his hand at "'Les Fleurs du Mal' is the most curious, subtle, fascinating and extraordinary creation of an entire world ever fashioned in modern ages," we might have been moved to do protest; but on reading Baudelaire described as "the greatest French poet after Villon, the most disreputable and the most creative poet in French literature, the greatest artist in French verse, and after Verlaine the most passionate, perverse, lyrical, visionary and intoxicating of modern poets," we may express a mild preference for a less flamboyant criticism. Should it be true, then so much the worse for France. I can but imagine that Mr. Symons's conception of great poetry differs from that of his reviewer. Supreme poetry (to quote Mr. Lynd) is not only a transfiguration of life, but a noble transfiguration of life; and much of Baudelaire is ignoble. It will not do—as certain critics have tried—to speak of this disputable portion of Baudelaire's poetry as being composed in a heat of indignation. The holy and consuming indignation that makes a man lean was not in him. He wrote it in the delectation of his heart, and as a man thinketh in his heart, so he is.

It does not follow that those who are unable to accept Mr. Symons's extreme claim for Baudelaire, have no proper appreciation of his genius. "Les Fleurs du Mal" is a title too largely comprehensive, for very many poems in the collection are quite unspotted. Its technical qualities are difficult to overrate, for it is a living counsel of perfection to the artist. Every inch of surface is worked over in the fashion to which Keats and Rossetti have accustomed the lover of English literature. And with this perfection of form goes a sense of Beauty in curious contrast with some spectacular ugliness and much sombre imagination. The

beauty is largely exotic, and derivative from the East. Baudelaire never forgot that early voyage to the tropics, where he was shipped off to prevent him becoming a poet. The perfume of the limes was ever in his nostrils, and his eyes were full of gracious figures, such as that of the young Malabaraise, in her thin muslin draperies, bearing her pitcher to the well. How much of the school of Loti is implicit in Baudelaire! We may not account him the greatest poet of France since Villon; but for reasons such as these we willingly accept him as one of the most consummate artists of his century.

HOMAGE TO KEATS.*

By Laurence Binyon.

As Mr. Shaw says, "There is no end to talking about poets; and it often prevents people from reading them." No one therefore has paid a truer homage to Keats, now that the century from his death is turning, than Mr. Cobden-Sanderson with his beautifully-printed "Anthology." The word suggests an arrangement of extracts; but this is really a choice of poems both major and minor, only "Endymion" of the former class being excluded And from "Endymion" the editor has taken two of its finest things—the "Hymn to Pan" and the "Ode to Sorrow." In spite of the rich ore of beauty in this longest poem of Keats, the volume is strengthened by its omission. It is not a large volume, but how many masterpieces it contains! The marvel is that with so much of perfection achieved we are all convinced, and rightly convinced, that Keats's greatest work was still to come. It is extraordinary that people can ever dwell on his immaturity. It is his maturity that staggers. When he ceased to write, a year before his death at twenty-five, he was changing and starting afresh in a new spirit and with a new style; but his "first period" would have remained supreme in its own way as the early work, the "poesie," of Titian. Of all our poets Milton alone, had he died as young, would have left work as wonderful and consummate; but Keats's "Odes" surpass, I think, even the glorious work of Milton's youth.

The best homage we can pay to Keats is to read him afresh. None the less, the "Memorial Volume" which Dr. Williamson has got together with amazing energy and industry is welcome to all lovers of the poet. It would be welcome if only for the object of its publication, which is to secure the house in which Keats lived and wrote at Hampstead. But it contains some contributions which make it memorable in itself Chief among these is the hitherto lost letter written to Woodhouse from Winchester in September, 1819, which belongs to Miss Amy Lowell and has been transcribed by her for this volume. It does not show Keats by any means at his most attractive as a letter-writer, but after a page of rather forced "rattle" about the journey down to Winchester, suddenly, without preface, our breath is taken away and we are transported into an enchanted air. Keats is copying out, as if it were a mere trifle, his just-finished "Ode to Autumn." But this is not all. "I will give you a few lines from 'Hyperion,'" he goes on: but the lines are not from the first "Hyperion," but the second "Hyperion." And this is a surprise for all the authorities, who have hitherto assumed that this second version was not begun till the poet had returned from Winchester to London.

It is remarkable how much attention is now focused on the second "Hyperion," as many pages in this volume bear witness; though to me it has long seemed remarkable that it has been so comparatively little appreciated. No one can understand Keats's growth, or the fullness of his nature, or the direction in which he was moving, or the yet greater greatness that he promised, who has not absorbed this poem. Mr. Shaw, who pays a tribute to Keats's geniality and capacity of detachment from his work, writes of "the two idle epics, voluptuously literary"; but he must have forgotten the "Revision of Hyperion," which shows a spirit so utterly changed from that which inspired "Endymion." It is the theme of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, who rightly points out how the "Revision" should be read by the light of the "Letters"—those wonderful letters which seem to me to contain the wisest and most pregnant things ever written in English on the poet's creative art. Keats was constant and severe in self-criticism: criticism not only of his art, but of his nature, as the "Revision" shows. As Mr. Abercrombie says, this poem shows him "expanding his art so as to include those speculative convictions of his—what he called his 'Theology.' His art, in fact, was on the verge of becoming adequate to the man." It is good to see on so many sides recognition, not only of the strong and manly fibre in Keats's character, twined as it was with his



Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, May, 1873.
Kindly lent by Mrs. Meynell.
From "John Keats Memorial Volume" (John Lane).

* "The John Keats Memorial Volume.' 25s. net. (Lane.)—"Keats: An Anthology." Selected and Arranged by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d. net. (R. Cobden-Sanderson.)

supersensitiveness, but also of his intellectual strength and subtlety. On the intellectual side how much more interesting is Keats than Shelley, with his doctrinaire opinions! Perhaps, however, Shelley was on the way to slough these off: at any rate, Mr. de Sélincourt points out a most interesting parallel between the last, unfinished works of the two poets—the "Revision of Hyperion" and the "Triumph of Life"—each of them inspired by Dante, each "a poem of self-purgation." Shelley had taken Love for his lode-star, and Keats Beauty; and each records "a bitter confession of failure to shape his life according to the light that was in him."

I think in this volume the thing that moved me most was the page reproducing two drawings by Joseph Severn, hitherto unpublished. One is of the *Maria Crowther*, the brig in which Keats made that horrible two months' voyage to Italy; the other is "Moonlight at Sea," done on board her. Both drawings have that indefinable poetry of feeling which Severn put into his early work. Keats had seen these drawings made; he too had watched this moon rise over the dark, restless sea; and we remember what the moon's beauty had meant for him, the intoxication of its spell that drenches "Endymion," and we remember also the last sonnet and the "moving waters at their priest-like task." For the moment we are with him at that ship's side and share the torment of his thoughts.

Another precious document this volume contains: a facsimile of the manuscript of the "Ode to the Nightingale." Can it be, as Sir Sidney Colvin maintains, that this is actually the first draft of the ode? It is so smoothly written, with so few erasures or corrections; though the most famous lines of the whole poem owe, we find, their supreme beauty to afterthought. Keats's first version:

"Charmed the wide casements opening on the foam
Of keelless seas in faery lands forlorn."

would never have captured the minds of every generation, as the altered lines, with their final felicity, have done. But the all-important change of epithets is already made in this manuscript. It is hard to believe that a poem of such perfection of shape and richness of phrasing could have been born so complete. One would have expected a bubbling-up of words and images, a torrent poured out upon the page, before such distillation could take place. Yet we remember that Keats said that the "Psyche" was the only one of his odes with which he had taken "even moderate pains"; and the evidence of his friend Brown seems to prove that in the manuscript reproduced (Lord Crewe is its fortunate possessor) we have the actual sheets which Keats filled with writing as he sat under the tree in his Hampstead garden, and shoved behind the books in his bookcase afterwards.

Not only England, but many other countries join in the homage of this memorial volume. There are tributes in Spanish and Swedish and Serbian, and in various Indian tongues. It is as pleasant as it is unexpected to find that Keats's fame is so world-wide.

New Books.

WILLIAM JAMES.*

There is room for a new science which will investigate the influence of race and nationality on artists and philosophers. There is of course already a great deal of rather vapid theorising about the matter. Jews like Mr. Zangwill make wild statements about Judaism; others use and misuse the word Celt; Stewart Chamberlain talked—he may still talk—random and rotund nonsense about the Teuton, but no one has investigated scientifically the effect, if there be any, of race, nationality and climate on the artist's character. For instance, here is William James. Would his philosophy have taken the line it did, if he, like his brother Henry, had left America for Europe? It is evident, I think, that his Americanism had at times a bad effect. It made him, in studying religion, over-careful of the eccentric and too negligent of Catholicism. To the end of his life he talked of "Dagoes" when he meant Italians; and there is no doubt he was genuinely surprised that Italian philosophers, such as Papini, should have adopted his philosophy and advanced it more brilliantly than any other of his followers. He probably outgrew the ridiculous mood expressed in an earlier letter: "Damn Italy! It isn't a good thing to stay with one's inferiors"; but he was forty years old when he wrote that, and one wonders a little sadly whether anyone of James's mental calibre who was not an American could be quite so stupid.

It is just his Americanism, however, which makes James's letters delightful and possibly makes his philosophy important. His attitude to Europe is an awful correction to the more reverential pose of Henry, for whom Europe held the leisure and the culture which America neither gave nor appreciated. William James was Irish and Scotch by descent, and it may not be fanciful to see in him the industry of the one and the gaiety of the other. He had poor health as a young man and worked against difficulties which might have driven a less stubborn person to invalidism. Henry James, senior, was an explosive, dynamic person, whose character can be gauged from his vehement ejaculation: "I would rather have a son of mine corroded with all the sins of the Decalogue than have him perfect" One finds an echo of the father in William's dismay at the completely model behaviour of the students at Chautauqua:

"The Chautauqua week, or rather six and a half days, has been a real success I have learned a lot, but I'm glad to get into something less blameless but more admiration-worthy. The flash of a pistol, a dagger, or a devilish eye, anything to break the unlovely level of 10,000 good people—a crime, murder, rape, elopement, anything would do . . . I have seen more women and less beauty, heard more voices and less sweetness, perceived more earnestness and less triumph than I ever supposed possible"

William's natural bent was towards science, and he meant by science a free investigation into any kind of phenomena. He passed from physiology to psychology, from that to philosophy and religious theory, and did not disdain the study of spiritualistic manifestations. On this subject he rightly condemns Huxley's absurd, remote attitude. He saw keenly the futility of a refusal to look into phenomena because they appear to be trivial; the objection was certainly curious from a man who wrote a long book on the crayfish.

James had no taboos; he had prejudices, and occasionally in these letters he appears to contradict his own philosophy. For instance, in a noble letter to Mr. Wells, he writes:

"*Rem acu tetigisti!* Exactly that callousness to abstract justice is *the* sinister feature and, to me as well as to you, the incomprehensible feature of our U.S. civilisation. . . I never

* "The Letters of William James." Edited by H James. 2 vols. 42s. net (Longmans.)—"Collected Essays and Reviews." By William James. 16s. net. (Longmans.)

THE NEW WAY OF LEARNING FRENCH AND SPANISH

Pelman Institute's Latest Achievement

THE inability of the average inhabitant of these islands to speak Foreign Languages has long been a standing reproach against us.

Disraeli, indeed, once said something to the effect that we were a race of barbarians, speaking no language but our own.

And gradually there has grown up a kind of tradition that the British people, for some mysterious reason, have no faculty for learning Foreign Languages, that some queer natural and national defect bars them from this important field of knowledge.

Sir E. Denison Ross's Opinion

Now this is altogether a false notion.

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"My wish is that it may soon make obsolete the hundreds of text-books on the French language that exist to-day."

The above statement occurs in the course of a remarkable tribute paid to the value of the Pelman Method of learning Foreign Languages by the Head Master of a well-known school.

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"I can say in all truth that the Pelman Method of Language Instruction, as I have seen it exemplified in the Pelman *Cours de Français*, excels any I have hitherto come across, and I may add that I find it hard to conceive of any other that can improve on it. It is certainly new, and, as is rightly claimed for it, must necessarily change profoundly the ordinary method of language instruction.

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heard of the McQueen case before, but I've known plenty of others. When the ordinary American hears of them, instead of the idealist within him beginning to 'see red' with the higher indignation . . he begins to pooh-pooh and minimise and tone down the thing, and breed excuses from his general fund of optimism and respect for expediency. 'It's probably right enough', 'Scoundrelly, as you say,' but understandable, 'from the point of view of parties interested'—but understandable in onlooking citizens only as a symptom of the moral flabbiness born of the exclusive worship of the bitch-goddess Success."

That is finely said, but is not the ordinary man's worship of success merely a rough translation of pragmatism into daily life? How did James's own philosophy leave any room for "*abstract* justice"? Surely his whole work was an effort to prove there were no abstractions or ideals, save those which were realised in the continuous growth of concrete virtues. I may here say that the volume of essays contains nothing which will add to one's knowledge of James's philosophy; but includes some very entertaining papers, and a very careful summary, admirably written, of his theory of emotion—a theory which, I believe, owes a good deal to James's Americanism. Americans do, more than any civilised people, induce emotion by whipping-up its expression.

The letters, especially those in the first volume, contain passage after passage of humorous description. William often complains to Henry of the novelist's indirect method, and certainly his own is straightforward enough. Here is a sentence or two from his account of a German household: "The great, thick remarks, all about housekeeping and domestic economy of some sort or other . . . the air of religious earnestness with which the eating of the father was talked about"; or these on Hegelians: "My ignorant prejudice against all Hegelians, except Hegel himself, grows wusser and wusser. Their sacerdotal airs! and their sterility! Contemplating their navels and the syllable oum!" His humour is always roused by Hegelianism. He writes to Croom Robertson, editor of that serious periodical, *Mind*: "Why don't you have a special 'Neo-Hegelian Department' in *Mind*, like the 'Children's Department' or the 'Agricultural Department' in our newspapers—which educated readers skip?" Although full of family details, the letters are oddly impersonal—they give, that is, very little idea of the character of his friends. Many well-known names occur—Royce, Bergson, Munsterberg, Schiller, Wells, Santayana, and there is a brief and tantalising glance at that elusive and fascinating creature, Henry Adams. Of James himself, as devoted son, husband, brother and father, one does get a very good idea, and that, I imagine, was the main purpose of Mr. Henry James who has edited the correspondence and supplied a very judicious connecting commentary. The result is a lively portrait of a very rich and generous personality—a man susceptible rather than sensitive, infinitely inquiring, of irrepressible gusto, of defiant and sometimes difficult joy, of extreme honesty and unwavering courage.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE MASTER SPINNER.*

Mr. Snowden tells us in the introduction to his book that it is first of all the story of a man's heart. And indeed, whatever importance "The Master Spinner" may have as a record of Sir Swire Smith's life as a public man, it is essentially to the man of innumerable friends that Mr. Snowden pays his homage. It is the story of a long life lived fully, whether in work or play, of a mind which defied age and adversity and kept the banner of enthusiasm flying for seventy-six years. Swire Smith was the son of a wealthy master spinner, and was apprenticed to his father's trade at a time when spinning was still a handcraft and the exportation of yarn and woven goods had hardly been thought of. At the age of twenty-three he formed a company for machine spinning and bent his energy to the aim of seeing England the loom of all the world. He spent his holidays on the Continent and, with an energy founded on iron health, studied technical education in Germany with a view to the improvement of industry in his own country. Mr. Snowden gives us a detailed account of Sir Swire Smith's work in founding the first technical school in England, of his lectures and meetings in Keighley and other northern towns advocating education in all branches of industry and art for the workers. Sir Swire could hardly be called an art connoisseur; neither did he aspire to that title. With charming frankness he confessed that certain of Turner's pictures were incomprehensible to him. He studied art at home and abroad, using "his critical powers in an effort to understand, and arrived, not at disparagement, but at a knowledge of his limitations." All of which did not prevent him from being an efficient secretary of the School of Art at Keighley, a branch of the Technical School for which he had worked so hard.

Mr. Snowden is fortunate in having had access to Sir Swire Smith's diaries. The extracts we find in "The Master Spinner" are chosen by an admiring and devoted friend, anxious to show the different facets of the crystal whose heart was Swire Smith's character. There are entries from holidays in Italy and Switzerland, where Sir Swire's delight transforms his notes to the pure lyrics of exuberant youth; there is a memorandum for an Alpine climb consisting of the most soul-forsaken enumeration of "necessaries" for the trip, which strongly impresses on us that here enters the man of method! There is also an account of a last meeting with a young lady to whom he could not propose because she was wealthy, and he had as yet no fortune to offer her. This is the end of that entry:

"But stop, my brain. Let me not befool myself further. My future, though hopeful, is blank I have boundless prospects but no realities. My wife shall not be married to be my support, and I will destroy no girl's chances by binding her to me as I am now."

The atmosphere of vile melodrama releases an irreverent groan; yet, before one is half through the book one knows that one has met a man of perfect sincerity, in whose make-up no grain of affectation enters.

Very interesting also are the glimpses we get of "big business" in America; for Swire Smith did not limit his enterprise to his own country or his own trade, he had also important banking and land schemes on hand in Texas. These brought him in personal contact with leading personalities in America, among them the late Andrew Carnegie. Sir Swire's numerous friends on both sides of the Atlantic will be happy to meet again in the pages of "The Master Spinner" the charming and undaunted spirit of a man who had such singular powers of forming lasting friendships.

R. KENNEY.

* "The Master Spinner: A Life of Sir Swire Smith, LL.D., M.P." By Keighley Snowden. 16s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

PRIVILEGE.*

Mr. Sadleir in his third novel, "Privilege," has taken for his theme a great house, the present-day sons and daughters of Lord Whern, and shows the house crumbling away from old greatness to nothing, presumably because of an inherent canker in the persons themselves. The tale is told by Richard Braden, the fourth child of Lord Whern, with whose funeral the novel opens. The new Lord Whern, Harold, is a robust sensualist who fills the ancestral home with orgiastic doings which, to tell the truth, are not quite so extraordinarily awful as we are given to suppose, though coarsely disorderly. However, Harold repents before very long, but before he can re-establish his feet in the ways of honour and orderliness he is killed while out shooting, presumably by the brother of a former servant girl, for the obvious reason. This brings Michael to Whern, the second son, very aristocratic, keen on public life and public service, married to a beautiful woman, and moving towards high place in the State. Richard falls in love with Barbara, his brother's wife, and

* "Privilege." By Michael Sadleir. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

she presently turns to him from Michael for reasons so inadequate and so twisted that we are far from sympathetic. Monica, the third child, Richard's senior by a year, is fast, intellectual, loud, slangy, blasphemous, the sort of girl who shone in the country-house rags that delighted the scandalised readers of sensational newspapers before the war. There is also Anthony, a boy of twenty, precious, exquisite, decadent, jade-collecting, perfumed; and Mary, aged eighteen, who is a trifle priggish and turns out all of a cat

The tale pushes the world of England into the days of war. Monica had married a Hungarian, and managed to get back to England while her husband went to fight for his country. But in England she was in contact with the "governing classes," and her brother Michael deep in affairs of State. Alas, she wrote a long letter to her husband, disclosing most vital secrets, and this letter was sent through the post instead of by diplomatic pouch through a neutral country The letter came to the Censor's hands and Michael's enemies in the Press and in Parliament made his position impossible He went down to Whern and shot himself, leaving Richard Braden to become the next Lord Whern and to marry Barbara

The book is a most arresting one, chiefly by virtue of its manner It is written with great sensitiveness and a fastidious feeling for words and style Mr. Sadleir's picture of the Whern family is closely and carefully painted He has certainly taken the advice of Sidney's Muse—he has looked in his heart and written. And he has seen clearly what was in his heart, and he has written charmingly So clearly and so charmingly that he will forgive the suggestion that what he has seen and described existed only within himself The persons of the story, while never impossible, never doing or saying anything that is not well within their imaginary scope, are hardly real Mr. Sadleir has abundant ideas, and out of them he has composed and fashioned his people, but it is difficult to accept that he has any real knowledge of the Whern milieu. Nevertheless, "Privilege" is a remarkable piece of work; it certainly stamps the author as one of the writers who may be expected before long to count for a great deal

F. M. ATKINSON.

WHY WE SHOULD READ——.*

It is very easy to be cross with Mr. S P B Mais He is so terribly voluble, confident and insistent His voice is always raised and you feel sure he would never confess to a doubt about anything Sometimes, too, he is careless and slipshod The fact is that he writes too much and gives himself no time to assimilate his discoveries However, against all this must be set the atoning fact that he is a genuine enthusiast, with more than a share of the missionary spirit. He knows that books are splendid and delightful things and he can't rest till he has told everybody about the joys of real reading not the listless absorption of matter provided by blameless librarians, but the vivid and even contentious co-operation of minds that offer something with minds that desire something. The thought that there are people who don't read in that excited way fills him with fury, and he is sure that they must have been intimidated by detestable creatures called critics. He sets to work therefore to win over these people He approaches them on the level of their own enjoyments and then shows them something better—indeed, he doesn't so much show them literature as force literature upon them with the undeterred insistence of an advertising expert forcing a new food on the public. The present volume is directed in this spirit towards the comparatively unlettered. In the first fifty pages Mr. Mais talks about certain English classics—Fielding, Lamb, Boswell, and so forth; in the next hundred he discusses some contemporaries from Santayana of America to Sheila of Sussex. Then, after an intermezzo on philology, he concludes with a hundred pages

* "Why We Should Read ——." By S. P. B. Mais. 9s. net (Grant Richards.)

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Mr. GEORGE MOORE also contributes a long review to the *Observer*, February 27th, in which he says "It will seem to many a surfeit of praise if we speak of Heloise, St. Teresa and Emily Brontë, but to omit to mention these three glorious names would be an injustice to Miss Nancy Cunard, for they were often in our mind whilst reading her work."

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LONDON: CORK ST., W.1

on certain foreigners, from Montaigne to Dostoevsky. The subjects are arbitrarily chosen and the chapters have the manner of reprinted reviews. Half the book is quotation and the other half recommendations and testimonials. The hesitating, undirected person, vaguely attracted by things of the mind, and not quite certain what to do or how to proceed, may perhaps date a definite conversion to literature from a reading of this volume.

IRELAND.*

"Ireland in Insurrection" contains a brief account of the historical events leading up to the present disastrous state of affairs, and some suggestions as to a possible way out of the tragedy. But the kernel of the book is the account of the policy of force, sometimes called reprisals, but declared by the author to be often unprovoked and spontaneous. In summary, he asserts that in the autumn of 1920 there had taken place the burning of thirty-five co-operative creameries by forces of the Crown; the burning of whole streets and parts of towns; the "shooting-up" of numbers of villages, i.e., aimless firing along the streets and into the houses by forces of the Crown; the looting of quantities of goods, especially drink; wholesale, public and indiscriminate floggings of young men, both with whips and rifle-butts; the killing without trial of individuals, some when ill and in bed, by secret service men armed with revolvers (there is no question, apparently, of "ungovernable passion" in these last acts which seem to be carried out by a particular group); the wholesale destruction of farm stock and farm produce; the deaths of passers-by, women and children, due to panic shooting; the conniving at the sacking of the Catholic quarters of Belfast and driving out the inhabitants from their homes; besides such minor matters as smashing all the windows of a town, or cutting off the hair of young girls. In a long list he enumerates forty-eight wreckings and burnings of towns and villages, twenty-five "shootings-up" (besides the burnings of creameries already alluded to), beginning in September, 1919, and continuing to September, 1920, when Mr. Martin appears to have left Ireland. Mr. Martin devotes a special chapter to the *Weekly Summary*, issued officially to troops and police, containing provocative incitements to violence and threats of killings in reprisal. "If in future any member of His Majesty's Forces be murdered, two members of the Sinn Fein Party in the County of Cork will be killed. And in the event of a member of the Sinn Fein Party not being available three sympathisers will be killed," runs one extract from this remarkable publication.

Into the midst of these contentious topics Mr. Martin has inserted an account of the pilgrimage of sick and maimed to the miracle-working images in Tipperary, in order, he asserts, to show how foreign a country is Ireland to the Englishman. The equally estimable motive is probably that Mr. Martin found this miniature Lourdes both moving and interesting. His account of it, a strange picture of faith, deliverance and disappointment centring on an obscure street in the wrecked town, is vivid and memorable.

L. MASTERMAN.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.†

Upon opening "Deadlock" we know that we shall be surprised, annoyed, or gratified, according as Miss Richardson's art affects us,—but also that we shall never be bored. One cannot father Miss Richardson's style on any other writer, ancient or modern. It is a mass of intricate detail, apparently unco-ordinated, but eventually attaining a definite result of "atmosphere." One word will set in train a sequence of semi-related thoughts, all which are scrupulously set down, as though they affected the colour and quality of the plot. They don't. There is little or no sense of perspective: "the least shall seem unto thee as the greatest." Groping in a mist of parenthesised statements, one runs into "those obstinate questionings" so dear to this author—"What *were* Jews?"—"What *is* life?"—"What *is* obscenity?"—or the baffling "Why?" which stands as a stumbling-block to faith. Out of this disjointed debris, a story of sorts may be exhumed, fragmentarily. Miriam Henderson, the heroine of previous Richardson work, lives in a London boarding-house, and acts as a dentist's secretary. She and Shatov, a little Russian Jew, fall in love with each other. Shatov offers to renounce Judaism for her sake, but we leave her unable to decide, because Shatov has a "past." There is so much ability in this book (despite dreadful sentences like "she rapped avertedly towards Miriam")—so much interesting discussion—so much intimate realisation of human thought, however desultory—above all, so much variation from the usual type of novel, that one must ultimately commend it. Even those most bewildered by its audacious originality would confess that, in Miriam's own words, "there's a dead level of astounding . . . *something*" in it.

In amazingly direct contrast to "Deadlock," gleams "The Black Diamond." Instead of complicated threads of argument, and emotional *nuances* attenuated almost to invisibility, we have strong, rough, materialistic issues. "The Black Diamond" is sincere, simple, elaborately realistic: it deals with events and actualities in uncompromisingly honest fashion. The Diamond is a rough one, and his brilliance a fluctuating state. Abner Fellows, a young miner, is pursued by a malevolent and tragic fate which drives him out and on. He is not a Galahad as regards women, but he has a certain crude loyalty to his spiteful old father, to his worthless pal and to his selfish employer, which prevents him indulging his passions at their expense. We first see Abner supporting his father's young second wife and child by his earnings—and accused by his father, back from hospital, of a guilty relationship with the girl. A fight follows; and Abner, victorious, leaves home and marches on. The finale presents an almost parallel situation: Abner supports Mary Malpas and her children while her husband is in jail. the husband, returning unexpectedly, makes the old accusation: there is the fight, and the departure of Abner.

There is a fine artistry about this tale: a greatness of scope, within the narrow limits of experiences almost wholly physical, which recalls Hardy at his best. Mr. Brett Young has not yet mastered construction: there is no crucial and determinant scene or situation, but rather a succession of secondarily-important scenes. That the conclusion is virtually a replica of the beginning, seems an error of judgment. The culminant tragedy, the climax of passion and renunciation which one expects, always elude the grasp. Still, this is a notable, virile book: possessing the beauty of manner and of landscape touch which are peculiar to Mr. Brett Young.

After such *plein air* and vigorous masculinity, it is a definite drop to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's "Sisters-in-Law." Without ungraciousness, one may suggest that Mrs. Atherton's Californian dames and damsels begin to pall. They reappear, many of them, in novel after novel: although none of them has sufficient vitality or importance to justify survival from one publication to another. These Californians are mere puppets in their author's able hands. She shifts them very deftly about the rooms of the doll's house, but they remain essentially unconvincing. Alexina, the leading lady of this chronicle, loves a young Englishman, Richard Gathbroke. So does Gora Dwight, an authoress. Alexina marries, for no special reason, Gora's brother, Mortimer. They lead an unhappy life: he turns out a gambler and a thief: Alexina leaves him. In Paris, during the war, she re-encounters Gathbroke, who

* "Ireland in Insurrection." By Hugh Martin. Preface by Sir Philip Gibbs. 3s. 6d. (Daniel O'Connor.)

† "Deadlock." By Dorothy Richardson. 9s. (Duckworth.)—"The Black Diamond." By Francis Brett Young. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Sisters-in-Law." By Gertrude Atherton. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)—"Foreshadowed." By F. E. Mills Young. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

has been nursed by Gora Dwight. Alexina and Gathbroke agree to marry right away (the inconvenient Mortimer being shunted), and Gora "gets left." That is about all there is of plot. The rest (including many love affairs focused on the fascinating Alexina) is sheer padding. . . . A good deal of upholstered furniture is padded with dried seaweed, known as "alva," which has little resilience, and is prone to damp. One can't resist an analogy.

Miss F. E. Mills Young's "Foreshadowed" is, like much of her work, a trifle gloomy. The scene is laid in South Africa: the story is that of a girl who, to keep an unwise promise, marries one man whilst loving another Subsequently, when she has repented at leisure, and has discovered her husband to be a rotter in all respects, Lois Ackroyd considers herself justified in surrender to her old lover. They arrange to elope, and the inopportune husband turns up. Having learned his wife's intentions, he is sufficiently *mari complaisant* to put a bullet through his head. This effectually frustrates Lois: and the curtain falls on her writing an eternal farewell to her lover. Not a new situation: but Miss Mills Young has handled it discreetly. Her book, though scarcely exhilarating, is interesting: and there is plenty of moral to it, for those who care to look.

The attitude of the modern woman towards matrimony may well be studied in the above four works of fiction. Those inside the magic circle of a wedding-ring, are struggling to escape: those outside it, fear to lose their freedom of self-expression by entrance. In fact, as Socrates observed on the momentous question of *To wed or not to wed*, "Do whichever you please; you are sure to regret it!"

MAY BYRON

PSYCHOLOGY OF PHANTASY.*

As is well known, Dr. Long is one of the pioneers of psycho-analysis in England. She is more particularly distinguished as the first exponent of the system of the Zurich school of analytical psychology and as the editor of Jung's "Collected Papers." At a time when all sorts of erroneous ideas are current about psycho-analysis, a book from such an authoritative source comes most opportunely It is to be hoped that it may help to stem the present tide of misrepresentation and exploitation, a danger which is peculiarly liable to beset any new form of science.

The word "phantasy" in the title is used as a generic term to include all unconscious products. Phantasies occur in the waking or half-waking state. They are not so purely involuntary as the dream, and usually not so bizarre. They may contain conscious elements, whereas the dream is purely of unconscious origin. Dr. Long shows convincingly how valuable the systematic investigation and suitable handling of these two forms of psychological functioning can be in the treatment of neurotics. She pours out a rich store of interesting examples. In describing her cases she shows a rare and keen insight into the subtleties and diversities of human conduct. In apprehending the subtleties she never loses sight of the main cause of psychological sickness, which she finds in undue persistence of instinctive trends of thought and conduct which prevent adaptation of the patient to the world of everyday reality. This persistence is shown to be the result in a great many cases of over-indulgence, or over-harshness or general ineptitude on the part of the parents or of later educational influences. The book should therefore be of great value to both parents and teachers. It might well become a vade-mecum. In this connection Dr. Long says: "I entertain a phantasy of my own, that in no very distant future parents and teachers will themselves seek to be analysed, not because they are ill or neurotic, but because they desire to take into account, in a practical and understanding way, the unconscious mind of their children and pupils which hitherto has had far too little attention." In one chapter extracts are given from the

* "Psychology of Phantasy." By Constance E. Long. 10s. 6d. net., (Baillière, Tindall & Cox.)

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book, "Father & Son," in which the younger Gosse describes the paralysing effect on his eager growing mentality of the harsh and one-sided philosophy of his father. It is true that this example belongs to a phase of life and faith that has passed away. Nevertheless dominating parents still make it difficult for children to be natural and education often enough tends to constrain the energies of the child or adolescent into a prescribed direction with disastrous results. These results are the most disastrous in the most sensitive individuals. Their conscientiousness may cause them to sacrifice their own development. A striking example of this is given in the chapter on "The Use of Subliminal Material" The dream of a neurotic lady who identified herself with her suffering mother is analysed The free associations of the dreamer are tabulated and the reader may be almost startled to find that the piecing together of these associations gives an accurate representation of the patient's psychological situation in the early stages of analysis. This is an admirable piece of technique, on which Dr Long is to be congratulated It may be asked, what is the value of this representation? The reply is that, when understood, it is capable of giving rise to a new set of values and thus may provide the motive force towards a reconstruction of life. There are people whose conduct of life is influenced by unconscious prejudices, of which all the hard blows and buffets of the world will not make them aware. Why? Just because they are unconscious. They are called complexes. To use the language of another age, they are the devils behind the veil. These people can be helped by analysis. They may not cease to suffer, but they may cease to suffer *in a neurotic fashion*, through the knowledge gained of their own "complexes" It is better to suffer from the devils you know than from those you don't know!

Chapter X is devoted to a review of Jung's "Psychology of the Unconscious" An excellent indication of its profound conceptions is given, which may stimulate students of the history of human culture to read the original

The reader will gather that the writer is intimately conversant with the theory and methods of Freud. She wholeheartedly acclaims the value of his work, but her long experience has confirmed her conviction that the Freudian interpretation is too narrow to embrace the multiplicity of unconscious phenomena. From time to time she emphasises the need and value of the broader conception of the unconscious adopted by Jung The book will go far to prove the practical value for treatment of that conception. The style is clear-cut and vigorous Technical terms are used sparingly It is a book eminently suitable for the general reader, but it is equally a book to be read by those of the medical and educational professions who desire to be versed in the latest conceptions of the science of psychology.

JAMES YOUNG

BYRON'S GRANDSON.*

The unhappy marriage of Byron with Anna Isabella Milbanke was destined to affect one of their grandchildren almost as sorrowfully as it did the two principal protagonists of the painful drama. And this strange hereditary influence came into force a great many years after the original tragedy was played out and the poet long dead.

Byron's only child (by his wife), Augusta Ada, married in 1835 Lord King, subsequently created Earl of Lovelace. She knew nothing of her father, for her parents separated in 1816 (a month after her birth), and Byron died in 1824. During her short and tragic life, Lady Lovelace naturally espoused the cause of her mother, with whom she had lived until her marriage. Lady Lovelace died in 1852, the victim of cancer in a most appalling form. Her second son, Ralph (who later became Earl of Lovelace, owing to the fact that his elder brother, Lord Ockham, predeceased their father), was then thirteen years of age. The boy was brought up by his maternal grandmother, Lady Byron.

It may be granted at once that the poet's widow was a woman of strong mind and original views, and firm in the beliefs she held of Byron's character. She certainly was not easy to live with, though, of course, that drawback would not palliate the crime she laid to the charge of her husband—namely, that both before and after his marriage with her he carried on an incestuous intrigue with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. She asserted further that a child—a girl—was born of this connection which she, Lady Byron, took pity on and brought up.

Lady Byron made no attempt to publish these allegations in her lifetime, but she spoke openly of her wrongs to her friends, particularly to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who in 1869 (nine years after Lady Byron's death) made the story known through the medium of *Macmillan's Magazine* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. She did not claim that Lady Byron had authorised her to publish the allegations; and in the fierce controversy which ensued, the champions of Byron were able easily to prove that many of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's subsidiary statements were erroneous. In fact, her story only rested on the evidence of her conversations with Lady Byron: she had no documents.

In the meanwhile, Lady Byron's grandson, Ralph, had become immensely interested in this matter, which so vitally concerned his family history. From childhood he had been dominated by his grandmother's autocratic personality, she had educated him on her own peculiar system, segregated from other boys; she had moulded both his character and his opinions. Naturally, in these circumstances, from youth up he accepted her version of the history of her married life He resolved to be her champion, to proclaim her wrongs and right her fame, for ever since 1816 the admirers of Byron the poet had placed the blame for his matrimonial debacle on the wife.

At the time of Mrs Beecher Stowe's revelations he was thirty years of age and, after long delays, was coming into possession of his grandmother's private papers and letters. By inclination, right of birth, and as the possessor of documentary evidence, he resolved to devote his life to the solving of the tangled story of his grandparents' separation. It was a sombre and depressing task, and it darkened and obsessed Lord Lovelace's remaining years. The evidence he possessed, apart from the undoubted bias he held in favour of his grandmother's cause, compelled him to accept the truth of the accusations against Byron.

He published the result of his conclusions in 1905 in his remarkable book, "Astarte." It brought upon him much obloquy and hostile criticism from the poet's worshippers; but a few did justice to the conscientiousness the author had devoted to a painful task, which involved the vilifying of his own grandfather in order to redeem, at long last, the character of a dearer relative.

Lord Lovelace died eight months after his book appeared; and this memoir by his widow admirably presents the spirit with which he approached and accomplished his self-imposed work, the subject of which had so impressed itself upon his life of sixty-seven years.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "Ralph Earl of Lovelace: a Memoir." By Mary Countess of Lovelace. 10s. 6d. net. (Christophers.)

DODO WONDERS.*

It is now nearly thirty years since the novel entitled "Dodo" first took the literary world by storm. One reason for its instant popularity was undoubtedly the personality of Dodo herself, who was considered in those days even more radiantly and strikingly feminine than she can possibly appear to the present day reader. But it must also be remembered that "Dodo" presented a new method in fiction, a method to which Mr. Benson has been consistently loyal and which is perhaps worth explaining.

The author of "Dodo" has never believed in analysing his characters; he allows them to reveal themselves by

* "Dodo Wonders." By E. F. Benson. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

their actions and more particularly by their speech. There is very little action in his novels and no plot to speak of; their chief attraction for those interested in novels and novelists is the exquisite way in which the author gets his effects, the brilliant dialogue which illumines character, motive and incident; all of which are often laboriously described or analysed for the reader's benefit by the modern novelist. Mr. Benson's methods have at any rate the supreme justification of success.

The history of Dodo is continued in "Dodo the Second," which was published in 1914. There we find her "like a rose full blown but without one petal yet fallen." And her countless admirers will be pleased to find her reappearing in "Dodo Wonders" She is now fifty-four years old; her wit has matured and perhaps her vivacity has sobered down a trifle; but in spite of being a grandmother she is more wonderful and captivating than ever.

What Mr. Benson aimed at in the creation of "Dodo" was "a type that revealed itself in an individual by oceans of nonsensical speech." He describes elsewhere in the inimitable Bensonian style how he wrote at first chiefly for his own amusement and how later the idea grew on him that a book might materialise out of his scribblings. Eventually he got as far as the death of Dodo's first husband, and then put his MS. aside.

Later, he found his manuscript of "Dodo," and re-read it with a sudden rekindled interest The conviction was now definitely established that other people might be amused by it, and he wrote to his mother asking her to try and obtain a story-teller's opinion on it, suggesting Mrs Harrison (Lucas Malet) or Henry James, with both of whom they were acquainted As soon as his mother obtained Henry James's consent the MS. was dispatched without further ceremony.

"I am such a fanatic myself," Henry James wrote, "on the subject of form, style, the evidence of intention and meditation, of chiselling and hammering out in literary things that I am afraid I am rather a cold-blooded judge, rather likely to be offensive to a young story-teller on the question of quality I'm not sure that yours strikes me as quite so ferociously literary as my ideal . Only remember that story is essentially a form, and that if it fails of its mission . . . For the rest, make yourself a style It is by style we are saved"

After a while the MS. was again submitted to a professional verdict—this time Lucas Malet. How her criticism was appreciated may be gathered from Mr. Benson's statement that her words remain to him the first and the last words in the theory of fiction' She encouraged the young author by constructive if relentless criticism. As a result, "greatly exhilarated by this douche of cold water," says Mr. Benson, he revised what he had written and wrote the second volume as it subsequently appeared. The book was published in the spring of 1893, while its author was in Greece And when Mr. Benson returned he found to his astonishment that in his absence "Dodo" had "arrived"! And now, in middle age, she has arrived again, making her third appearance in a book that is the most brilliant of the three.

M. JOSEPH.

THE AUTHORITY OF ART.*

Why does art fail to civilise the world? Why is there so much of it that does nothing for society? Why has it, in fact, no authority? Mr. A. Trystan Edwards answers these questions in a philosophical work of rare originality and power, with a view to show that art in our day has not risen to a true conception either of itself, or of its potentiality. There can be no hesitancy in the welcome to be accorded to this book. It makes a new claim, and makes it soberly and quite simply, yet profoundly. If the claim be admitted, art must acquire the authority of an immensely larger outlook and aim than it has hitherto found, and must do so on grounds essentially philosophical and moral. Æsthetics may even supply a demented age at least with sane ideals, and gently revolutionise our anarchy.

* "The Things Which are Seen." By A. Trystan Edwards, M.A. (London). 18s. net. (Philip Allan.)

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In saying so much immediately, I am aware that "The Things Which are Seen" must first provoke the widest of discussion, and that I confess a prior conviction of my own. It happens that I think the world has been more or less astray since Athenian times, and that, so far as I know, this is the first book which has radically sought to re-establish the dignity of Greek ideals. The effort is made with all the resources of modern thought and knowledge, and not by way of reaction; so that I am content to state the purpose of the book, and do not argue it. The times, indeed, are so much out of joint that many readers will need no further incentive to the book's perusal. Men catch eagerly at every doctrine that is opposed to materialism, however slight or foolish; and Mr. Edwards, whether or not he persuades all minds, has a theme neither foolish nor slight.

The point of view may be realised most readily when it is pointed out that æsthetics and morals are not opposed, but that in conduct the good is the beautiful. Mr. Edwards is here concerned, however, not with personal virtue, but with social. He would appraise virtue by its social consequence, and so he proposes for art a scale of values determined by the service of its activities. This is something like an attempt to combine Socrates' ideas of the beautiful, the good and the useful. The order in which art's activities should, as he maintains, be classed is novel. He puts first the cultivation of human beauty, then manners, dress and architecture; last painting and sculpture, mischievously distinguished as "the fine arts." Mr Balfour says that love of the beautiful cannot guide us, because there is an infinite variety of taste. It does so in spite of that, replies Mr. Galsworthy; has done so since the days of Pithecanthropus. But Mr. Edwards would make the guidance sure by a statement of some æsthetic principles, holding that art is intellectual; and so he adds to his classification chapters on the nature of form, the grammar of design and the aspects of subject. "Every artistic renascence has been heralded by an intellectual renascence." The arts have flourished best in periods when reason was most active.

It is a thorough treatise. Besides all this, it considers the new position to be taken by the artist *vis-à-vis* the statesman, the engineer, the mathematician, the psychologist, the biologist, the historian, the moralist, and the metaphysician. And the thought is at all points fresh. Each must find it suggestive, even where it is most contentious and dogmatic, as it often is. There is, for example, a theory of insect life which offers to reverse the accepted rôles of reason and instinct—a theory bound to be considered, although it is launched in the interests of art and not of natural history. For, in Mr. Edwards's view, art must take life as a whole for its province, and build upon a philosophy that judges all the schools.

In a brief review it is not possible to attempt critical exceptions. I note only that there is nothing here about poetry and music, and that, while the omission may be excused from a book on the "visual arts," the author appears to have less sympathy with what is emotional than what is calm.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

BOLSHEVISM FROM BEHIND.*

"The poor people do not want any more fighting. I think they are quite indifferent as to who rules them, they want only Peace."

That is the opinion of Clare Sheridan, the English sculptress who adventured into Russia to make busts of Lenin, Trotsky and other leaders, and incidentally to compile a diary which I have been reading with great interest. Beside her book there lies on my desk a newspaper in which my eye catches head-lines: ". . . Russian Revolt . . . Severe Fighting . . . Petrograd in Flames. . . ." A striking commentary on her text.

Mrs. Sheridan does not set up for a prophet; indeed, she is modest, and apologises for her book. She need not. She has used her artist's eyes to good purpose, and has given us a set of pictures which are well worth looking at. Let us consider some of them at random:

Kameneff in London:

"Kameneff and I dined later at the Café Royal, and then went on to a Revue. . . . [*Another day*]: We lunched at Claridge's . . . [*At the Isle of Wight*]: Kameneff began to write verses . . . on the back of a five-pound note. . . ."

Well, well, I have seen a Labour leader enjoying his champagne at dinner.

Contrast this:

"Kameneff says: . . . that the idea of God is a domination and that he resents it, as he resents all other dominations. He talked, nevertheless, with great admiration of the teachings of Christ, Who demanded poverty and equality among men."

In Moscow, talking to Mr. Rothstein about nationalisation of women:

"I happened to say that this had done more to harm the Bolshevik cause than almost anything. . . . Mr. Rothstein interposed rather sharply, 'Well, a little select circle which reads the *Morning Post* perhaps believes it.' Is it possible, I wonder, that he is right, and that the 'little select circle' do not count as much as I have all my life taken for granted that they did?"

Describing a service in St. Saviour's, in Moscow:

"It is surely the deep religious feeling in Russia that has sustained these people through all their years of privation, and prevented a greater chaos"

Lenin, she says, has "a genial manner and a kindly smile." Trotsky behaved very nicely, "his manners are charming." Indeed, throughout her stay she seems to have received much more civility than suspicion. Dzhirjinsky, the organiser of the Red Terror, proved to be a sad-faced man who had completed eleven years in prison when the Revolution delivered him. "Obviously," Mrs. Sheridan remarks of him, "it is not the abstract desire for power or for a political career that has made revolutionaries of such men, but a fanatical conviction of the wrongs to be righted for the cause of humanity and national progress."

It is a book that will probably cause controversy, but one feels its sincerity at least.

I nearly forgot to mention the excellent illustrations. Dare I add that not the least charming of them is the frontispiece?

F. D. G.

* "Russian Portraits." By Clare Sheridan. 10s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

A LIBRARY OF SHORT STORIES.*

If it was a considerable achievement—and it was—to select and bring together the world's hundred best books, it was a more ambitious and a much more considerable one to gather from all the literature of the world the thousand best short stories. The choice in the matter of great books had certain obvious and convenient limitations; there was no need to turn aside off the broad highway of letters in search of them; but short stories were a vastly different proposition, for some of the best have been written by men who are so far from ranking among the acknowledged great that to the majority of us they are unknown; yet if the task were to be thoroughly done these must be sought for and brought in out of the by-ways and backwaters and given their due place in the general scheme.

And the task has been carried through in these twenty volumes with a thoroughness and a soundness of taste and judgment that reflect the highest credit on the editor and the international board of literary critics who assisted him in an advisory capacity. There is a current idea that the art of the short story is an essentially modern development; the fact is that, though it has undergone many mutations and, in the last fifty years, has taken on new forms and been brought perhaps to a subtler degree of

* "The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories." Edited by J. A. Hammerton. 20 volumes. Illustrated. (Educational Book Co.)

perfection, it is almost incalculably older than the novel and has, indeed, a record that loses itself far back in the twilight of antiquity. Not the least valuable and interesting thing about these volumes is that, with the admirable introduction to each and the arrangement of the contents, they resolve themselves into a complete history of the short story, enabling the reader to follow its growth and its changes of manner and form all down the ages the world over, from that first strange tale of early Egypt—Khafri's tale of the erring wife, who was "the militant suffragette of her time, contending for the revival of the old woman's rights," which was written nearly five thousand years B.C.—down to tales by many of the most famous of living authors, including a separate selection, in the last volume, of the most brilliant stories of the great war in whose shadow we are still walking.

One despairs of giving within reasonable limits any adequate account of a work of such breadth and scope as this, and I shall do more justice to it perhaps by contenting myself with a summary of the contents of each book. The first volume collects the earliest stories of Egypt, India, Greece, Rome, China, Persia, Mediæval France and Italy, and elsewhere, and closes with the Italian renaissance. The second is devoted entirely to Italian stories from the fifteenth century to our own times; the third, fourth and fifth to French stories, and the sixth to French and Belgian. Three volumes are given to English, one to Scottish and one to Irish and Overseas stories. Russia has two volumes and America three. One volume contains Spanish and Portuguese, one Scandinavian and Dutch stories, and the final volume collects British, American, French and Italian stories of the war.

There is every justification for the claim that in no country has there appeared any similar work comparable with this Library in its world-wide range and historic importance. It is a great possession, offering not only a liberal education in the whole history and art of the short story, but a body of the most varied and delightful fiction that is anywhere procurable. There are inferior patches in the collected works of even the greatest authors, but here they are always at their best. The very appearance of the books is inviting; the pages are large, the paper good, the binding artistic, and the two hundred beautifully reproduced illustrations add not a little to their attractiveness. There can be no question that this will take its place as the standard library of its kind; the whole thing has been done so exhaustively and so well that it is not likely to be done again in our time.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

CONRAD THE STATESMAN.*

The other day a living novelist indulged himself in the pronouncement that the present taste for Conrad is a piece of snobbery—that people read Conrad because it is "the thing" to read Conrad. Well, if it is "the thing," it is for once a remarkably good "thing"; and if the embattled legions of snobbery and jobbery and robbery could be got to read and digest such a paper as that called "Autocracy and War" in the present volume of essays it would be a specially good thing for all of us. That Mr. Conrad has a remarkable mind must be apparent to all who consider his life and achievement; but that he has a mind of the statesman-like quality here revealed may be considered less obvious, at least to Englishmen, who are pathetically attached to a belief that there must be a rigid separation between politics and ideals.

Yet no one but an Englishman could resist the logic of facts. Consider. Think of any statesman whose name abides as a tradition, and you will find that he was a man of ideals, that he brought to statesmanship a mind deepened and broadened by contact with the life of the soul. On the other hand, recall to memory those who were called "sound, practical politicians," men with "no nonsense" about them, men of "facts" and not "ideals," and what do you

* "Notes on Life and Letters." By Joseph Conrad. 9s. net. (Dent.)

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find? Simply this, that only with difficulty can you recall any of them to memory at all, so utterly have they and their "facts" and their "plain, practical common sense" perished. And yet we go on trusting them, while we denounce the others as "idealists" and "visionaries"—or worse! Coleridge once remarked that the surest way to make a foolish ambassador was to bring him up to it; and though the truth of this is a matter of plain, indisputable fact (on which we set such store) we still go on in the same old way. History repeats itself merely to exhibit our refusal to learn its lessons.

Well, here is Mr Conrad giving all these things proof. If there is one public matter over which our practical politicians have blundered more tragically than over anything else, it is Russia. Before the war, during the war, since the war, they were, and still are, clearly wrong. No utterance of any practical politician has got to the root of the matter so unerringly as this paper by a mere novelist, written (observe!) sixteen years ago; for the war from which Mr. Conrad drew his lesson and from which the practical politicians drew precisely nothing at all was the war between Russia and Japan. I had marked several of its thrillingly prescient passages for quotation; but I will leave the reader to find them for himself. I will cite merely a few lines. Speaking of the old infatuated fear in Europe of Russia's slow and invincible might, and the instant and utter defeat of this Undefeatable by Japan, Mr. Conrad has these words:

"This very ignominy of infatuation should make clear to men's feelings and reason that the downfall of Russia's might is unavoidable. Spectral it lived and spectral it disappears without leaving a memory of a single generous deed, of a single service rendered—even involuntarily—to the polity of nations. Other despotisms there have been, but none whose origin was so grimly fantastic in its baseness, and the beginning of whose end was so gruesomely ignoble. What is amazing is the myth of its irresistible strength which is dying so hard."

The myth of Russia's irresistible strength, derided and exploded by Mr. Conrad in a public, printed discourse of 1905, was in 1915 the firmest article of our national faith; and, to complete our humiliation, since the end of the war (such an end as there was) there have arisen adventurers on land and sea whose aim it has been to restore that grisly spectre and its mythical terrors, and our "practical politicians" have backed and boosted every one of them!

I have dwelt on this single paper because it is the most important in the volume. Naturally most people will turn first of all to the essays that discuss some aspects of Mr. Conrad's own art and the practices of his fellow-craftsmen. They contain many admirable *obiter dicta*, but they are slight and frankly occasional. What I hope to find Mr. Conrad producing some day is a collection of essays, of the old quarterly length, upon some of the great writers of the west—let us say Flaubert and Stendhal for a beginning. The strength of the present volume is undoubtedly in its central political portion; but the whole book is a revelation of a strong, courageous, interpretative mind. I hope it will be "the thing" to read it.

G. S.

Novel Notes.

THE TOUR. By Louis Couperus. 8s. (Thornton Butterworth)

Ever since the days of Heinemann's old international library of fiction the judicious have known and admired the name of Couperus. Then came, just before the war, Heinemann's edition of the Dutch masterpiece, the four books of "Small Souls"; and last year Mr. Butterworth issued a version of that mordant study, "Old People and Things that Pass." It is with the greater regret that we we must say that "The Tour" is scarcely worthy of Couperus's reputation. It is an attempt to give us a glimpse into the life of a Roman patrician of the early Empire, not in Rome or in Italy, but in a voyage to Egypt and the desert. Mr. Couperus gets local colour, but he never attains the stiff, hieratic effort which made Flaubert's "Salammbó" one of the world's great books; and he never achieves the more melodramatic success of Bulwer Lytton or Whyte Melville. "The Tour" is a book of brilliant waxworks, and one gets tired of the continual subservience of every one, from Thrasyllus, the philosopher, and Catuluss, the comic uncle, to Cora, the beautiful slave. They all bow and make allowances for the stupid gestures and selfish whims of Lucius Sabrinus. There are wonderful descriptive passages in "The Tour" and no lack of movement and strongly imagined dramatic situations, but, on the whole, we hope Couperus will return to those intimate studies of Dutch life which occupy an unassailable position in European letters.

MAUMBURY RINGS. By G. V. McFadden. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

No doubt a hard-headed, unemotional American detective (of fiction) would point a hundred improbabilities in the proceedings of Demas Chaldecott, Bathia Loveridge and the other characters in G. V. McFadden's "Maumbury Rings," but I am not an American detective (of fiction) and I abandoned myself with delight to the complications and thrills and *hullabaloos*, and was exceedingly sorry when I came to the last page. Here are, really, two books in one cover. In one the author tells the story of a young schoolmaster who married for hate instead of for love, and what came of it all, and how the wicked Peverells nearly brought him to the gallows, and how Parson Willavize snatched the noose from his neck, and how sweet Bathia Loveridge found a lover where she had looked for a friend—and divers other matters and things all very pleasantly related. But the other book is as a little stream that runs modestly through a wood, almost hidden by the overhanging bracken, but there to be seen and drunk from by the seeker. And the waters of this brook are the reflections of the author, little flashes of humour and grave observation, never obtruded, but rather set down as though by chance. And therein lies the cunning of it. A right cheerful tale, told quaintly and gallantly.

BOURGOYNE OF GOYNE. By Christine C. Thomson. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson)

Ronald Bourgoyne, the heir of an old family fallen upon evil days, on his return, maimed, from the war, yielded at first sight to the charms of the rich and somewhat mysterious widow, the Countess de Loigneux. His sister Muriel and Patricia Heron, whose hero he was, instinctively distrusted the rich and fair unknown, and soon the sister had some definite grounds for her suspicions. She discovered that the Countess, while a guest at her brother's house, had mysterious midnight visits from a foreigner. Her inquiries in London led to the discovery that the Countess was one of a notorious gang of cardsharpers at Monte Carlo and that her visitor had been a brother escaped from prison and bent on blackmail. At a dramatic meeting in London Ronald had his eyes opened to the truth, and the Countess made a hurried exit from English society. But Patricia Heron's dreams did not come true, though she was the means of helping Ronald to discover the lost jewels that formed the Luck of the Bourgoynes. For an accident enabled Ronald to marry his first love, Diana Northcote, and Patricia knew the bitterness of renunciation.

O'ROURKE THE GREAT. By A. A. Lynch. (Hutchinson.)

In 1896 Colonel Lynch published a series of character studies entitled "Men of Genius," and in "O'Rourke" we have a progression of the same mind. Some of the pen-portraits carry us back to the earlier book. We have, for instance, the somewhat pedantically named Clacbus:

"One beheld a rubicund face, eyes that O'Rourke had seen shining in the early part of the evening like the green lamps of a train, a rather stockish frame set four-square to the world, white locks that framed a countenance capable of expressing deeper statesmanship than seemed necessary in this assembly. Clacbus was the champion of Liberal doctrines, and greatly esteemed for his readiness to compromise whenever he ran

athwart any large vested interests. His sole idea of life was that of a mid-Victorian conformity; his only excess, at least in the sphere of ideas, was moderation, and he had, in a desperate crisis, played the safe game so far that he had endangered the existence of the nation and compromised the future of his party."

Such a portrait, admirable as it is, would, as having nothing to do with the story, be inadmissible in a mere novel, but "O'Rourke" is both more and less. It is not concerned fundamentally with human beings, their griefs and joys; it is a study of contemporary politics and it is remarkable for its intimate knowledge of the subject. Since as a boy at school the author broke bounds in order to buy papers and study the political news, he has maintained his interest in these matters. He sat in Parliament for an Irish constituency, and in "O'Rourke" has given us the story of an Irish election with, incidentally, an exposition of that moderate spirit which Sinn Fein has disowned. O'Rourke is really and truly a great man, a long-headed Celt who advances his own interests by advancing those of his country. He is possessed of those qualities which have made the Irishman in America a force for good, a man who realises that by improving conditions he is making the world a better place for him and his to live in, who sees, in fact, to the heart of things. The crux of the book is Chapter XXIII. O'Rourke, describing his struggles, voicing his hopes and fears, is not only a politician. He becomes compelling, the everyday man who does his best according to his lights, "not getting any younger, no, remember that the best part of me is behind me." In this Irish shopkeeper, the Member for Ballydrumbeg, the man of moderate counsels, the shrewd fellow who though opposed to the payment of members pockets the money without a word, we have not only a typical Celt, but a flesh and blood man. In "O'Rourke the Great," Colonel Lynch has given us a book which will rank high among English or Irish political novels.

THE PORT ALLINGTON STORIES AND OTHERS.
By R. E. Vernède. 9s. (Heinemann.)

Alas, for poor R. E. Vernède! We lost much when he fell in the war. Some of his poems will live, and in the new volume of short tales which lies before us, we have fresh evidence of his bright powers as a writer of fiction, of his merry humour and acute observation. Among many light and joyous pieces in this collection, we would select "The Offence of Stephen Danesford" as the best. We laughed aloud more than once when reading it, it is a sketch of the struggles of an obscure literary and philosophic society after culture, and is brimming with fun and sarcasm: "It was less easy to fix on the Philosophy courses. . . . Few members could, for the moment, recall the names of the philosophers they were interested in; and though Miss Atkey had a list of her favourites in a book, the book happened to be at home, and Miss Atkey rather fancied she had packed it away for the summer." Vernède's "Port Allington" is as fully and as delicately exploited as E. F. Benson's "Riseborough." The local characters are studied as pitilessly. As for the other tales, they display a fine versatility and invention, especially the brilliant "Maze."

The Bookman's Table.

GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE. By Conrad Gill, M.A. With the collaboration of C. W. Valentine, M.A., D.Phil. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The main purpose of the joint authors in writing this book is, they inform us, to supply the needs of teachers in continuation and secondary schools. And the needs of teachers are great. They have a tremendous task to accomplish. For now that we have in theory an almost complete form of political democracy, it becomes more and more important to transform our ignorant and largely apathetic masses into thinking beings equipped with some

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The Burning Secret
By STEFAN ZWEIG. (*Shortly*) **6s.**

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knowledge of society and the facts and principles of government. Most of us are ready to shout loudly for some reform that appeals either to our sentiments or our interests; few of us are prepared to study the framework of the society into which our reform must fit, or the machinery which can give effect to our demands. Indeed, this is one of the weak points, not merely of the masses but of most "reformers" as well. They will often "cry out violently for improvements which all the time it is possible for them to get if they and their fellows would use the powers in their local town council"—about which they are so often ill-informed. Here, then, is an excellent handbook for both teacher and pupil. Beginning with local government, it works steadily and exhaustively through the long series of steps to the relationships between State and Society. A comprehensive and most useful piece of work.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Margot Robert Adamson. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

The fact that some of Miss Adamson's poems have appeared in the columns of *Common-Sense* and *The Socialist Review* gives the key to the spirit of the earlier portion of her book. She is something of a pacifist, and her war poems are full of lamentation for the apparently senseless waste of millions of lives, and hot with indignation against the statesmen and others who, having won the war, have lost the opportunity of making a clean and lasting peace:

"Freedom and Truth and Justice—and War's chance!
Stuff with ideals Europe's reeking maw!
Let our sons' blood make red the fields of France!
While we prolong the war!

"Lo! a new world, that leaguered shall arise!
See, in the east, its bright sun, rising red—
Showing to God, and earth's uncaring eyes
League upon league of the unnumbered dead."

That, written in July, 1918, is typical of Miss Adamson's outlook and expression. But not all her pieces are concerned with the war. There are a number of good nature poems in her volume, some of them having a real breath of wind and smack of earth.

Music.

THE PIANOLA.

By George Sampson.

TO prevent misunderstanding let it be premised that the word Pianola (with a majuscule) is like the word Kodak or the word Tabloid, the specific name of a proprietary article. In the remarks that follow I shall use the word pianola (with a minuscule) to signify any piano played by pneumatic mechanism, without reference to the instruments of any particular maker.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. George Sampson.**

A practical discussion of the pianola must start with this axiom, that the pianola has come to stay—that it is now, like the gramophone and the telephone and the aeroplane, a definite addition to the mechanism of modern life, and that we must therefore (in the best sense) make the best of it. Sensible people must treat facts as facts, and not as fancies. Denouncing the pianola is as futile as damning the Equator. By all means hang the Postmaster-General; but don't hurt the telephone.

In reality, there is more call upon our admiration than upon our magnanimity; for the pianola is a wonderful and beautiful instrument. As an educationist I demand one for every school; as an amateur of music I desiderate one in every home. It has its limitations. Whatever the advertisements may suggest, it will not give you the mighty left hand of Busoni or the magic right hand of Pachmann; but it will give you a very great deal. It is, I repeat, a wonderful and beautiful instrument: but like other wonderful and beautiful instruments it must be properly used. The ancient gibe that the pianola is mechanical can be soon dismissed. Of course the pianola is mechanical, because the pianola is a machine; but remember that the piano is also a machine, and the organ a whole big box of gadgets. If there is in the wide world any machine more entirely and desolatingly mechanical than the piano with its keys relentlessly smitten by the rigid hands of young ladies in the suburbs I desire to know it in order to avoid it. The pianola, like the piano, is just as mechanical as you choose to make it. If you have a mechanical mind, your pianola, like your piano, will be mechanical; but if you have genuine musical feeling, a sense of tone, rhythm and values, your pianola will respond as readily as your piano. Indeed, in many respects more readily; for its fingers answer instantly all the demands of the music and have never to struggle with technical difficulties. Remember that, in essence, a pianola is a piano; it has the merits of a piano and the limitations of a piano; you must not expect either pianola or piano to be organ and orchestra as well.

There are good pianos and indifferent pianos. When you are choosing a pianola you must consider it first as a piano. Play it, or get a musical friend (not the show-room salesman) to play it for you, as a piano, without any reference to the mechanism. That is very important. It is of course unlikely that an elaborate pneumatic action would be fitted to a really bad instrument; but still there are undoubtedly great differences, and some people think they have a poor pianola when they really have a poor piano.

Having made sure of your piano, turn next to the player. You should regard the 65-note machine as obsolete, and consider only the full scale (88-note) instrument. They are quite distinct. The rolls and perforations are larger in one than in the other, and no interchange is possible. I can speak with authority on this point, as my own instrument is what is called a "double-tracker," and will take either 65- or 88-note



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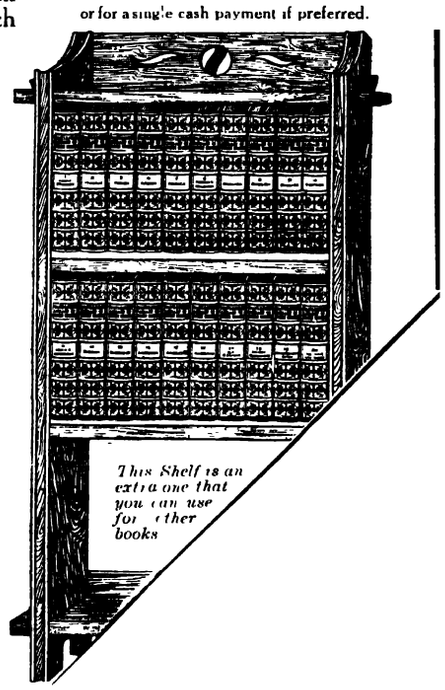
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rolls. The superiority of the latter in every respect is incontestable. You will of course see that your instrument is fitted with the "solo device" which picks out the *cantabile* passages in such a surprising fashion; but as this is the most obvious "stunt" of a good pianola the salesman will be sure to exhibit it. You must make certain that the piano action is not too heavy for the pneumatic mechanism. I have heard instruments that refuse to produce a trill unless they are played as the Irish crowder played his fiddle, "by main shtrength." When the salesman has shown off his "party pieces," get him to put on for you the mechanicians' testing roll or insist on his playing for you such a piece as the *Venezia e Napoli* (both *Gondoliera* and *Tarantella*) of Liszt, or the first Liszt-Paganini study (the Tremolo study), so that you may hear if the trills and repetitions are lightly and instantly taken. The last variations of Beethoven's Op. 111 would be an even more severe test of the trill. Indeed this is one of the pieces almost impossible to the pianola; but then it is impossible to all but a few pianists.

You should see that the "tracking" mechanism is good. The roll must come taut over the bar without the least sign of bulging or billowing. On modern pianolas the rolls track automatically; if the machine you contemplate is not automatic, you should see that there is reasonable means of adjustment, that is to say, you must be able to align the roll so that the perforations come exactly over the holes in the bar. Some rolls are very defective and need frequent adjustment.

The rolls, indeed, are the necessary evil. They are bulky and awkward. In practice they are limited in size, and so some pieces, for instance the first movement of the Emperor Concerto and the last movement of the Choral Symphony, have to be cut in halves. But rolls might be bisected more intelligently. Thus the Scherzo of the C minor Symphony leads triumphantly into the Finale by a wonderful "bridge" passage. Apparently the roll will not take both Scherzo and Finale together, so the movements are divided; but the "bridge" is left with the Scherzo and simply leads nowhere. It should certainly have been put with the Finale.

Whenever you can, play from a score and disregard the markings on the rolls. They are sometimes ɔtesquely misleading. I have rolls of pieces (for-tely familiar) that would be caricatures if the line were exactly followed. What I do with some of the moderns whose scores I don't possess I tremble to think! It may seem contradictory after this to say that the rolls are not marked nearly enough. As a rule there is no indication whatever of barring and phrasing. Thus, Bach's Organ Prelude in D major, which, if I may use a bull, actually begins with a rest, begins on the pianola with an accented note if the player does not know the piece or has not the music before him.

But my chief complaint against the roll-makers is that they seem to regard the pianola mainly as an instrument for the unmusical. Surely one of its purposes should be to widen the horizon of the musical! Theoretically all the world's great music is available: practically it isn't. The inclusion of standard pieces in the catalogues seems to proceed on no principle at all. Why should Mozart's Requiem Mass be obtainable complete when there is not a single number of Beethoven's Mass in D and not a single transcription of any choral work of Bach to be had? Why should fourteen numbers from "Parsifal" be available, and only two from "Tristan"? It is an astounding fact that, as far as I know, the Prelude to "Tristan" is unobtainable for the full-scale instrument. The additions to the catalogue are not satisfactory. I take as an example the list for last month (March) issued by the Aeolian Company. It contains twenty-two new pieces for the full-scale instrument. Of these, eight are fox-trots or one-steps; three are arrangements of popular songs; two are popular operatic or revue selections; eight are light "drawing-room" pieces of the "Fire-flies" and "Gossamer Wings" type; and only one is of the kind that could interest the serious musician—a Concert Study by Goossens. You get eight new fox-trots and one-steps in a single month; but meanwhile the full-scale catalogue of the Aeolian Company contains only one movement of one Brahms Symphony, only one Brahms Sonata, only twelve of Bach's "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues," and no sign of any addition in these directions. The list of song accompaniments for the full-scale instrument is ludicrously weak.

There are many things I might say in addition, but I have already been too long. Some day I may be allowed to return to the subject. I began by calling the pianola a wonderful and beautiful instrument: I conclude by calling on the pianola makers to believe seriously in the wonder they have created.

'ICAL TASTE IN ENGLAND, AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE GRAMOPHONE.

MAITLAND, ERNEST NEWMAN, JOSEPH HOLBROOKE, NORMAN O'NEILL, EDWARD GERMAN, SSENS, ARNOLD BAX, JULIUS HARRISON, LANDON RONALD AND CYRIL SCOTT.

ɛ of the English," writes
his recently published
' (Chatto & Windus),
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that the gramophone has been largely responsible for the revival of musical taste in this country.

MR. J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND:

It is difficult to generalise about the musical capacity of the various nations, but there are certain features in the English character which undoubtedly have to do with the widespread impression that we are no longer a "musical country." This impression, I may

point out, dates only from the arrival of Handel; it was encouraged by the success, or rather the domination of Mendelssohn long after his days, and, to a far less degree, by that of Gounod in the latter part of the nineteenth century. All three made a definite appeal to that strong religious bent which is an inheritance from the Puritans; and all three attracted many of the people who otherwise would have paid no attention to music at all. As it was, the adulation they bestowed on their favourites, and, in another branch of art, on the great singers of the past, naturally led them to suppose they had no native music worth consideration, and the impression I have alluded to spread rapidly through the world. It was of course fostered, for very sound business reasons, by those who had an interest in the success of foreign performers. Our national reluctance to make the most of our own achievements is perhaps more marked in matters of art than elsewhere, and this contributed not a little to the prevailing idea that England was not a musical country. In truth, no country is musical, as a country, for in all nations there are individuals who are "tone-deaf," and in all there are persons who, granted the proper opportunities, will manifest musical genius. It is in the lack of opportunities that England has in the past been poorest; the counterparts of the opera-houses, orchestras, and musical institutions which are to be found in every town in Germany were confined almost entirely to London in past years, and even now we can only be said to have one branch of the musical apparatus in a satisfactory condition, and that is the schools of music. With all the disadvantages in what I have called our apparatus, the historian of the future will be as little able to ignore such names at Parry, Stanford, Elgar, or Vaughan Williams, as he will to pass over the great men of the past, like Byrd, Gibbons, Purcell, and the rest of the early masters.

I do not think that the mechanical inventions for reproducing music have had any appreciable effect in improving the musical nature of the English people; I regard them as effects rather than causes of that widening of the appreciative powers which is so hopeful a sign of our present-day condition. The gramophone and pianola came with no altruistic mission to increase musical knowledge; they had no period of struggle to get the ear of the British public, and they followed, rather than preceded, the revival of musical consciousness that is active now all over the country. I attribute a very large share of the national interest now shown in music by those who are not themselves definitely "musical," to the work of the Competition Festival movement, which has shown people what pleasure they may derive from participation in musical performance, has maintained a standard of choral singing which it would be very hard to beat in foreign parts, and has spread throughout the land the conviction that music is an art well worth cultivating.

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN:

It is exceedingly good of M. Jaques-Dalcroze. I am reminded of Lowell's essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

ERNEST NEWMAN.

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MR. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE:

My opinion of the sentence you sent to me, is that it is the usual one we receive from the Continent. I do not agree with the statement in the least.

Although we are generally an unmusical country as far as native music is concerned, this is entirely due to the diabolical methods practised, by our teachers and conductors, who only allow us to hear regularly, from one year's end to the other, *foreign music*. There is no nation in the world which is more receptive to *all* music when they get the chance, than the various British tribes. From a careful observation of other countries for many years, I emphatically say they do *not* possess the same generous spirit to other people's music.

You mention the gramophone. I am afraid this only educates people up to " Two Steps " and Ragtime.

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.

MR. NORMAN O'NEILL:

My opinion is that the improving musical standard in England is due to the following causes. Music is now much more widely and much better taught than formerly. It comes now within the reach of a far larger public than was possible a few years ago.

The opportunity of hearing good music too is far greater now.

I feel sure that piano players, and gramophones, have certainly brought the knowledge of all kinds of music to many, and they have doubtless had an influence, all for the good, by bringing music into many homes.

There is of course much poor music played, and some of it comes from the Continent, where there is also a large public for trivial compositions.

NORMAN O'NEILL.

MR. EDWARD GERMAN:

I consider the gramophone to be a great power for both good and evil in music—all depends on the records chosen.

EDWARD GERMAN.

MR. EUGÈNE GOOSSENS:

I quite agree with M. Dalcroze regarding the standard of musical feeling in England. The eventual possibilities of the pianola and other forms of mechanical musical instruments will undoubtedly constitute an important factor in the improvement of this same musical feeling, and the gradual emancipation of the general music-loving public from the conservative tradition of the past fifty years is a sure sign of the rôle our native musicians are playing in the development of British art. All that is necessary is that the best music of all countries (and particularly our own) should be presented to the people under the most artistic conditions, and that the public itself should be encouraged by every possible means to support such music.

EUGÈNE GOOSSENS.

MR. ARNOLD BAX:

Apropos of Mr. Dalcroze's remark I must confess that my personal experience of concert audiences abroad is not a wide one. So I am scarcely in a position to compare them with those in England; but I should say that a British audience is not inferior in general intelligence to any European gathering of a similar nature except perhaps the Germans and Russians. I believe that the English are more naturally musical than the French.

In any audience at all there are probably very few persons who have any real sensibility to the finer subtleties of musical speech, though a strongly-marked rhythm will always quicken the emotional pulse in any part of the world.

I do not feel myself competent to give any opinion as to the influence of the gramophone.

ARNOLD BAX.

MR. JULIUS HARRISON:

I emphatically share M. Jaques-Dalcroze's opinion that " the musical feeling of the English (cannot we say *British*?) is by no means of as low a standard as is generally asserted on the Continent."

May I just instance the fact that during the past season of the Scottish Orchestra in Glasgow I was even asked to conduct Scriabin's " Poème de l'extase " to an audience mainly composed of people of the " working-classes " (to use an objectionable class distinction of phrase!) and this audience went almost crazy with delight at the end. Good music, *inherently* good music, will always be assured of an echoing response from the hearts of the people if well performed, and it is not necessary to insult the intelligence of an audience by attempting to play down to a low level of musical taste. Frankly, I have never despaired of our British audiences and, in the post-war audiences particularly, I find cause for great rejoicings.

The war produced a more serious outlook on life, and, as a natural consequence, I think audiences acquired the habit of listening to good music much more intently and intelligently. They hear things now to which they would never have listened patiently in pre-war days and, what is more, they enjoy what they hear. Consequently the conservatism and low taste of the British music-going public are rapidly receding into the background.

There is no doubt that the gramophone is largely responsible for the advancement of the national musical taste, although a great deal of the educational value of good " synthetic " music is partly swept away by the (seemingly) never-ending stream of raucous hedonistic jazz-music that floods the markets. What I mean is that there must be many thousands of people who might be still further educated in good music by the aid of the gramophone could they be persuaded that this instrument is not all noise and niggers.

But, when all is said and done, there are many more converts to good music nowadays than ever before - and it follows that these must have been won from the ranks of the " Bad-taste " Army.

Continental music is itself in such a poor way that it should look to its own credentials before passing its strictures on those of the British.

I have discovered no foreign post-war compositions that can equal Goossens' " The Eternal Rhythm " or Holst's " Planets," nor did I ever see in any (pre-war) continental opera house the marvellous " ensemble " that characterised the work of the (alas, now defunct!)

Beecham Opera Company at Drury Lane Theatre in the spring of 1919.

Much remains to be done but one thing is certain. In musical creation, interpretation and appreciation we do not lag behind the foreigner.

JULIUS HARRISON.

MR. LANDON RONALD:

I quite agree with Mr. Dalcroze in his assertion that the English people are very much inclined to be underrated, as to their musical feeling, by foreign countries.

The progress made in England during the past twenty-five years is, I should say, without equal in the history of music.

We can in every way hold our own with any foreign country, and in one particular branch, namely the Orchestra, we are miles ahead of anything to be found in Europe.

I am the greatest believer in the gramophone and the pianola as musical educational forces, and I should not be at all surprised if a better understanding by the masses of great music is to some extent attributable to these instruments.

LANDON RONALD.

MR. CYRIL SCOTT:

I am inclined to think that, like the curate's egg, the standard of musicality in England is good in parts.

I dare say gramophones, pianolas, etc., may be of some educative value.

CYRIL SCOTT.

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.*

It is always interesting to read of a man making a fight for success, whether in fiction or in real life. In "Josef Holbrooke: the Man and his Work" Mr. Lowe has such a subject and treats it well. For Holbrooke is a constitutional fighter. As he writes of himself:

"There are not many English musicians to whom the name of Holbrooke is not anathema, especially the older school! As Henry Coward is reported to have said: 'I have many enemies and many friends, and I love them both! Enemies are essential to progress!'"

If that be the case, Holbrooke's progress from small beginnings is easily accounted for.

Born in 1878, the son of professional musicians, he was early pitched into the rough and tumble of commercial music, now touring with his father, now in London learning the piano and violin, singing at St. Anne's Church and attending Collins's Music Hall, where the elder Holbrooke was pianist. There he may have heard "beastly tunes," but he acquired the rudiments of the orchestral sense. There follow three years at the Academy, where he turned out a mass of work, carried off medals and scholarships, failed in various "elements" examinations, and enraged the professorial mind more than a little—all before he was eighteen. In some of the anecdotes of this phase you see the beginnings of the man who recently astonished the public by appending to a concert notice a selection of his rudest press criticisms. Hating the pedagogic routine as every revolutionist does, he particularly objected to the custom of relegating original works to the end of programmes. Once when he was to play the Schumann "Toccata" and three of his own pieces at a school concert,

* "Josef Holbrooke: The Man and His Work." By George Lowe. (Library of Music and Musicians.) 4s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)

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the first naturally at the beginning and the latter at the end, he decided to flout authority. On his appearing for the Schumann—

"What was the surprise and shock of his listeners to hear him plunge into his own compositions instead! After this he disappeared. The next morning he was called before Principal Mackenzie and others of the professors, and then had to hear much from them concerning his 'morbid music,' his 'horrible harmonies,' and his 'objectionable style'"

One is tempted to quote extensively from these early chapters; to follow Holbrooke through his tours as a fit-up conductor, when he played solos, deputised fiddler and accompanied comic songs, and was more than once left stranded when the manager absconded on treasury days. Interesting too are the records of his spells of teaching, when he lived somehow, doing his own cooking and cleaning and producing some good music and some bad to boil the pot. But space forbids, since naturally the bulk of the book deals with his creative work.



Photo by Vandyk. **Mr. Joseph Holbrooke.**

In discussing so prolific a composer, consistently detailed criticism is obviously impossible; but by means of grouping and adequate quotation Mr. Lowe does surprisingly well, avoiding on the one hand an inchoate mass of detail and on the other vague generalisations. He describes interestingly and criticises aptly. He writes in a good readable style, without jargon and with no more technicalities than the plain man can understand. From two faults, usually the curse of books of this type, his is refreshingly free: he rarely drops into the expatiatory style and he never rhapsodises. Though, as his critic should be, a sturdy admirer of Holbrooke, he sees his faults and has many hard things to say; consequently, his appreciation convinces. There is an introduction and a useful chronological list of compositions, with their publishers, and it only needs an index to make the book thoroughly useful—a regrettable omission. Mr. Lowe's volume can be confidently recommended alike to the musician who requires a *catalogue raisonné* of Holbrooke's work, and to the bookman who is interested in the vivid personality of one who has done valuable work as a composer, a performer and an exponent of the work of the younger men.

RODNEY BENNETT.

DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC.*

The modern "drawing-room piece" is, on the whole, symptomatic of a very fair standard of musical health in this country. We do not, of course, refer to the difficult works with which very advanced young ladies puzzle their mothers and their aunts—the productions of Albeniz, Granados or Turina, to say nothing of Skryabin, but the pieces that now take the place of "Silvery Waves" and "The Battle of Prague," that venerable shivaree, as Mark Twain called it. Here we have a small collection; let us see what they have to tell us. We notice, first of all, that they demand a much higher technical equipment than our mothers were content with, and that they need, on the whole, a somewhat finer musical sense. Many of the old pieces really played themselves; the modern need some power of interpretation. Alec Rowley's "Rhapsody" is Irish in note and idiom, and in its varied sections gets much that is characteristic of our tragic other island. If your playing has in it anything of "the grand manner" you will make a very effective thing of this strong and sound piece. Montague Ewing's Suite contains four numbers—Dansetta, Country Dance, Roseleaf, and Japanese Wedding. Mr. Ewing is an adept at this kind of work, and his present pieces are light, graceful and effective without being trivial or mawkish. Technically they are not difficult, and we fancy that "Roseleaf," a slow waltz, will be very popular. The "Idyll" by Constance Keeping is Chopinesque and, with its sweeping arpeggios, its big double handfuls of notes and its "passage" work, will need some practice. But it is quite worth while and will make a very impressive and striking contribution to the family chamber music. Bernard Johnson's set comprises three pieces—a "Maypole Dance," "Measure" and a "Cushion Dance." They are characteristic and taking, with a very distinct flavour, and they are not difficult. Dr. Markham Lee, a very industrious and versatile musician, offers us a collection of "Tone Pictures"—"At Vindolana," "The Sprite of the Hill-side," "The Fells," "By the Duddo Stones," "Holy Island," and "On the Wind-Swept Moors"; and, to aid the interpreter, he adds the six poems that have suggested his pieces. We greatly prefer the music. They are well-written, well-differentiated pieces, with no great technical difficulties and with plenty of scope for expression. "The Edge of Beyond," by Jean Morel, contains four pieces—"The Light of the Western Stars," "The Edge of Beyond," "Wind on the Prairie," and "The Canopy of Heaven." He prefaces each number with a verse quotation that gives the spiritual key-note. They are quite excellent and effective, the latter two needing very fair executive skill. "Sweet Lavender," by Percy Godfrey, is what used to be called "a very pretty piece," and it is within the capacity of most players. With Granville Bantock's "Songs of the Seraglio" we pass to the realm of vocal music. We spoke of this admirable musician at some length last month and we need only add that these songs, with their Eastern rhythms and cadences, are excellent examples of his work, thoroughly worth the notice of ambitious vocalists. But they will need very good singing and very good playing. The music teacher who cannot find something fresh and appealing to insistent pupils out of those we have described will be hard to please.

* "First Rhapsody: For Pianoforte." By Alec Rowley. 2s. 6d. net. (Swan.)—"Mosaics: Characteristic Suite for Piano." By Montague Ewing. 2s. 6d. net. (Evans & Co.)—"Idyll for the Pianoforte: Op. 21." By Constance Keeping. 2s. net. (The Musical Exchange.)—"Old Dance Tunes for Pianoforte." By Bernard Johnson. 2s. 6d. net. (Schott.)—"In the North Country: Six Impressions for Pianoforte." 2s. 6d. net. (Alfred Lengnick.)—"The Edge of Beyond: Lyric Suite for Piano." 2s. 6d. net. (Reeder & Walsh.)—"Sweet Lavender. For Piano." By Percy Godfrey. 2s. net. (Swan.)—"Songs of the Seraglio." By Granville Bantock. 5s. net. (Winthrop Rogers.)

SONGS.*

The Bainton and Collingwood songs show a welcome disposition to leave the beaten track in search of fresh and moving words, and here we recognise lyrics by Harold Monro and the late Ernest Dowson which might easily have been set before if only our composers went a little further in their search for inspiration than they do. The "Nightingale" carries the poetic intention through a volatile narrative of runs and easy intervals. An effective climax of interpretation marks the last line, "Then breaks—and it is dawn," and this makes his song very tempting for a light soprano with the necessary sparkle. The subdual of the air in the case of Dowson's "dairy" lyric is intentional, and fits it for a mezzo-soprano or contralto

* "Nightingale Near Wood." By Edgar L. Bainton. (Curwen.)—"Oh, I would Live in a Dairy." By L. A. Collingwood. (Curwen.)—"Six Selected Lyrics." By Charles A. Speyer. (Schott.)—"One Gift of Heaven." By Cecil Dudley. (Renaissance Music Co.)—"Country Folk." By Mary H. Brahe. (Enoch.)—"When the House is Asleep." By E. Stanford Haigh. (Swan.)—"Three Songs." By Constance Keeping. (Musical Exchange.)—"Heart's Desire." By Percy Elliott. (Schott.)

voice possessed of an unsophisticated touch of humour. Moreover, it makes little or no demands on the accompanist, as the first piece does.

Mr. Speyer has gone to poets like Mr. Hardy, Mr. De la Mare and the late Francis Ledwidge, for his six lyrics, but he has put too much work in the majority of his scores, and you appreciate the relief in the second and last, where the accompaniment is for the piano, the voice-part is not a side-issue, as in some of the others. Mr. Speyer has a wide and well-used vocabulary of keys, phrase and metre, and he makes no compromises with the inexpert, so it is only after several playings that you catch the best of his ideas. "The Gift of Heaven" is a charming setting of some of the verses in The Song of Solomon, in which the composer lays too much stress on the repetition of one note, and forgets that, like recitative, this is apt to pall upon the average hearer unless it leads to some form of surprise The immortal canticle is universal enough in its appeal to be free of Oriental influences when it comes to a musical setting, but most of us are old-fashioned enough to remember that its imagery and folk-lore are Judaic, and demand an accordant sensuousness in any form of setting. All the same, there is distinct musicianship here. As an attempt to break away from the everlasting ballad, however, the experiment demands encouragement, and the melodic treatment is never wholly absent

There are charms and a quiet "allure" in Miss Brahe's "Country Folk," and the simple melody is not too much the slave of its rather artless rhythm. The touch of sentimental piety which ends the Haigh ballad carries one back to old-fashioned platform lilts of the mid-Victorian days The song-cycle of Miss Keeping is a trilogy of notations and pretty words, all smooth and singable, but lacking in character and definition. The last song-cycle by Mr Elliott is one of extremely simple love-lyrics, and the unvaried alternation of minim and crotchet in the third of these exhibits their unpretentiousness.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. By Edith Alford. (Forsyth Bros.)

These six little sketches for the piano should suit all young pianists who want something tuneful and interesting, yet easy to play. Here and there a few lines from the book of "Alice" are printed above the music, which helps to preserve the proper "Looking-Glass" atmosphere in the sketches.

APRIL GOES A-WALKING. Lyric by Helen Taylor. Music by Stanley Dickson. (Enoch.)

There have been countless songs about April, yet there is always room for one more—of course providing it is of the right kind There is certainly room for "April Goes A-Walking," by Helen Taylor and Stanley Dickson. It is a charming little song, fresh and lilting, and should prove a great success.

SHEEP AND LAMBS. Words by Katharine Tynan. Music by Phyllis M. James. (Chappell)

This song reminds one of an old Christmas carol. There is a simplicity and sincerity about it which makes a direct appeal.

THE EAST RIDING. Words by Eric Chilman. Music by John Ireland. (Enoch)

Mr. John Ireland catches the spirit of the words admirably in this stirring song of the winds. It is full of movement.

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The Theatre.

"HE WHO PLAYS THE KING."

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

THERE are several things with which some of us have forcibly disagreed in Mr. Bernard Fagan's revival of "Henry IV, Part Two," at the Court Theatre—Shakespeare's "only permanent West End home." There is altogether too much "séance" about it. The casting of a serious actress like Miss Leah Bateman as a Hogarthian Doll Tearsheet was an obvious mistake. There is not nearly enough use of the "apron"-stage, which Mr. Fagan has begun but not finished; with the result that the history did not flow nor the scenes clip as they should. On the other hand, before the revival becomes historical in more senses than one, it is only right to pay all possible tribute to the fact of its having been there at all; to Mr. H. O. Nicholson's masterpiece of character-acting as Mr. Justice Shallow; to the round and clear speaking of Mr. Alfred Clark's Falstaff (who is everything else but big enough); and last, but not least, to the return, after many adventures round the world, of that fine Shakespearean actor and manager, Mr. Frank Cellier, who gave an extremely beautiful performance as King Henry IV himself.



Photo by Claude Harris. **Mr. Frank Cellier.**

Whether one is convinced at every point or not by Mr. Cellier's reading, there is no denying its beauty, alike of conception and of performance. In some aspects, "Part Two" may not have the full appeal of "Part One." Falstaff may have deteriorated. One misses Hotspur and that delicious musical evening at Owen Glendower's. But "Part Two" rises to a scene of pure tragedy in the death of Bolingbroke that its forerunner does not approach. This must have been an intensely difficult scene to write, quite apart from its comic prefacing; for Shakespeare knew the bad points of Bolingbroke as well as the good ones. Mr. Cellier's portrait does, at any rate, tempt one to trace the ideal which lies behind this most baffling of all Shakespeare's kings, right through from his first appearance in "Richard II" to the final memory of him in his conquering son's purpose to "take the Turk by the beard." One finds in how wonderful a way Shakespeare managed to combine the practical craftiness of a king who could, on his death-bed, counsel his heir to "busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels"—a behest so famously fulfilled—with a high aim of kingship and the pious ardour of a Crusader. For it was undoubtedly a last Crusade that was in the mind of both the elder Henry and the younger.

The Bolingbroke of real life seems to have changed for the worse when he came to the throne, almost as extensively as his son changed for the better. There are echoes of this by hearsay in both the "Parts." Yet a certain nobility clings to Shakespeare's Henry IV. One cannot help feeling that in writing the actual speeches of the dying king, Shakespeare was inspired by something very much like the feeling there is in the Old Testament towards David—himself a usurper and sinner exceedingly, and himself destined to leave fulfilment to his son.

The beauty and the poetry that Shakespeare brings to this strong man crowned are perfectly conveyed by Mr. Cellier. So also is that homage to the mystery of the wrested crown as an emblem of responsibility, which humbles both Bolingbroke and the future Henry V into worthiness. I do not myself think that Mr. Cellier managed to give us quite the square-chinned strength of the man. From this point of view, Mr. Basil Gill's more muscular personality at His Majesty's was, to me, more suggestive of the Bolingbroke both of Shakespeare and of history. At the same time, for its quiet dignity and beauty, Mr. Cellier's Henry IV is a memory that will long live in our minds and hearts. May it be only the first of many such studies from our home-come wanderer.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT," BY CLEMENCE DANE, AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

"A Bill of Divorcement" is a problem play; like all good problem plays, however, it is concerned with the people first. Its action is in 1932; divorce is allowed for incurable insanity. Margaret Fairfield has divorced her husband, who has been mad for fifteen years. She is engaged to be married again to Grey Meredith. It is Christmas Day, and the wedding is fixed for January. Suddenly Hilary Fairfield comes home, cured. What is Margaret to do? Miss Clemence Dane has a strong situation, and she handles it with tact and effect. I found a certain lack of emotional intensity in the scene between Hilary and Margaret, in spite of Mr. Keen's very poignant acting; but the play is throughout of an intelligence rare on the modern stage. The triumph of the piece is certainly Sydney, the daughter who fears her children may inherit her father's madness. And Miss Albanesi's acting of the part puts her in an unrivalled position—I should much like to see her as Mary Rose. She and she alone makes Miss Dane's solution seem plausible; when she sends her mother away with Grey Meredith, and accepts the care of her father, one is thrilled with conviction. The most accomplished and perfect scene in the play is perhaps the tragi-comedy of Sydney's scene with Kit Pumphrey, when she breaks off her engagement and leaves the boy with a grievance instead of a broken heart. Miss Dane weakens her case by making the marriage of Hilary and Margaret a marriage of pity, not of love; the real problem would

come if, after such a divorce, a wife who had loved utterly was contracting or had contracted a marriage of friendship. But one must take the play Miss Dane has given us gratefully; and gratefully we should recognise that when we have a good play, English acting is hard to beat. Miss Braithwaite does not appeal to every one; but she has passages of real emotional force, especially in the last act; Mr. Aubrey Smith makes a good Meredith, while the three minor parts of the doctor, the parson and Aunt Hester could not be better rendered than by Mr. Lothbury, Mr. Llewellyn and Miss Agnes Thomas. Mr. Ian Hunter's Kit Pumphrey was astonishingly lifelike—he gave precisely that rather cubbish yet attractive side of youth. I can give him no higher praise than to say that he was worthy to act with Miss Albanesi.

"THE CIRCLE," BY SOMERSET MAUGHAM, AT THE HAYMARKET.

It is Mr. Somerset Maugham's business as an ironist to trace the circle of human conduct around two generations, leaving the audience to determine the degree of viciousness according to its lights. In this case it is not so much in action as in the consequences of neglect that we find the son "following in father's footsteps," to the ruin of his home and the making of the play. Mr Maugham has been at some pains to mellow the father's nature and leave the son's in a crude and callow form, but their egotism is the same, and the second elopement is no shock. If Meredith had given Sir Willoughby the lady of his choice, instead of the mitten, logic might have punished them by some such course as this, where the wife absconds with the unprincipled friend, but Meredith could hardly have found room inside the same story for a repetition of the escapade thirty years later. Remorselessness of this kind is more in Mr Hardy's line than Meredith's, and indeed we think Mr. Hardy would be just the man to enjoy the fribbling and flutter of Miss Lottie Venne as Lady Catherine Her bird-like vanity and sentimentality make a capital set-off for the very real drama going forward among the juniors, and we hardly remember a better love-scene in slang and self-repression than we get between Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Quartermaine Sometimes her emotions fail to 'get across the footlights" of her good looks, you may say, but she has to keep things down so as not to make her seniors seem out of key. Mr. Allan Aynesworth as the apoplectic and elderly rake, Lord Portcous, and Mr. Holman Clark as the man he has wronged, are finished and excellent. Mr. Thesiger as his son overacts the prig a thought too much.



Photo by Lallie Charles. **Miss Agnes Blane,**

whose new play, "A Family Affair," is being produced in the provinces by Mr. William Holles, before coming to London. Miss Blane is the daughter of Mr. William Blane C.B.E., and an earlier play of hers, "The Half Sister," was successfully produced at the Apollo a year or so ago.

But as a matrimonial foursome, with the husbands as caddies, the play is worldly and witty, light and entertaining, and leads well up to an easy and laughable curtain. It has just been published in book form by Heinemann.

THE BERNARD SHAW REVIVALS.

The Shaw season is still prospering at Everyman, and the fortunes of the gallant little theatre are apparently secure. Certainly they deserve to be The company has had some difficult times, and some of the plays attempted have been over-ambitious; but every week their work improves, and gains both in technique and in feeling. The production of "The Doctor's Dilemma" was a surprising advance on anything yet produced. The team-work was beyond praise, and though there were difficulties in the casting, no one who saw the original Barker performance could fail to be surprised at Hampstead's effort to equal that success. It is fortunate that the play does not depend on Dubedet, for Mr. Hannen was not satisfactory as the painter. Dubedet is obviously a Yellow Book period artist—Mr. Hannen made him look like a cross between Walter Crane and Alvin Langdon Coburn; the studio might have been that of a modern Academician, and the whole atmosphere lacked that intellectual *metier* which Shaw gives to Dubedet. Miss Pratt's Jennifer was far better than one had feared; she is not suited for a coaxing part, but she had a dignity and force which carried well. The triumph of the play, both as Mr. Shaw wrote it and as the Everyman company played it, are the doctors. Mr. Brembner Wills had an amazing success as B.-B. One's picture of B.-B is so much that of a huge, fat, dictatorial old boy that it took one a little time to get used to Mr. Wills's shaven vet not less deadly Bonnington When once one was used, however, B.-B never failed to please. Mr. Aylmer's Ridgeon was not quite so triumphant a success; he was a little too parsonical, and did not inspire the confidence that he is a man of science. All the other parts were admirably sustained.

After "The Doctor's Dilemma"—"Blanco Posnet." To eke out the evening we also have "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" and "How He Lied to Her Husband" The latter might almost have been written by Stanley Houghton, and the former is one of Mr Shaw's least happy excursions into fantastic history The Everyman company does what it can with them, but the actors seemed bored with both plays, although Miss Carter was a good Queen Elizabeth. "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet" is one of Mr. Shaw's best plays; it is far better than the overpraised "Androcles," and revives in one pleasant memories of that earlier melodrama, "The Devil's Disciple" It has never before been acted publicly in England, and if the Shaw season had produced nothing else it would be fully justified. The chief honours of the play go to Mr Brembner Wills and Miss Maud Pratt. Mr Wills's Blanco is full of rhetoric, of good honest emotional surprise; and Miss Pratt has a part thoroughly suited to her talents in Fremy. She is terrific agant here indeed, and convinces one of the play's extraordinary simplicity. The setting of the plays is improving also with each performance.

"HER HUSBAND'S WIFE," BY A. E. THOMAS, AT THE GLOBE.

Not many comedies of recent years have been inspired by so diverting an idea as "Her Husband's Wife," and playgoers are indebted to Miss Marie Lohr for this happy revival. In her original rôle of the hypochondriac young wife who, having doctored herself into the belief that she has not long to live, chooses very considerately her husband's next wife for him, Miss Lohr has a part that exhibits to perfection her talent for comedy-acting of the subtler sort. Miss Ellis Jeffreys as the supplanting "wife," with a rare opportunity for exploiting the gamut of woman's wiles, is a joy to watch, and Mr. Spencer Trevor makes excellent capital out of the dry staccato comments of the epigrammatic uncle. At times the comedy drops into farce and the producer has altered the pace accordingly, but farce or comedy, the entertainment is vastly amusing.

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martyr to Arctic and Antarctic travel he regards as a paradox, a sufferer from "that last infirmity of noble minds" of which Milton sings. Those, then, the men in the street, who are fair-minded enough to wish to regard Polar explorers in the clear light of truth and who would like, to use a vile phrase, to psycho-analyse them, are heartily recommended to read the late Sir Clements Markham's posthumous work entitled "The Lands of Silence." It covers the whole ground of Arctic and Antarctic discovery from the times of the Norsemen in a most comprehensive and masterly fashion, being written by one of the greatest travellers and geographers of his day. It is no dryasdust chronicle, but a vivid and eloquent record, buttressed by the needful geographical and meteorological information and informed by a very lively and alert imagination. Readers who love books of travel and who wish to know those general strands of character which furnish the mental and moral "make-up" of the explorer will find Sir Clements's "History of Arctic and Antarctic Exploration" a uniquely fascinating volume.



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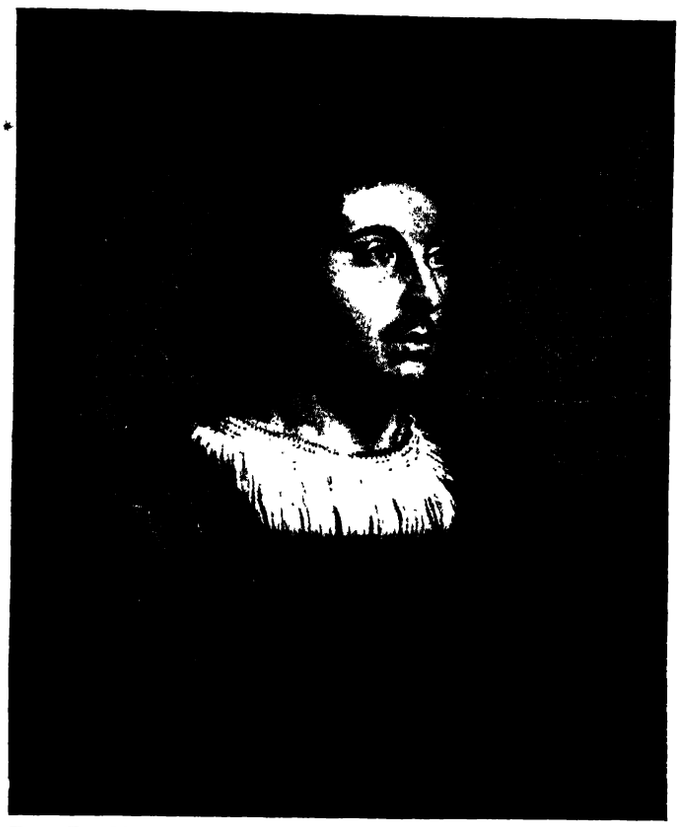
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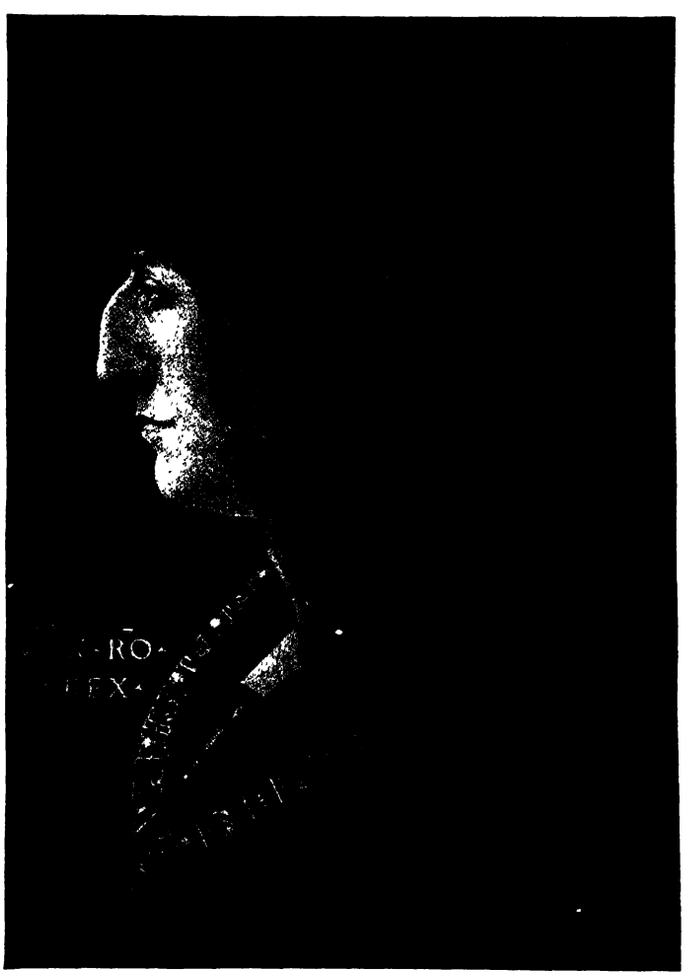
These little poems for children possess a delightful rhythm and touch on many beautiful, though simple themes and fancies. They are not the usual pointless verses offered to the young, each grows out of an idea. There is the very breath of the wind in:

"What are you saying, O Wind,
Wind in the lofty trees,
With life and blessing,
The flowers caring,
Till some fall down on their knees,
While others at play,
O Wind, sweet Wind,
Strong Wind that nobody sees?"

That is in Hal's section of the book. In Peter's—here, for example, is a snatch of the happy, catchy song, "With the Fairies":

"All the Peter-boys play with the fairies
All the Peter-boys borrow their toys—
Bubbles to blow to them, pictures to show to them,
No one says 'No!' to them when there's a noise."

Children will love to have the verses read aloud unless they are big enough to read for themselves; the type is big and clear, and there are pictures too. A little volume that is sure of finding a snug place in the hearts of nursery residents.



From Belgium (*Fisher Unwin*). From a portrait by Aubrozio de Predis (Imperial Museum, Vienna). — MAXIM LIAN



From An Onlooker in France, 1917 1919 (*Williams & Norgate*).

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE PASSING TO THE YPRES SALIENT. CASSELL.

LONDON RIVER.

By H M TOMLINSON 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell)

Mr. Tomlinson's volume is something really new and really good. His subject is the Thames that is an arm of the sea, the Thames that ends in Dockland, and he writes about it with creative sympathy and life-long understanding. There are no side-splitting Robeyesque bargemen in his book, and no romantic angel-girls (of Limehouse) irradiating a cinema Chinatown; but there are the winds and the waters and the essential drama of man's conflict with the elements. Mr. Tomlinson does not stagger his reader with glib technicalities of seacraft or with bravura feats of description. He is, indeed, almost reluctant and reserved in his intimations, as if he were shy of admitting strangers to his thoughts; but he makes the reader feel that the waters are tragic everywhere, and that the story of a man's struggle against the unconquerable sea is as truly a romance on the Dogger Bank as on the typhoon-smitten waters of the distant East. We heartily commend this finely felt and finely expressed collection of studies. There is real art in it—and real heart.



From A Painter in Palestine (*John Lane*)

"THERE WAS A GARDEN."

With numerous illustrations by Donald Maxwell.



From London. River (*Cassell*).

THE FORESHORE, LIMEHOUSE.

From a drawing by Harold Oakley.

PATRIOTISM.

By E. K. FALLOWFIELD.

6s. net. (Daniel)

This analysis of patriotism in its various branches is clear in diction and handled in a capable and interesting manner. From warrior patriotism, with its accompanying brutalities, Mr. Fallowfield diverges to the higher though less extolled forms practised by men and women who have given their lives for their fellows in self-sacrificing toil and a homage to conscience that has frequently brought only the reward of death. He censures the ego, or selfish, patriotism of those whose love of country engenders a hatred of other countries, and asserts that "a true patriot shuns everything that would sully the country's good name; he marches along the line of true progress and avoids what may cause suffering to those too weak to defend themselves." But one thing, he holds, should exceed a man's love of country, and that is love of truth. He has studied his subject with minute care, supports his arguments with a host of historical references, and his book should prove a valuable asset to those "young men and women who have their futures before them and the shaping of the world in their hands," to whom it is appropriately dedicated.

AN ONLOOKER IN FRANCE.

By Sir William Orpen, K.B.E., R.A. 31s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

I shall never forget the first time I met him. The smooth lawn outside the old château was delightfully inviting. I had removed at least the outer layer of dust, had had some tea and was well away with my pipe, luxuriously sprawled in a big wicker chair. Beside me sat one of the Staff. We conversed with dignity and courtesy, conscious of our tabs. Suddenly there burst from the house a chattering, laughing crowd of French press correspondents, headed by an English Field Officer. He was very small and active, and when he climbed rapidly up a stout wooden trellis, hung on by one hand and scratched his side with the other, his resemblance to the monkey he was imitating was sufficient to draw shrieks of enthusiasm from his audience. I directed a searching look at my host, but he remained calm. "I *mean*——" I said. "Oh, it's *only Orpen*," he replied, and proceeded to talk of other matters. Afterwards I came to know and rejoice in that amusing little man who is almost buried beneath the weight of the resounding "Major Sir William Orpen, K.B.E., R.A." Most of us are a little tired of war books. But Orpen's "An Onlooker in France" is something out of the common. An artist in soul, he has given us some little pictures in prose which are not less accurate than those done with his brushes and paints. *I know!* The Major who "would retire to the garden and play the flute . . . nobody dared to move; but he really didn't play badly . . ." is delicious! (I wonder if Orpen goes armed?) Then Carroll Carstairs, of the Grenadiers: "Carroll . . . said suddenly, 'Look at the shape of that church, now! Isn't it magnificent?' Another shell . . . hit the structure, and he said, 'Damn! The fools have spoilt it!'" And Major Hotblack, the Tank wizard who ought to have been killed several thousand times (by the law of averages, or whatever it is): "mild and gentle, full of charm; one could hardly imagine he had all those D.S.O.'s and wound stripes—Hotblack, who liked to go for a walk and read poetry. . . ." As a matter of fact, Hotblack refused to put up any more wound stripes—said he might as well wear a gold cuff. The book is crammed with good things and pictures, but, my hat! (to be in keeping), when Orpen gets to the Peace Conference, he *does* let himself go! And why not? Observe:

"They appeared [the 'frocks' as he calls them] to think so much too much—of their own personal importance, searching all the time for popularity, each little one for himself—strange little things. President Wilson made a great hit in the Press with his smile. He was pleased at that, and after this he never failed to let you see all his back teeth. Lloyd George grew hair down his back, I presume from Mr. Asquith's lead. Paderewski—well, he was always a made-up job. The fighting man, alive, and those who fought and died—all the people who made the Peace Conference possible, were being forgotten, the 'frocks' reigned supreme. One was almost forced to think that the 'frocks' won the war. 'I did this,' 'I did that,' they all screamed, but the silent soldier-man never said a word, yet he must have thought a lot . . ."

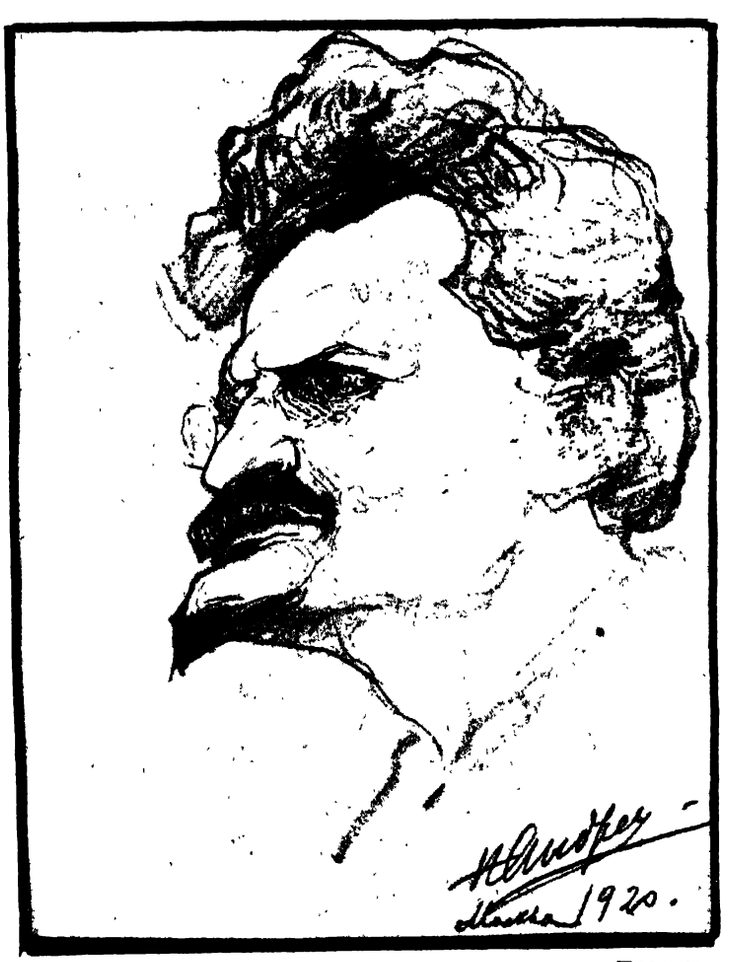


From **An Onlooker in France, 1917–1919** (*Williams & Norgate*).

Mr. Lloyd George, President Wilson and M. Clemenceau.

And he adds that when the Peace Terms were handed to the Germans at the Trianon Palace he was unable to get a card of admission. During the afternoon he met Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson and asked him about the ceremony. "Oh," said the great soldier, "I haven't been there. They wouldn't give me a pass, the little 'frocks' wouldn't give me one." One more picture: Colonel House asked Orpen if he had painted President Wilson. Orpen replied that the President said he had not time for the sittings. "What damned rot!" said the Colonel. "He's got a damned sight more time than I have. . . . I'll see that he's here." And he did!

F. D. G.



From **Russian Portraits** (*Jonathan Cape*).

Trotsky.

THE RIVIERA OF THE CORNICHE ROAD.

By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart. 25s. net. (Cassell.)

In a handsomely bound, copiously illustrated volume, Sir Frederick Treves has given us what is more than a mere holiday



From The Riviera of the Corniche Road (*Cassell*).

NICE: RUE DE SENAT.

book, for he has set out the general history of the Riviera from the days of the cave man to the present time. Remote antiquity is naturally only touched upon for the sake of completeness, the great portion of the book being descriptive of more modern aspects, and we are given accounts of Nice, Mentone, Cimiez, Grasse, Monte Carlo and minor resorts. Sir Frederick writes attractively; his style is clear, lively and pictorial, and the book abounds in graphic bits of description, well told anecdotes and humorous touches. Those who have read "The Other Side of the Lantern" will have already made acquaintance with these traits of the author's style. Every picturesque nook and historic corner of the region under survey comes in for attention, and is described in a few vivid sentences:

"There are no two things alike in Cagnes, nothing that matches. It is indeed a pile of very miscellaneous houses, inclined to set themselves askew, like the parts of a cubist picture. . . . It looks like a very decrepit sick person who has slipped down in bed."

Then of Monaco:

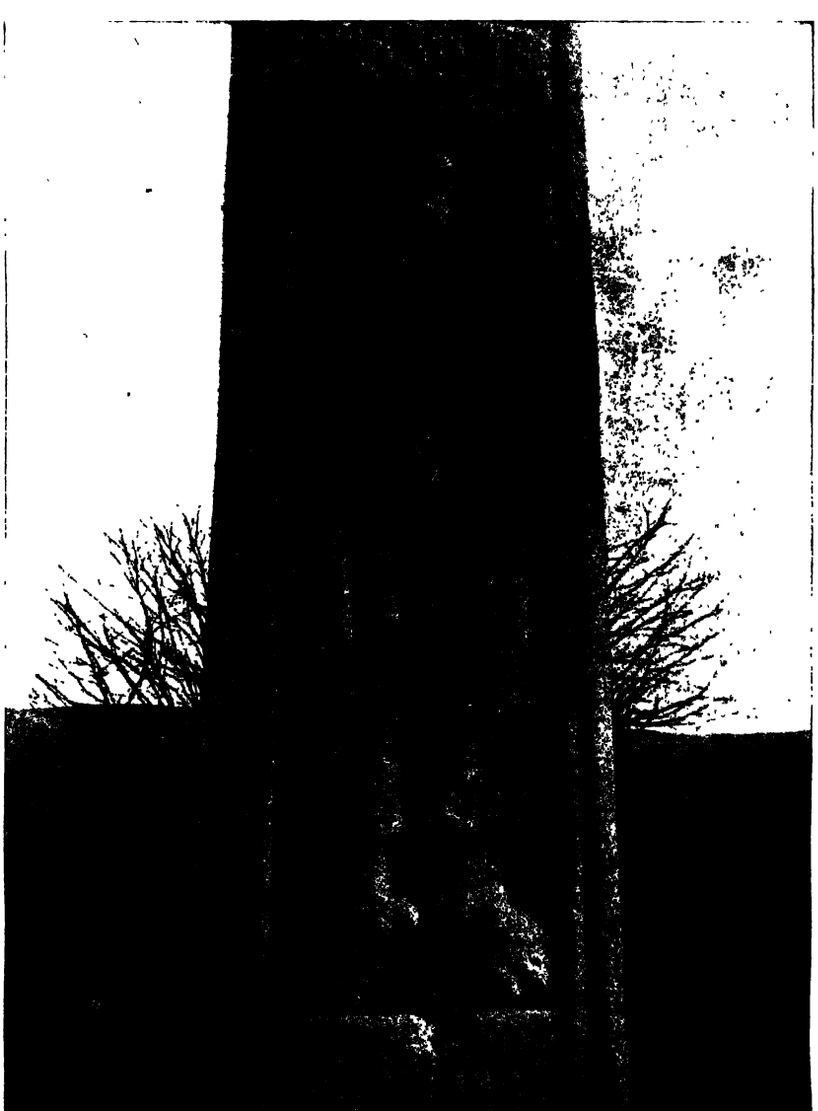
"Its walls, lit by the sun, are sheer precipices of biscuit-coloured rock, tinted faintly with red, as with rust. From every crack and cranny on its towering sides something green is bursting; while here and there a flower, yellow or blue, clings to a ledge like a perching bird"

It is a volume which, while possessing a special attraction for the fortune-favoured folk who make holiday on the Riviera, will have no small interest for those who "can only read about these places in books."

THE ARTS IN EARLY ENGLAND.

By G BALDWIN BROWN, M.A., Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. V: "The Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses"; "The Gospels of Lindisfarne." 30s. net. (John Murray.)

The fifth volume of Mr. Baldwin Brown's erudite history of "The Arts in Early England" is concerned mainly with a detailed description of the Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses and of the Gospels of Lindisfarne. The antiquary, the hagiologist and the epigraphist will find this new volume very much to their taste. Never we should think before has such a mass of criticism — literary, artistic, archæological, linguistic and philological — been devoted to a connotation of ancient monuments as Mr. Brown has bestowed on deciphering and translating the names inscribed on these two famous crosses. We should like to quote from the third chapter of the book the very interesting accounts of the pre-Christian uses of the cross and of the evolution of the chrism from monogram to religious symbol. We wish we could do justice to the loving care with which the author examines the famous Ormside bowl and establishes the authenticity of the coffin of St. Cuthbert. But our space is limited; so we must content ourselves with calling the attention of all lovers of art and of antiquities to this learned and handsomely produced volume. It is a noteworthy example of the ripest English scholarship.



From The Arts in Early England (*John Murray*).

THE CHRIST OF BEWCASTLE.



From The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories
(*Educational Book Co.*).
Reviewed in this Number

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.
From the painting by Prof. Amos Cassioli.

SHASTA OF THE WOLVES.

By OLAF BAKER 6s. (Harrap)

A well-illustrated tale of a child found among lonely hills by the old she-wolf Nitka, who picked up a small brown bundle, which set up a thin wail Nitka preserved the little human being, and brought it up with her own cubs in their wild cave-home. "If you had asked Nitka why she had taken the baby's part, I don't believe she could have told you. All she knew was that there was a feeling inside her that this odd thing she had found in the forest was to be protected from harm." This is a fine and remarkable story of wolf life in the mountains and canyons, a tale of eagles, and grizzlies, and hunting; and no lover of the open air should miss it.

WAYSIDE TREES AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

By FORSTER ROBSON Profusely illustrated by the Author. 7s. 6d net (Thornton Butterworth.)

How many of us, if we told the truth, could say that we know by sight all, or even many, of the trees that we know by name? Here is the ideal book to remedy that



From A New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry
By A. E. Waite
(*Rider*).

THE DEATH OF HIRAM.

defect in our education. With this in our pocket we may go anywhere and, after a brief reference to the book, recognise any of our common trees at sight. The author has grouped the trees under their leaf forms, of which exact line drawings are presented, supplementing these with a series of beautiful pencil drawings of the trees themselves. It is an interesting and very helpful treasury of elementary knowledge, and its possession will add much to the pleasure of one's excursions about the country-side. Admirable in idea and admirably produced, it augurs well for the success of the How to Know Them series, of which it is the first.

TOPEE AND TURBAN, OR HERE AND THERE IN INDIA.

By Lieut.-Col H A Newell
£1 1s. net. (Lane)

THE ISLANDERS OF THE PACIFIC.

By Lieut.-Col T R St Johnston
25s. net (Fisher Unwin)

The historian of the British Army, Mr. Fortescue, when he was lecturing the other day and praising



From Wayside Trees
By Forster Robson
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

POLLARD WILLOW.

the equanimity and ubiquity of "that strong man, Thomas Atkins," might have dwelt just as warmly on our indebtedness to the research and scholarship of Tommy's officers. These two colonels, one in the Indian army and one in the service of the Foreign Office, have written books before of special authority in their several fields. Colonel Newell has bestowed many standard guide-books on the provinces and native states of India, and in the course of many years' travel up and down the peninsula has gathered a harvest of folk-lore and observation which no form of guide-book yet discovered can be expected to contain. Now it may be affirmed as a rule that the man who has done one thing supremely well is rarely wanting in resources beyond what that task required, and it is no surprise to find in this case that the guide turns out to be a philosopher as well. Colonel Newell has dipped freely into the past, the native traditions and records, and steered the investigations of science into safe channels, especially where there come the dividing lines between Aryan, Greek, Persian, Moghul, and British influences. The extent and duration of India are chequered with the files of conquest and the ranks of creed, and Colonel Newell puts new interest into the architectural relics of Hindu,



From Shasta of the Wolves
(*Harrap*)

"THE BABY WOLF-BROTHERS SAT IN A ROW . . . SNIFFING WITH THEIR PUPPY NOSES"

Buddhist, Jain and Mohammedan, their significance and purpose, and their value to the interpreter of to-day He traces the survival of the Aryan in the Kashmiri Brahman talking the Sanskrit of many centuries ago in India's bazars to-day.

Perhaps the best chapters of the Colonel's wanderings throughout the length and breadth of India are those



From Topee and Turban
(*John Lane*).

THE SACRED ELEPHANT ARRAYED FOR THE DURBARAH.

describing that strange and primitive race, the Todas of Madras, especially where those people develop outlines of affinity with the Uganda tribes unearthed by Mr. Roscoe on his recent expedition. Still more engaging are the points of contact between Colonel Newell's ethnological theories and those of Colonel St Johnston regarding the island races of the Pacific As District Commissioner of the Lau Islands his opportunities were exceptional and well used Similarities are noted not only in racial type and custom, but in philology and folk-lore, and though these may not always bear deeper investigation, they are like the surface gems that lure a prospector on, and are as nothing to the certainties at which we hope ultimately to arrive. The Pacific book is richer in horrors and in surprises, both by letterpress and picture, and we may lay the patriotic unction to our souls that when we have been dealing as long with the seas and archipelagoes "down under," they will show advances at a pace eclipsing India's if possible But we may never come any nearer to finding the dates and routes of the primeval trek of the races scattering east and west and southward from that nook of Mesopotamia which men for ages have called "the cradle of the world"

Both books are richly illustrated, and are full of knowledge and fascination



From A Diplomat in Japan (*Seeley, Service*).

THE LAST OF THE SHOGUNS, TOKUGAWA YOSHINOBU (KELKI).

A DIPLOMAT IN JAPAN.

By the RIGHT HON SIR ERNEST SATOW. 32s net (Seeley, Service)

No more than some early chapters in the story of the author's distinguished and eventful career are recorded in this volume They relate, however, to momentous phases in the progress of Japan to the high position she holds to-day among great nations It was during the period about which Sir Ernest writes that her ports were opened for good and all to foreign trade, that the supreme authority of the Mikado was restored, and the traditions of a feudal system shattered if not completely swept away Sixty years ago, moreover, when as a student interpreter the author first went to Japan, the country and the people still retained characteristic features which were presently to be lost, and which very few foreigners had such favourable opportunities of observing or, if they saw, could record with the insight derived from an ardent study of the language, literature and history of the Japanese. It is this that gives a peculiar value to Sir Ernest's reminiscences of journeys in what was then a region almost unknown to strangers from the West. His account of excursions in the interior have a fascination which in later books of travel is either entirely wanting or seems scarcely to harmonise with evidence of a modern spirit apparent on all sides We have changed all that, our Far Eastern allies may say, and they have certainly changed a great deal. Yet even in those days there was talk among more advanced politicians of establishing a parliament and a constitution on the English model. It was a mad idea in the author's opinion, and the proposal that he should enter the Mikado's service and assist in organising



From China, Japan and Korea By J. O. P. Bland (*Heinemann*).

FUJIYAMA THE PEERLESS.

representative government did not allure him. As an instructive commentary on the conduct of British relations with Japan during Sir Ernest's first residence in the country, the book well merits the attention it will certainly receive both here and in the land of the rising sun.

ROSE GARDENING.

By Mary Hampden. Illustrated with 8 Colour Plates and Line Drawings by Maud A. West. (Thornton Butterworth)

This book deals with every phase of rose culture, from the preparation of the soil to the time of flowering, and includes a specially useful chapter on the enemies of the rose. It is the outcome of years of practical experience, and the information it supplies has been pronounced both serviceable and reliable by one of the most prominent and successful rose-growers in England. Miss West's work in colour is exquisitely done, and the line drawings, showing practical designs for beds and borders, etc., complete the usefulness of a volume that will appeal to all who are interested in the culture of roses.



From **Rose Gardening**
By Mary Hampden
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

MADAME EDOUARD HERRIOT.
(The *Daily Mail* Rose)
From a colour drawing by Maud A. West.

IN OUR FLOWER GARDEN.

By Her Late Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Sweden. Prepared by Flora Klickmann. (R.T.S)

Garden lovers especially those who read "The Garden That We Made" by the late Crown Princess of Sweden (*née* Princess Margaret of Connaught), will welcome this later volume of her garden gossip, revealing, as it does, the Princess's personal experiments in horticulture and her ideas as to the qualities a garden should possess. She shows how the scheme for having various parts of the garden abloom at various seasons of the year can be effectively carried out, and is, indeed, full of happy suggestions that spring from a wide experience and an intense love of all growing things. Many beautiful photographs are scattered through the pages, and the work, under Miss Flora Klickmann's able editorship, is a triumph both of art and utility.



From **In Our Flower Garden**
By the late Crown Princess of Sweden
(*R.T.S.*).

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN WORKING ON ONE OF HER WALL GARDENS.

THE RISING TIDE AND OTHER POEMS.

By Charles Whitby, M.D. 5s net (Elkin Mathews)

Dr. Whitby writes very cultured and accomplished verse upon traditional themes and in traditional metres. One pictures him (rightly or wrongly) as the best type of country practitioner—a keen scientist, a lover of nature, a discriminating patron of the arts, and a warm-hearted humanitarian. His poetry reveals a man of many interests and of many moods, but its characteristic note is, perhaps, one of a gentle and pensive melancholy:

"Youth will pass and hope will perish,
We complain;
Is there nothing that we cherish
Not in vain?

"Ah, the future will be golden!
We surmise,
But with glory unbeholden
Of our eyes.

"Strengthen us in our affliction!
We implore;
But the old serene conviction
Comes no more."

The most individual and striking piece in the book is the title-poem, which describes, very realistically yet with perfect artistic restraint, the birth of a child.

WALKS IN ROUEN.

By Jocelyn Perkins. 5s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

We like this brisk and practical little guide. Mr. Perkins, seeing, in his mind's eye, the ignorant tourist, grips him firmly by the hand, and leads him hither and thither in the wonderful town, and will make him feel certain that he is not missing anything he ought to see, nor running into the pitfalls that otherwise would await him. For instance, in Tour I, Mr. Perkins writes: "Make a point of entering Rouen Cathedral by the west door. The first sight of the wondrous beauty of this noble church will fill you with awe. Let this first impression sink right into you and become part and parcel of your very self, before you attempt to examine any details." The author has contrived his work with real skill, getting into a space of less than two hundred well-printed pages the historical



Lent by J. B. Lippincott Co.
From The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs (*Lippincott*).

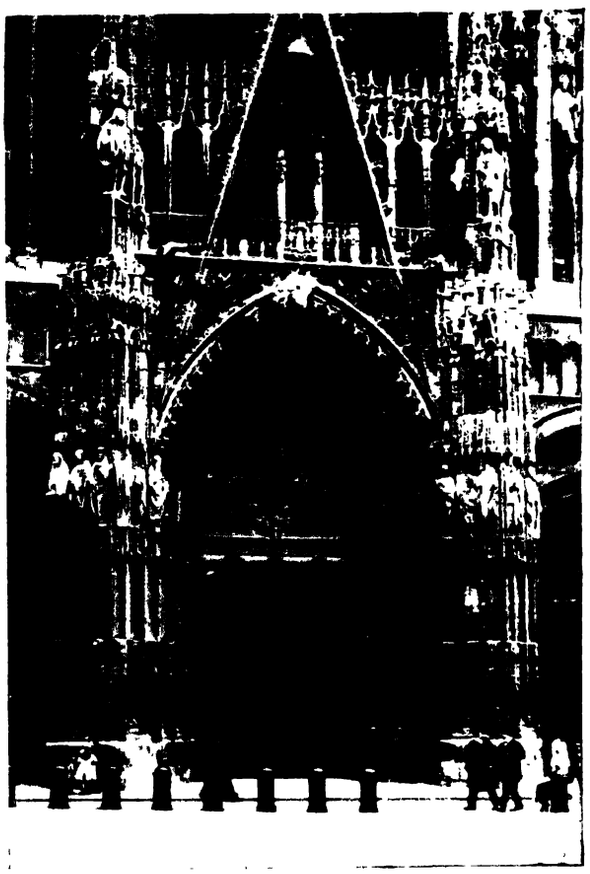
Symbolic Persian Silk Rug

story and descriptions of the monuments. There are nine tours; and, in two appendices, notes on the history of Normandy and on the life of Jeanne d'Arc are concisely given

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF ORIENTAL RUGS.

By G. Griffin Lewis. Illustrated. (Lippincott.)

To the layman, picking up this book for the first time, the contents will come as a revelation of beauty and craftsmanship. The letterpress is full of valuable information, and the illustrations include many wonderful colour plates; one of these, the picture of an antique Ghiordes prayer rug took over two months' experimenting before it was possible to make the plate, and more than sixty shades of red appear in it. The result is a triumph of colour reproduction. For intending purchasers of Oriental rugs there is a fund of practical information and advice in this book, and dealers and connoisseurs will find it extremely handy for reference. "Those who have good Oriental rugs will do well to keep them," says the author



From Walks in Rouen (*S.P.C.K.*)

The West Door, Rouen Cathedral.



From More About Unknown London By Walter George Bell (*John Lane*)

The Jewel Tower, Westminster.

in his preface to this fifth edition, "and those who ever hope to possess any had better get them now . . . for they will surely grow more scarce and higher in price. Most of the rug-making people have been annihilated or transported, and those left have eaten their sheep and made their wool into clothing. The family looms of the East are silent and broken, and there will be little or no weaving in the future. It is one of the pitiful results of the war, for truly there is a wealth of beauty and a world of sentiment in these magic carpets of the Orient." One is not surprised that this is the fifth edition of the book—it should run into many more editions yet.

JIMMY JOHNNY.

By J. J. Bell. 5s. (Holden & Hardingham.)

A trifle, light as air, and a very engaging trifle. It tells, in Mr. Bell's inimitable manner, of the early loves of that big, lonely, pawky Scottish loon, Jimmy Johnny (condemned to live with a terrible aunt) and his refreshing neighbour, young Christabel. Her girlish charm, her pertness, the utter surprisingness of her, fascinate Jimmy



From The Promise **COVER DESIGN.**
James B. Hendryx's story of the Wild West
(*Jarrolds*).

Johnny, and their cautious dialogue together is pleasant and amusing indeed to read at the end of a hard day's work. There is not a heavy line, or an unnecessary paragraph in the book, the things hang together on the most slender plot; but, somehow or other, Mr. Bell carries it through triumphantly. We know that aunt; we *see* that quaint old Captain, who plays his part in the friendship; we can guess at the thrilling talks the two young folks had at night, when the neighbouring skylights went up, and "in the glow, a hand, with a comb, appeared, then the pretty head of Christabel."

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY (Vol. II).

By Vilhelm Rasmussen. 5s. 6d. net. (Gyldendal.)

Here is the second volume of a most accurate and interesting study of the development of consciousness and intelligence in children. It is based on personal observation fortified by study of all the available observations made public by other investigators in Europe and America. The author lays great stress on the fact that the first condition essential, in order that the child may attain the highest possible psychical development in accordance with its inherited capabilities, is that it shall receive the correct *physical* training. A few brief but very apposite observations are made on this matter; and then we have chapters



From Child Pyschology **TWO LADIES.**
Vol. II, by Vilhelm Rasmussen
(*Gyldendal*).
A child's drawing

of absorbing interest dealing with the first dawn and shaping in the child's mind of such concepts as time, duration, recurrence, the idea of space, its notions about perceptible phenomena (such as the sun, the moon, the stars), early feelings on religion, death, life, birth, origins, etc. All these are discussed and described with most interesting detail and examples, also the first efforts at drawing. It is a serious and illuminating little book, and should be of very great value to teachers and to all parents who take a natural delight in observing the dawning and growing faculties of their children.



From Richard the Brazen **COVER DESIGN.**
Cyrus T. Brady's Wild West novel
(*Jarrolds*).



From The Path of the King
By John Buchan
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

COVER DESIGN.

THE PATH OF THE KING.

By JOHN BUCHAN 8s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton)

"It is not for nothing that a great man leaves posterity But who is more likely to inherit the fire—the elder son with his flesh-pots or the younger son with his fortune to make? Just think of it! All the younger sons of younger sons back through the generations! . . . We all of us may have king's blood in our veins. . . . The spark once transmitted may smoulder for generations under ashes, but the appointed time will come, and it will flare up to warm the world. And we fools rub our eyes and wonder when we see genius come out of the gutter. It didn't begin there. . . ." This is the idea on which Mr Buchan has based his new book, "The Path of the King" It serves as a thread on which to hang a number of stories, or episodes, each one carrying on the tale to a fresh generation; so that we trace "that in the stock which is fated to endure" from far back in the history of man, right down to modern times. The theme is handled with a sure mastery, and each story recounted is a vivid little cameo; packed full of adventure and human interest it makes a direct appeal to the imagination and the love of romance inherent in all of us We meet many famous people in the course of the book, including Joan of Arc, Sir Walter Ralegh, Oliver Cromwell, and Abraham Lincoln. It is on the death of Lincoln that the story comes to a fitting conclusion. Of all the stirring scenes in history which Mr. Buchan describes, this last is perhaps the greatest. "There goes the first American," says some one as the President's body is carried by to lie in state. "I dare say you are right," replies his friend, "but I think it is also the last of the Kings."

MAIN STREET: THE STORY OF CAROL KENNICOTT.

By SINCLAIR LEWIS. 8s 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Some books owe their hold upon us to their giving a clear, unbiased, unemotional portrayal of what goes on, is said, is done "Main Street" is of this number. It is the answer to what one school of realists ask of art. A picture of an ordinary small town in the Middle West might readily be dull. In Mr Lewis's hands the daily happenings in the life of Gopher Prairie are of absorbing interest. By means of vivid and vigorous observation he achieves his results. There is little psychology and no visible grouping of effects His people seem just to happen to be passing, he has listened to their talk and has noted it down. He has drawn them with a marvellous exactitude—Carol, the city-girl, her husband, Dr. Kennicott, Miles Bjornstam. He has caught the expression on the face of the town and, by implication, on that of other towns in America and elsewhere that have Main Streets. For the Main Street in the town of Minnesota is the continuation of Main Streets everywhere. Mr. Lewis shows us humanity talking, naturally and quite unimpressively. We are interested because we are listening to ourselves or are recognising the voices of our neighbours.

FROM ANOTHER ANGLE

By MARGARET LOCKYER 8s 6d net (Duckworth)

This is a story of the war, from another angle. The hero, Anton, is a young Croatian who leaves Austria to support his own race among the Serbs After service in Belgrade he is sent on a diplomatic mission to Italy, where he becomes involved in the toils of the German spy system. This part of her story gives the author chances which she takes to the full But perhaps the scenes where she is most successful are on a quieter plane. In the character of Mrs Sherman she gives an excellent picture of a certain type of hostess who, "accustomed to the ordinary cross-currents and daily difficulties of society, expected people to talk and to wrangle impersonally. Then some one said a real thing, a wretched real thing, and social intercourse stopped" "From Another Angle" is a book which one reads easily and with pleasure, enjoying the little sketches



From Connie Morgan in Alaska
James B Hendryx's romance.
(*Jarrolds*).

COVER DESIGN
(by Miss M. York Shuter).



From **The Valley of Silent Men** **COVER DESIGN.**
By James Oliver Curwood
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

of people and places by the way. It gives a good picture of Italy's entry into the war. But it is not an army book. Its purpose is with the effects of the war on men and women outside the range of the guns.

PILGRIMAGE.

By LORD GORELL. 6s. (Longmans.)

"Oh, but we have played the critic!
With lavish hand apportioned praise and blame"—

is the key-note of Lord Gorell's new volume, "Pilgrimage." Youth and her spirit, that boldly judges all things, is departed, and the best poems of the book are narratives of psychological experience; these are never critical. Since it is a reviewer's insignificant duty to "apportion praise and blame," we suggest that Lord Gorell's poetry would be the better for compression; beauty of sense and brilliance of thought are alike deadened by excess of words. But if weak in technique, here is a man inquisitive as Milton, who must needs question

"every rugged beak and promontory"

in his search for insight into the heart of things. Hannibal, Mary Stuart, the bank clerk, the empire builder, the hero turned coward for a woman's love, all lay bare their souls with a somewhat bewildering profusion.

"I am not sinless: who is there that is,"

says Mary Stuart; Hannibal wonders:

"... will there be
War with the Roman even after death,"

and the poet, conceiving the dead hopes of youth as folly, condemns himself with:

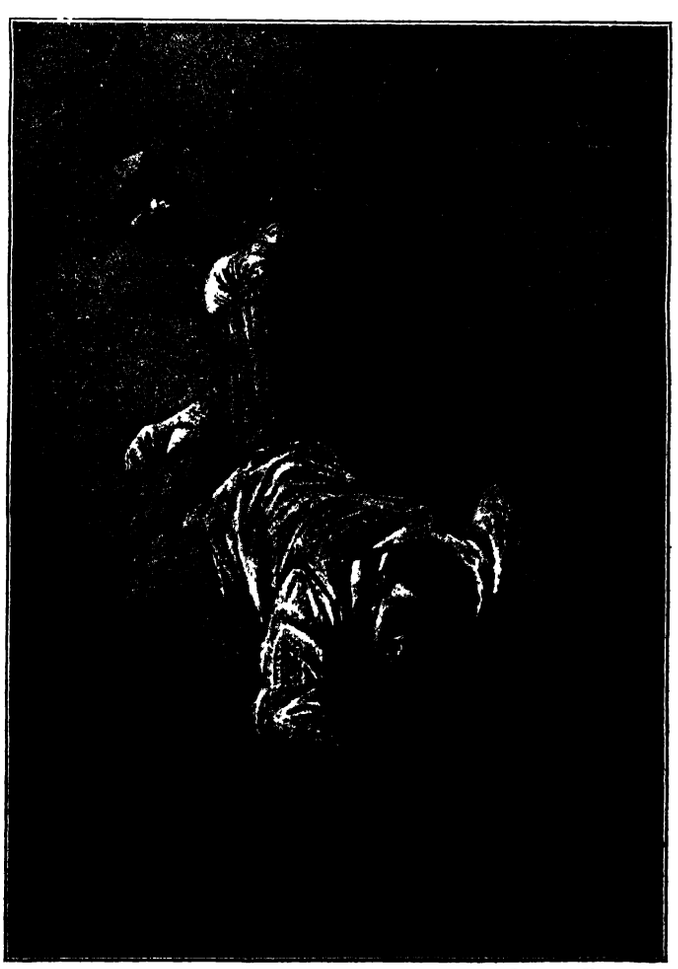
"What splendid fools we dreamers are"

in the approved manner of Rupert Brooke. Of writing for "love of lovely words" the book holds little, but something of that great spirit of poetic inquiry that was Milton's and Browning's there undoubtedly is.

THE MAGDALENE, AND OTHER VERSES.

By DOLF WYLLARDE. 3s. 6d. (Stanley Paul)

Dolf Wyllarde's "The Magdalene, and other Verses" hesitate on the boundary line between verse and its great sister, poetry. The spirit that created this book has been tested in the fire of life, and purged of over-certainty; has discovered that to know is only to be conscious of human insignificance and ignorance. The style of the verse is over-conventional, and rhythms are used that are sad evidence of the old truth that the metres of Kipling are unsuited to mortal kind other than their author. But there are poems in this book that are neither trite nor borrowed. The "Magdalene" has that rare distinction in a narrative poem: that to read it once is to read it without delay again. The Bible version of the story, in its simplicity and dignity, shames all rivals into obscurity; but, apart from this, Dolf Wyllarde's poem is very moving and contains several beautiful stanzas. "St. Anthony" and "Linda," a tale of the Devil's gift of his daughter to God, are both excellent pieces of imaginative narrative, and in a condemnation of socialists there is a vein both of humour and truth.



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From The Pursuit of the Apache (*Appleton*). **GERONIMO: THE APACHE CHIEF.**

See article on "The Novel of the Open Air"

THE SONNETS OF MILTON.

With Introduction and Notes.

By JOHN S SMART, M A , D LITT 7s 6d net (Glasgow Maclehose, Jackson)

It might be thought by a superficial reader of English literature that almost the final work in Miltonic research had been accomplished by now, but the present erudite study by Mr Smart controverts any such idea, and it even hints that there may still lurk many obscure allusions in Milton awaiting their interpreter Mr Smart's work at once commends itself, not alone because of the prolonged research and sound learning patent on every page, but by reason of its attractive method and format. A general introduction, giving a comprehensive account of the history and nature of the sonnet form in England and Italy with reference to the sonneteers of both countries, is followed by a series of compact summaries, analysing the sonnets of Milton by word, phrase, or line. The sections and sub-sections fall into line in well-ordered sequence. The main treatment is exegetical, and in the worthy rôle of interpreter, Mr. Smart takes great pains to make his elucidations as clear as crystal and as revealing as truth itself. A case in point is his sterling examination of Milton's indebtedness to the Petrarchian method, though the poet's independent genius enabled him to place "the English sonnet on a new foundation." The accusations of irregularity, violation of laws, rebellion and literary anarchism, which have been levelled against the prosody of the sonnets by a number of critics, Mr. Smart meets with composure, and in refuting these accusations he shows convincingly that, on the contrary, many of the sonnets are classically regular, and that those in which variations occur were so premeditated and designed for "the attainment of some metrical and poetic purpose." Milton submitted respectfully to the Greek and Latin classics alone, but he refused to be hide-bound by a "legislation of which he had never heard." If one may take exception to anything in this book, it is to the neglected æsthetic view of the sonnets, but perhaps that is beside the mark in a volume that professes research as its primary object. The appendix, consisting of an assemblage of authorities and a citation of documents, will prove invaluable to present and future Miltonic scholars. Mr. Smart is to be complimented as much for his thoroughly cohesive plan as for his clear elucidation of hitherto obscure and vexatious problems.

THE WILD GOOSE.

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS 8s. (Fisher Unwin)

America is prolific in novels combining vigorous narrative and scenes of real power with curious *naïvetés* of different kinds. Such is "The Wild Goose." It is the assertion of hunters, whether well founded or not the author wisely does not inquire, that a wild gander, if bereaved of his mate, never takes another, but lives solitary into extreme old age. The story is given of their human counterpart—a man whose wife leaves him, and who can find no rest with any other woman It would be easy to mock at the plot. The lawful husband, the Wild Goose, is good-looking, gifted, clean-lived, and also rich. The lover for whom the wife deserts him is ugly, mediocre, poor, and has a past. The neighbourhood positively bristles with people pining in hopeless love for either the wronged husband or the erring wife and nobly restraining their feelings, including (a disastrous lapse in taste) the erring wife's mother. There is a good deal of rather shallow and sonorous philosophy of sex and an inordinate amount of preaching at the unfortunate woman by everybody. The moral would appear to be, "Husbands, beat your wives—and always have large families." Yet in spite of all these crudities, it is undeniable that the narrative holds the



From Dennison Grant By Robert J. C Stead (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **COVER DESIGN.**

See article on "The Novel of the Open Air."

attention with almost humiliating closeness and the book is one that it is hard to put down. Also we are spared the conventional happy ending, which is commendable self-restraint in the author. But how he can put such good pages next such bad ones is a perplexing mystery.

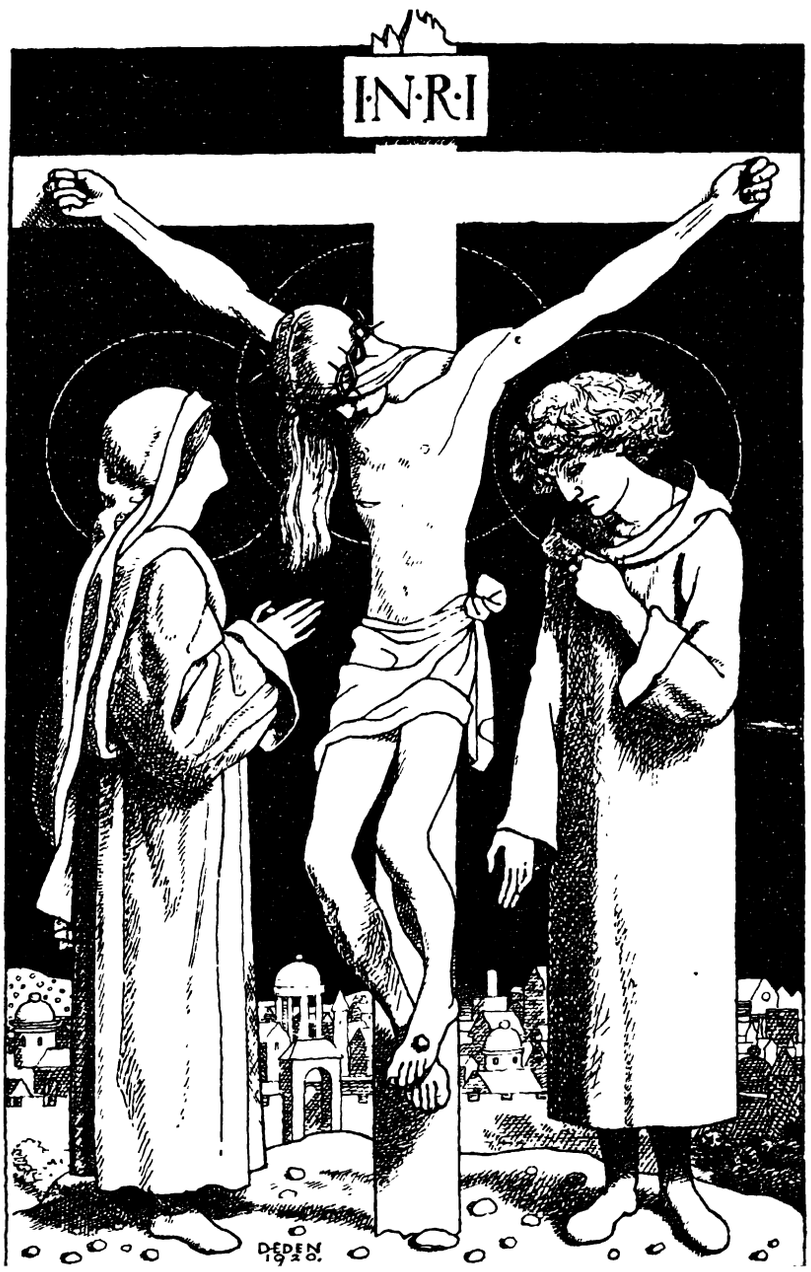
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Mrs. Parry Eden has long taught us to expect in her work a rose of fancy and delicate verse grafted on to her father's Celtic wit, and even in this rhymed Christology she cannot refrain from giving us a preface which is a model of Catholic earnestness and piety lightened by variety of touch. In attempting to frame the mysteries of the Redeemer's life and passion in such a form as may appeal afresh to "the young and the simple," she reminds their elders that there is a danger of losing the attention of their pupils if the lesson becomes an imposition. Corman, the monk of Iona, complained to St. Aidan that he had found the Northumbrians deaf to his ministrations. "Was it their stubbornness or your harshness?" came the rebuke; "did you forget to give the milk first and the meat afterwards?" Rhythm, rhyme and alliteration are something more than dull narcotics numbing pain"; they are, Mrs. Eden reminds us, the reinforcement of inspiration, not its camp-followers. "He who aids memory aids one of the three powers of the soul; and he who aids a child's memory of divine things fortifies an outpost of the City of God." It is idle to expect the free and unfettered wings of poetry to stir imagination here, especially in dealing with familiar themes which have tempted and inspired the poet in all lands and ages, but Mrs. Eden reaches a level far higher than the older paraphrases when she writes like this of Simeon's prophecy:

"'O, some there be shall fall,' said he,
'And some there be shall rise;
All for the sake of this thy Son.
For He shall be set till time is done
For a sign the world denies;

"'And the hidden thoughts of a hundred hearts
Shall openly be shown.
But before these things shall come about
And the soul of man know faith and doubt
A sword shall pierce thine own'"



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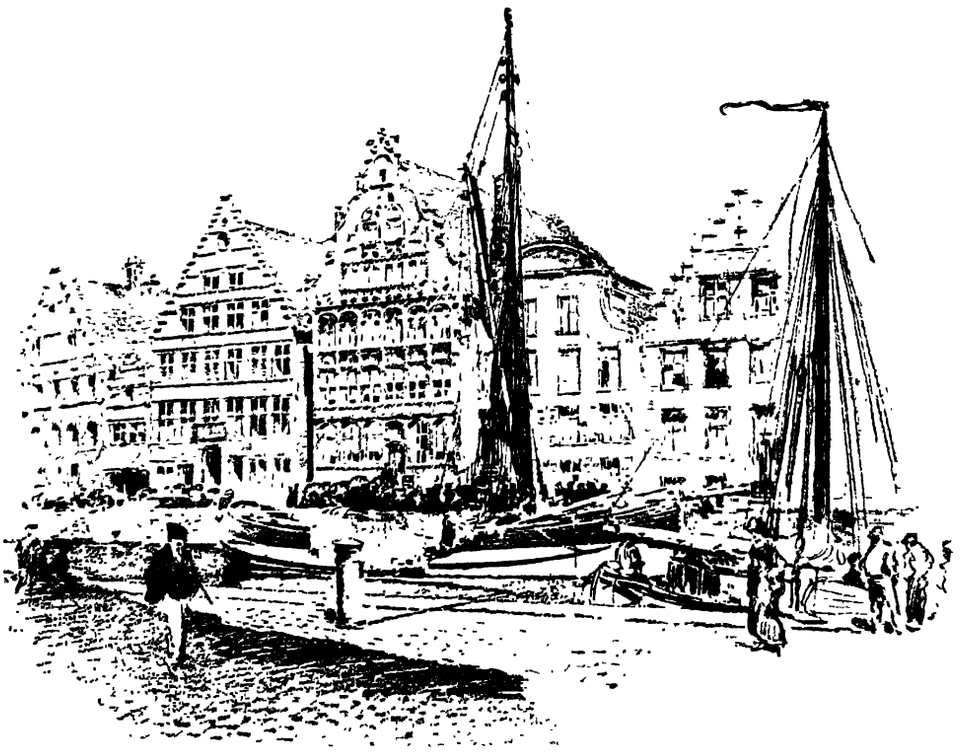
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"Man should more imperfect be
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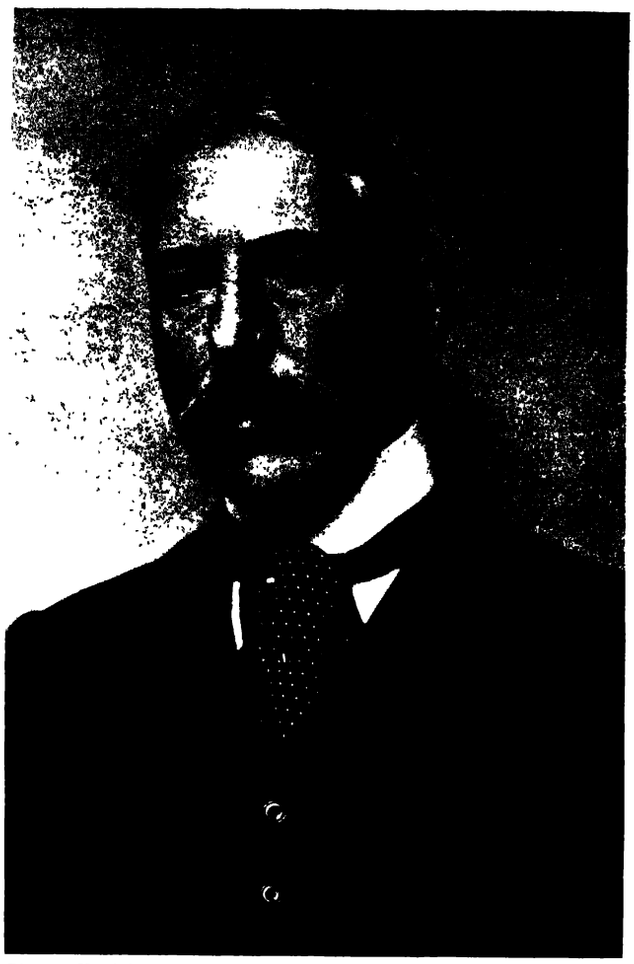


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But give to me the heather,
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The glowing gipsy heather—
That is the flower for me!"

Most of Miss Thompson's poems trip gaily along to such measures. In "Ocean Malignant," however, she shows that she can strike at times a sterner note; while the tenderly pathetic remembrance of childhood entitled, "You Have Forgotten Our Care," has a deeper emotional appeal, and suggests that the author may have work of more considerable style and quality to give us. Meanwhile, there is a refreshing breeziness about her present volume that should commend it to lovers of the open air.

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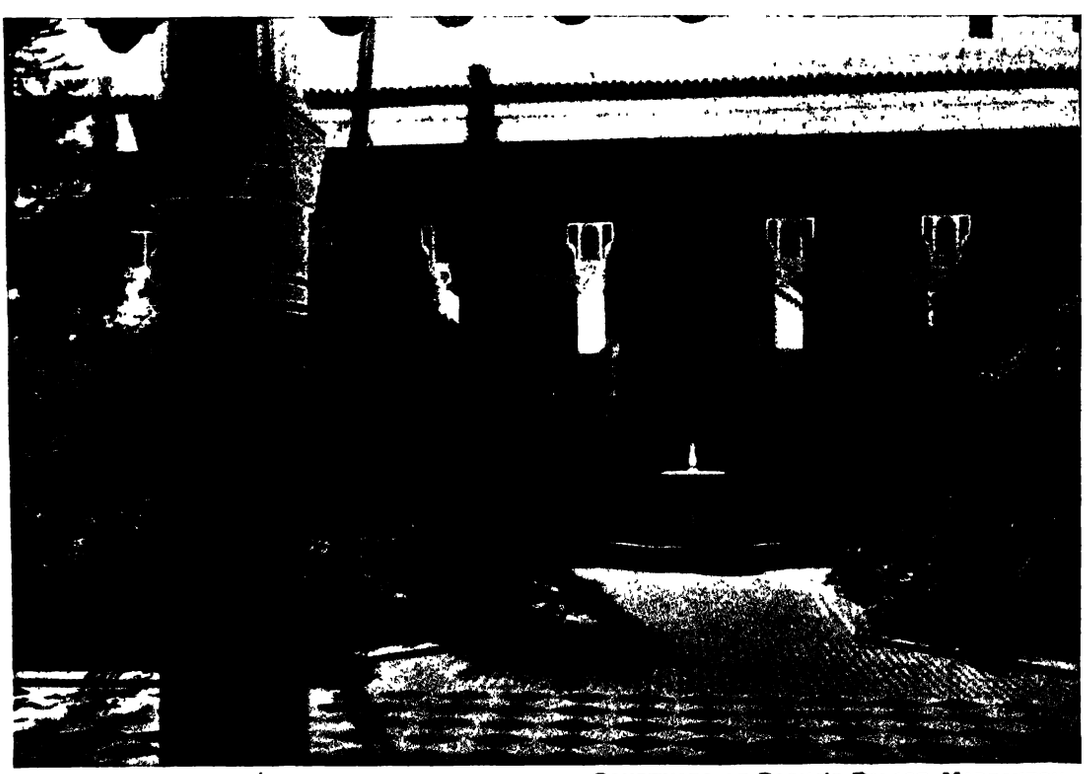
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THE LITTLE WINGS.

By VIVIENNE DAYNELL. 5s. net. (Blackwell)

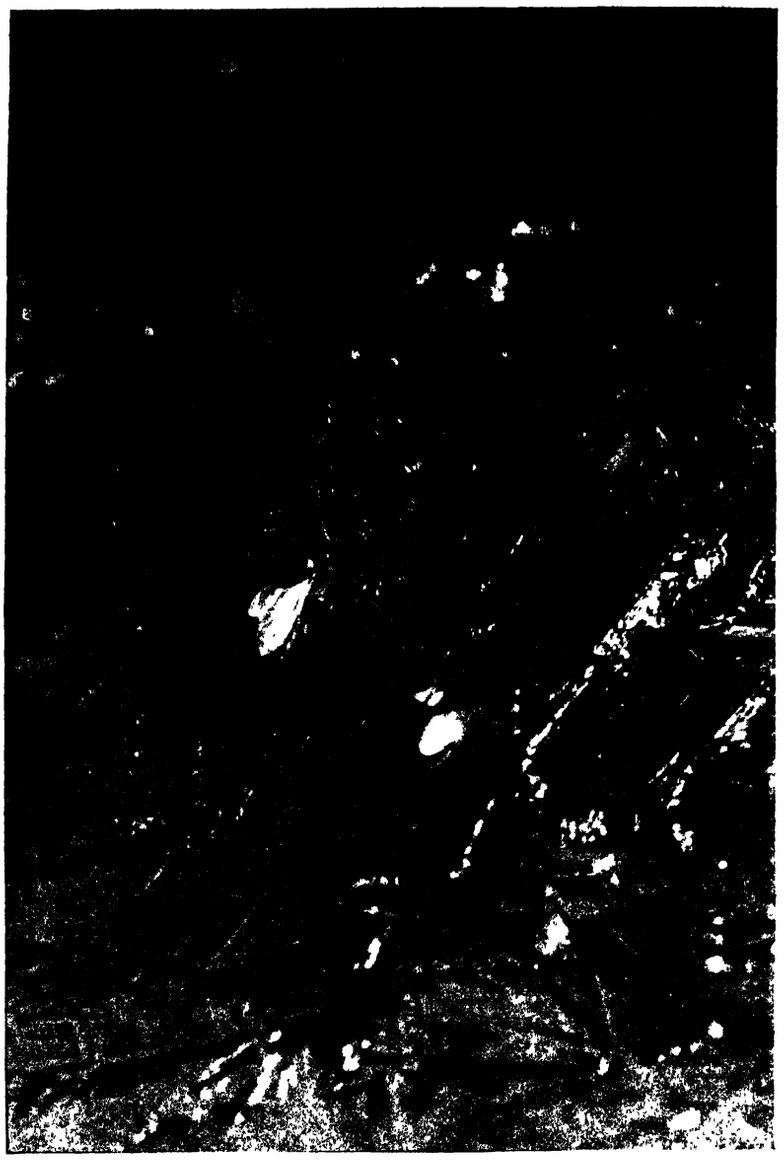
This very pleasantly-produced book contains poems and short stories which are guaranteed to be the unaided work of a little girl whose present age is fifteen and a half. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who contributes a delightfully whimsical introduction, justly claims that "this work is very beautiful and still more promising." We take at random a piece called "The Water-Lilies":

"In places cool and deep
The water-lilies sleep:
Mystic and dim
They slowly swim
And float—
Some holy boat
Freighted with prayers.

"Or like a Chalice silver-white
Grail of the night—
Across the moonlight's beam
They drift—a-dream.

"The dark leaves guard the bowl
Holding a flower soul"

We may expect to hear more of Miss Vivienne Daynell.



From **A Book about Bees** (*Hutchinson*).

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Few homely themes are more fascinating or more inexhaustible than the history, mystery and strange lore of the beehive. So widely spread is the honey bee that it is impossible to ascertain in what country it first appeared; and bees have been "kept" by man from time immemorial. From time immemorial their ways and customs have been observed and pondered over until now their individual and corporate life is understood to a degree that seems almost impossible. The present volume sums up clearly and in a most interesting way all the chief details of what is already known, and indicates the main points which are still mysterious and seeking for solution. The author describes the part played by the three kinds of inmates of the hive, the queen, the workers, the drones; tells just how a swarm gets to work to build its new city—incidentally he claims that when a swarm leaves the hive it is no blind exodus, but that scouts have already marked down a place for the new home, giving reasons and instances that go far to establish his contention—describes the honey flow and its relation to the economy of the hive, and the means taken by the bees to guard their treasure. The chapter on the sting, and the chapter recounting "strange facts about queens," and above all that on "a problem of heredity" give information that few of us will find stale, for indeed bee lore is a perennial delight. A book of this kind will inspire many a reader to procure a hive and study its population for himself. There are a round score of suitable illustrations from photographs, and all in all this is one of the best small books on bees that can be imagined.



From **Holidays in Tents** By Principal W. M. Childs (*Dent*).

TWO SONGS.

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The singer who wants songs with plenty of spirit in them would be well advised to try these two by E. Roy Thompson. The pair make a good contrast, and give the singer opportunities.

The Bookman

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN 250 GUINEAS FIRST NOVEL PRIZE COMPETITION.

RESULT.

The number of manuscripts received in this competition was so numerous, and so considerable a proportion of them was so much above the average in point of general merit, that the adjudicators have had no light task in arriving at a decision. After much careful reading and re-reading, the selection to come up for final consideration was reduced to six, and having carefully reconsidered these the judges are unanimous in awarding the prize of 250 guineas to Mr. Cuthbert Edward Baines, of 21, Chepstow Villas, Lordon, W.11, for his novel, "The Black Circle." In strength and freshness of plot and in literary workmanship it is, in their judgment, unquestionably the best of the novels submitted. Mr. Baines, who in his college days took a first in Classic Mods. at Oxford and a second in Greats, has for some years past been a clerk in a Government office. He tried his hand, awhile back, on two or three short stories but none of them was published, and "The Black Circle" is not only his first novel to appear in print but the first he has ever written. It is an original and very remarkable story, and for a first novel is an altogether exceptional piece of work. There is much of promise in several of the other MSS., and special commendation is given to the following:—"Broken Bridges," by Madeline Linford; "The Postman's Knock," by Gertrude Rutherford; "A Moorland Mystery," by Harry Harding; "Richard Daventry," by Betric O'Battley; and "The Fool of Time," by Stephen Giles.



Photo by Gillman, Oxford. **Mr. Cuthbert Edward Baines,** winner of The Bookman 250 Guineas First Novel Prize.

Miss Florence Aylward sends us the following note (which, unfortunately, arrived too late for our last month's symposium on Musical Taste, in this country, and the influence of the gramophone): "I certainly think that the usual cry

that we are an unmusical nation is not borne out by facts. In the last few years I have been looking out for talent and voices among children and young people, principally in the poorer classes, and I have been astonished to find how much there is which is running to waste through sheer want of opportunity to cultivate it. No doubt the gramophone which one finds in almost every cottage has helped considerably to raise the standard of musical taste, especially among those who have very little chance of hearing good music in any other way. That the taste is there in the large majority of people, and that it only needs to be brought out, I have no doubt at all."

The centenary of Napoleon's death will be commemorated this month, and a number of new books concerning him were published towards the end of last month, or are to be published this, including "A Gift of Napoleon," edited by Sir Lees Knowles, being a sequel to "The Letters of Captain Englebert Lutyens," Orderly Officer at Longwood, St. Helena (John Lane); "Bernadotte and Napoleon," by Sir Plunket Barton (John Murray), and "Napoleon, 1769–1821," by Harold F. B. Wheeler (Harrap).

Messrs. John Long, whose name for the last sixteen years has been so inseparably linked with the novels of Nat Gould, are arranging to bring out several entirely new long novels by this phenomenally popular author at the low price of 2s. net. They will issue no less than seven during the spring and summer. The first, entitled "In the Paddock," has just been published. The volumes will each consist of 256 pages and be attractively bound. Many authors have died leaving one or two unfinished books behind them; but Nat Gould has made a new record by leaving these fully completed novels to be published posthumously.

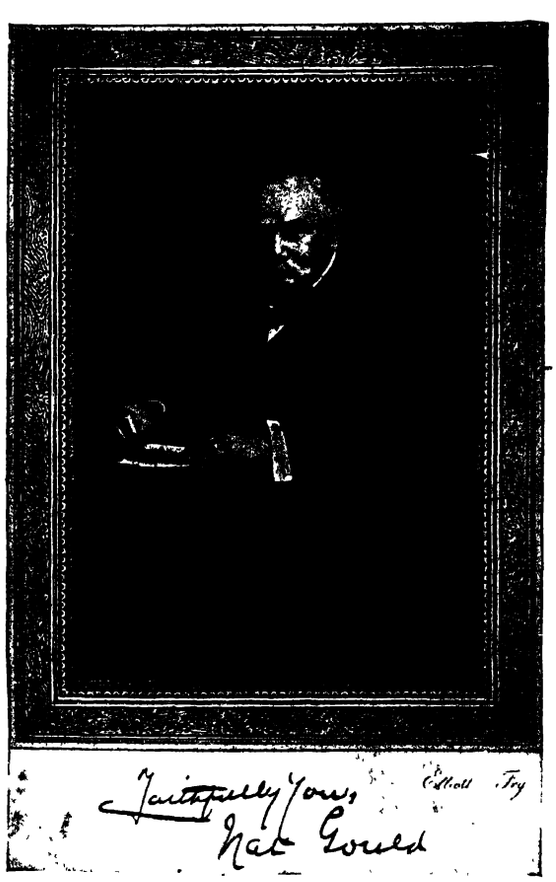


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Nat Gould.**



Photo by Langfier. **Miss E. M. Delafield,**

whose new novel, "The Heel of Achilles" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

"Coquette," a new novel by Frank Swinnerton, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen. It is a novel of London. The heroine, of the working class, is a girl of unusual character, and the book narrates her life, her passionate love, her fierce struggle against the handicap of birth and occupation.

A "Life" of John Smith Moffat, the African Missionary, by his son, Mr. Robert Hugh Moffat, will be published this month by Mr. John Murray. John Smith Moffat was a brother-in-law of Livingstone, and son of the famous missionary, Robert Moffat.

Among the new additions to Mr. Leonard Parsons' New Era series are "A New Agricultural Policy," by F. E. Green, and "The New Labour Outlook," by Robert Williams, the Transport Workers' Federation Secretary.

"Hidden Fires," a new novel by Mrs. Patrick MacGill, which Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing, is the story of a wife who, to maintain her invalid husband, works, without his knowledge, as a chorus girl in a musical comedy.

Interest in child-authors is not what it was; authors of twenty and upwards seem to be coming into their own again; but Daisy Ashford and Opal Whiteley, whose remarkable "Diary" Putnams published last year, are still running. There is an

article by Fred Lockley in the latest American *Bookman* on "Who is Opal Whiteley." He has visited her home and interviewed her grandmother, according to whom the autobiography in Opal's diary is more or less imaginary, and according to some of her class-mates she did not write it when she was six, but while she was a student at Oregon. On the other hand, a distinguished gentleman who had known her since she was about ten, when she addressed a public meeting, assured Mr. Lockley that he could not associate Opal with trickery or deceit. So in the end Mr. Lockley leaves us where we were before.

Messrs. John Long announce that, as the result of their £500 Prize Competition for the best first novel, they have awarded the £500 to Emmeline Morrison for the novel entered by her entitled "Good Grain." Three hundred and sixty-six MSS. were sent in. Adjudication upon these proved a heavy task and involved the services of ten readers, some of the novels passing through the hands of six or seven and a few through the entire ten. The prize-winning novel was found to be unmistakably marked out for the distinction by reason of its outstanding merit. Other of the novels call for high praise, and Messrs. John Long are hopeful of arranging for publication of some of them. The prize-winning novel is in course of rapid production for early publication.



Miss Emmeline Morrison,

Author of "Good Grain," the prize-winning novel in the John Long £500 Prize Competition for the best First Novel.

"The Defeat in the Victory," by Professor George D. Herron, which Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing, is a study of the causes underlying the failure of the League of Nations and a passionately earnest appeal for taking the only way in which lasting peace can be assured.

A memorial edition of the plays of Hubert Henry Davies, with an introduction by Hugh Walpole, is to be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

"Five Famous Living Poets," by Coulson Kernahan, a series of critical essays on Rudyard Kipling, Maurice Baring, John Drinkwater, Henry Newbolt and Alfred Noyes, is announced by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Messrs. Heinemann are publishing a collected edition of the novels of John Galsworthy. The first two volumes, "The Man of Property" and "The Country House" (5s. each), were issued last month. They are well printed, tastefully bound, and a handy size for the pocket.

"The Facts of the Case," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing, is a practical handbook for writers and speakers to social, industrial and other urgent problems of the times.

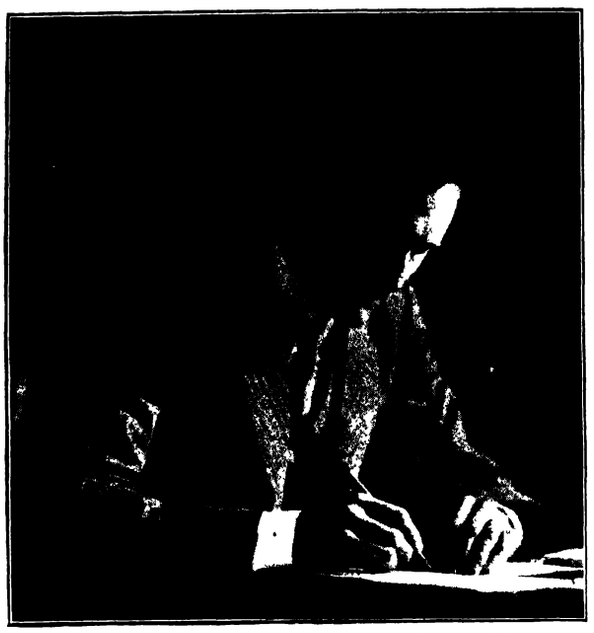
"Exit Homo," by St. John Adcock, which Messrs. Selwyn & Blount will publish this month, is a poem of some length that finds occasion in the death of an old agnostic (to whom the book is dedicated) for a more or less satirical survey of present-day religion, science, art, literature, business, politics and general society, with a view to ascertaining how it was the dead man could find no trace of God in these human activities.



Baroness Leonie Aminoff,

whose brilliant novel, "Torchlight" (Dent), is reviewed in this Number.

Sir Joseph Guiness Broodbank, who has all his life been in the service of the Port of London, and is the greatest living authority on port administration, has written a "History of the Port of London," which Mr. Daniel O'Connor will publish this month. He tells the story of the greatest port in the world with an intimate inside knowledge of its later developments. The book will be illustrated with many prints and drawings in colour and black-and-white.



Mr. Grant Watson,

whose new novel of the South Seas, "Shadow and Sunshine," Mr. Jonathan Cape has published.

"Jewels in the Dust," a new novel of Welsh life by Mrs. Edith Nepean, will be published this month by Mr. Stanley Paul.

Mr. John Lane has converted his business into a private limited company, under the style of John Lane, The Bodley Head, Limited. The business has been carried on by Mr. Lane personally for twenty-seven years. The directors of the company besides Mr. Lane, who is of course chairman, are Mr. B. W. Willett, Mr. J. H. Crocket, Mr. Hubert Carr-Gomm, and Mr. Ronald Boswell.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Madame Albanesi's new novel, "The House that Jane Built" (7s.; Ward, Lock), is a capital after-the-war story. The war hit the Trentwood family badly; Roger, the only surviving son, a cripple, is brutally informed by his profiteering brother-in-law that he is, from a commercial standpoint, no good. He has broken off his engagement with a wealthy girl, feeling he could not impose his infirmities on her, and is at a loose end. But the sale of the Trentwoods' old home secures him a post and incidentally brings him in contact with Jane Mason, whose father has purchased the property, though Jane has quarrelled with her father and left home before the transaction takes place. However, Mason fails and, moved by a sense of duty, Jane comes back. The story describes Jane's battle for independence, taking advantage of the freedom the war won for women, and her capitulation.

Having proved, to his own satisfaction, in "Shakespeare Identified," that the plays and poems attributed to Shakespeare were written by Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford, Mr. Thomas Looney now gives us a collection of the authentic and alleged "Poems" of De Vere (7s.; Cecil Palmer), seeking in a long biographical outline, and in footnotes to some of the verses, to convince any reader who is still doubtful that De Vere, and not Bacon or another, is the real Shakespeare. De Vere was a respectable minor Elizabethan lyrist, and Mr. Looney has rather spoilt his case by republishing his poems, for one has only to read and compare them with the work of the despised man of Stratford to realise the vast difference of inherent quality between the two. No man with any feeling for poetry would dream of saying that the same mind is in the writings of both. De Vere is generally studiously conventional; his verse is much more like the typical verse of the average swarm of cultured Elizabethan singers than it is like anything of Shakespeare's. He uses all the tricks of the trade, and because now and then Mr. Looney finds him employing a fancy, a phrase similar to something in one of Shakespeare's plays or sonnets, he thinks this is proof that De Vere must also have been the author of them. On the same principle one might try to establish that Lewis Morris wrote all the poetry of Tennyson. There are far more similarities between them than between De Vere and Shakespeare, and though it is true that Morris died first and Tennyson published quite a good deal afterwards, the same thing happened in the case of De Vere, but Mr. Looney argues that his Earl must have written the later plays and left them among his papers, and of course Morris might have done the same. Before one wastes space in discussing Mr. Looney's transparent sophistries one would like him to explain why De Vere produced his feeblest work under his own name, and his best (assuming it was his) under the name of Shakespeare. But the whole contention is the idlest nonsense; and now in good time comes news from America that Mr. John Maxwell, of the Indianapolis *Star*, after long and independent investigation, has written two huge volumes in which he "proves" that all the work of Shakespeare was written by that great but unpoetical statesman, Lord Burleigh. We would like to shut Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Looney and one eminent Baconian in a room together, and doom them to remain there till they had studied each other's evidence and agreed among themselves which of their poetical geese was the real Swan of Avon, if it were not that we know they would never come out again.

"Excursions in Thought," by "Imaal" (6s.; Fisher Unwin), consists of four papers, entitled respectively "What is Genius?" "The Century of Progress," "The Mother of the Arts" and "Christianity and its Critics." One turns with the greatest interest, at the moment, to "The Century of Progress," in which the author writes: "Do not dream that the laws exist only to make your property safe; the laws condemn themselves if they do not ensure the growing welfare of the poor and ignorant.

The laws that promote a growing goodwill are the only laws that will keep all things safe." Yet—"Demos must not, like the *bourgeoisie*, base his scheme of life upon the Economic Idea, but upon duty and love. He must place those upon a religious basis." "Imaal" is perhaps happiest when he is writing on the Roman Catholic Church —"radiant in her sacramental system, and fortified by her great dogmatic truths." It is in this Church that his hope for a sick and suffering world is placed. "Nothing will live on into the far future that is not kindled with love and exalted by the divine seriousness, the impassioned sincerity of pure faith." Thoughtful essays, incisively and forcibly penned.

Messrs Maunsel have published a new edition of "A. E.'s" "Imaginations and Reveries" (10s), to which four new essays have been added.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

THOMAS MOULT.

DOES the sharp sonority of his name convey to you any image of the author of "Snow Over Elden," that delightful modern romance of Derbyshire, or of the poet of "Down Here the Hawthorne" (a volume of verse being issued by Messrs. Heinemann this month, full of an English love of the beauty of nature and the pathos of human nature)? His is the name also of the editor and chief creator of *Voices*, the little monthly magazine of the creative arts, which has run a courageous course of twenty-eight months and is now to become a quarterly. His apprenticeship to the writer's craft was served as a music critic for the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Manchester City News*, and since those early days he has contributed art and dramatic criticism to the *Athenæum*, *English Review* and other literary periodicals. Two more of his books, "A Study of Barrie" and a collection of his essays entitled "Lilies of the Field," are also just being published. He has lectured on subjects concerned with sociology as well as on art. Educated in Manchester, this Derbyshire poet has worked with the late Charles E. B. Russell, of Herod Street Lads' Club, Manchester, in Borstal and convict prison work, and with Councillor Harold Wood, of Manchester, and C. E. Heald, in boys' clubs in Manchester and in London. He is a somewhat quiescent member of the I.L.P. and a keen member of the Peasant Arts Fellowship.

If you are something of an ethnologist, "Derbyshire" may set your imagination in the direction of reality. You may be able to envisage a square-built, tweed-clad figure, whose flaxen-haired head poised uprightly shows glinting blue eyes under a cliff-like brow; but you must, unless you have met him, take my word for the winning smile proffered like an outstretched hand to new friends. If you are a poet in Carlyle's sense, a reading of "Down Here the Hawthorne" will bring you to a more intimate acquaintance with the inside of this energetic dreamer. You will discover there his passion for clean beauty (very welcome in these days of sex-analysis) and the radiant kindliness of the strong man who loves his fellows. "Snow Over Elden," his first novel, reveals the young gianthood of an artistic idealist. Or perhaps "idealistic artist" were a term more appropriate, for Thomas Moult is artist all the time when his jaw (a very hard one to meet in opposition) is fixed for "real" work.

But if "Snow Over Elden" inclines you, as it has some critics, to the belief that Thomas Moult is merely a sentimentalist, read his tremendous sonnet on "Labour":

"He strains the dawn-stark vastness with his growth,
He towers beside the anvil steel of Time.
Bewilderment part-veils his eyes, and loth
Is he to spill the brute-largesse of prime.
Creation waits appalled upon his mood . . .
Now comes the shock of ageless visioning
Into that tense stature; and day, a flood
Of anvilled suns. Brain twinned with brawn gives wing
To each strong sweeping stroke of the gripped weight
Crashed downward in his task of gianthood.
He is a joy-smith. Seas and cities ring
With new sounds clamant far. He stands elate
Assured henceforth his mastery shall reveal
Only new laughters from the smitten steel."



Mr. Thomas Moult.

Such a joy-smith, it may be said, is very far from the vision of the I.L.P. which can claim Thomas Moult as a member, ergo he is still sentimental in his idealism. Very well, let us turn from the masterful strength of these verses, muscular as Thomas Hardy's sternest poetry, turn away from the colossal image of "day, a flood of anvilled suns," turn from his assured mastery of laughter-smitten life and leave the question undecided.

Yet he can invoke the hills of the Peak to stem the oncoming horde of mankind with flails of savagery, so that tasting of their power, men shrink back :

" Where upon their warm
Safe ways of smoothness,
They feed their various lusts again."

The hills must guard their outlawry :

" Or they shall surely come, black hordes
Swarming as lice
With their obscenities and greed
Across your fastness,
Even your peaks that swing white swords,
Rent, splintered ice
Into the vastness
Of skies where fanged winds feed."

" Be pitiless " he exhorts the hills,

" Before this unquiet trail
Of man-herds drifting
Against your stone still feet."

The hardness of that is almost unhuman. And yet he can write also a moving ballad that gives a voice to the " Heart of a Seamstress " ; and " Truly He Hath a Sweet Bed," one of the finest " war-poems," is a lovely vision of the dead soldier at rest in the bosom of the brown earth, attended in turn by the sun and moon, " the stars and little winds." " They are gracious, his new kindred," sings the consoling voice, and the reader believes.

Ardent belief is the flaming heart of Thomas Moult's work. It is not the belief of the philosopher or even of the mystic. It is that of the poet who loves humanity and the beauty of the earth. The wickedness of man stings him to wrath, but never depresses him into pessimism. In " Snow Over Elden," his novel of the Peak district, he is sentimental, but with the deliberate sentimentality of the self-controlled artist who is entertaining himself as well as us with a corner of the universe looked at in a mood of fond and half-playful reminiscence. He gives rein to his desire for beauty, for tenderness. The hard hills are a neutral background. The book is indeed the first flight of youthful genius. There are in this novel verses of such exquisite fancy and artistry that the touch of conscious drama in them fills the very rôle of the Shakespearean lyric, a mixture of commentary on the action with music for music's sake. One of these poems is indeed more valuable perhaps than the rest of the novel. Jan Hyde, the romantic hero of " Snow Over Elden," walks a moorland road of Derbyshire in company of two sweet young ladies whose depths are hinted at as lightly as Rosalind's and Isabella's true characters are hinted in the opening scenes of " As You Like it " and " Measure for Measure." Kitty, the sister of Jan, is vivacious, witty, sterling-hearted ; Joan Melody, her friend, is not clever, but she is a thinker and a moralist. Her beauty is the pellucid beauty of deep pools, and her charm is in her strange reticences and her naïve humility. She is the foil for the splendid paganism of Jan Hyde. She prefers the straight road, he chooses the winding one for its incidental joys. He boasts of his free hills and moorland, of the swinging road which, baffled by the hills, " thereupon laughs loudly at its own defeat, and shakes from side to side in glee." This shout of glee echoes from end to end of the book and characterises it as a *jeu d'esprit*, for any serious attempt to confuse moral beauty with the beauty of nature would of course result in chaos, artistic and philosophical. As it is a work of joy, this book, we accept everything, and rejoice. We accept gladly the song which Jan makes and sings for his girl companions :

" Since forests first did bow to man,
Where once they reigned, now meadows span.
And where trees flourished, man's abode
Rose with blue smoke, and then a road
A-dipping,
A-skipping,
Trod smooth by lovers' tripping.
(May that road run to ruin which hath
Not been of old the lovers' path,
The lovers' path !)

" 'Twas first a straggler in the grass
And danced to meet a lad and lass,
But when the tradesman, for his gain,
Did trespass on that kissing lane,
No dancing,
Nor glancing
For the road of old romancing !
(Good roads greet man with frowns instead,
Be his tread not the lover's tread,
The lover's tread.)

" And now the path has grown full height,
Some days 'tis grey and some days white :
For still the tradesman passes by.
Still wander lads and maidens shy,
A-clinging,
Hearts singing
To hear the old road ringing.
(In truth, no road hath lived a day
That did not love the lovers' way,
The lovers' way !) "

Such is " Snow Over Elden," a book which imparts pleasure because the writer took pleasure in making it, just as Jan took pleasure in making his songs.

A little over two years ago, when I first met Thomas Moult, he was unknown except to readers of the *Manchester Guardian* and the first few readers of *Voices*. I was taking No. 2 of *Voices* to a friend who, during his career as a teacher, has written several volumes of macabre verse (mainly about buccaneers !). I wanted him to share my enthusiasm and was delighted to hear that he had a rendezvous with the editor and with two of the most fascinating early contributors of *Voices*, Louis Golding and F. V. Branford. I had not long been demobilised, and (as I have since discovered it was to other ex-service men also) *Voices* came to me as a gleam of hope in the depressing spiritual aftermath of the war. I was impressed unforgettably by the steady brightness of the editor, like that of fields on a warm spring morning, with a hard suggestion of mountainous outlines just beyond the shining good fellowship. Thomas Moult's personality is but half revealed yet in his work, but I have not revised my original impressions. Borstal prison work and boys' clubs occupy a significant place in his career. This fact, and certain poetry in " Down Here the Hawthorne," does not suggest an author who will go on writing about snow over Elden until the customary novelist's market for " selling-stuff " is built up about a sheltered bourgeois existence.

R. L. MÈGROZ.

THE READER.

CLEMENCE DANE

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I

YOU could never mistake her work for a man's. I am not of those who believe that sex is essentially and inevitably a thing of the mind or spirit as well as of the body; but it were foolish to deny that pretty well all artists, except the greatest, exhibit as it were a sex-patriotism. The masters, as even Patmore admitted, are never "masculine": and no woman has yet shown more knowledge of or sympathy with women than did Shakespeare; but the lesser people, especially of to-day, are as apt to be masculine or feminine as they are prone to be militarist or pacificist, English or American, Irish or Prussian. The battle for the suffrage was but the beginning of a war, and most people take sides. Clemence Dane is, of all the modern women novelists, most definitely feminist. Her liking for man is so sympathetic as to be almost contemptuous: one can fancy her pleading for his retention as a pet, as we may plead for the retention of horses when machinery has made them merely decorative. Her hatred of the independent woman is so instinctive that it does not at first occur to one, when reading "Regiment of Women," that the author has never taken the trouble to prove that her hero is any less selfish than Clare, that study in complete and superb egotism. In a day when too many artists are preoccupied with the abnormal, are intent on the defence of the exceptional, Clemence Dane, with the refreshing naturalness of sanity, assumes that it is a good world, that natural love and marriage are good things, and that there is no reason why the race should not continue. What is there feminist in all this? Nothing, I admit, of the eclectic feminism of the coteries; but a wider, a more splendid and daring heresy, which has almost escaped attraction by its very simplicity. There is little in Clemence Dane's outlook, as I have stated it, which might not be true of many Victorian authors: only her proclamation in favour of normality differs in this. For her woman is the obvious superior of man; she is the head of the family, the preserver of life: man is a convenience, and it is only a fidgety woman who will worry about the differentiations of individual men. Just as the old-fashioned male author, for instance Bernard Shaw, insisted that it was absurd to exaggerate the difference between Barbara and Beatrice, so Clemence Dane will have no nonsense about the supreme excellences of James as compared with John. Either can be a father to children, and what else does one want of a man?



Photo by Boruf, Streatham. **Clemence Dane.**

That I think this philosophy as false as the one it supersedes does not prevent me from appreciating the admirable expression it has received in "First the Blade," in "Legend" and in "Regiment of Women." There are far too many people about who still think and talk of "woman" for me to resent the arrival of an author who adopts a similar attitude about "man": who thinks in rapid generalisations, and whose mordant humour should do something to touch the vanity of men and inspire with a little necessary self-conceit those millions of women who even now are busily exchanging confidences on the ways of "husbands" or "brothers," who begin their disheartened or enraged confessions with: "Well, I always say, 'A man——'." There is a passage in "First the Blade" which betrays Clemence Dane's prepossessions. It should be remembered by all who criticise her work; and I will quote it here as it will save me the trouble of reiterating, as I comment on each of her books, that her women are always individuals, observed and appreciated, while her men are always types:

> "Man generalises, woman defines.
>
> "Woman—she will nurse Tom through smallpox, flirt outrageously with Dick, and sell her soul for Harry, and enjoy doing it; but refer to them, Tom, Dick and Harry, with collective benevolence as 'humanity,' and she yawns. She is not an altruist. She does not love in the lump. She lives her seventy odd years for the sake of—how many people? There would be a question for her fellow-men!"

Anyone who can write that of the sex which, unless history deceives us, includes S. Joan of Arc, Santa Teresa, Elizabeth Fry, Frances Willard, Hannah More, and Beatrice Webb, has evidently got established

prejudices which will make her work worth studying as a symptom of the times.

II

The generalisation I have quoted probably springs, as do most generalisations, from its author's philosophising on her own temperament. "I am a woman: I hate general altruism, therefore all women hate it. Yet it goes on, so it must be supported by men." It is a common enough mode of argument, and too easily encouraged in a generation which regards dialectic with contempt. Though the process produce bad reasoning, it may also produce good emotional art: and it certainly did in "Regiment of Women." The triumph of the book, to my mind, is the episode of Louise. No one who remembers childhood will think the passion and despair of that child is in the least exaggerated: and Clemence Dane renders with disconcerting skill the contrast between the deep and poignant emotion of Louise's inner life and the rollicking, mundane, rather sticky and sentimental commonplace of the ordinary school-round. It may be objected to the book that the author is not just to Clare: nor is she. But no one but a Shakespeare could be just to her. It is the doom of such egotism as hers that only supreme genius can possibly understand it: the rest of us are repelled automatically, just as one is repelled by handling an electric eel. And as a study in repulsion, Clemence Dane's portrait of Clare is a most memorable achievement.

I have more affection for her second novel. It is badly constructed. The convention of the collaborator is so tiresome that it worries the author. Justin is allowed, in spite of all likelihood, not only to remain fourteen years old, but always to express himself as if he were still fourteen. These are flaws: but I can forgive anything to the author who has given us the magical pictures of Laura's childhood, with that heart-rending pilgrimage to the Crystal Palace, and the gay and gallant humour of Laura's young maidenhood pitting its wisdom against the owlish knowledge of the imperturbable Justin. The book, too, is remarkable in that Clemence Dane never allows us to hate Justin. We know he is an ass, a prig, selfish, unimaginative, with a sense of fun which he (and his creator at times) mistake for humour—yet one can never wholly dislike him. There is a sort of mental chubbiness about him which disarms one's hatred. The comedy in this book Clemence Dane has never surpassed. It has a freedom which she generally does not allow herself: and if there is at times a touch of farce, it is so gentle one cannot resent it. It reaches its climax in that glorious chapter in which Justin proposes to Laura. His declaration is long in coming, and the reader may remember that he begins the day's confidence in this manner:

Laura is speaking:

"Gran'papa's impossible sometimes. It's absolute pedantry. And he doesn't mind who's there. He says I slur my words! And I don't, do I? As if I could help it, anyhow."

"Adenoids, I expect," said Justin sympathetically. "You ought to have 'em seen to" and was surprised that Laura was silent for the next few minutes.

With that beginning we are led through slow movements of delicious comedy to the triumphant close. Their engagement is fact, and Laura is "talking for time": she feared the silence that had fallen upon them:

"Justin—I'll be so good to you. You'll see. I'll never get in your way. I'll learn cooking. I'll never read books till after tea. I'll do everything——" The sentence died away happily. "I must say!"—there was distinct gratification in Justin's grave voice—"it seems an excellent idea. I wonder why I never thought of it before. Mother'll be awfully bucked. She likes you, you know." He paused for Laura's gratitude. But Laura, her heart full of dreams, forgot to respond. "And I can tell you, you ought to be jolly pleased. It isn't every one mother likes," he added impressively. "Of course I'm pleased." Laura smiled. "But I knew she did, Justin. She was always good to me. It was you—I didn't know—I never thought——" She checked herself prettily. "That's why," he continued calmly, "it seems such a good arrangement. You know, I never have liked the idea of her being alone when I'm away: only she never will have anyone but old Mary. But if I knew you were in the house, I shouldn't be uneasy. I shouldn't have to hurry back so, then." She lifted her head. For an instant her eyes had a strange, wise look in them, as if some older self, till then quiescent in her, were roused in her defence—even watching him with knowledge and foreboding of pain. The look passed into a smile, a smile at Justin verging upon unusual enthusiasm: yet though she herself did not know it, the look had been there. "Oh, it'll make a big difference, Laura, I can tell you," he was concluding. "All the difference in the world." "All the difference in the world," repeated Laura after him.

III

The talent for comedy displayed in "First the Blade" was shown even more poignantly in "Legend." It is not eighteen months since that volume was published, and it is too recently in the public memory for me to dwell here upon its outstanding qualities. It must be sufficient to notice that, different as the book is in scheme and execution from her other novels, Clemence Dane is preoccupied with the same temperamental characteristics in men and women. Anita Serle is a less passionate, more intellectual version of the egotist; Madala Gray is Laura in maturity, as her husband is a more tiresome version of Justin. "Legend," which was a big advance in technique on her earlier work, does not show its author engaged in any spiritual or imaginative adventures other than those she had undertaken before. But with "A Bill of Divorcement" we have a Clemence Dane who has added to her repertory of ideas, and has proved that her capacity for drama is as keen as her sense of the novel.

Her master is evidently Ibsen, just as her thought in the play is Ibsen's. The advanced thought of "A Bill of Divorcement" (the action of which passes in 1932) is the advanced thought of Roebuck Ramsden or Mrs. Clandon, rather than the advanced thought of 1921. The problem of divorce can be treated convincingly in the way Clemence Dane has treated it; but such treatment bears little relation to what modern men and women are thinking. The play, I should say, adequately represents the present state of opinion in Fleet Street, which Mr. Shaw forgot when he made McComas twit Mrs. Clandon with holding opinions which would only appear revolutionary in the theatre. What the new revolutionaries are discussing

is not divorce but marriage: and Clemence Dane's play reveals its hopeless old-fashionedness in her deliberate caricature of the anti-divorce position—Aunt Hester and Mr. Pumphrey are but puppets. You have only to compare Pumphrey with Pastor Manders in "Ghosts" (which was written forty years ago) to realise how purely conventional he is. As a play of ideas, then, "A Bill of Divorcement" is of little importance: but as a very touching domestic tragedy it is, to my mind, the best play we have had on the English stage since Galsworthy's "Silver Box." It is chiefly noteworthy for the character of Sydney, the daughter who takes off her mother's hands the divorced husband. She is perhaps the crown of Clemence Dane's studies in girlhood. Her sweetness, her roughness, her wisdom, her lapses into childishness are astonishingly lifelike. Then few modern plays have had more dramatic moments. No one who saw it will forget the homecoming of Hilary as he looks round the familiar, yet unaccustomed room which has remained in his memory during his sixteen years of lunacy; nor the terrible strength of the scene between him and Margaret when she yields to weakness and despair what she cannot give to passion or duty. And if Aunt Hester and the Rector are but caricatures, how admirable is Dr. Alliott the spokesman for divorce. His speech is a triumph of economical statement, and deserves the answer which a greater and less biased dramatist might have given it.

He puts excellently the plea of that old-fashioned generation which has always wanted to combine the advantages of rebellion with the satisfactions of loyalty; who are determined to disobey and to claim rewards of obedience. It is a peculiarly English point of view, and has never been better expressed in drama than in the craven, courageous figure of Margaret, the woman who can never be happy until her passion is legalised, until a sanction which has no meaning has been given to a devotion whose great virtue should be that it needs no sanction; which if it need sanction, has no excuse for existing.

A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.

By RICHARD WHITING.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY has crowned the edifice of his Victorian studies by a volume on the illustrious personage who gave the period its name. His present book is more serious than its predecessor, but it may be doubted whether it will be read with quite as much pleasure. Then he could do what he liked with his puppets. On the present occasion he seems to feel that Queen Victoria is one of those who "rule our spirits from their urns." Then he was the raconteur and the satirist on the look out for lawful prey: now he is rather the historian.

No wonder he feels the difference. We talk of the Victorian period as a something that will pass in its turn. It will never pass away from human annals. It is by far the largest experiment in all literature of a whole nation moralised in thought, feeling and way of life, by the fiat of a child not yet in her teens, with "I will be good" for her motto. She divined that "my people" hungered and thirsted for the righteousness of respectability, in the persons of a middle class rising to wealth and power. There was no time to lose, royalty was going from bad to worse. George the Third had lost the brightest jewel of his crown. George the Fourth had reverted to the family tradition of looseness of life. His successor, William, was a blustering old salt with an oath for every emergency, and well-nigh the rest of the brethren had a skeleton in the cupboard of his establishment. The prospect was appalling, especially as the best of them, the Duke of Kent, stood a long way down in the queue, while the others were getting themselves married at an alarming rate to make assurance doubly sure. We know what happened. The little girl, still writing the diary of her dolls, outstayed them all, until she stood forth



Queen Victoria in 1836.

From "Queen Victoria" (Chatto & Windus).

* "Queen Victoria." By Lytton Strachey. With Illustrations and Bibliography. 15s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

the inevitable heir, and the delighted nation raised Hosannas to the Lord.

She won because she deserved to win. Taking it altogether, it was a conjunction of all the best elements of the time. Every one prominently engaged in it was of the hero breed. Never had a chief of the staff such a bevy of heroic workers at beck and call. One and all were thoroughly decent folk, with their bond of union in devotion to the cause. Their only differences turned on their ardours for the crusade. The infant's German mother was at the head of them, with her incessant watchfulness to keep the very knowledge of evil from her child. For a long time the pair were not separated even in their slumbers. The child had to become a monarch before she could claim a bedroom for herself. Melbourne, her first prime minister, got himself metamorphosed from an old worldling into a sage, for her sake. The Duke of Wellington, though he was no sure guide in politics, was at hand for the best he could do in that line. Peel was ready to be of use, but he had "no manners," and to the last his Sovereign could never endure his rasping way of managing his feet.

Then came the foreign contingent. Uncle Leopold at the head of them. All were touched by her need of help. And Leopold's man for all difficulties was Stockmar, who was charged to get her married when the time came. In a more intimate relation, as governess, was Madame Lehzen, who was able to shape her pupil's mind and feelings at will. Lastly there was the child herself, the most stubborn little creature, when you took her the wrong way by scolding and rough expostulations, but soft as wax in all that came from heart to heart. It is not to be said that all or any of these aids to perfection had wings; but it is true that they toiled wholly and solely for the well-being and the affection of their charge.

Her weakness was her love of flattery. In later life she took all the flummeries of Disraeli for gospel, and he owned to laying it on with a trowel. To his dying day he was her favourite minister:

"He dubbed Victoria 'the Faery.' . . . She was the elegant evocation of Gloriana. . . . There is no honour and no reward, he declared, that can ever equal the possession of Your Majesty's kind thought. All his own thoughts and feelings and duties and affections are now concentrated in Your Majesty, and he desires nothing more for his remaining years than to serve Your Majesty, or, if that service ceases—to live still on its memory as a period of his existence most interesting and fascinating. . . . If Your Majesty is ill . . . he is sure he will himself break down. . . . He lives only for Her . . . and works only for Her, and without Her all is lost."

She swallowed it without a qualm.

John Brown was another case in point, though in a far different way:

"She allowed him to take liberties with her," says Mr. Strachey, "which would have been unthinkable from anybody else. To bully the Queen, to order her about, to reprimand her—who could dream of venturing upon such audacities? And yet when she received such treatment from John Brown, she positively seemed to enjoy it. . . . Eventually the 'simple mountaineer' became almost a state personage. . . . Lord Beaconsfield was careful from time to time to send courteous messages to 'Mr. Brown.'"

There is something to be said in extenuation on her part. She made no secret of it, and she was probably so sensible of the gulf between them that she might well have thought there was no danger of misconstruction. To the last his statuette stood, as in defiance, upon her writing-table in solid gold. He was but a peasant after all; and what monarch of history has not sought some relief of the kind from the intolerable solitude of his aloofness? Jester or bully: it is all one: here is a fellow creature at last. Yet the same queen expected the greatest of her statesmen to stand in her presence, like housemaids waiting for a place. They were too near to her in birth, station and talents for her to run risks.

It was much the same with Edward the Seventh, though from a different cause. He had been kept in the cold shade by her firm hold on power to the last. He was educated by herself and his father in every precept of virtue, and carefully companioned by gentlemen-in-waiting who, when he yawned his weariness of bookiness, had still little more to offer for a change than an exposition of the use of the globes. He did well, for all that, for his country, whatever may have been his occasional irregularities in private life.

The almost tragic figure of the story is Albert the Good. The Queen idolised him, and with good reason, but he never won more than the respect of the English people, and at first he was long kept waiting for that. He did his duty in both fortunes as the real keeper of the conscience of his wife. He had not sought his position: it was rather the other way, but step by step he became her only adviser. If he had lived to go farther he might in all good faith have transformed her into the likeness of a Kaiser of the German type.

His work survives him: the great Bloodless Revolution is to this hour under the guidance of a moral king, who, however toilsome may have been the labours of his day, begins or ends it with the reading of a chapter of Holy Writ. The signs of a reaction in society, but not in the royal circle, are sometimes disquieting, and the prince who is to be his successor shapes well. But father and son have a heavy task before them, and a new one—to save the monarchy in an ultra-democratic age.

"TWELVE ORIGINAL SCOTCH SONGS."

(Introducing five Burns lyrics, unknown as vocal numbers to the musical world.)

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A.(Scot.).

IN my "Burns and Aberdeen" article in THE BOOKMAN, March, 1920, mention was made of an interesting Collection of Scotch Songs published by an erstwhile Aberdeen professional singer and music-teacher, who had migrated to London. My friend Mr. Frank Kidson, author of "British Music Publishers," "Traditional Tunes," etc., has kindly presented to me his copy (formerly owned by Lady Georgina Gordon) of this excessively rare musical work, thus affording me ample opportunity of minutely sifting its contents

William Wilson, whose name appears on the title page (herewith reproduced) must not be confounded—as he is apt to be owing to the common description of both as "Mr. Wilson"—with *Richard* of that ilk, a popular contemporary actor, concerning whom some particulars may be gleaned from a "Poetical Address" spoken on his Benefit Night, and published in Vol. I of *The Aberdeen Magazine*, 1788.

Mr. William Walker, the able author of "The Bards of Bon-Accord," has obligingly furnished me with some notes about William Wilson, taken from the "Minute Books of the Aberdeen Musical Society, 1747–1806." These show that he was engaged by them as a professional "singer" at their subscription concerts, session 1784–5. The first mention of his name in the Musical Society's records is in a minute dated May 20th, 1785, of his re-engagement at his "present salary," which was, for the season October to May, £40, with a benefit concert, and liberty to teach or otherwise when not required by the Society. The Society also had a professional fiddler and an organist. Financial stress about 1789 made it requisite to cut down expenditure, and the following minute was recorded:

"The meeting also recommends to the Directors to consider of reducing the salary of £40 now given to the singer, Mr. Wilson. They are sensible that he is of great use in the concerts, more perhaps for his instrumental than his vocal performances, and, besides, as he behaves with great propriety and decency it would be wrong to part with him for a trifle—but they are of the opinion that £40 is greatly too much for one in his line, and more than the funds can afford."

The "singer" declined the offer made to him, and after December, 1789, his name disappears from the records of the Society. Wilson superintended, for James Chalmers, the musical department of *The Aberdeen Magazine*, composing and adapting tunes for the songs printed with music in the first two volumes (1788–89). In this connection it is significant to note that whereas in 1788 *seven* songs set to music were published, and *eight* in 1789, the 1790 volume—evidently missing "the gentleman who superintends the musical department"—had only *three*. That coincides almost certainly with the year when Wilson went to London, for it is obvious that with his teaching engagements to terminate, his move to the capital could not have been earlier than 1790. His "Twelve Original Scottish Songs," published in London, like many similar works, has no date. In the British Museum Catalogue it is conjecturally dated "1785," but that is not only *too* early, as is shown by analytic bibliographical scrutiny of several of the songs, but *much* too early, as is evidenced by the Aberdeen Musical Society's records, plus Wilson's London address on the title page. William Chappell in "Popular Melodies of the Olden Time" (two vols. [1855]) laments the annoying lack of printed dates on the old song and music books, and then, in the very work in which he applies the critical lash to the backs of the early publishers for this fault, he actually re-enacts the same old crime, his own two volumes being dateless.

The Twelve Songs in Wilson's Book, to which for



Burns in the office of James Chalmers, printer and editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*.

From a drawing by William Smith, junr., the original of which now hangs in the editorial room of the *Aberdeen Daily Journal* and is reproduced by permission of the editor, Mr. W. Maxwell

From a photograph kindly lent by the Rev. John Murray, Rector of Annan.

convenience of comment I have attached numbers in the order of their appearance, are thus named:

1. Halloween (p. 2).
2. The Winter Night. A Cantata (p. 4).
3. I sit o' my Sunkie (p. 7).
4. Again the silent wheels of Time (p. 10).
5. Roy's Wife in Auldy Wallack (p. 13).
6. O all you Pow'rs (p. 15).
7. The Silken Snood (p. 18).
8. The Boatie rows (p. 20).
9. Busk ye, my bonny Bride (p. 22).
10. Encircled in her clasping Arms (p. 24).
11. Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary (p. 26).
12. Will ye gang o'er the Ley-rigg (p. 28).

No. 3 had already appeared in *The Aberdeen Magazine* of July 3rd, 1788, p. 412, "Set by Mr. Wilson. The Words by a Gentleman of Aberdeen." The air is the same in both cases, but in the book opens and closes with a symphony which is lacking in the magazine. The words are also identical, and the song begins:

"I sit o' my sunkie, an' spin at my wheel,
An' think on my Jamie wha loos me sae weel;
He took a white Saxpence, an' brak it in twa,
An' gae me the half o't when he gaed awa'."

I believe this is the earliest instance in song of the romantic halving of a coin between parting lovers as a love-token. The stanza quoted will be familiar to all who know the famous "Logie o' Buchan" song, beginning:

"O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They've taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
Wha play'd on the Pipe and the Viol sae sma,
They've taen awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'."

"I sit o' my Sunkie" is substantially the same as the other song, but minus the "Logie o' Buchan" verse, and with a different arrangement of the other stanzas. The song is by most authorities attributed to George Halket, an Aberdeenshire bard who died in 1756. G. Eyre-Todd, in his "Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century" (Vol. I, p. 135), says: "Peter Buchan, who in his 'Gleanings' was *first to print the song*, states that he follows universal tradition in assigning it to Halket." The statement about the *first* printing of the song is a big blunder—one of the many which obscure its history. Buchan's "Gleanings of Scotch, English and Irish Scarce Old Ballads" is dated on the title page 1825; but "Logie o' Buchan" is in *The Scots Musical Museum*, No. 358, Vol. IV (1792), and in Napier's "Selection of Original Scots Songs," Vol. II (1792), p. 74, where we first find the accepted variation, "I sit on my *creepie*." It is also in another scarce song-book of the period—Urbani's "Selection of Scots Songs," Book II (1794), p. 40, in which also is to be found (p. 16) Burns's celebrated love-lyric, "The Red, Red Rose," from a manuscript given to the little Italian singer by the Poet, and for the *first appearance* of which in print, Burns's editors, including Scott Douglas and Henley and Henderson, erroneously cite Vol. V of *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1796.

While authorities generally ascribe "Logie o' Buchan" to Halket, the greatest authority on Aberdeenshire poets, in his "Bards of Bon-Accord" (1887, p. 208) says: ". . . the high merit of the song makes it almost an impossibility for it to have emanated from the same mind as elaborated the crudities of 'Occasional Poems'" (Aberdeen, 1737). The 1788 *Aberdeen Magazine* version of the song would seem to be its first appearance in print. In the British Museum copy of the magazine there is written (probably by a contemporary hand, and certainly, as proved by another entry, not later than 1808) under the words, "By a Gentleman of Aberdeen," the name "John Marshall." The same name is given in similar fashion as the author of song No. 11, which also appeared in the first volume of the magazine, p. 723 (mispaged 722).

The peculiar thing is that no Aberdeen poet of that name and time is known, but that there was such a bard is well proved by the Aberdeen entry in Burns's Diary of his Highland Tour, in which he speaks of his meeting, depicted in our illustration, with Chalmers, the proprietor and editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*; Bishop Skinner, son of the author of "Tullochgorum," and, amongst others, Mr. Ross, no doubt the organist of St. Paul's, and—anticipating and corroborating the unknown annotator of the magazine—"Mr. Marshall, one of the *poetae minores*." While the song may have a traditional basis (conjectured!), it seems clear that "Logie o' Buchan," so long and with so little reason ascribed to Halket, can, though late in the day, now be definitely assigned—minus the Buchan stanza—to the minor poet, John Marshall. Fortunately Mr. Walker has been able to identify this obscure songster in a way which leaves little room for doubt. He writes:

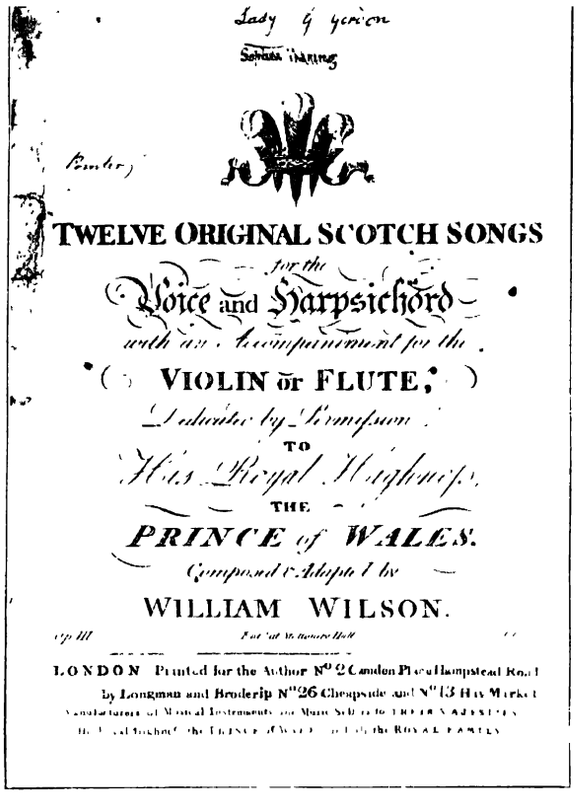
"It struck me that I might find some clue to 'John Marshall' in the yearly lists of the Musical Society's Subscribers, so I went over them very particularly, and I think with success.—John Marshall, Advocate, was a regular subscriber from 1784 to 1796. He died on 24 January, 1797. Belonging to a select coterie of this kind, his being introduced to Burns, along with Ross the organist, and other men of taste and talent in the town, seems a very likely affair. The *Journal*, in noting his death, speaks highly of his 'valuable qualities of heart and manners,' but says nothing about his being a poet. His position in Society must have been good—he was Joint Procurator Fiscal of Aberdeenshire from 1781 to 1789."

I cannot find the "Logie o' Buchan" version in any printed collection earlier than *The Scots Musical Museum* (1792 volume), but the earliest extant copy is in the famous Herd MSS., though, strange to say, the song is not to be found in either of his printed collections (1769 and 1776).

Song No. 8 had also previously appeared in *The Aberdeen Magazine*, and a MS. note, by the same hand as the others, credits it to John Ewen, which confirms the opinion of most authorities. Ewen's name is in the list of subscribers to Wilson's book, and also "Mr. Chalmers, 2 sets," one of which may have been for his friend and contributor, "Mr. Marshall."

Song No. 5 has some peculiar variations from the usual version. No. 9 is not Allan Ramsay's "Busk ye, busk ye," but a rendering more akin to the original ballad by William Hamilton of Bangour. No. 12 is a song frequently printed as by Robert Fergusson, though not, I think, included in any edition of his works. It also had been previously printed in the magazine (1789, p. 572), where it is entitled, "My Ain Kind Deary-O."

No. 7 deserves more minute consideration. It is a well-known old Scots song, beginning:



TWELVE ORIGINAL SCOTCH SONGS

for the

Voice and Harpsichord

with an Accompaniment for the

VIOLIN or FLUTE,

Dedicated by Permission

TO

Her Royal Highness

THE

PRINCE of WALES.

Composed & Adapted by

WILLIAM WILSON.

LONDON Printed for the Author No 2 Camden Place Hampstead Road

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A. Eddison, Barnsley.

Facsimile Title Page.

"O I hae lost my silken snood,
That tied my hair so yellow,
I've gien my heart to the Lad I loo'd,
He was a gallant fellow."

The author seems to have been one of Scotia's unknown "makkaris" Burns, in one of his "Commonplace Books," has a feeling reference to these unknown song-writers, and how mortifying it is to a Bard's vanity that their very names are "buried 'mongst the wreck of things which were." The fine old air wed to the words is usually entitled "Twine weel the Plaiden," but in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion," Book XII, *c.* 1760, it is called "The lassie lost her silken snood," which is obviously the title of an old song of which, like "I wish my love were in a mire," and many more, only the title remains. The song we know as "The Silken Snood" is of a much later date *in print*, though it may have had a traditional vogue and owe something to, if it does not enshrine the vitals of, the older song of the "snood." George Farquhar Graham, in Wood's "Songs of Scotland" (1848–49), Vol. I, p. 33, speaks of "Napier who *first published* the song." It is in Napier's Collection (1790, p. 26), but that is *not* its *first* publication. Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Song" (1844, p. 333) places it farther back, with the remark: "This song cannot be traced in any of the earlier collections. It appears, however, in Johnson's Museum, Vol. I, 1787." Bibliographical exactness in regard to first and early appearances in print is useful for many reasons, one of the chief being the possibility of striking a clue to the identity of the author. In this case I have located the song in *three* collections anterior to the one cited by G. F. Graham, *two* of which are earlier than Whitelaw's 1787 instance. It appears, with the music of the tune, "Twine weel the Plaiden," in "Calliope, or the Vocal Enchantress," Edinburgh, 1788, p. 129; and in the first handbook collection printed with music in Scotland—"The Musical Miscellany" (Perth, 1786, p. 163); and still earlier, but without music, in "The Goldfinch, or New Modern Songster" (Edinburgh, 1782, p. 278), of which I have Sir John Stainer's copy. It is also in the Glasgow printed edition of "The Goldfinch" (p. 273) without date, published in 1783, but it is not in the first edition printed in Edinburgh in 1777.

We come now to the most amazing songs in Wilson's book—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 10. The words of these are all written by Robert Burns, but no Burnsian of these days ever heard of the pieces as *songs*. "Halloween" consists of stanzas iv, v, vi and x of the poem of that title (Kilmarnock Edition, 1786), set to a very good tune, evidently the composition of the Aberdeen musician. It has no resemblance to the tune called "Hallow E'en" in the second volume of the second edition of "Orpheus Caledonius," 1733, and Mr. Kidson—than whom there is no greater authority on old music—has not found it in any other collection. This "song" gives us the first internal move forward from the British Museum tentative date of 1785 assigned to Wilson's "Twelve Original Scotch Songs."

"The Winter Night" is a song manufactured from verse vi, and eight lines of vii (not consecutive) of "A Winter Night" (Edinburgh Edition, 1787) the insertion of which would seem to bring the date of the work forward from 1705 to at least 1788.

"Again the Silent Wheels of Time" is a complete poem of three stanzas, "To Miss Logan," the first line of which coincides with Wilson's title, but it has never been deemed a song, nor did Burns ever name any tune in connection with it

"O All You Pow'rs" is another decidedly "original" Scotch Song—and a very good one too—being stanzas ix and x of Burns's "Epistle to Davie, a brother Poet," set to a charming air, presumably of Wilson's composition.

"Encircled in Her Clasping Arms" is a song fashioned with stanzas iv, v, vi, and x of "The Lament occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a friend's amour," which has been supposed, in spite of the title, to allude to the Poet's own love pangs. The song closes with the lines:

"Oh scenes in strong remembrance set;
Scenes, never, never to return;
Scenes if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn;
From ev'ry Joy, and Pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro',
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn,
A faithless Woman's broken Vow."

G. F. Graham, in "Songs of Scotland," Vol. I, p. vi, says Urbani's Selection (published in six Books from 1793 to 1804) is remarkable for "the use *for the first time* of introductory and concluding symphonies to the melodies." William Wilson, of Aberdeen, preceded Urbani, for he has opening and closing symphonies to every one of his "Twelve Original Scotch Songs," the date of which is finally clinched by the fact that it was entered for copyright in Stationers' Hall on June 12th, 1792. Even Wilson, however, was not the *first* to print Scots Songs with symphonies, for Corri did so in his "National Airs" (1779), and in his "Favourite Scots Songs" (*c.* 1783).

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best exposition in not more than one hundred and fifty words of the benefits or evils of early rising.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Ian Cameron of 4, Daylesford Avenue, Putney, S.W., and Mrs. Mabel Leigh, of 34, Colehouse Court, South Kensington, S.W.5, for the following:

YOU.

The witchery of midnight deep
Is wrought of dew, and dreams, and sleep,
And clustered stars, and far, still skies—
But, oh, the witchery of your eyes!

Fate, loving beauty, made a rose
Of all sweet things he loves and knows;
He dropped it and it lived and grew—
Ah, tell me, is my fate in you?

Life seemed to me a simple way
Wherein to walk, nor, walking, stray;
But since you've crossed it who can tell
Which way it leads, to heaven, or hell?

IAN CAMERON.

THE CASTLE OF LOST HOPES.

When you climb the twisted stair
To the room with arras hung,
Nothing, no one will be there
That you knew when you were young;
In a wind unseen, unheard,
Lonely shadows bend and peer
Till your naked soul is stirred
In the woeful grip of fear.

Yonder in the ancient chair,
By the hearth-stone's sullen glow,
Sits a ghost who seems as fair
As your youth of long ago.
Like the ashes of a rose,
That in the wan of moonlight fades,
Drifting on the air he goes
In amongst the gibbering shades.

Nothing, no one will be there,
Nor is aught the thing it seems,
There's no hope that you might share
In the Castle of your dreams;
There the phantoms ever rove
With all ghostly things and vain,
Till the Shade that laughs at Love,
Shall return to love again.

MABEL LEIGH.

We also select for printing:

SPRING IN CHURCH STREET.

Across the vague, uncertain line
Of moving faces fell a sign,
A sword of beauty swung and fell;
And piercing sweet upon the sense
Inclined a fragrant imminence
Of violets with dewy smell.

I said, I love you, violets,
("*Thrippence-a-bunch, fresh violets!*")
I said, I love you, violets,
And I'll make dear amends
For all the words I should have said
And all the songs I might have made
About you, precious violets,
Because you are my friends!

Along the tense and crowded mile
Of dusty parapet, a smile
Ran swift as lightning on the hills,
And bright as armies of the sun
With pennon'd lances, one by one
Sprang up the golden daffodils.

I said, I love you, daffodils,
("*Sixpence-a-bunch, fine daffodils!*")
I said, I love you, daffodils,
And gladly I'll employ
The little magic granted me
In honouring your chivalry,
Your gallant ardour, daffodils,
Because you are my joy!

But calm above the sudden thrill
Of violet and daffodil,
Red wallflow'rs leaned with tranquil nod,
Diffusing rare and heavenly airs
As tender as forgotten prayers
That sleep upon the knees of God.

I said, And is it so we meet!
("*Shillin'-a-bunch and smellin' sweet!*")
Is beauty sold upon the street
And summer in the mart!
Now bargain for a daffodil,
Now trade in violets who will,
For by this wordless grief I know
The wallflow'rs have my heart!

(Rachael Bates, "The Orchard," Great Crosby, near Liverpool.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Ruth Hardwick (Hornsey), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), G. Gwyn (Bruges), E. K. Wade (London, S.W.), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Helen de Veer (Strasburg, Alsace), Claude Berry (London, W.), Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Ivan Adair (Dublin), G. G. Kirkpatrick (Rock Ferry), Una Malleson (London, W.), Margaret Bardwell (Mundesley-on-Sea), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Tunbridge Wells), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Ethel E. Mannin (Merton Park), Mary Graham Telford (Gorleston-on-Sea), Doris Westwood (Birmingham), C. A. Macartney (Austria), F. Nightingale Sargent (Bristol), Lawrence P. Trout (Manchester), Margaret Brown (London, S.W.), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Ella Mackenzie (Pretoria, South Africa), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Sadie C. Clay (Wakefield), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Carleton Beals (Milano, Italy), John Campbell Cunningham (London, S.W.), H. Drury (Streatham), Cecil Thomas (Quetta, India).

II.—The PRIZE for the best quotation is awarded to J. V. Woodson, of 8, Rainbow Hill Terrace, Worcester, for the following:

HUNGER By KNUT HAMSUN (Duckworth)

"Give me an Alderman in chains
And I will eat him raw"

THOMAS HOOD, *Gog and Magog (A Guildhall Duet)*

We also select for printing:

THE HALF-HEARTED By JOHN BUCHAN. (Hodder & Stoughton)

"'No,' said the maiden, 'go your way,
You dare but think what a man would say'"

W. S. GILBERT, *The Way of Wooing*

(George A. Smith, 1, Cleveland View, Ackworth.)

THE GREAT MOMENT By EDWIN BALMER. (Stanley Paul)

"Mabel will be deck'd anon
Zoned in bride's apparel."

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, *At Her Window.*

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate.)

PRIVILEGE By MICHAEL T. H. SADLEIR. (Constable)

"That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."

SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Scene 2*

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best quotation from English literature in praise of music is divided, and TWO BOOKS each awarded to D. B. Vaughan-Hughes, of Wyelands, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, and Winifred Herrington, of the School House, Sacombe, Ware, Herts, for the following:

"Music has been called the speech of angels; I will go further and call it the speech of God Himself"

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Good News of God: Sermon on Music.*

D. B. VAUGHAN-HUGHES

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us."

THOMAS CARLYLE, *The Opera.*

WINIFRED HERRINGTON.

From the very large number of quotations received we select for special commendation those sent by Rev. J. E. Swallow (Wallington), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), E. Drake (Scarborough), V. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Nora A. Clements (London, N.), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Tunbridge Wells), F. Webster (Walworth), Hilda Fletcher (Highgate), Evangeline A. Yorke (London, E.C.), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon).

IV.—The PRIZE for the best review is awarded to Mannington Sayers, of Northgate, Totnes, for the following:

MY OWN AFFAIRS. By PRINCESS LOUISE OF BELGIUM. (Cassell.)

Autobiography has never before attained the vogue which it possesses to-day. It is, however, unusual to find a princess unveiling her life to the public gaze, as in this instance. Her unhappy marriage—her subsequent incarceration in an asylum—are described very fully, evoking pity for a life called to pass through such tragedy. One curious revelation of the writer's inborn belief in Roman Catholicism as being the one true Church is made when she ascribes the recent war to the Protestantism of Lutheran Germany.

We also select for printing:

INSTINCTS OF THE HERD IN PEACE AND WAR. By W. TROTTER. (Fisher Unwin.)

The author began writing on "Herd Instincts" as early as 1908, and first published his essays in book form in 1916, but he has added considerably to the volume since then. It deals with the behaviour of man in peace and war, discusses his peculiarities from a psychological point of view. England and Germany are compared, and there is a postscript written after the war, containing a rather enlightening chapter on the instability of civilisation. Careful study of this book might be useful in understanding the mental causes of the present unrest, and in remedying them.

(Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey, Fordel, Glenfarg, Perthshire.)

THE TOUR. By LOUIS COUPERUS. (Thornton Butterworth)

Here is no paltry story-telling but a superb piece of writing. Lucius Sabinus, a patrician, of Cæsarean Rome, is love-sick and seeks in the occultism of Egypt nepenthe for his wounded heart. Then arises a veritable panorama of the weird and wonderful in that legendary land; enthralling word-pictures of scenes and customs two thousand years ago. The fabled Nile flows on, bearing us past those dim, alluring cities of a lost civilisation. The charm of the semi-revealed mysteries captivate the reader throughout and the dominant characters picturesquely flit along the shadowed stage.

(W. Swayne Little, "Trefrew," Green Road, Blackrock, Dublin.)

THE OLD MAN'S YOUTH By WILLIAM DE MORGAN. (Heinemann)

On reading "The Old Man's Youth" one feels the immense pity of William de Morgan's death when he had but half finished a novel as great as, if not greater, than "Joseph Vance." The book is mainly autobiographical, and is told by Eustace John Pascoe, dying in Chelsea Infirmary. It contains all those qualities which make de Morgan's other novels unrivalled in English fiction . . . that mixture of credulous cynicism and wise simplicity. The one fault is Mrs. de Morgan's ill-advised interpolations. She supplies a melodramatic plot, obviously unintended by the author, where only a conclusion is required.

(A. R. MacPhail, Cranford, Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath, S.E.3.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), E. Mackenzie (Pretoria, South Africa), Ruth Bevan (Cornwall), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), F. Webster (Walworth), John S. Buist (Dundee), E. S. Horner (Surbiton), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), G. W. Bowes (Blackburn), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), J. T. George (Aberdare), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), M. C. Smyth (Bournemouth), M. Baldwin (Sowerby Bridge), William Donald (Ayr), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley, Kent), J. W. Goodwyn (Bealings), A. E. Gowers (Harehill).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. E. Wyly, of Sunningdale, Langley Road, Slough, Bucks.

CARDINAL MANNING.*

By CANON WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

SO far as I have seen, the "new biography" of Cardinal Manning which we owe to Mr. Leslie has found a hearty welcome from the public and the Press. On its own merits—literary, descriptive and ethical—it deserves recognition among the big books—too big in view of the time to come—which are still fashionable as befitting memorials of late-departed "celebrities." I think, however, that not a few English readers were disposed to look on the previous "Life" by Purcell as unfair to a very noble person; and while amused at the undeniable smartness of Mr. Lytton Strachey's recent satire, felt sorry for Manning, whose own extreme candour about himself has given these opportunities of disfigurement to such ill-natured portrait-painters. Purcell, truly, was inept; Mr. Strachey delighted in showing how clever he could be; but, after all, the question for England is one of national worth, as for the Roman Church it is one of loyal sanctity. These two scales are different, though not in consequence opposed. And Mr. Leslie satisfies both. When Purcell had finished his laying on of deep shades to the picture, it might seem as though Manning's countenance had faded out of light into darkness; we could no longer admit his charm because he was proved sinister, self-seeking, and not to be trusted. For thirty years such a cloud has hung over his memory; but now it is gone. English biography will record to Mr. Leslie a debt of gratitude. He has made Purcell obsolete, broken the point of Mr. Strachey's flying shafts, and restored Manning to the place of honour as a great character in Church and State which those of us who knew him close at hand never doubted to be his by right.

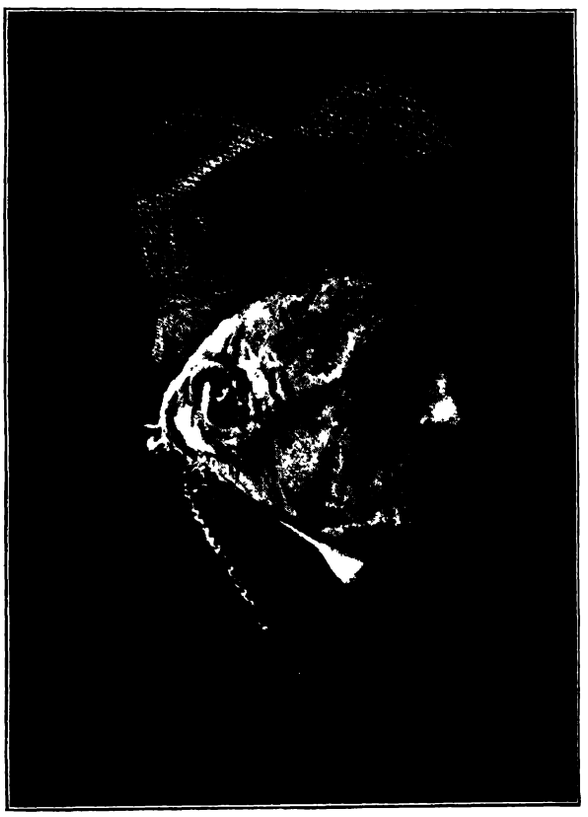
Another noteworthy feature in Mr. Leslie's treatment is rare, but may well find imitators. By education an Eton boy, a graduate of King's College, Cambridge, he is by descent Irish and American, by conversion from High Anglicanism a Roman Catholic, and in politics an adherent of Sinn Fein. He has studied in Paris, travelled over the United States. It follows that for him to take a merely insular view would be always impossible. He writes to a much wider world than the biographer whose home is in London and his horizon the English Channel. By good fortune Manning too was cosmopolite, though never losing the distinctive qualities bred in him by Harrow School and Balliol College. In the closing stage of his career the Cardinal became an ally of such thoroughly democratic leaders across the Atlantic as Cardinal Gibbons (who has recently been taken from us) and Archbishop Ireland, thereby foreshadowing the League of Nations a generation earlier than President Wilson's design. Their united influence told on the policy of Rome, the Labour Movement in Britain, and the vicissitudes of Henry George in the States. I myself enjoyed the privilege of seeing how these things went at head-quarters before and after Cardinal Manning's last days. It was a turning-point in world-history, which left neither Papacy nor Kaiserdom unaffected. America transmitted to Europe the first waves of a mighty revolution in economics; Europe, though more slowly, reacted on America. Manning took measure of all this; and Mr. Leslie holds the same position, allowing for development of ideas since Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." Future historians will fix on the Vatican as the meeting-place of Catholic faith and modern democracy under Leo XIII—an *entente* infinitely more momentous than the crowning of Napoleon by Pope Pius VII in Notre Dame at Paris. The dynasty of the Bonapartes—where is it? "Down and out," as Americans speak, with Romanoffs, Hohenzollerns, Habsburgs, and the rest. But the nations have passed, one and all, into the democratic era. To have seized on that truth, and made ready for its consequences by offering in the Church's name to Labour the right hand of fellowship, was in our Roman prelates as bold a venture as the prophesyings of Israelitish seers when Jerusalem was about to be transformed from a petty Eastern capital to the world's religious centre. If Manning lives to after-times, it will be chiefly by this power of vision and by his energy in acting upon it.

I have begun at the end of Mr. Leslie's volume, not without reason. The career which he undertook to describe and sum up was that of a man of action, in whose judgment religion signified not only a doctrine and a spirit but a vast institution covering the past and connecting it with all the future. He read his Bible for guidance along the ways of life. To him Moses taught the law of economic justice, St. Paul the dignity and rights of Labour. He could bear to be termed a Radical, while that was still a word of reproach; but he preferred the simple name of Christian. So far as men would be Christian in any chapter of conduct, he wrought gladly at their side. Hence his feeling for the Salvation Army, the Temperance Movement in all its branches, Mr. W. T. Stead's crusade of purity, and the claims of the London Dockers led by Mr. John Burns and Mr. Ben Tillett. Certain calls which alarmed or scandalised more nervous Catholics found him waiting like one inspired—the watchman of Dumah unsleeping, sure of the dawn. Would it not be a confession of blindness on our part were we to refuse this unhesitating pioneer the title of a great man, one who was not the least among the Worthies of Britain?

Three times he chose to turn away from the prizes which seemed within his grasp, and that on motives very puzzling to the man of the world. I consider he did so when he underwent a true spiritual change, rightly called conversion; again when he declined to become the Queen's sub-almoner, which would have led him up, as for instance Dr. Randall Davidson has been led, to the throne of Canterbury; and, most decisive of all, when he joined the Roman Church. I do not reckon the momentary proposal made to him by Cardinal Bilio and others, on the death of Pius IX, that his name should be put forward in the coming Conclave. He knew and said that his election was impossible. Yet romance lights up the scene in which one who might have ruled at Lambeth, is offered in prospect the Chair of St. Peter. I come back to my argument. Manning's variety of

* "Henry Edward Manning: His Life and Labours." By Shane Leslie. 25s. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

gifts, though it did not include the highest type of genius in art or mental power, gave scope for boundless ambition. He was singularly handsome, a graceful athlete, always in bearing, language, courtesy, much of a prince, *porphyrogenitus;* and, like Napoleon, he had a smile so winning that it fascinated his enemies. Thanks to family connections and a large fortune derived from banking, his childhood was a kind of fairy tale, shining and splendid. He was sent to Harrow; and Harrow couples his name with that of Byron. In Oxford he moved among scholars, hunting-men, debaters; he read Adam Smith, wrote the liveliest of undergraduate letters, and, though seemingly idle, took a brilliant First Class in "Humanities"—I keep the fine mediæval word for the classics and philosophy. But his father, a quondam Governor of the Bank of England, failed; Manning was never to be wealthy any more. He became a clerk in the Colonial Office, found salvation by the Evangelical method of experience, and was ordained by Bishop Bagot, who hoped he would prove "a most useful member of the Protestant Church." What ironies life had in store for him! Seventeen years at Lavington followed. By a most happy, though brief, marriage he contracted alliance with Sargeants, Wilberforces, Ryders, the striking group which gave so many of its members to Rome. But Manning was not a Tractarian. He preached a Guy Fawkes sermon in Oxford against the growing danger; he told Ward that his "Ideal of a Christian Church" was the most Lutheran book he had lately seen; with Newman his friendship from the beginning might have borne the Scripture device of a "speckled bird." It never ceased to be genuine; I would call it often bitter and exasperated—a combination not unknown. The Oxford leader, going over in the '45 to the enemy, explained his position in the "Development"; but Manning, it is fair to say, was not quite equal to the thought which it demanded; with his intimate friend, Gladstone, he sought refuge in Butler's "Analogy"; and then the Gorham Judgment, a triumph for Evangelicals, drove him across the border about which he had been hovering. The stage of indecision, painful enough in itself, brought to the Anglican director of souls difficult problems, to be solved as best they might. We read his account of that trying time in Purcell. The new biography does not yield any fresh documents, nor undertake to resolve the case of conscience arising from official duties and rapidly-growing personal opinions of a different complexion. It is not, however, insoluble, in a sense which justifies Manning.



Cardinal Manning.

From the etching from life by Mortimer Menpes
From "Cardinal Manning," by Shane Leslie (Burns & Oates and Washbourne).

That he was capable of utter self-sacrifice he showed in 1851 by giving up his preferments, submitting to Rome when the "No Popery" agitation had scarcely subsided, and becoming a mere student in the "Noble College" under shadow of the Vatican. True it is that Pius IX was already acquainted with his devout temperament; for the Archdeacon had paid visits to St. Peter's; and Gladstone, a fervent Churchman, who shared his companionship in the Eternal City, caught there his first glimpse of a Catholic Communion wider than his Island-sanctuary. Manning's change of character and scene brought him for ten years an effacement almost as complete as Newman's at Edgbaston. Did he feel aggrieved? I have not come upon a trace of discontent. But from henceforth English readers who are not Catholics will pursue the story of his life, I suspect, with a certain aloofness until its eventide. He was now, an enemy would say, "Italianate"; given up to ideas and schemes of which the scope being no longer national, the interest for Britons at large melted into a hazy distance. The pathetic figure of Wiseman; the fighting coadjutor, Errington; the *gracioso* belonging to Spanish comedy, Talbot; the Jesuits and other Regulars at law with the Bishops—these fill a stage curiously recalling mediæval times; and it is not the legal punctilio but the touches of human nature that the average man will select for his edification in the play. Mr. Leslie wields a seductive pen; he is always alert, not seldom amused and amusing, resolved to hide nothing, to apologise for nobody, to welcome antagonists—Manning, Newman, Vaughan—into the Sacred College; and to bring out in a tranquil heaven of its own "the immense majesty of the Roman Peace." Peace, I make bold to affirm, "at the heart of endless agitations." For I lived in Rome during the Vatican Council; I served the Mass of prelates who in discussion might argue one against another within the Council Chamber, but who knelt as brethren about St. Peter's shrine.

How notable was the part which Manning played in 1870; how he won the battle of Infallibility, despite Dupanloup, Acton, Döllinger, Darboy, sending defiance to Gladstone and Bismarck, and shaping the victorious majority, has been told in many books. The papers left, however, in the archives visited by Mr. Leslie to such good effect on the whole, do not increase our knowledge of this episode. Light may still come from French or German sources. Manning acted in that crisis a great

deal more than he wrote; and he kept his personal reminiscences to himself. He stood by the deathbed of Pius IX; voted for his successor; helped by a generous report of Newman's transcendent merits to pave his way into the College of Cardinals, and by his daring, yet well-considered policy towards the Labour Movement, not in England only but in all modern countries, exercised an influence over Leo XIII far more fruitful than he had ever enjoyed during the previous reign. His intervention in the Dockers' Strike of 1889 made him the People's Cardinal. The Irish of his London flock adored him; and he went a long way in advance of Gladstone towards the settlement of the chief problems which were concerned with the Protestant Establishment, the Land, the first stages of Home Rule. Disraeli struck him with a magic wand, and in "Lothair" he moved as the stately Cardinal Grandison. Retired from society, in which his place had long been kept reserved, he was in his old age a legendary figure; but he could preach at Cardinal Newman's requiem in the London Oratory with all his wonted grace of style and careful articulation. The illustrious Oratorian died on August 11th, 1890. To Manning the end came on January 14th, 1892. His last words were, "*Deposui jugum, opus meum consummatum est.*" He laid down his yoke of duty; his work was done. London gave him thronged streets for his funeral. Now he rests, with Wiseman and Vaughan, in the Cathedral which his love of poor children would never let him build, at Westminster.

The Shakespearean question abides, "What was this man?" We might perhaps attempt to find the human equation; but "God's judgments are a great deep." Before he was consecrated, the Archbishop designate committed to paper his inmost thoughts; and he left the record behind him surely as a witness to later times. It is a document of sacred and priceless value. Mr. Leslie has done well to print this confession of a believer, who dedicated all his gifts to serve the cause of an historical ever-living creed, and that in years when unbelief was gathering power to reward its votaries with fame, place and means of aggression. In the Papacy to Manning it appeared that Religion would survive, whatever came to pass. He chose to be the soldier of the Church; and no one who reads this brilliantly adequate story of his life, which tells us all we can learn about him from his own lips, will doubt his sincerity or deny his heroic self-sacrifice.

New Books.

MACHINE-MADE CIVILISATION.*

Experiment has proved that certain microscopic organisms, when introduced into a favourable food environment, multiply vigorously up to a certain point, but when that has been reached the colony begins to decay and finally dies out. The disaster does not occur because of lack of food; the surrounding fluid or jelly offers infinitely more nourishment than the colony could absorb. Death occurs because the organisms themselves produce an element that reacts fatally. Dr. Freeman, impressed by these facts, has been led to elaborate a theory that our civilisation acts in a somewhat similar way. The civilisations of the past flourished and then decayed because they developed this hostile element in their environment. In biology these hostile elements are known, it appears, as anti-bodies, and after a closely-reasoned and intensely interesting analysis Dr. Freeman separates out four of the anti-bodies in the development of society: (i) The Domination of Man by Mechanism, (ii) Collectivism, (iii) The Progressive Increase of the Population, (iv) The Survival and Relative Increase of the Unfit.

With merciless logic he shows that on the profit and loss account of human progress the development of the power machine, that made its first effective appearance towards the end of the eighteenth century, produced a heavy balance on the wrong side. The machine that was introduced as man's servant became his master. Time-saving devices ended in reducing the amount of time available for the individual. A terrible indictment is made against the machine from every point of view. It degrades man by fostering collectivism which makes it possible for the mediocre to flourish at the expense of the more capable. For the evolutionary principle of the *survival of the fittest*, Dr. Freeman would substitute the *elimination of the unfit*. There is a real point of difference introduced by this change in terminology. The increasing use of machinery levels down. Labour is almost solidly collectivist, and tends to defend the unfit, while it is jealous of the superior types.

So exasperating is Dr. Freeman's account of the present state of social and economic affairs that the reader would get dispirited were it not for the fact that the book falls into two parts, the Analytic and the Synthetic. They are woefully unequal in size, and the reader is at first tempted to rank our author with the large class of people who are excellent at finding fault and at breaking down, but have nothing helpful to say about building up. But there is an excellent reason for the discrepancy in size between the two parts. To begin with, Dr. Freeman's thesis is not generally accepted. He is no retailer of threadbare complaints. He has to establish his theory of anti-bodies generally and with particular reference to machinery. Like the good doctor that he is, he wants to be sure of his diagnosis before he proceeds to treatment. But when he has made out his damaging case, he is only too willing to proceed to the cure. It is clearly not his fault that the second part is so small. He has no lack of material at his disposal for synthetic treatment, but has had to cut it down. He is holding matter in reserve, and suggests fuller treatment in a succeeding work.



Dr. R. Austin Freeman.

To correlate his analysis and synthesis it is necessary to use the concept of organism. After a critical statement of Spencer's changing views on the nature of the social organism, Dr. Freeman comes to the conclusion that

* "Social Decay and Regeneration." By R. Austin Freeman. 18s. net. (Constable.)

society really is an organism, but of the most primitive type. He toys with the analogy of the sponges as supplying the nearest parallel, but at a later stage makes the striking generalisation that "whereas the lowest compound forms are relatively simple aggregates of simple units, and the higher compound organisms are complex aggregates of simple units, the Social Organism is a simple aggregate of complex units" It is in these complex units that Dr. Freeman sees the possibility of regeneration. The consciousness or rather the self-consciousness of the members of society makes it possible for society to take itself in hand, and thus counteract the tendencies towards decay. Huxley had something of the same view, though very differently expressed. Society as such does not appear to have a life-cycle, or, at any rate, from the peculiar nature of its complex units it is able on occasion to modify whatever tendency there may be towards such a cycle. If it is on the down grade it may take a thought and mend. Turning over in his mind the possibilities of the case, Dr. Freeman finds that "if the threatened dissolution of society is due to the suspension of Natural Selection, then the re-establishment of Natural Selection would appear to be the measure obviously indicated." So he is led on to the slippery slope of surgical means of sterilising the unfit. The case is plainly stated, but the temptation to support it is resisted. Dr. Freeman cannot accept the sterilisation solution, because it involves compulsion, and he is all for freedom. He is obviously in a difficulty between his own kindly impulses and the demands of severe reasoning; but he is not unsuccessful in harmonising the two. When it comes to the actual working out of details there is no lack of finish in his treatment of the Voluntary Segregation of the Fit. Many will be doubtful about the feasibility of his League of the Fit. But all fair-minded readers will admit that he has blazed a trail that is well worth following, and will be grateful for the help provided by a man so eminently qualified by scientific attainments and literary skill—rare combination!—in diagnosing our present parlous social state. Even those whom his analysis exasperates will be wise if they remember the value of the surgeon's unpleasant probing, and recognise this book as a work of the first importance on its subject.

JOHN ADAMS.



New Mills: Men Wading.
From "Crome," by C. H. Collins Baker (Methuen).

CROME.*

Unlike Romney or Whistler, John Crome seems to have lived a rather average, undistinguished life; made no figure in society; and there was no general recognition of his genius until some while after his comparatively early death, for he died at fifty-three. He was born in Norfolk, and devoted himself as fully and faithfully to depicting rural Norfolk on his canvases as Mr. Hardy, in his different medium, has devoted himself to presenting the scenery and character of Wessex. He admittedly founded his style on a study of Dutch and Flemish masters, and has accordingly been dubbed "the English Hobbema"; but it was English scenery that he painted, and the thing that matters is that he put himself, his own individuality, into his work and, whatever influences may be behind them, in feeling and life and atmosphere, his pictures remain familiarly and distinctively English.

The facts of his career may be summarised in a few lines. His father was a journeyman weaver, keeping a small public-house in Norwich at the time of his son's birth. At twelve John Crome was employed as errand-boy to a doctor, and after two years of this was apprenticed to Francis Whisler, a coach, house and sign painter, and thus, "not yet fifteen, Crome came in contact with paint and brushes" after a manner. By the time he was twenty-two, when it is to be presumed he had qualified as a sign painter, he became Whisler's journeyman Presently he fell in with a young printer's apprentice, and the two began to study painting together; and when he was out of his apprenticeship to Whisler he gave himself seriously to that art.

He passed through a period of struggle and poverty, but in his early thirties his gifts had been recognised to some extent and he had been taken up by a wealthy art patron or so; then he married; the rest of his story is of his progress as a painter.

Mr. Collins Baker has written the quiet biography of this great man fully and skilfully, and follows it with detailed and discriminatingly critical chapters on "Crome's Development," on "Crome's Water Colours," on his "Imitators and Followers", and an able and very interesting survey of "Crome's Creed and Place in Art." Following these, Crome's pictures, dates when they were exhibited and names of present owners; pictures that have been sold by auction and to whom; and an alphabetical catalogue of works by and assigned to Crome are given in appendices.

The book has a frontispiece portrait of the artist and is illustrated with over fifty beautifully reproduced examples of his work; it has a very admirable introduction by Mr. C. J. Holmes, Director of the National Gallery.

* "Crome." By C. H. Collins Baker. £5 5s. (Methuen.)

WARFARE IN THE HUMAN BODY.

In the world intellectual the shoemaker rarely sticks to his last. Apollo was both poet and physician; "Dante once essayed to paint an angel"; "Rafael made a century

of sonnets"; Newton "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone" landed on the island of Theology; Goethe wrote on anatomy, botany and optics; Jenner, of vaccination fame, perpetrated verses, and described a smallpox pustule "as a pearl on a rose leaf"; Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote "Elsie Venner" and "The Nautilus," as well as important medical treatises; Virchow was both a great pathologist and a great politician; Sir Ronald Ross is at once scientist, poet, and novelist; and one might add to the list indefinitely. Yet, strange to say, when we find such a distinguished novelist as Mr. Morley Roberts roaming about the streets of the City of Science, we are not a little surprised, and not till we learn that Professor Arthur Keith has made him "freeman" of the city are we prepared to take him quite seriously.

Mr. Morley Roberts, however, is quite at home in the city: he knows its language, its factories, its workshops, its wares For him "mitoses," "chromosomes," "amino-acids," "pangenes," "antigens," have no terror; and he is on a footing of intimacy with "plasmodium," "catalyst," "endocrine," "tyrosinase" and other terminological terata. Nor is he merely a tourist and sightseer, he is also a worker and a critic: he constructs and he demolishes.

All this is as it ought to be; for the scientific and the literary imagination have much in common, and each may be stimulated by an interchange of environment. The novelist will find inspiration in a laboratory, and the bacteriologist will find suggestions in the pages of a "yellow-back." Science, it is true, is a very exact and very exacting study, and no outsider can possess a tithe of the details accumulated by a practical scientist in a lifetime of scientific labour; but the interpretation and co-ordination of facts are even more important than their accumulation, and a clear, acute, unprejudiced unprofessional mind coming fresh to facts can sometimes interpret and co-ordinate them more successfully than a specialist. Science requires not only patience, punctiliousness and information; it requires also imagination, openmindedness, reasoning power, and courage. It was Goethe who discovered the metamorphosis of the organs of a plant: it was Goethe who first surmised the vertebrate character of the human skull: it was a monk who taught biologists Mendelism: it was probably Sir Ronald Ross, the poet, more than Sir Ronald Ross, the scientist, who hunted malaria into the belly of a mosquito; and Mr. Morley Roberts, the novelist, possesses in his reasoning faculty a weapon of analysis as potent in the conquest of truth as any of the weapons of a trained scientist.

In his work, "Warfare in the Human Body,"* he deals with a variety of deep questions such as "Method in Science," "Repair in Evolution," "The Theory of Immunity," "Heredity and Evolution," "The Physiology of Consciousness," "The Psychology of Training," and, whatever his subject, he always succeeds in throwing some new light on it. To discuss here all the questions he raises would be impossible; but his chapter on "Malignancy" may be taken as illustrative of his general methods. He builds on a foundation of broad generalisations. The body, he points out, is a symbiotic community, where "give and take" are delicately balanced; but the symbiosis, like the symbiosis of international commerce, is always on the verge of hostility, and at any moment there may be "a breakdown leading to warfare in the human body." On this view he regards cancer simply as a breakdown of the symbiotic balance between the cells of the epidermis and the cells of the connective tissue. The cells of the connective tissue, owing to irritation or injury, cease to control the growth of the cells of the epidermis, and these latter multiply and invade the underlying tissues. Mr. Morley Roberts accordingly considers cancer and similar malignant growths to be due mainly to lack of chemical resistance on the part of counterbalancing tissues; it is a case of failure in metabolic regulation. He suggests, therefore, that cancer may be best treated by "assisting the reactions of the connective tissue." That is briefly his thesis, but he works to his conclusions with scientific thoroughness, pointing out on the way how much we already know of the relationship of the secretions of the thyroid and pituitary glands to overgrowths quite comparable with malignant tumours. It is strange, however, that in talking of the trophoblast and chorion-epitheliema he does not mention the theory of Dr. Beard, of Edinburgh, with regard to the pancreas.

Mr. Morley Roberts first visited the City of Science in search of facts which would assist him in certain sociological studies, and he quickly came to the conclusion that the processes of health and disease in cellular organisms had their analogues in the processes of health and disease in organised human societies, and that these analogues could throw much light on the problems of physiology and pathology. This bold and interesting idea is the key-note of his essays; but it is certainly open to debate whether the analogues he points out have much inductive value. Doubtless all inductive reasoning is founded on analogy—on what Jevons terms "the substitution of similars" and Whately "the resemblance of relations," but the analogies between health and disease in societies, and health and disease in organisms are so slight that they can seldom serve as a basis of valid inference. Mr. Roberts's comparison of catalysts to tools is instructive, but tools and catalysts are not analogues permitting really valid inferences from one to the other, and the comparison is little better than Liebig's comparison of blood-corpuscles to coins. Again, though the comparison of the negro population in the States to a cancer metastasis is imaginative, picturesque, and suggestive, I fail to see any valid inductive or explanatory value in the comparison So, too, there is really no analogue of inductive value between a tropism and a spiritual affinity. There is as little to be gained from analogues of that kind as from the analogues that may be established between a merry-go-round and a star, for they are not analogues *in pari materia*. Herbert Spencer declares that "study of organised bodies may be indirectly furthered by study of the body politic," and that is as far as one may go.

An over-emphasis, then, of very partial analogues between cellular and sociological processes seems to me one of the defects of Mr. Morley Roberts's volume A second defect is his frequent failure to express himself with scientific lucidity and precision. Take, for instance, the second sentence in his first chapter: "As the work progressed many side issues presented themselves, and it was seen that if the notion of developmental diseases in man and other animals had their analogues in society, by which we could learn the nature of, and possible remedies for, social disorders, these should present real analogies with bodily morbid states." The sentence is clumsy and the reference of "these" obscure.

But these are comparatively small defects in a big and interesting volume and it is to be hoped that Mr. Morley Roberts will frequently revisit the City of Science and will give us further fruits of his scientific researches.

R. C. MACFIE.

* "Warfare in the Human Body." By Morley Roberts. (Nash.)

THREE AND ONE.*

A certain class of novels is suggestive of a raven's nest. Innumerable are the twigs that go to its making, and they are old black sticks, the debris of many trees and many summers. An ugly nest, and yet out of it come, in due course, handsome, glossy ravens, the embodiment of young, fierce strength. "The Poisoner" and "The Early Hours" are novels of the raven's nest kind. Interminably wordy, full of scenes and people that do not live, they have each a central excellence which is their *raison d'être*. A spark of talent went to their making, it shaped and vitalised and lifted them out of the ruck; and it is this spark of talent

* "Woman Triumphant." By V. Blasco Ibañez. (Constable.)—"The Curtain." By A. Macfarlan. (Heinemann.)—"The Early Hours." By M. Pickthall. (Collins.)—"The Poisoner." By G. Cumberland. (Grant Richards.)

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which, in spite of a pervasive dullness, leads the reader on from page to page. It promises perhaps more light in "The Early Hours" than it gives, but in "The Poisoner" it burns steadily.

The argument of "The Poisoner" is given in the question Stavart asks himself—"Was not his instinct towards slow self-destruction the most real, the most essential part of his being?" The son of a drunken mother and sadic, hysterical father, Stavart was a doomed creature, the sort of decadent Nature sweeps away with one or other of her twin besoms, tubercle and drink. From the beginning he was a hopeless case, and as such Mr. Cumberland has depicted him. No doubt in his choice of subject the author was influenced by his amazement—the amazement of all who regard human life as of more importance to the forces beyond our comprehension than that of other animals—that a man should be born decadent and doomed.

Mr. Pickthall's "Early Hours" is also a sad book, but it is serene, accepting chance and change as the will of Allah. He tells of the Young Turks' revolution, and though the account is not very clear he yet contrives to give us unforgettable pictures of Moslem life. But whereas Mr. Cumberland's "Poisoner" is a progression, the "Early Hours" cannot be said to be as good as some of Mr. Pickthall's other books—for instance, "Veiled Women." The main interest, to a thoughtful mind, of his work is that these Eastern stories are by a man, born to Christianity, who after consideration relinquished it in favour of Islam. We seek in his books the reasons for that change of faith, wondering if he had chanced on a better solution of the riddle of life than has occurred to us. What do we find as we read between the lines? A fine spirituality, a poise due to submission and faith:

"The end of life is not communion with a fellow-creature. That search must end in disappointment always. The soul of every living man and woman is solitary from the cradle to the grave, unless it finds, by service, that communion with Allah, for which, in truth, it was created."

In other words, the writer imagines he has found in Islam what the devotee of every religion believes he finds in it—communion with God.

Different from "The Poisoner" and "The Early Hours" in that it is not so intolerably wordy, "The Curtain," on the other hand, makes a slighter impression and perhaps a larger appeal. The scene is laid in Corsica and the theme is the effect of a certain interchange between the main characters. In the opening chapters Mabel Cain is blind; midway she has recovered her sight, and Hugh Cardinal, somewhat unconvincingly, has lost his. The result is a happy ending for everybody concerned. This is, in parts, a subtle book and it is pleasantly written—but the preface was, as usual, superfluous. We have yet to meet the author whose friends do not see in his characters veiled personalities, and who is not anxious to repudiate the accusation.

Three books, good of their kind, pieces of conscientious craftsmanship, probably each the best published on the particular day that gave it to the world, yet not outstanding, not of supreme merit; and then one—"Woman Triumphant," by Blasco Ibañez.

From the outset the attention is arrested. In the first paragraph we have this remark about Renovales, the painter, who is entering a picture gallery:

"But the dead did not attract him; very interesting they were, very worthy of respect . . . but art was moving along new paths and he could not study where he only saw reality *through the temperament of other men.*"

The insight of that phrase whips up expectancy. From this book we shall get more than dry, woody twigs of accepted thought; here at last is a man who has got out of the ruts of the road.

It is curious that even the faults of a great writer arouse more interest than the excellences of the mediocre. Ibañez begins his book with some ninety pages of retrospect which should either have formed part of the story or been compressed into a few paragraphs. Nevertheless we read without skipping and are rewarded by passages remarkable for their vision:

"If we lose something that made life unbearable," says the author, giving us the key to his story, "we immediately wish it back as indispensable to our happiness. . . . Renovales is the personification of human desire, this poor desire which in reality does not know what it wants, eternally fickle and unsatisfied."

This Renovales is the son of a blacksmith, his reputation as a painter is world-wide, and he is happily married. In order to please his wife, however, he gives up his wish to paint flesh, and the repressed desire, which was in him peculiarly strong, gradually undermines his powers. By the time he reaches middle life this subservience to her views has brought him to a condition in which he can neither love nor paint, and sees before him nothing but "the black, greedy abyss—death." His wife dies, and she is no sooner dead than he begins to idealise this woman:

"Whose silent censure, prying eyes and narrow, petty morality of a well-educated girl had blocked his course, and whose fits of temper had robbed him of his strength for work."

He resolved to pull himself together and paint one last picture, a picture in her honour, a picture as great as Goya's "Maja Desnuda." It is, however, too late; his hand has lost its power. Long disuse of his gift has atrophied it, and the "Maja Desnuda" he would have painted—and in his youth could have painted—must remain a dream. He is an old man come to the end of life without having fulfilled himself because, great as were his gifts, he lacked the moral strength which would have enabled him to beat down opposition and conquer fate.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

AT THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL.*

One of the minor horrors of war is the aftermath it leaves of dispute and denunciation. Naturally the great war of 1914–1918 has provided enormous scope for the chroniclers of fact and fiction and the washers of political and military dirty linen. We have grown somewhat tired of Confessions and Diaries and Reminiscences; war literature is something of a drug in the market. Nevertheless there is still room and to spare for publications of real value, for many of the loudly-heralded volumes, with a famous name on the title page, have proved singularly disappointing.

I have read with attention Captain Peter E. Wright's book, "At the Supreme War Council," and I confess that as a narrative it disappoints me and as an indictment it leaves me cold. Captain Wright states that he was Assistant Secretary and Interpreter to the Supreme War Council, and explains that in this double capacity he was enabled to hear and read military secrets of the highest importance. He proceeds, in due course, to criticise with great severity General (now Field-Marshal) Sir William Robertson for (as he suggests) communicating military secrets to Colonel Repington (military correspondent to *The Times* and later to the *Morning Post*) and for using Major-General Maurice and Repington as his advertisers and press agents. Now this is interesting. Certain of us who did more or less confidential work on the British Staff during the war took an oath not to divulge, *then or afterwards*, such confidential matters as might come to our knowledge in the course of our duties. I can only suppose that, despite the important nature of Captain Wright's position, he was not called on to take such an oath, for he describes many incidents and conversations which must have been for the select few only.

Captain Wright's pictures are at least arresting. Clemenceau was, he says, "the most amiable of old men, and if a tiger, as he was called, only a stuffed nursery tiger." Mr. Lloyd George he commends because of his determination to win the war, "in spite of . . . his inveterate taste for low and unscrupulous men; of the distrust felt for him by his favourites . . . of his superficial, slipshod and hasty mind. . . ." Haig also does not escape, though Foch is

* "At the Supreme War Council." By Peter E. Wright. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

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drawn as a demigod. Everybody almost is represented as taking part in a frantic struggle for self-glorification or the evasion of responsibility.

It is all very forceful, very trenchant —very painful sometimes, as in the tragedy of Gough's Fifth Army—but one wonders what is the *good* of it all now. After all, the war had to be conducted by human beings; had they been omniscient they would doubtless have done better. But is it quite the moment to turn on these men a merciless searchlight? Are we not a little too near the Great Event to be able to see it in correct perspective? I do Captain Wright the justice to believe that he is sincere, that he is actuated by no petty feelings, that he honestly believes his book to be a valuable document. But has he made due allowance for the mental strain, the awful burden of responsibility thrown on those in high command or placed in positions of national responsibility? That Foch was and is a great man the world gladly concedes, but there were others. It is not greatness only to conquer; a man can but do his best according to his lights

For the rest, there are many interesting figures and comparisons in the book which may be useful to the student, and one important observation—namely, that the innovation of the Secretariat not only enabled Mr. Lloyd George to assume a virtual dictatorship, but enables him to retain it at this moment.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

BOOKS ON KENT AND SUSSEX.*

It is pretty certain that the reviewer who finds among a number of topographical books one by Mr. Bradley, will also find it to be easily the most able and conscientious of the bundle. It is so in this collection of Kent and Sussex books, for Mr. Bradley's is by far the more accomplished, competent and valuable of the three. Mr. Bradley has his failings and his little weaknesses, but he takes his work seriously and produces work which must always command respect and admiration.

In this book he does for the East Kent coast what in an earlier book ("An Old Gate of England") he has done for Rye, Romney Marsh and the western Cinque Ports. The purpose of the two books is to describe the whole of the Cinque Ports and their surrounding country and villages. In this volume, then, we get the story, and Mr. Bradley's description, of the Isle of Thanet, Sandwich with Richborough, Deal, Dover, Folkestone and Hythe, and the villages of this littoral. As Rye dominated his previous book, Sandwich (with Richborough) dominates this. Mr. Bradley says of the two towns:

> "There is nothing else in the south of England in the least like these two little towns, while those of the north and west, or rather of the Welsh Marches, which in Ludlow, Tewkesbury and Bridgnorth possesses the best of them, are of an entirely different type and altogether outside comparison."

In making that statement Mr. Bradley speaks from a comparative knowledge, which makes it the more authoritative. It is true that there are no towns more beautiful, in their differing individualities, than these, and Mr. Bradley is fortunate in having one of them to brighten each of his two volumes, particularly as the scenery of the whole district is mild by comparison with those grander and more romantic landscape beauties which he usually described in earlier books

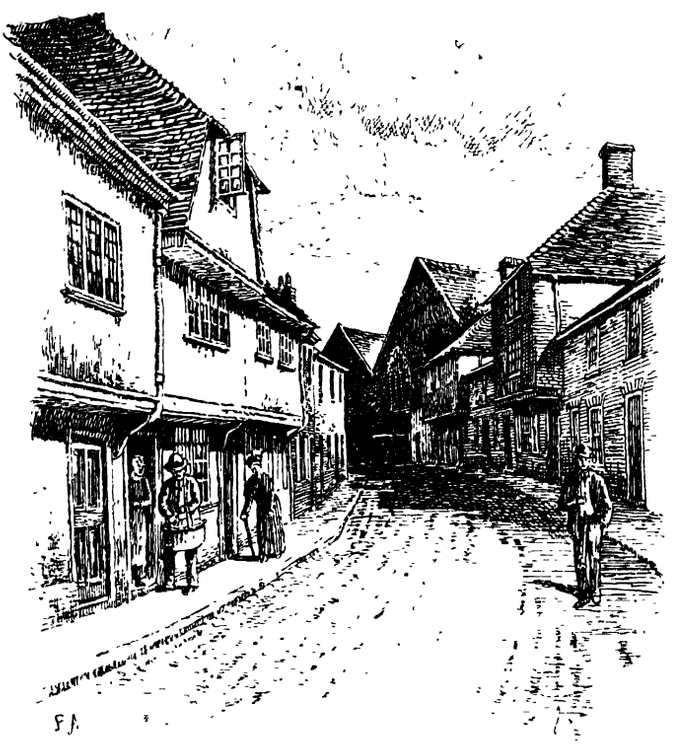
Perhaps Mr. Bradley's best things are his succinct introductory story of the Cinque Ports as a whole, his excellent and reasoned account of the smuggling industry, which contrasts favourably with the scrappy, ill-digested notes of so many writers; and his admirable account of Sandwich and Richborough Can he be right, however, in his statement concerning Richborough (p. 153) that "nowhere in Britain is there so great a memorial of the Roman occupation, etc." (unless he means to be read *au pied de la lettre* in respect of the words, "untouched by later human hands," as another reference on p. 215 suggests that he does not). Has Mr. Bradley never seen Porchester? And what about the Roman Wall?

One of Mr. Bradley's virtues is his independent and speculative point of view, illustrated in this book by his reflections on the comparative absence of documentary knowledge of the four centuries of Roman rule in this country His comparative lack of interest in certain literary associations, which quite justifiably appeal to others, is perhaps explained by a remark on p. 154.

Mr. Fred Adcock's many careful and illuminative drawings are a notable adjunct to Mr. Bradley's book.

In his book on "Kipling's Sussex" Mr. Hopkins was seized of a fine idea, but he has not carried it out as thoroughly and closely as might have been expected, and this and Mr Holmes' book on Sussex are not particularly original in matter or treatment. All topographical writers must be dependent on their predecessors, but the user of old material must always be prepared to stand the test: does he present the old matter with some novelty of manner, invest it with his own individuality, add to it something new? Judged by such standards these books do not rank tremendously high, but they are at least pleasurable and entertaining accounts of wanderings in a delectable county, and for those who are not too exacting they will form useful and companionable touring handbooks, Mr. Holmes' volume having the advantage in a series of drawings of considerable charm (though the paper used seems calculated to render them somewhat coarsely), and Mr. Hopkins' book in its relation to Kipling's stories. I have the best of personal reasons for wishing for Mr. Hopkins the felicity of a second edition. I owe to him a kindly reference to a book of mine, and, since he has paid me the further compliment of incorporating in his own matter a small thing which he has borrowed—no doubt inadvertently—from the same book, he would, I am sure, like to mark it by inverted commas. Mr. Holmes may well pray for a similar good

* "England's Outpost the Country of the Kentish Cinque Ports" By A G Bradley With Illustrations by Fred Adcock 10s 6d net (Robert Scott)—"Kipling's Sussex" By R Thurston Hopkins 12s 6d net (Simpkin, Marshall) "Seaward Sussex the South Downs from End to End" By Edric Holmes Illustrated by Mary M Vigers 7s net (Robert Scott)



Drawn by Fredk. Adcock **Church Street, Sandwich.**

From "England's Outposts: The Country of the Kentish Cinque Ports" (Robert Scott).

fortune to enable him to correct a number of irritating, if trifling, inaccuracies. For instance, Richard Jefferies was not buried in or at Broadwater Church, and his name was not Jeffries. We wonder who Cobbet, and Stripe and Olliver are, and is not Mr. Holmes in error in stating that Lamb lived for some *years* at Brighton?

THE TRAMP

MARY STUART.*

In "Mary Stuart," as in "Abraham Lincoln," Mr John Drinkwater has made use of a machinery to mediate between the play and the audience, to give the play an atmosphere of remoteness and thus to obviate the necessity of such minutiæ of actuality as would make against that intense simplicity which alone can give prose the quality of poetry. In "Abraham Lincoln" the chroniclers defined the position of the drama on the infinite stage of history. The relationship between the setting and the play of "Mary Stuart" is more original, closer and more complex. As to its technical aptness it is impossible to speak without having seen the play on the stage. Its psychological rightness may be judged as well from the book—or better, for one is not confused by idiosyncracies of interpretation—but, even so, it is not easy to pass a definite judgment. For to do so would be to pronounce definitely on the nature of the passion of love, a point which the philosophers have not yet settled.

John Hunter, a young man, has come to Andrew Boyd, an old man—in the year 1600 or later—in great distress. His wife, Margaret, has told him of her love for another. Naturally Hunter is hurt and humiliated, although Margaret has declared that her love for him is untouched by the new love. To Hunter this seems meaningless, but Boyd would make him ashamed of his bitterness, declaring that there are women who can "love so well that no man's nature can contain all that they have to give." Mary Stuart was such an one; Margaret is another. Of Mary Boyd is a worshipper; her portrait is over his fire-place, and he bids Hunter learn wisdom from her tragic story. Hunter rejects the suggestion with contempt, and then:

"A dress rustles outside on the terrace

"BOYD. What's the matter?

He turns

"HUNTER. There. look—— Who is it?

"MARY STUART *stands on the terrace at the window. She is the Queen of the portrait*

"MARY. Boy, I can tell you everything."

The scene changes to a room in Holyrood on a night of March, 1566—the night of Riccio's murder. But the new scene is doubly linked to the old, through Mary's consciousness as well as through Hunter's, for, as the new scene becomes defined, the Queen is waking from a prophetic dream of what has just passed between Boyd and Hunter. It is a curious device, but what is of more interest is the question—how far, in the one short, vivid scene enacted, Mary realises the "great lover" of Boyd's idea. It is a hard question to answer, for one's mind has been prejudiced by what has gone before. If the Holyrood scene stood alone, without Boyd's indication of its intention, one cannot be quite sure that this particular aspect of Mary's nature would have been what most immediately appealed to one. For at that particular moment of her career, not only historically but by Mr Drinkwater's own showing, such love as she had ever had for Darnley had turned to bitter contempt, it is doubtful whether she was ever more than amused by Riccio, while Bothwell had not yet altogether captured her imagination. This is how she speaks of the three of them:

"They make a poor, shabby company. Riccio sings, yes, ravishingly. And no more. Darnley cannot sing even, and he's my husband. Just a petulance—one cannot even be sorry for it. How he hates Riccio—I wish David were better worth hating. That would be something. And Bothwell wants to take me with a swagger. It is a good swagger, but that's the end of it. I think he will take me yet, the odds against him are pitiful enough. But it's a barren stock of lovers, Beaton. I, who could have made the greatest greater."

* "Mary Stuart." A Play by John Drinkwater. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

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Hardly the words of a great lover, these. So, at any rate, John Hunter would seem to have thought; for at the end, when the play is played, his voice is heard, dream-like, in irritated repetition: "Mary Stuart can tell me nothing, I say."

And yet, when all is said, one does get a sense, from this play, of a great-hearted woman; of one who gave her love not to this man or that, but had a boundless wealth of love to give and might "have made the greatest greater." The tense, vivid prose of Mr. Drinkwater's dialogue one cannot over-praise.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THINGS AS THEY ARE.*

Mr. Graham Wallas is entitled to the high respect of thoughtful persons for his intellectual gifts and his long public service. To the educational work of London he gave both many years of time and the best efforts of a mind inspired by the old classical tradition and the new social ideals. He is already known to readers as the author of a life of Francis Place and a volume on the human factor in politics, which is almost a classic in its own kind. The present work may be described as a courageous piece of moral and social stocktaking. The war that was to end war and bring us a new world came to a sort of end two years and more ago. What ideals and impulses have been left us?

To a clear statement of our present position, our vital carry-over from the past, and a discussion of the principles immediately and remotely operative in national life, Mr. Wallas devotes twelve chapters or essays that are both brief and full because they do not waste space upon vague generalities. This country, says Mr. Wallas in effect, is not a new Jerusalem or an earthly paradise for heroes, but a land in which certain politicians, newspaper proprietors, rich men, close corporations, and social conventions (all clearly named) are the dominant powers. Given these actual facts and circumstances, what are we to do? There is no polemic in the author's statements. We know, of course, that his heart is not given to the things of the present, but he does not get angry, or call names or resort to claptrap. He is as unimpassioned as a good accountant examining the books of a rotten concern—and just as terrible.

His chapters discuss such topics as the nature of our social heritage, the effects of group co-operation, the control of national co-operation, professionalism, liberty, natural right, world co-operation, constitutional monarchy, science, and the church. The practical nature of the discussion can be gathered from the fact that when Mr. Wallas has discussed the human tendency to group co-operation as a social and biological heritage, he shows the impulses actually at work by a citation of facts and proceedings from the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia Reports He puts his finger very exactly upon one great danger to society—the modern newspaper, a highly elaborate piece of machinery by which one man or a few men can flood the country every day with incitements to hatred, animosity and violence against any individual or nation or cause or ideal. The press, once an outlawed and heretical activity, has now become a great super-papal establishment with its myriads of worshippers and its infallible and omnipotent heads, to offend whom means extinction. It is now the plain duty of every intelligent person to fight against this new force of destruction and persecution.

In the essay on liberty Mr. Wallas quotes the famous funeral oration that Thucydides puts into the mouth of Pericles, and he remarks that what neither of them understood was that the slaves of Periclean Athens were human beings also. I would suggest to Mr. Wallas that this is exactly the trouble of modern times. The thing called slavery has long since ceased to exist; but the idea of slavery is still a powerful factor in our social conduct. A little instance may sometimes illustrate a large principle. There is an almost appalling significance in the fact that the wretched suburban general servant was jocularly called "the slavey." Consider her life! Within the house there was no time she could call her own, there was no place she could call her own. She was buried in a basement kitchen by day and immured in a kind of cupboard at night. She was denied the ordinary instincts of a human being. She was credited with no feelings or ideas, she was rarely and grudgingly let out for an evening, and a "follower" meant ignominious dismissal. The idea underlying general domestic service was the idea of an inferior creature without rights, in almost complete subjection. It was essentially the idea of slavery. Now apply this to greater matters. When "labour" troubles arise, the great general instinct, even among those who are wage-earners of the "respectable" kind, is a feeling of indignation that "these fellows" should dare to assume the privileges of their betters. Except with a small minority there is no attempt to understand the points at issue, the case being always prejudged against labour in a feeling of resentment that "these fellows" should presume to have rights or points or a case at all; and the commonly propounded remedy is that they should be put against a wall and shot. That is to say, the root instinct of modern society is still for a system of slavery. The other day a county councillor said at a public meeting that as the great majority of elementary school children would have to go into manual labour they did not need education. There you have the instinct for slavery at work in another form. It seems to me that the greatest need of the modern world is not for a change in this or that machinery of government, but simply for a change of heart. We must eradicate this instinct for slavery. It is a fatal instinct, for in all history it is written that those who use the slave shall perish by the slave. But before conversion must come the conviction of sin; and towards a clear recognition of things as they are such a volume as this will helpfully contribute.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Our Social Heritage." By Graham Wallas. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

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little deep feeling. However, he scarcely deserves a Lady Barbara, and is to be congratulated on his escape.

"The Green Bough" is a study of a very different kind of woman—strong, elemental and passionate, with the primitive passion which fulfils itself when it has accomplished the purpose for which it was born. She lives her life according to her ideals, and though many would condemn her actions few would refuse to give her respect and admiration. At the age of twenty-nine Mary Throgmorton has never loved or been loved. Fate has placed her—one of four sisters—in a position where she meets no one, and has no knowledge of life or of conditions outside the little Devon village where she was born. When Julius Liddiard comes into her life and wins her love, she surrenders to him (although she knows he is married) deliberately and gladly, and asks nothing from him beyond what she gives. After his departure she discovers she is going to have a child She is not dismayed but triumphant, and her love for Liddiard dies when he writes to her and speaks of it as a catastrophe, offering to help her to conceal the fact from others She declines his help and goes away to bear and rear her child. She is not penniless, but she works on a farm for her boy and herself, until—twelve years later—Liddiard reappears, offering to educate the boy, John, and make him his heir. He tells her his wife knows everything and is willing that he should do this. Mary fights against the idea of her boy being taken from her, but eventually consents. Eleven years later John is killed in France and she is left desolate. The book is a careful analysis of the awakening of a woman to what is, to her, the whole meaning of life, and her instinctive revolt against a civilisation which makes it impossible for a woman to fulfil her destiny unless she is hedged round and "protected" by the laws of convention and marriage. The arguments are not new and will not convince anyone who has not held them before, but Mary is a fine and noble woman, and infinitely above the finished product of present day "society."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

MEREDITHIANS RAMPANT.*

Dr. Crees, who is, judging by his preface, a schoolmaster at Hereford, has in this well-produced volume printed or reprinted twelve of his essays. The first is of uncommon type, being a review of the reviews of his former book on George Meredith, together with a re-expounding of his views on Meredith as a writer—not as a man, for of that aspect of his subject he knows nothing beyond what he has read in published books.

Although he is ranked as an enthusiastic Meredithian, Dr. Crees denies the soft impeachment, and avers he has but two of the master's novels on his bookshelves. Nevertheless he is well acquainted with a good deal of his subject, and offers many apt and interesting comments on Meredith's prose and poetry.

Dr. Crees pays me the compliment of devoting his second essay to a consideration of my book on George Meredith, but I do not flatter myself that he regards me with any approval beyond my choice of "the excellent photographs" which illustrate my book. In fact, he exudes ink-wells of scholastic and unholy glee at what he fondly believed to be the final extinction of my work. He says:

> "The fate of Mr Ellis has been to appear as the chief actor in a fiasco, and that book which was to set forth in final and authoritative fashion the facts of Meredith's life has disappeared with an apology for infringement of copyright and incorrect implications into the limbo which is reserved for those books which never come to birth and, with them, for books which never live after birth"

I am honoured with a Latin tag—"*Habent sua fata libelli*"; and am informed, "Such is the undignified end of a book whose birth was announced with such a flourish of trumpets." But hard facts being irrefutable, Dr. Crees is compelled to add in a foot-note the unpalatable news that my reprehensible book was reborn in a new edition last year. That is a kind advertisement, and about the only accurate statement Dr. Crees makes about me. Not only is he grossly inaccurate throughout most of his review, but even guilty of hitting below the belt in order to score a point against an opponent—which is a sad and naughty practice for a schoolmaster who presumably claims to run his seminary on the lines of "muscular Christianity."

For example. In order to prove his belief of my deficiencies as a Meredithian critic, Dr. Crees asserts that I said I found "One of Our Conquerors" *difficult to read*: what I actually said was the exact opposite—"Personally I find *no* difficulty in reading 'One of Our Conquerors.'" In another place Dr. Crees, when dealing with "Evan Harrington" and Major Strike, puts some words in inverted commas as if they were a quotation from my book: as a matter of veracity, no such sentence occurs there. In view of these "methods of barbarism" in criticism, it is perhaps supererogatory to animadvert on Dr. Crees's inaccuracies of a minor description, such as naming Meredith's father-in-law *Matthew* Love Peacock, and speaking of Dr Shrapnel's letters at Beckley Court.

Dr. Crees fails as a critic of biographical work because he is unable to understand that a biography, to be of any value, must present both the lights and shades in the subject's character; a whitewashing performance is fatuous and useless. Every man, however great and virtuous, has serious faults in his human composition, and Meredith was no exception to the rule.

Because Dr. Crees admires Meredith's literary work it does not follow that a biography of Meredith must gloze over the fact that there were some hard and unpleasant qualities in his nature, and that he was by no means an ideal example in family relationships. My aim in writing the book was to be strictly impartial Dr. Crees, profound critic, thinks I had a grudge against Meredith and says I snipe at Meredith from behind cover, "willing to wound yet afraid to strike." I have no grudge against Meredith, for I never saw him, and he only knew of my existence through some correspondence we had. My grandparents—the originals of the Strikes—died long before I was born, so I am not likely to feel very keenly the grievances they might have entertained had they read "Evan Harrington" Dr. Crees makes not a single allusion to the many warm and enthusiastic tributes I paid to Meredith's literary work, to his supreme love and interpretation of Nature, and to his undoubted genius for friendship with a select band of notable men and women

Dr. Crees can never get away from the manner of the schoolmaster in his writings—that self-opinionated, supercilious manner which is acquired by long years of autocracy over sycophantic classes of young boys who are compelled to swallow, without power of verbal dissent, whatever didactic nonsense or erroneous opinions their pedagogues propound. This particular manner is admirably exemplified in Dr. Crees's contemptuous article on the novels of Mr. J. D. Beresford, in which there is also an attempt to pay off a rankling grievance. Apparently Mr. Beresford reviewed Dr. Crees's first book on Meredith in a style unsatisfactory to the author, who retaliates with an elaborate thesis in the endeavour to prove how feeble Mr. Beresford's novels are in comparison with Meredith's—as if Mr. Beresford or anyone else ever perceived any similitude between the two writers.

Dr. Crees is at his best, and most amusing, in "The Smoke Nuisance," for here the intolerance and unreason of the crank are intentionally exaggerated, with very humorous results.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "Meredith Revisited, and Other Essays." By J. H. E. Crees, D Lit 12s. 6d. net. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

DUMBARTONSHIRE TWO.*

This, the second volume of Mr. Irving's revised History of Dumbartonshire, continues the story of the county and burgh to the close of the eighteenth century. It was a praiseworthy and patriotic conception to give to natives

* "Dumbartonshire: County and Burgh." Part II. By John Irving. 21s. (Bennett & Thomson.)

and lovers of his shire what is practically a new work, though confessedly based on that which his father gave to the public "sixty years since." With diligent painstakingness and a passionate desire for accuracy, the reviser has brought together everything of note and interest pertaining to the Lennox—Levenax—that "field of the Leven" whereon some conspicuous events in Scottish history were enacted. Part II summarises all that can be said about Dumbartonshire in the old Roman days, as well as when it was the arena of the doings of the early Christian kingdom of Strathclyde and of the later consolidating of the Kingdom of Scotland. Robert the Bruce was a Dumbartonshire resident, and died at Cardross in 1329, "in peace," since "I am assured that the best and most valiant knight of my kingdom has promised to achieve for me that which I myself could never accomplish"—the depositing of Bruce's heart in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, a mission which gallantly failed, as every schoolboy knows. It is curious to find Bruce enjoining his son, within a week or two of his demise, to bury his heart "at Melrose." As to his change of mind there can be no doubt. Yet Melrose has the precious dust in its keeping, after all.

By far the most instructive chapter is that dealing with the clan conflicts in Dumbartonshire. The bold MacGregors are chiefly in evidence here, and the story is retold of that greatest MacGregor of them all, Rob Roy who, unlike so many of his predatory race, passed away in his bed at Balquidder. The Covenanting and ecclesiastical turmoils of the nation come within their own local purview, and the story of the gradual settlement and development of the county after the rebellions of the 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-Five bring the section down to the year 1800. Part III will conclude the work. Excellent illustrations and a map of the original Lennox earldom add to the value of an extremely useful and intelligently compiled record of pronounced vitality and progress and prosperity. At page 167 the author has apparently confused the prophet Merlin with the much later bard, Thomas the Rhymer.

W. S. CROCKETT.

A VOICE FROM THE ORIENT.*

The editor of a gorgeous reprint of FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyám" thought it passing strange that the Persian astronomer-poet, whose quatrains as treated by dear old Fitz breathe quite a modern spirit, should have lived at the time of the Norman conquest. One of Mr. A. C. Benson's reviewers drew his attention to the equally remarkable fact that Abu 'l-'Ala al-Ma'arri was a contemporary of King Canute. Since al-Ma'arri was as much in advance of his time as Omar Khayyám, is by some critics regarded as Omar's precursor, and occasionally wrote in much the same vein, there was a fair excuse for coupling the two names. A disquisition on the life and works of al-Ma'arri fills the greater part of Dr. Nicholson's present work which, in this respect, may be taken as a welcome and valuable appendix to his "Literary History of the Arabs" brought out eleven years ago.

An Arab, born near Aleppo A.D. 973, a contemporary, therefore, not only of Canute but of Avicenna, "prince of physicians," and of al-Biruni, historian of India, al-Ma'arri excelled as a poet, a scholar, and philosopher in days when learning and literature in Europe were all but extinct. In Dr. Nicholson's judgment he is of the school of Dante and Milton, and one who, if he contemplated life with the profound feeling of Lucretius, handled his subject with a literary skill as fine as that of Horace. This is not the appreciation of a solitary admirer. By Orientals his genius has always been recognised, nor has he been overlooked by Western students of Eastern literature. As "Aboulola" he was given a place in D'Herbelot's famous "Bibliothèque Orientale," published before the end of the seventeenth century. There, it is said,

* "Studies in Islamic Poetry." By Reynold Alleyn Nicholson, Litt.D., LL.D. 26s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

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'c'est le plus habile des poëtes Arabes au jugement des sçavans en cette langue"; and a couple of well-chosen extracts from his chief work are added, translated into French. In later times German Orientalists, one after another, extolled him with unusual unanimity till at last, in 1889, Von Kremer proclaimed him one of the greatest moralists of all time, whose profound genius anticipated much that is commonly regarded as the so-called modern spirit of enlightenment.

Highly as Dr. Nicholson esteems al-Ma'arri he does not altogether approve of Von Kremer's estimate, and his objections are set forth with commendable lucidity. What is more, his English versions of over three hundred typical extracts from the poet's "Meditations" enable those to whom the original is a sealed book to judge for themselves; while the same passages, printed in Arabic in the appendix, will be of immense use to anyone who is seriously studying the language. No less interesting and instructive is the account of al-Ma'arri's long and embittered life, or the masterly sketch of political and social conditions in the Middle East when, to quote his words, he was journeying through life's gloom. He died at the age of eighty-five, and had been blind from his boyhood, the after effect of smallpox. Notwithstanding the loss of sight his erudition brought him a host of pupils, some of whom themselves became celebrated. Nor did blindness hinder him from visiting Bagdad, though it prevented his gaining any worldly advantage from the excursion. It was there, however, in all probability that he mixed with wise men from a further East; Hindus who may have helped to shake his faith, never too sure, in the orthodox creed of Islam and to convince him of the benefits of cremation and the wholesomeness of a strictly vegetarian diet. Precursor or not of Omar Khayyám, he was a precursor of Mr. Eustace Miles. Beginning, indeed, by abstaining from the flesh of animals he came presently to eschew milk, eggs and honey, holding that the consumption of such viands is unjust to the creatures producing them.

It is not, however, because he was a rigid vegetarian that al-Ma'arri will be honoured by posterity. There are other reasons for numbering him among eminent men of letters. In all Arabic literature, a competent critic has said, there is no other voice like his. It was raised to assert the rights of reason against the claims of tradition and authority. He denounced the hypocrisy of ecclesiastics and the greed of courtiers. He did not fear to provoke the wrath of the yet more powerful when he declared that princes were the servants of those they ruled. Of his mournful pessimism and disbelief in a future life there is no space here to speak, but a brief quotation may be permitted:

> "O star, in heaven thou shinest from of old,
> And point'st a flawless moral to the wise.
> Death's fixed and certain date thou hast foretold,
> Then why not tell us when the dead shall rise?"

"An excellent quære," the author of "Religio Medici" might have said, "to pose to the devil of Delphos."

STEPHEN WHEELER.

POETS OF PROMISE.*

Recently the literary world has been beset on all sides with the latest productions of the juvenile mind. Miss Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters" seems to have led the fashion. There may be a possibility of this child precocity extending to the domain of the theatre. It will be diverting to read in the papers at some future date the announcement that the new three-act comedy by a young lady of ten is expected shortly at one of the West End theatres, or to the effect that Toddy and Budge have collaborated in a new revue, which, it is predicted, will be an immediate and pronounced success. What a busy time interviewers will have to look forward to when they hunt up the authors of what Mr. Gosse has so wittily labelled "bassinette babblings." It has been said that many clever men have large noses, but every man with a large nose is not, on that account, necessarily clever. Likewise, there is evidence that genius is somehow abler than most people to drink of the elixir of eternal youth. But every youth is not a genius because he happens to be young, though it is from belief in the reverse of that statement the present rage for juvenile literature has sprung. Then again, one has to discriminate between the stammerings of mere infancy and the more assured utterances of youth.

These reflections have come to mind as I read the most recent production of youth, hailed by Mr. Masefield in no uncertain terms of welcome and encouragement. I am inclined to think Mr. Masefield's enthusiasm "o'erleaps itself" for, while much of what he writes may be applied to several of the poems in this book, as many of the efforts scarcely warrant the exaggerated appreciation implied by his introduction. There was a time when it was the ideal of every schoolboy to express himself in weak imitations of the Swinburnian rhythms. It is very apparent that a number of the colleagues in this venture have been satiating themselves with the "new verse" movement. There remains little doubt of the astonishing accomplishment here and there, especially when one considers it the work of schoolboys, though it may be questionable if it be the critic's duty to observe that consideration.

Mr. Edmund Blunden is one of the present-day poets whose promise and progress in the poetic art one watches with unusual interest. The distinguishing features of his rustic Muse are simplicity of theme and a mature outlook, both welded together by an individual method of expression. The fragrance of the English country-side, the rural sights and sounds and aroma are atmospherically reproduced in his flowing numbers. There are the glad spontaneity and ease which result from an art form that claims a recognisable kinship with the grace of Mr. W. H. Davies's work Among the many notable pieces that make up the volume,[2] the most finished performance is the eerie narrative poem, "The Silver Bird of Herndyke Mill," which should take a worthy place beside Mr. Thomas Hardy's legendary poem, "The Lost Pyx." In the first verse we are at once ushered into the lonesome atmosphere:

> "By Herndyke Mill there haunts, folk tell,
> A strange and silver-breasted bird;
> Her call is like a silver bell,
> So sweet a bell was never heard,—
> The Silver Bird of Herndyke Mill,
> That flies so fast against the blast,
> And scares the stoat with one soft note—
> To hear her sends the heart's blood chill."

Touches of landscape imbued with the eerie glamour of magic reveal Mr. Blunden's facile mastery in creating the appropriate background for his theme:

> "The water shone, the stars looked on,
> The footfall in the coppice died;
> A bat swerved oddly and was gone,
> A half-awakened night-wind sighed;
> The miller with his heavy tread
> Was nearly to his threshold yew,
> A dor flew by with crackling cry
> And chilled him with a sort of dread."

In one place Mr. Blunden has unfortunately perpetrated a pun, whether consciously or unconsciously one cannot say, but it mars the beautiful lyric nuances of "Leisure":

> "To-morrow—but to-day, to-day is young.
> Still nods the sunflower, still the church owls prey."

Everywhere in this book the poet shows evidence that in this completed performance, as well as in the promise shown of even better things to come from him, his name is one to be respected among present-day bards.

When we turn to Mr. Malloch's book,[3] we find it less easy to accord his verse unqualified praise. He rides his Pegasus unevenly. His Muse wanders uphill and down dale in an undulating fashion. In certain pieces he transports us to heights, but we are given time only to glance cursorily at

*[1] "Public School Verse, 1919–1920." An Anthology. With an introduction by John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—[2] "The Waggoner, and Other Poems." By Edmund Blunden. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—[3] "Poems." By George Reston Malloch. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—[4] "Isabelle, and Other Poems." By Will Foster. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

the view he spreads before us, and with a sudden start we are on the steep downward track. Mr. Malloch is most successful in his realistic verse, picturing metropolitan scenes. In "London, 1914" the concentrated impressionism of city life and ways shows an accomplished pen :

> "While the unceasing long ranks of the people
> Pour to and fro, young and old, in the lamplight,
> Shabby and prosperous, sober and frivolous,
> Here a stout matron, here a girl flashing
> Challenge from eyes that invite to encounter,
> While a man hesitates, scenting adventure :
> Hawkers who cry at the edge of the pavement
> Baskets of flowers that bloom out of season,
> Roses in winter and violets bringing
> Whisper of Spring in the mirk of December :
> Glittering bars where the doors swinging open
> Loosen a roar of inebriate voices,
> Theatres under whose brilliance inviting
> Coils a long snake of folk waiting to enter,
> Here and there, sombre, unlit and religious,
> Spires shooting up from the churches to heaven"

One or two of the poems, especially "Sir Christopher Wren," are dimly suggestive of Browning's dramatic lyrics. If Mr. Malloch's steed could only be kept on a level upland, one feels his poetry would be of more account, but, none the less, the present volume augurs well for his future achievement and anticipates that his early fruits will yet ripen to a richer hue.

At last we have come across a poet of the younger school who uses blank verse and rhetoric in an unconventional, colloquial manner, and not as though it were a jig-saw puzzle. Mr. Will Foster's play, "Isabelle,"* shows remarkable promise in its sustained dialogue, deft characterisation and poetic invention. The poems forming the remainder of the book show a technique which, when matured, may be the means of securing for Mr. Foster a sure place among modern poets.

W. M PARKER.

MARIONETTES.*

You must not pinch or stab these creations of Henley's and Stevenson's. They are stuffed with sawdust. It is positive that Stevenson must have known that : the man who wrote "The Master of Ballantrae" knew flesh and blood : whether Henley was so cunning may be doubted. In his poems no person intrudes on his own emotions and thoughts, except those few whom his affection includes, as it were, in himself : in the essays he is more concerned with the acts, the gestures, the attitudes, the avowals of his persons than with themselves. He has no idea of Burns as he might be in the loneliness of some moment of spiritual depression, or of Fielding in his efforts at squaring the wisdom of his philosophy with the cynical facts of experience. Henley himself was almost entirely free from introspection, and in consequence he had no real sense of drama. For the dramatist's motive is always psychological, though his methods demand action.

Of the four plays "Beau Austin" is incomparably the worst. It will not compare, either for lightness or distinction, with such a trifle as "Monsieur Beaucaire." Of the other three "Macaire" has no little skill in the presentation of the world which Henley knew how to slay and count his soul lost ; "Deacon Brodie" is a melodrama which threatens once or twice to come to life, and "Admiral Guinea" can stir those who are not too old to be thrilled by the sinister tap of Pew's stick. In method none of the plays attempt to be aught but old-fashioned. "Beau Austin" is full of soliloquies and fine speeches, confrontations and avoidances, and ends with a tableau which perfectly combines the unreality of the Surrey side drama with the unreality of eighteenth century sentiment. "Deacon Brodie" has some fine Scotch scenery in it ; but the absurdity of the Deacon's character, his completely unexplained submission to the threats of a man whom he

* "Plays." By W. E. Henley. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)—"Views and Reviews." By W. E. Henley. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

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could evidently have had imprisoned, prevent the play from having anything but an interest of incident. And there are incidents which have the right kind of melodramatic thrill, as when Brodie is caught burglaring his friend Leslie's house.

Still one turns with relief to "Admiral Guinea" and "Macaire," for here the authors had subjects where there was a strong convention ready to their hands. Henley was soaked in the vernacular literature of England and Scotland, and his handling of the dialogue in both these plays shows a virtuosity which atones for its complete lack of verisimilitude. The speeches of old John Gaunt, and the savage, sinister beastliness of Pew are excellent artifice. Henley here forestalled in words the revival of that artfully simple mode which we have seen since in such decoration as Mr. Lovat Fraser's for "The Beggar's Opera." The complete absence of veracity in such a play as "Admiral Guinea" provokes a reality of its own. It is a strange world of oaths and rotund speeches and vows, but a world with a certain modest beauty and a certain swaggering courage. One would like to see both "Macaire" and "Admiral Guinea" put on the stage again. It is a pity that this edition has not been more adequately edited. No explanation was given in the "Essays" as to what principle governed the selection of the work included; and in this volume there should have been appended some account of the stage history of the four plays.

To this edition there has now been added in one volume the miscellaneous essays and notes which comprised the two volumes of "Views and Reviews" on authors and artists. Some of these essays show Henley's talent for flashlight photography at its best; others, such as the notorious note on Thackeray, combine perversity of judgment with apathy of imagination to a degree never reached by a critic of eminence. All are written in that positive, affected way by which Henley convinces the young, and kept up his own conceit of his opinion. What one misses most is any note of finality, any evidence that the critic who could compare the later Tennyson with "the greater Shakespeare, the consummate Rembrandt, the unique Velasquez," ever had any trustworthy standards of appreciation.

WOMAN.*

If Mme. Marx's book had been called "Portrait of a Woman" it would have been a juster description, and it would have saved several eminent gentlemen the necessity of writing absurd estimates for the wrapper. It is not a revelation of the Soul of Woman. It has none of the uncanny quality which makes the male reader of "The Egoist" squirm in unwelcome self-knowledge. It is not even as penetrating as other studies of adolescence of less acclaimed position, as "Hilda Lessways," for example. But it is obviously as thorough, as honest and as complete a study of a character as thought and pains have enabled the author to make it.

The heroine (unfurnished with any name, which makes discussion clumsy) is probably the most entire and complacent egoist in literature. Her parents, her husband, her lover, her child, her maidservant, are merely "copy" for her experience. Innocent of one tremor of either humour or irony, she records with great seriousness everything she feels about them, but they are so little realised that there are several pages where we are uncertain which of the two men she is referring to. Perhaps this astonishing impermeability is best demonstrated in the phrase where she explains to her lover that she cannot go away with him because her lawful husband is "necessary to my effulgence," an explanation with which both men are apparently satisfied. She asserts with rather tedious iteration, "I am free! Freedom!" As a matter of fact she is imprisoned closely in her own mind. She never emerges for more than a second into the tides of feeling that are sweeping others this way and that. There are a few brief moments, as she breaks out in fury at the dullness of the average evening party, or as she studies the dingy audience at a woman's meeting, when she seems to understand that there is a world beyond the circumference of her catalogued perceptions. But in a moment we are discussing what she feels about what her friend feels about the meeting, and the great company of mankind are forgotten.

"Woman" is not a stupid book. There are some fine and tender pieces of description and scenery. And although the heroine is so self-occupied, it is impossible for anyone to have all their emotions unique, and some that few own to while many experience, are told with honesty and point. But as a whole the story drives heavily and the atmosphere is fatiguing. The single personality which can endure so prolonged and minute a study must be both complex and spacious. There is no complexity and much that is cramped in the soul of the subject of "Woman."

L. MASTERMAN.

* "Woman." By Magdeleine Marx. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

LEWIS HIND AND ART.*

About twenty years ago there used to appear week by week in *The Academy* a series of little paragraphs under the general heading of "Things Seen"—pictures-in-words of commonplace scenes and happenings which revealed an observant eye and a taste in the author for what Ruskin used to call "fine writing." It was only after he gave up the editorship in 1903 that it became generally known that Mr. C. Lewis Hind himself was responsible for what was long the most distinctive feature in his journal. Since then Mr. Lewis Hind has devoted his powers of perception and his gift for gossiping in print to the study of art. Though he has written for newspapers and has published many volumes about pictures and picture-makers, it would be inexact to describe him as an art critic; for criticism implies judging, and Mr. Hind is too kind-hearted to pronounce a verdict on any man.

He describes himself perfectly in one of the papers in his latest volume:

> "I am not a critic at all. I am an appreciator, and I assume it to be the duty of a critic to do as M. Anatole France does—to narrate the adventures of my soul among masterpieces. . . It does not interest me to compare one work with another . . My way is to seek one thing, some work that arouses my interest, and to base my article on that alone"

The volume under review is simply a collection of articles built up on this principle. It would be idle to try to find in the book any deliberate purpose, any well-sustained argument leading to a definite conclusion. Like a graceful butterfly Mr. Hind flits from artist to artist, finding some sweetness in each, pausing just long enough for us to note the beauty of the flower on which he settles, and then fluttering off again to hover with impartial unconcern over the rarest orchid or the humblest daisy. His performance is not that of the bee; he constructs no cell, he stores up no honey for the winter months, for him the shining hour is to be enjoyed, not improved, and unless we are prepared to take pleasure in the butterfly for its own sake we shall be puzzled to find an economic justification for the pretty little creature's existence.

But nobody really enjoys breaking a butterfly on a wheel, and it is invidious to judge a man who abstains so carefully from judging others. Let us follow Mr. Hind on some of his adventures and allow him to speak for himself:

> "When I was last in Amsterdam I strolled to the rear of the Ryks Museum, hoping to find some Van Goghs in the modern department. There was a roomful of them—landscapes, startling in their vivid reality; figures, uncannily alive; interiors so simply realistic that one could almost walk into them; and a group of those wonderful dishes of fruit, swelling, huge, seeming to hold within themselves all the ripeness and richness of harvest. I know not whether Cézanne or Van Gogh was the inventor of these colossal, yet small, still-life pieces that have so taken the fancy of the younger artists of to-day. Everybody is doing them now."

* "Art and I." By C. Lewis Hind. 10s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Here we have Mr. Hind at his best and worst. The merely objective or historical critic would explain that Cézanne was so much older that he had produced fruit-pieces before Van Gogh began to paint; but Mr. Hind does not bother himself with these details—they mean nothing to him; he is concerned only with the works that arouse his interest, and he sums up the qualities in these which arrest him in a few happy words, the figures "uncannily alive," interiors you "could almost walk into." And then there is the final irrelevant phrase, so characteristic of the butterfly—"Everybody is doing them now."

Mr. Hind is off again, and the worst of it is we know he will be just as enthusiastic about the everybodies as the somebodies. That is why the younger artists clamouring for recognition have so good a friend in Mr. Hind.

FRANK RUTTER.

Novel Notes.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES. By E. M. Delafield. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

"'I am an orphan,' reflected Lydia Raymond with immense satisfaction." This is the opening sentence of Miss Delafield's new novel, and reveals everything. Lydia is an egotistical puss, even from childhood; complacent and self absorbed. In her young days she grows up beside a very rare old man—her grandfather—who taught her several things about the world. "She soon found out with Grandpapa she might be her own shrewd little cynical self." We follow Lydia through her schooldays to the great moment when she embarks upon a career in London as book-keeper to a milliner. She then enters a boarding-house, kept by the brown-eyed, plaintive Miss Nettleship. Miss Delafield draws a careful picture of life among dusty aspidistras, at a poorly-laden table. Lydia, who continually sees herself as a heroine, enters into a gracious flirtation with a fellow-boarder—"a Greek gentleman, Mr. Margoliouth"—and allows him to take her to cinemas and to hold her hand. Presently a Greek wife appears, to hunt her husband up, and Lydia, realising the real situation is merely furiously indignant at being made to look a fool before the guests at the boarding-house. A girl at the hat-shop, about this time, tells Lydia what she thinks of her. "What an inhuman kid you are! I've been watching you, ever since you came to us . . . you're awfully sweet and nice to everyone, and never say cattish things about anyone—but what's it all *for*? You don't care a damn for anybody that I can see. . . . I don't believe you know what caring for anyone means." Lydia remains self-satisfied, writes a successful book, and goes as secretary to Sir Rupert Honeret, where she meets a young and handsome clergyman—Clement Damerel. They marry, and it is here that the book grows most interesting. Damerel is above Lydia socially, and when she accepts him she feels "an increasing satisfaction glowing within her." She is sweet to Lady Lucy, his mother, and gives up authorship (as it does not seem the thing in Devonshire circles to write). But her own daughter proves too much for her; she is a rebellious little soul. Also a change creeps gradually and almost imperceptibly over her husband; he ceases to make demands upon her. The daughter grows up and is alienated by Lydia's crafty, burdensome methods, and the book closes on rather a tragic note. Miss Delafield has done better, clearer-cut work than this; but her *motif* is good. It is always difficult to write round an unsympathetic heroine, and she has done it well. Some of the minor characters are sketched with ability.

THE IRON BELL. By C. E. Lawrence. 8s. 6d. (Daniel O'Connor.)

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has taken the more difficult course of giving his fancy free rein, and you can never be sure what kind of story is coming from him next. Some of his tales have been of old-world romance, some of sheer faery and fantasy; in "Such Stuff as Dreams" he mingled fantasy and realism; in "Mrs. Bente," the ablest of his books, he was uncompromisingly realistic; and in "The Iron Bell" he tells a realistic story that, for all its greyness, is touched with a romance of sentiment. Elizabeth Pratt is a sort of up-to-date Cinderella, a gentle little household drudge who is harried and enslaved by her father and mother, befriended openly or secretly by the good-natured Aunt Custance, and championed by that cheery, glorious person, the lodger—Mr. Burkley, The various characters are admirably drawn; the story is a simple story of common life. Elizabeth grows up within sound of the clock of the workhouse at the end of the road, and the gaunt shadow of the workhouse is over all her history and, in the footsteps of her old grandmother, her aunt and her father, she is driven to it herself at last. It is a bitter moment when the chivalrous Burkley, who had unfailingly stood her friend, misunderstands the position at the crisis and, passing her with a kindly greeting, leaves her to go the bleak way those others of her family had trodden. We had expected Mr. Lawrence would temper her vicissitudes and, with the prosperous Burkley as god in the machine, give us the happy ending he had almost seemed to promise, but Burkley is obtuse and the worst is allowed to happen. There is a charm of simplicity and youth about Elizabeth, and so much of sympathy in the relation of her chequered career that one's interest is held throughout. The tragedy of poverty is over it all, but Mr. Lawrence is not blind to the soul of goodness in things evil and writes with such a broad love of humanity as gives something of beauty to his drabbest scenes and his saddest incidents.

SHADOW AND SUNLIGHT. By E. L. Grant Watson. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape)

The landscape and seascape panorama with which the Pacific dazzles the imagination have left, as a rule, all too little scope for anything else, and that is why so many tropical novels in this region hitherto have fallen short of anything beyond the merely picturesque. In the present case Mr. Grant Watson shows perfect familiarity with the splendours of the tropic seas-"down under," but he makes his motive a conflict of East and West in the persons of his two main characters. James Blunt, planter and hedonist, has long ago found wealth and abandoned the beliefs of his fathers, preferring self-indulgence on pagan lines under the cover of a philosophic interest in the life and crude superstitions of the islanders. Matherson, the missionary, and the only other white man on the island, obtains his consent to write and ask if Blunt's people at home know no white woman ready to come out and share his lot. This brings out Eva Dixon, a high-minded woman, not so unattractive as she pretends, and fully alive to the underlying suggestion that the appointment as Blunt's housekeeper is a stage of probation leading to matrimony. The reaction from the savage company he has been keeping hastens his surrender, but, woman-like, she surrenders in her turn, and remorse breaks down her faith in herself and the efficacy of her religion as a shield against the fury of the native women she has supplanted. The more that Blunt resists her appeal to him to return to Christianity, the more he is impelled to protect her from the dangers which he feels he has brought upon her, and at last the evil atmosphere of hostility around them culminates in an attack from which there is no escape but death. At the moment of seeming defeat, however, Eva's religion comforts her with the thought that her sacrifice is an expiation, and the West vanquishes the East in a spiritual sense. Mr. Grant Watson never spoils his effect by descending to didactics, and never impairs his characters by making them merely the mouthpiece of an attitude or phase of mind. The story is a genuine piece of artistry from beginning to end.

THE JOURNAL OF HENRY BULVER. By Cherry Veheyne. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

The story of a genius, given in the form of extracts from his journal. Unfortunately they exhibit no sign of his powers, which, we are assured, were tremendous; they only show a wild, erratic, restless being, who exclaims now and again something to this effect: "The ache in my brain is almost intolerable. It seems drawn to such a tension that if something does not snap, I must pierce it myself, to relieve the strain." Bulver writes successfully; in fact, in the introduction we are told that he was "the talk and admiration of two continents." Nothing said in the journal has any hint of it. The love affairs with different women, the swift adorations, the sudden loathings, the abandonment to drink, are described grimly and with vigour, and every now and then the writing falls into this sort of inconsequent vein: "I had no idea what we were talking about; she may have known. I believe it was supposed to be very clever, wit so delicate that I personally never saw it full face. Still, you must talk like that nowadays, or they think you hail from the year dot."

TORCHLIGHT: REVOLUTION. By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. 8s. net. (Dent.)

Baroness Leonie Aminoff has found a magnificent and ambitious theme—no less than an imaginative reconstruction of the period that gave France her Revolution, her Directoire and her Napoleon. This volume is the introductory one of a series, and serves to set the stage for the entrance of Napoleon, whose name occasionally floats across the pages in casual reference from one or another of the dramatis personæ. The action begins in 1788 and centres upon Térézia "Carrabus," aged fifteen and on the point of marriage to the Marquis de Fontenay This takes on significance when the reader realises that Térézia is the lady of ecstatic beauty and wit who later became Madame Tallien and *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, and still later the Princesse de Chimay. Madame Aminoff gives a remarkably lively portrayal of the domestic side of the palpitating years 1788-1794, viewed from the focus of Térézia's doings and much through her eyes. The lady herself is certainly a lively piece, and the portrait of Tallien is no less strong and compelling, and one side of the epoch, its corruptness, its frivolity and violence, is most adequately brought before the reader. It is perhaps a pity that the writer has laid so exclusive an emphasis on this ugly aspect of the period, neglecting the noble ardours that blazed at the same time. Her sympathy is heavily against Robespierre and Tallien. The present reader has been greatly intrigued by the helpful jailer Joseph. Who is it? And he has greatly missed the Baron de Batz. So he is now agog to know—*is Joseph the Baron de Batz?* He has hopes.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILED. By Arthur E. Stilwell. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

Twice it happened to Henry Waterall to discover a gold mine. On the second occasion, when a landslide disclosed a rich seam, he made all haste to cover it up with soil, and refused to make any use of it. The experiences that led to this surprising decision form the subject of this story, which is a curious mixture of somewhat wild imagination and well-recorded observation and first-hand knowledge. When first he struck gold, nothing would content Wetherall but to leave his Australian backwoods and set out to see and enjoy the life of the larger world. At one time he all but sank under the temptations of his position, but he came of good stock and his native sense pulled him out of the mire. His marriage to Felice Royston brought him to London, when, to gratify his wife's inordinate ambition, he tried to enter society, paid lavishly to charity and party funds, and blossomed into knighthood. The sudden failure of the mine killed Felice, and Sir Henry returned to his old home where Mary Lucas was waiting for him and where a comfortable living was available from the paternal sheep-folds. It was then that the second discovery was made and was sternly concealed. At critical moments in his life Wetherall was invariably guided aright by a mysterious dream-light.

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HAGAR'S HOARD. By George Kibbe Turner. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann)

"Hagar's Hoard" deals with a highly original situation—that of an old miser, his daughter and his son caught by an epidemic of yellow fever in the Mississippi town of Memphis in 1878. The old man is torn between love of his daughter, which prompts him to take her out of danger, and love of his money, which urges him to remain. And the daughter, with the obstinacy of weakness, opposes her *vis inertiæ* to any effort made to force her to leave alone. Now a single situation of this kind is the subject for a longish *conte*, and could quite adequately be described in from 70 to 100 pages. Unfortunately Mr. Turner spins out his story till it runs to 300 pages, to a gradual evaporation of interest. Yet the book is uncommonly interesting; it catches the atmosphere of a plague-stricken city so admirably. The picture of the hot, sweltering, half-deserted town, and of the miser's house, shut tight against the poisonous night air, and closer and closer encircled by the flare of the fever fires, has a Defoe-like realism; while the portrait of the old miser, with his virulent hatred of niggers, is quite a triumph of sinister humour.

SWAMP BREATH. By Robert Simpson. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

The reader who enjoyed "The Bite of Benin" and staked on it his reputation with his friends, opens "Swamp Breath" with the question, "Will it be as good?" It is as good, or nearly as good. There are fewer mysteries and not so many big moments, but the whole is a most engrossing story. In it Mr. Simpson returns to the mangrove-bound heart of the Niger Delta, the Jakri and Sobo villages, the trading beaches crowded about with canoes and gesticulating natives, the house-lizards, the sand-flies, the greasy mud of the poison swamp So quietly and unobtrusively are the details given that the atmosphere creeps in upon the reader unawares. The groundwork of the plot concerns the effects of a deadly native drug, called *vaka* water. The chief victim is the Provincial Commissioner, Barstow the Magnificent as he was known to his friends before the evil thing entered into his soul. Much skilful writing has gone to the making of Barstow's character and to that of his beautiful, self-centred wife. This is different work from "The Bite of Benin," but it is very effortless and very masterly, and only just misses being as effective.

The Bookman's Table.

VANESSA AND HER CORRESPONDENCE WITH JONATHAN SWIFT. Introduction by A. Martin Freeman. 7s 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

It requires a light hand and a generous sympathy to approach Swift in criticism or inquiry. It is impossible to reduce to psychological analysis the insoluble mystery of his character, his erratic and wayward moods, or the agony of his searching remorse. Still less is it a grateful task to cheapen the women who loved him. To acknowledge that both he and they were the sorrowful victims of his irresistible personality is not to blame either, but to tender the reverent compassion which is their just homage. Mr. Freeman's impression of Swift as a dispassionate and coldly intellectual man—who apparently discounted any such wild probability as that of his pupil falling in love with him, even though he adapted his elderly sense to her playful and wistful moods—seems to detract from Swift's character half its rare charm. No man could write the letters to Stella and Vanessa, with which we are all familiar, without having an understanding and perception granted to few. The poignant regret uttered in mocking words which so often startle our pity, are surely evidence of a mind tortured by the contradictions of life, and confused by the perplexity of conflicting desires. The truth of Vanessa's reproach (if it is hers)—"You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable"—and his anxiety lest gossip should single her out, are all corroboration of deepest feeling. Vanessa's generosity in standing sponsor for her mother's or sister's debts is directly inconsistent with any act of meanness or revenge to one she loved. We prefer to ascribe the silence which befell the correspondence to Vanessa's own renunciation than to any ordinary "breach." For one capable of such love as hers, we would believe in her choosing silence rather than rebuff at the hands of Love himself.

TO THE LIVING DEAD. By E. Paterson Cranmer. (Daniel.)

Mrs. Paterson Cranmer's first book of poems contains some fine work. It is a temptation to quote:

"Her name
Was Love I saw her pass
Flower-strange, star-sweet.
And on her breast she wore stained lilies,
And in her eyes were little pools of pain."

If some of the verse is immature there is not only promise here but performance; yet because of faulty lines the short pieces are better than the long. In these poems we have at least, however, what is lacking in so much of the work of to-day—real and deep feeling:

"Pity my unrest
And stay with me an hour Alas, I know
You will elude me as the moon that slips
From the night's eager arms . . .
If you must go
Then leave, O maid! a dream upon my lips"

STORIES OF THE SAINTS. By Grace Hall. 4s. 6d. (Harrap)

For children, young and old. It is absolutely essential, in making a résumé of the lives of the saints, that the writer should be a fervent believer, a person to whom some of the extravagances of the tales should not come amiss; and this collection is fortunate in its compiler. Miss Hall writes with the greatest zest, enthusiasm and devotion. No less than thirty-one saints have their stories outlined here—briefly, simply and with much animation. The saints' lives are followed up by a section entitled "The Saints and Their Humble Friends." Here Miss Hall writes charmingly of St. Roch and his Dog, St. Rigobert and his Goose, St. Felix and the Spider, and all the rest. We are particularly drawn to the story of St. Patrick: "What wonders he performed by the might of that sign of the Cross of Christ he so loved! It is said that he signed himself with it more than a hundred times daily and nightly. He traced it upon the waters—they were turned from foul to pure; he traced it in the air—demons fled; he drew it on the ground—it opened and swallowed up magicians; he drew it upon the dead—and they revived. And when he died, watching angels made the air so bright that no candle needed to be burned beside him." Here will be found also the curious tale of St. Ursula embarking with her eleven thousand virgins, attended by many prelates and a number of chivalrous knights. "A marvel it was to see how the maidens, miraculously taught, manned the ships, and with what skill they sailed them!"

VERSES AND BALLADS OF NORTH AND SOUTH. By the Rev. H. J. Boyd, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

As a host, Mr. Elkin Mathews may not lay down over much wine of poetry in his cellar, but when he cracks a bottle the quality is generally of the finest. He it was who gave us the rare vintage of Stephen Phillips's best, and that of many another poet who has since come to fame. The wine of "Verses and Ballads of North and South," by H. J. Boyd, is still, rather than sparkling, and stirs no Swinburnian riot in blood or brain, but it is rare in colour and fragrance, and if Mr. Boyd be not a great, he is at least a true poet:

"There are timid fingers tapping,
Tapping at my window-pane.
In her garments grey she's rapping
There—the little sister, Rain."

This is from "The Priest's Awakening," a poem in which, as in many others, Mr. Boyd gives expression to a fancy—

sometimes even to a caprice, that in delicacy and originality remind one of his great countryman, Sir James Barrie. With another great Scot he has not a little in common, as witness: "To My Sister, on receiving a copy of Verses by R. L. Stevenson, with a gift of Oatcakes." Here is the first stanza:

> "Thanks, my dear tittie, for the sang
> And cakes forby, o' oatmeal strang
> Ainee, in the days ahint us lang,
> My banes were built o' it.
> And, be the ditty richt or wrang,
> I lo'e the lilt o' it"

"Lilliard: A Ballad of the Liddle" and "The Rhyme of the Brothers" successfully attempt the recapture of what to-day is almost a lost art. Best of all, however, are the sonnets. Technically they are not equally perfect, for Mr. Boyd sometimes allows himself four rhymes instead of two in an octave, and once—only once—he falls from grace by rhyming "call" with "mystical." But such sonnets as "The Prisoner"—even if the *motif* remind us a little of Sir William Watson's lyric, "World Strangeness," "The Sea's Unrest," "June the Mother," "Respite" and "The Garden of Peace," are faultless in form and bold in conception. "Verses and Ballads of North and South" sufficiently prove Mr Boyd to be a poet but, in a phrase of Rossetti's, "the swing of his arm is freer in prose than in verse." Readers who have marked, as many no doubt have, the great imaginative power, pathos, originality and beauty of his prose idylls in the *National Review* and other reviews and magazines will be likely to agree with the present writer that it is in prose, rather than in poetry, that Mr. Boyd is likeliest one day to come to fame.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE. By J. B. Morton. 6s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

"Yet if we write at all we must write of the things we love and that move us, for there is something that stirs in a man and makes him speak of such things, however feebly"

So says Mr. J B. Morton, who has made a little book called "Enchanter's Nightshade," in which are many quaint sayings and some very beautiful ones. I have read a good many other things—prose and verse—from Mr. Morton's pen, but frankly this is the best of them. He may do better still in the future—there is plenty of time, I hope—but for the moment I am content. His book is not one to be gulped at a sitting; rather to be savoured delicately as (he will forgive me) a rich vintage. A company of six young men set out a-walking and a-talking. Stay, why do I say "young"? Mr. Morton answers me. "Youth . . . is a point of view," he says, and the point of view of this goodly company is that of glorious Youth—informed, it may be, by the wisdom of other lands and ancient days in so far as it may be gained by travel and books -but Youth always, gay and confident. A delightful book, a book of high adventure in farmyards and wild gaiety in sleepy villages . . . of sunshine and the singing of birds . . . of pipes and ale, and bread and cheese by the wayside . . . of happy talk with now and then a sigh . . . and here and there graceful verses. . . . Now, the Wonderful Six are men of the pen, therefore they approach the prosy at times; but it is then that Mr. Morton's skill saves him and averts the danger with a neat phrase. It is a charming book, and we await Mr Morton's next production with a pleasant confidence.

Music.

THE DECLINE OF RICHARD STRAUSS.

By ANTHONY CLYNE.



Photo by F. O. Hoppé. **Dr. Richard Strauss.**

AS yet not the ordinary music-lover, but only the specialist, has become aware of an almost universal decadence in German music. This sterility, this relapse into outworn conventions, into superficial amiability, is not entirely the result of the war, though the collapse of German supremacy in music has doubtless been both accelerated and intensified by the actual struggle for political supremacy. It is the result of the spirit which caused the war. It is the penalty—who can doubt?—of the distortion of mentality and suppression of spirituality induced by those leaders of the nation whose materialistic creed laid waste a continent. Nowhere is this deterioration of German music more clearly manifest than in the compositions of Richard Strauss—he who we thought was to stand next to Wagner, who had won his way to recognition through many deterrents and despite Imperial distaste, which in Germany was indeed a drawback.

He appeared in the world of music as an avowed revolutionary, but a revolutionary of genius. Wagner had died in 1883 and there was no mighty creator of music to follow him. There were composers talented and earnest, but they caught no fresh rapture, released no new power. Then came that marvellous succession—"Don Quixote," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Heldenleben." Conventions were discarded audaciously but not impudently, for it was the audacity of original power. The pastoral scene in "Don Quixote," so magically real, true to the thinnest echo, attested the arrival of one of the world's greatest artists.

His personal career and circumstances were eminently favourable. He encountered unpopularity—enough not to crush his spontaneity of composition, but to provide that spur without which such a temperament is apt to languish. The Kaiser and especially the Kaiserin disliked him and his music, and their unfavourable regard produced ostracism in various quarters. It was very long before he became a member of the Berlin Academy. This opposition did not entail financial struggles, for Strauss inherited from his mother, descended from a wealthy family of Bavarian brewers, a fortune which has grown to many millions of marks; as he inherited doubtless something of his musical gift from his father, a member of a Munich orchestra. Strauss is a South German, without those defects of the Prussian temperament which must have destroyed his art.

And yet he has worked himself out. Is it because materialism has corrupted the very source and fount of his inspiration? It might seem so, for his niggardliness, his astute bargaining have become proverbial.

The parsimony of a man with such comparative wealth, an artist above all, is amazing. No musician is more tenacious in exacting the utmost from his royalties, more astute in investing his fortune. He exploits his art like a commercial magnate. Is not the decline of his inspiration symptomatic of a degeneration in the national soul? The Germany of his earlier productions had many elements of strength, nobility even, which it lost. The period which followed the humbling of France was deeply coloured with crudely materialistic ambition, yet there were phases of the national ambition that were really noble. Of these Strauss was the supreme exponent. In the thundering diapasons of his music the New Germany spoke. It was bold but brave, ambitious but strong.

But pride consumed Germany, and she began to worship Force as Force. So Strauss began to esteem noise as noise. His music had trumpeted forth the New Germany; it began to bang and clatter and howl, at intervals to tinkle-tinkle, the Germany that made the war. Once he almost redeemed himself—by "Rosenkavalier," with its wonderful artistry. But the theme was decadent. It was a false glow of inspiration, the hectic flush, the morbidly beautiful fancy of a sick man—in parts no more than a waltz for "The Merry Widow" or some "tuneful" street-organ ditty.

But "Electra" was but an uproar, an agglomeration of thematic lunacies. During a general rehearsal at the Royal Opera at Dresden, he rushed down the central aisle, shouting to the conductor to stop. Madame Schumann-Heink as Clytemnestra was struggling with a terrific aria, and the orchestra were perspiringly working their hardest. "Louder! Louder!" shrieked Strauss, "I can still hear the singing!" A symbol surely of the debasement of the German spirit—this tall, gaunt man with straggling hair, pseudo-Beethovenesque, shrieking at the Dresden Opera for noise, noise to drown all melody, and believing that to crack the tympanum is to create veritably sublime music.

"La Légende de Joseph" was Strauss's mode of tinkle-tinkling forth the Germany of 1914. He confessed with puerile pride that the *leitmotif* of "Electra" came to him while playing the national card game of *Skat*. "La Légende" apparently came to him while tapping the glasses on a café table. Its cleverness is indubitable. There are not many in this country with sufficient mastery of the sheer technique of composition to produce it. But its spirit is corrupt, the appearance of truth and strength concealing false imitation of simplicity, meretricious glitter of pretty phrases.

The tragedy of Richard Strauss is a phase of the tragedy of Germany, the rejection of conventionalities degenerating into pursuit of the merely bizarre, the worship of strength into the worship of brute force, seeking to conceal crude violence beneath tricky *Kultur*.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS": A TONE POEM ON BUNYAN.*

Every one who writes—every one, indeed, who speaks—must recall moments when their minds have suddenly been confronted, as it were, by a brick wall, as they realised that language was powerless to express directly the thing they desired to say. Many are the blessings that have been heaped, at such crises, on the head of the man who first thought of that form of mental cross-reference which we call Analogy. And in no branch of life has analogy proved a greater boon than amongst the fine arts. By it the painter is enabled to speak of the tone of his colour, the musician of the colour of his tone; and the *locus classicus* is the story of the man, born blind, who was asked what idea the word "scarlet" brought to his mind. The answer triumphantly justified artistic analogy, once and for all: "It is like the sound of a trumpet."



Photo by French & Co., Wallington. **Mr. Ernest Austin.**

To Mr. Ernest Austin, a composer of widely-recognised distinction and zeal, occurred the epic idea of embodying Bunyan's great classic in sound; and before me lies "The Pilgrim's Progress: Narrative Tone Poem for Organ," in twelve books containing 264 pages, a work in which the only help given to the instrument is by a choir (optional) which, at the end, may sing the one word "Alleluia."

The task the composer set himself was, as must be obvious, a colossal one. It is an almost unbearable strain on the possibilities of analogy, an almost hopeless demand on the fount of inspiration, an almost cruel call, even if the twelve books be played singly, on the concentration of the listener. Whether these difficulties have been overcome is, of course, a question involving a critical estimate of the music, *qua* music, which would be out of place in these columns. It will be enough to say that the work is modern, thoughtful, often of symphonic calibre, frequently beautiful and always of fine craftsmanship. But it is in the harnessing of Bunyan, rather than in the technique of the music, that readers of THE BOOKMAN will find their interest.

Of necessity the work is programme-music pure and simple; a fact which, in spite of Dr. Douglas Tayler's preface, needs no apology whatever. Practically every page has one or more verbal sign-posts to tell us where we are. Frequently these are well chosen, and clearly give the cue for the emotional tinge in the music that follows. No listener, for instance, need be an expert musician to realise how the opening theme portrays "the desolation and unhappiness of Pilgrim's mind," and how, at the end, when "the Pilgrims watch the Hosts of Heaven passing before them in procession," the glittering pageantry is reflected in the music—which, curiously, marches to five-in-a-bar. Personally, I feel a little less happy when "He feels the weight of his burden" is followed by thick chords *maestoso ponderoso*; and when "He wept and trembled" I had some shudders of anticipation which the music, when it came, did not prove quite unjustifiable.

It is plain, however, that programme-music cannot escape its limitations and dangers. If the heavy burden and the tears are left alone, then a link in the narrative is lost; if they are dealt with, even momentarily, they must needs be *ponderoso* and *appasionato*. What is not so generally recognised is, that "absolute music" has its corresponding banalities. Many musicians are now bold enough to confess that their pleasure in a Beethoven quartet is ruined by the mechanical and obvious scaffolding which is called its "form." And a man may reasonably prefer to risk, in programme-music, the possible triteness

* "The Pilgrim's Progress." By Ernest Austin. Parts 1–7, 2s. each; Parts 9–11, 2s. 6d. each; Parts 8 and 12, 3s. each. (Larway.)

of an idea, rather than suffer, in absolute music, the assured boredom of prearranged structure.

Much as I would like to think the work will "come off" in performance—and this is, all said and done, the acid test of all music—I fear there is one rock on which it will split. The composer, it is true, amply annotates his pages—the annotations, indeed, read from beginning to end give a very fair précis of Bunyan—and it is also true that these annotations are meant to be printed in a programme. But supposing that an organist made the experiment of playing Part 8 to any audience in the world, how many, I wonder, could hold their attention and follow even half-way through the thirty-four pages? They begin where Pilgrim and Faithful hear the call, and carry the story, with twenty annotations, to the point where Faithful is carried up in the chariot. Even were the twenty printed headings in one's hand, with hints as to the length of each section, how many of us would be prepared to wager we knew when, say, section twelve began?

It is possible, however, that Mr. Austin may retort that this is one of the musical points which I vowed to leave alone. That granted, I will congratulate him on the sincere and sustained fulfilment of a task so pregnant that it might have lured, so limitless that it might have daunted, the greatest and most courageous of composers.

PERCY C. BUCK, M.A., Mus.Doc.(Oxon).

A MIXED BUNCH.*

If variety be the spice of life the existence of the song reviewer, confronted with the strange diversity of publishers' bundles and the necessity of criticising the most variegated selections in one notice, should be a gay one. The thirteen songs at present to be considered provide a merry puzzle in classification. The homeliest flowers in the bunch are certainly Mr. Percy Kahn's "Song Memories." This title is more exact than the composer probably intended, for his five songs call to mind an endless procession of their kind—those melodious, innocuous songs about gardens and "mem'ries." To those who like such things, and do not mind an occasional sustained preposition on the penultimate note, these will be welcome. They are vocally grateful, sufficiently effective and have music which is at least as good as the words.

The next two, both American, are rather more advanced. Bryceson Treharne's "Pickaninny," a plantation song with a pleasant touch of wistful fancy, will please light-voiced baritones and tenors, and R. Huntingdon Woodman's "Eternal Love," sopranos and tenors of the robuster sort. This semi-sacred song is soundly constructed, with an accompaniment which is telling though a little stodgy in its reiterated quaver chords. The most probable deterrent to its popularity is the price. Two shillings for a two-page ballad is excessive.

A more considerable advance marks the songs of Felix White and Phœbe Wynn Johnson, both composers having given themselves an occasion by choosing good lyrics and risen to it with music which catches their spirit. In "Come, My Little Children" and "The Piper," Mr. White has set two of the new lyrics by R. L. Stevenson published in 1918. Both are dainty things and will need singers with imagination, in the first case mezzo-sopranos and in the second mezzos or baritones. Miss Johnson's "To an Isle in the Water" treats with suitable delicacy a winsome and characteristic lyric by W. B. Yeats. The result is a charming baritone or tenor song.

To the numerous discriminating singers who delight in the art of Roger Quilter his new work, "Three Pastoral Songs," will need no recommendation. As always, the composer has chosen words of intrinsic value, in this case

* "Song Memories." Five Songs by Percy B. Kahn. (Enoch.)—"Pickaninny." By Bryceson Treharne. (Winthrop Rogers.)—"Eternal Love." By R. Huntingdon Woodman. (Rogers.)—"Come, my little Children" and "The Piper." By Felix White. (Chappell.)—"To an Isle in the Water." By Phœbe Wynn Johnson. (Chappell.)—"Three Pastoral Songs." By Roger Quilter. (Elkin.)

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by Joseph Campbell. It is interesting to watch Mr. Quilter ranging through the centuries, selecting the finest lyrics of Shakespeare, Herrick, Blake, and now of a modern poet, and with an almost uniform success adding to them music which is peculiarly similar and yet devoid of mannerism or self-repetition. In their original form and key the "Pastorals" are designed for baritone voice with the additional interest of an accompaniment for violin, 'cello and piano. There are also editions for tenor voice and with piano only. The first, "I will go with my Father a-ploughing," might have been treated in a broad and robust style. Mr. Quilter more subtly prefers to emphasise throughout the quieter mood of the last lines, in which the wren sings to weary reapers in the heat of the sun. The song holds the broad tranquillity of seaside uplands and is of a reticent beauty that lingers in the mind. "Cherry Valley" breathes the same quietness:

"The low moon is looking through
The glimmer of the honey dew.
A petal trembles to the grass,
The feet of fairies pass and pass"

The last, "I wish and I wish," offers an effective contrast. It is a light and whimsical setting of three short-lined verses rather in the style of de la Mare in their pensive fantasy. Altogether the book is one to be bought in haste and enjoyed at leisure, preferably with the string parts.

RODNEY BENNETT.

STREAKS OF LIFE*.

In this volume Dr Ethel Smyth collects various papers that can scarcely be said to have any connection but that given by the dauntless personality of the author. She was ever a fighter! The longest and most interesting essay happens to be the least subjective and the least musical. It is a series of reflections and comments on that *femme fatale*, the late Empress Eugénie, who was Dr Smyth's neighbour and friend. Here we have a real character study, excellently done, of a woman almost unexampled in these drab, modern days for her charm and her effect upon the history of Europe. Dr. Smyth's paper is excellently written. It hasn't a trace of the sickly and sickening humbug that usually accompanies accounts of royalty *intime*. Another paper describing the composer's troubles in getting her Mass performed gives us some very plain and highly interesting glimpses of the late Queen Victoria, one as a simple, uncomfortably hardy, homely person, and another as an equally uncomfortable Personage, every little inch of her. Still a third crowned head glitters in these pages—the eagle-helmeted Lohengrin of the North, now fallen and abject, pointing a moral, even though he does not specially adorn any sort of tale. The paper in which the ex-Kaiser appears is a long and interesting account of the composer's struggle to get her opera, "*Der Wald*," produced in Berlin. A more technical and rather less clear essay discusses the "great opera fiasco." It is dated July, 1920, but the "fiasco" of 1920 is a "fiascone" now, for, as far as we know, the summer season of 1921 will see the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, with closed doors—closed to opera, at least. That is one of the privileges of living in this happily governed island. The volume contains as well a review of that lovely book, "Mount Music," by those great "Irish R.M." ladies, and a couple of other papers that we think hardly worth reprinting. Dr. Smyth has given us a volume of rich and varied interest, with enough about music in it to interest the musical, but not enough to disturb anybody else.

* "Streaks of Life." By Ethel Smyth, Mus.Doc. 10s. 6d. (Longmans)

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

MODERN MELODIES. A Collection of Pianoforte Pieces. (Alfred Lengnick)

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A song that should prove very popular with all who love an ear-haunting chorus.

The Drama.

SHAKESPEARE FOR SHAKESPEARE'S SAKE. IN PRAISE OF THE "OLD VIC."

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD.



Photo by Russell. **Miss Lilian Baylis.**

WHAT is the secret of the "Old Vic."? Why is it that directly one has passed those tawdry portals one is conscious that here, as nowhere else, is the true Shakespearean enthusiasm. Here, in that homely old slum-playhouse, is the glow of genuine gratitude, not for peculiarly comfortable seats, not for any satisfied curiosity over picture-paper fame, not for ingenuity of perversion, or splendour of spectacle, but for the truth and beauty of Shakespeare himself.

Quite apart from its broad achievement, the mere fact that the "Old Vic.", thanks to Miss Lilian Baylis's indomitable courage, kept the banner of Shakespeare flying even in the war, would alone consecrate it as a classic theatre. The splendid work, too, that it has done for the children—though this did not develop till Mr. Ben Greet's time, and is no longer smiled upon by the L.C.C.—is in itself a monument. Even as things are, how many young Shakespeareans have already grown up at the "Old Vic.", with Shakespeare's wit, wisdom, fancy and speech as part of their lives!

Just now, however, there is something more than all this in the "Old Vic." A change well worth noting has happened with the arrival of Mr. Robert Atkins as "producer." It has done so very largely through Mr. Atkins's discovery of the value of that long-neglected and, at times, even despised possession of the "Old Vic."—its "apron"-stage. Until Mr. Atkins came, nothing to any purpose had been done with the yard or two of knubbly old timber which still stretches out in front of the "Old Vic." proscenium, and is a bequest from the days when the theatre was built, just over a century ago.

By his judicious use of it Mr. Atkins has been able to make the "Old Vic." a scene of enlightenment, not merely to "popular" audiences, but to the whole Shakespearean world—a living example of good and wise staging.



Photo by F. A. Bailey. **Mr. Robert Atkins.**

This is an entirely new thing, and one which cannot be emphasised too much. In the old days we used to praise the "Old Vic." just because it was doing a noble educational work. Now we have got beyond that. While Shakespearean pedants are arguing this way and that about methods of production, Mr. Atkins is quietly solving the riddle. Folk may differ about other matters, but in the playing of Shakespeare for Shakespeare's sake it is absolutely essential that the scenes should follow and dovetail into each other as Shakespeare meant. The little scenes must be on the "apron" in front, the big scenes on the main stage, and the "peep-shows" behind all. Without this arrangement it is impossible even to follow Shakespeare's text. Hence, for faithful work, there has to be an "apron"-stage, unless one can endure a perpetual drawing of curtains.

Here is the practical truth upon which Mr. Atkins has built. At the same time, he has brought back from the war to Shakespearean production a large sanity. He does not treat his "Old Vic." friends to any fads. Very rightly he allows of a certain amount of scenic beauty, where this does not interfere with the sequence of scenes or with the value of Shakespeare's descriptions. There is, as a matter of fact, a great deal of bunkum talked about imagination. Roughly you can expect out of an audience only a certain percentage of what has been put in. They cannot imagine what they do not know. For us who have seen spectacular productions till we are tired of them, and who have a rough notion what Cæsarean Rome or Elizabethan England looked like, a bare-board Shakespeare is all that is needed. But an audience who know nothing can "imagine" less. Moreover, we have always to remember that a modern audience have this disadvantage as against Shakespeare's. They have not only to transform "this cockpit" into "the vasty fields of France," but to get themselves back three hundred years to imagine even the "cockpit"! So, for interiors—"blasted heaths" and enchanted isles remaining much what they were in Shakespeare's time—Mr. Atkins has been very careful over his charm of scene and lore of costume. Simple though everything has to be—for the "Old Vic." is still poor—some of his scenes have been among the most beautiful to be found on our stage anywhere. Juliet's bedroom, for instance, had something of Carpaccio's St. Ursula about it.

It has been a great joy also to notice how the acting of the company has improved—very largely on account of that "apron." The "Old Vic." players are learning to address the audience, which is the essence of Shakespearean acting, instead of always talking sideways in a picture. Congratulations to gentle Miss Mary Sumner, and to Miss Florence Saunders, who is getting to look more and more like Siddons, and fast overcoming the faults that have hitherto qualified further comparison. Then there is Mr. Rupert Harvey (so brave a Falconbridge); Mr. Ernest Milton, whose fantasy can range from Berowne to Shylock; Mr. Andrew Leigh, the oversympathetic and intelligent "fool" and, far from least, Mr. Atkins himself, who makes somewhat too boisterous a noble Roman, but is a glorious Sir Toby, and put such memorable strength into his Caliban and his Lear.

I cannot help fancying that in time to come, when posterity will have forgotten all about certain current West End plays, the toils and triumphs of this band of brothers—and sisters—at the "Old Vic." will be recalled just as Phelps's reign at Sadlers Wells is now. They will be talked of, not with meaningless awe, but with love and thankfulness, by a generation which will have owed to them the happiest of all debts.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL PLAYERS.

The Scottish Repertory Theatre closed its doors in 1914, and serious dramatic effort in the north was necessarily in abeyance during the war years. But that the impulse towards higher theatrical standards did not perish in the flood of music-and-girl frivolities is proven by the recent successful efforts of the Scottish National Players—a band of amateurs who, under the auspices of the Saint Andrew Society, are striving against considerable odds to establish firmly a real repertory movement on national lines. This company has now submitted its second series of plays to Glasgow audiences. The pieces performed were "The Philosopher of Butterbiggins," by the late Harold Chapin, a delicate little comedy of Glasgow life; "The Mother," by George Blake, a piece of stark realism in a modern Hebridean setting; and "The Baillie's Nommee," by David Martin, an amusing satire on Scots municipal election practices. Produced by Mr. Andrew P. Wilson, late of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, the plays were capably rendered by the amateurs, of whom the names of Miss Elliot Mason and Miss Belina Miller, and Messrs. Graham, Buchanan, Struan, Robertson, and H. C. Stark will be specially remembered. It is the intention of the Players to submit a series of productions next winter and, perhaps, to send fit-up companies on propaganda tours through outlying districts.

TWO SCOTTISH PLAYS: "The Mother." By George Blake. 1s. (Glasgow: Wilson.)—"The Philosopher of Butterbiggins." By Harold Chapin. 1s. (Gowans & Gray.)

Both these plays are of Scottish peasant life, but there all similarity between them ends. Mr. Blake has a story to tell; superficially a story that is simple enough, but it touches heights and depths of human love and human error, and from the humdrum of homely, everyday experiences his two scenes pass inexorably into most poignant tragedy, always with the natural, wistful ambition of old Calum Gillespie to add to the pity of it all. The characters are very ably drawn, the dialogue and the movement, quickening to the close, handled with great skill. One is not surprised to hear that "The Mother" met with a wholly appreciative reception when it was produced last month by the Scottish National Players. Harold Chapin's "Philosopher of Butterbiggins" is the slightest and lightest of comedies. It is the merest incident of a very old man and his small grandchild pitting their wills against the dogged obstinacy of the child's mother and driving her to surrender. A little comedy of the fireside that is cleverly, neatly and whimsically developed in one short act.

HAMLET AND THE SCOTTISH SUCCESSION. By Lilian Winstanley. 10s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

So far as is known the first edition of "Hamlet" bearing Shakespeare's name was published in 1603, followed in the succeeding year by a second edition "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie." An interesting reprint of these two quartos with the texts printed on opposite pages was issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Co., in 1860, from the original quartos in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. When Shakespeare wrote his tragedy is somewhat uncertain, but it has been conjectured that the date was the year 1601, or thereabouts. This was the time when public attention was concentrated on the Essex conspiracy and the Scottish succession, and Miss Winstanley's book has been written with the object of endeavouring to show the relation of the drama, or its possible relation, to contemporary history. It is not the first time that this theory has been suggested. So far back as 1796 James Plumtre wrote his "Observations on Hamlet and the Motives which induced Shakespeare to fix on the story of Amleth," and in the following year an appendix to it was printed, "being an attempt to prove that Shakespeare designed that tragedy as an indirect censure on Mary Queen of Scots." Then in 1885 George Macdonald published an edition of "Hamlet," in which he attempted to prove that the character of the Prince was based on that of the Earl of Essex. Miss Winstanley's theory is that Shakespeare fused into Hamlet characteristics of both James I and Essex, that the murder of Hamlet's father thinly veiled that of James's father, Darnley; that by Claudius the Globe audience was to be reminded of Bothwell; that Polonius was intended for Burleigh, and so on. The writer has produced a most interesting monograph which will doubtless be eagerly discussed. On the whole a very good case has been made out for her theory, but in some of the details she has, we think, overstepped the limits of probability. Emphasis is laid on the fact that in our current criticism too little consideration has been had to the particular angle of vision from which the play would naturally be regarded by an Elizabethan audience.

FOR THE ABBEY THEATRE.

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen"—but is the beggars', death less tragic?

To-day in Ireland great powers are in mortal conflict. For the protagonists there is limelight—but outside its fringes the small fry, caught up in vortices of the main struggle, fight for life. Such is the Abbey Theatre; after a long and honourable career (it is the oldest of existing repertories) it is compelled by the new curfew order to close its doors; yet full or empty, it has its rents to face, its debts to pay; failing this, for want of a few hundred pounds, it must become extinct. Last month a special matinee of three Abbey plays was given in aid of the old theatre, with some original players in the cast. Mr. Lennox Robinson now announces a series of four lectures with the same good object, to be delivered at 213, King's Road, S.W., on the four Thursdays of May. Full details may be had from Mr. Robinson at the Ambassadors. Mr. Yeats himself will give the first lecture on May 5th; subject—"The Irish Theatre."

A great theme, surely! In 1904 the new-born Irish National Theatre Society moved to its present quarters from the Molesworth Hall; pioneered by Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory, helped generously by Miss Horniman, with a fine school of players brought up on the work of Mr. Yeats and the late J. M. Synge, it drew all lovers of good plays and acting to its banner, both at home and in London. But it did more than this; as time passed, the Abbey became an institution; never one of your cold, impersonal, commercial theatres, it had a spirit of its own which seemed to unite its workers in a common loyalty. There was a green-room like a studio, warm and light, where one could gossip between acts, study lines uninterrupted by rehearsal, or after the last curtain play cards till far into the dawn. To the present writer, at least, the grey old building on the quays is full of memories—of Synge, with his fierce laughter; of Lady Gregory, inexorable, throned in its green-room like Elizabeth in the Hall of Song, while one by one reluctant actors strove self-consciously before her for the invidious honour of rendering, unaccompanied, the snatch of folk-song which a new play must contain; of Fred O'Donovan, greatest of ex-Playboys, reading to a hushed company the first script of "The Lost Leader," one April day; of Kerrigan, sometime Tramp in the "Shadow of the Glen," who in the "Dreamers" of Lennox Robinson played three parts, all Dubliners, yet each with a distinctive accent; of old Paddy, prince of property men, dispatched hot-foot from making a stuffed fish to scour quayside pawnshops for a portrait of Gladstone; of Mr. Bernard Shaw, grimly benevolent, but adamant against the diminution of "Blanco Posnet" by a single oath.

Eheu fugaces . . .! They are worth preservation, the old memories. Successful, these four lectures may forestall catastrophe—and for once, thank Heaven, enjoyment is not incompatible with a good cause.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

THE HEART OF A CHILD. By Frank Danby and G. Frankau, at the Kingsway.

A great many things—rather incompatible things—have gone to the making of "The Heart of a Child." The basis is good old Surrey melodrama; I looked anxiously for cabbages to be hurled at the villain who so basely plots to ruin an innocent ge-e-url. The girl would be intolerable if it were not that Miss Renee Kelly can make any part seem charming; but she never made the heroine seem plausible, either as the Cockney munition-worker or as the successful dancer. The rest of the cast struggled hard with the hopeless psychology and poor dialogue of a piece whose proper home was the Lyceum. Yet Mr. Frankau was not content with simple melodrama. He has added sidelights on smart society, foolish political gibes and cheap philosophy about love which made the play seem as insincere as it was unlifelike. It is a long time since I read Frank Danby's novel; but it is difficult to believe that it was as poor and thin as the play which her son has made out of it.

MAJOR BARBARA. By G. Bernard Shaw, at Everyman.

The second act of "Major Barbara" is certainly one of the best, if not the best, which Shaw ever wrote. His talent for rhetoric, his social anger, his genuine philanthropy, have fine play in it, and are mingled with the human comedy, ironic and humane, of Cusins and Barbara, of Undershaft, Snobby Price and Rummy Mitchell. The Hampstead Company are at their best, too, in this act. Their production of the play does not rank with that of "The Doctor's Dilemma" or "You Never Can Tell," although Miss Massingham as Major Barbara gives a very memorable and beautiful performance: she is truly Lady Britomart's daughter, converted, a kind of Salvationist Manning. Mr. Nicholas Hennen is quite unsuited to play Undershaft. He has neither the force nor the fanaticism of that bigoted maker of cannons: his sympathetic voice is singularly out of keeping with Undershaft's sardonic humour. This Andrew might have been called "Andy-Pandy" by his men: he would never have been called "Mephistopheles" by his son-in-law. As Cusins, Mr. Aylmer did his best: but he too often seemed to be remembering his words rather than acting his part, a charge which is true of some other members of the company, who forget that Shaw is essentially a romantic rhetorician, like Wilde, not a realist like Ibsen. The long speeches should be declaimed, not spoken conversationally. Mr. Banks is almost too intelligent to make a perfect Stephen; but he did very well with that ungrateful part; and Mr. Scott was excellent as Snobby, except that he should restrain his tendency to step-dance. Mr. Wills gains new laurels with every part he attempts—his Shirley was a worthy pendant to Miss Clare Greet's incomparable Rummy. We hope the Shaw season will continue—it would be wonderful if Miss Craig could persuade Miss Ellen Terry to give us a revival of Lady Cecily.

R. E. R.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C 4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

News Notes.

No new literary Reminiscences could be surer of a welcome than are those that Sir Sidney Colvin is writing. The book which is now nearing completion will probably be called "Faces and Places," and should be ready for publication this autumn.

It is not often that an imaginative novelist can write a story of the near future and then see part of his prophecy come true before there has been time to publish his book, but this experience has been reserved for Mr. Cuthbert Edward Baines, who recently won the prize in The Bookman First Novel Competition. The plot of his story, "The Black Circle," turns on the recovery from the sea of a tract of land off the Essex coast. Phenomenally fertilising properties are found in the soil, and these, distributed by their altruistic discoverer to smallholders and farmers, revolutionise agriculture, make work on the soil easy and profitable, draw people from the towns back to the land, produce food so cheaply and in such quantities that the whole country is socially and economically revolutionised and, instead of the working classes being discontented, financial and great commercial magnates are driven to form secret societies and adopt lawless measures to upset the existing order of things, destroy the fertiliser at its source and restore the conditions under which capitalism flourished. Shortly after the prize award was made it was announced in the press that land had actually been reclaimed off the coast of Norfolk which was so bewilderingly fertile that everything planted on it was growing in such great luxuriance that the harvesting of crops was becoming a serious problem. And now Professor Barton Scammell writes to say that the American Lignaite Company is introducing a fertiliser that has been discovered in certain subsoil, waste coal dust, etc., which is capable of increasing the production of our home-grown food by hundreds of millions of pounds worth each year. "I have been in correspondence lately with Mr. Lloyd George in reference to the matter," he writes; "he is very much interested and may call public attention to it." It does not do to talk about improbabilities in fiction when science gets to work like this to justify the imaginings of the novelist.

Miss Muriel Stuart, whose two books, "Christ at Carnival" and "The Cockpit of Idols," have given her rank with the truest and best of the women poets of our time, contributes a very striking dramatic lyric, "Andromeda Unfettered," to the current issue of the *English Review*. The protagonists of the drama are Andromeda, the spirit of woman, Perseus, the new spirit of man, and a chorus of (1) women who desire the old thrall and (2) women who crave the new freedom. The poem "is not a study of the economic struggle of women, but of the deep-rooted antagonism of spirit which constitutes the eternal sex-problem."

Much the most brilliant and entertaining one-man art show that has been held in London for a long while is that of Mr. Max Beerbohm's new caricatures. There has been nothing like it since Max had a similar exhibition—how many years ago? The wit and satire of the drawings are as pungent as ever. Among Max's chief victims are Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Colonel Repington, Mr. Churchill, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Lytton Strachey, Mr. du Maurier, Mr. Augustus John and Lord Leverhulme. Perhaps the most quietly scathing of the cartoons is that of Mr. Walter Long trying to explain what he has achieved. Max can be bitter, but it is always a spirit of fun, a shrewd, sly sense of the absurdity of things that inspires him; he is our only caricaturist who can bite hard and still put a laugh into his hardest bite.

The Librarian and Book World, which is now in the tenth year of its existence, is taking a new lease of life and will in future be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

The author of "Rising Above the Ruins in France" (Putnams Ltd.), Mrs. Corinna Haven Smith, daughter of Major G. H. Putnam, the head of the well-known publishing firm, who is now in this country, has just been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour in recognition of her work during the last five years among the women and children in the devastated villages of Northern France and Belgium, a graphic account of which is given in her book.

In her new novel, "Far to Seek," which has just been published by Messrs. Blackwood, Mrs. Maud Diver has woven into a narrative of action and romance a graphic presentation of recent events in India, and from her intimate knowledge of its people throws light on the problems with which our Indian Empire is at present confronted.

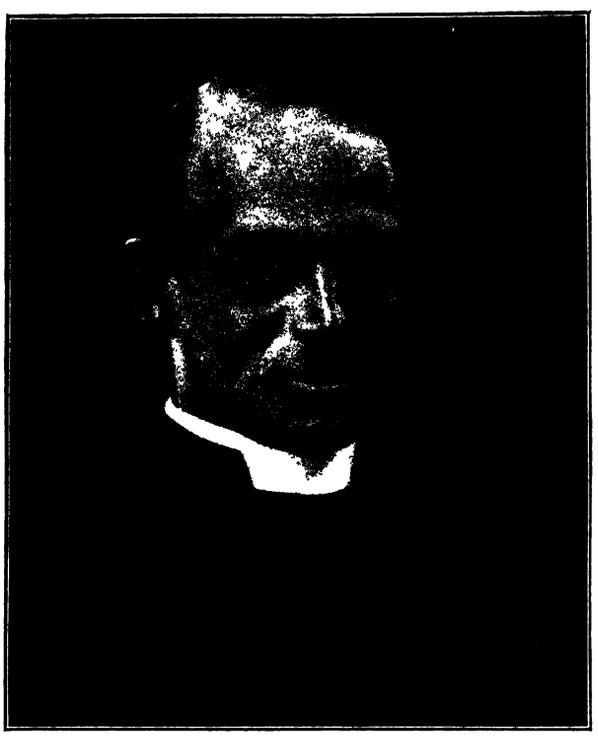


Photo by Vandyk. **Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy ("Woodbine Willie"),**

whose recent book, "Food for the Fed-Up" (Hodder & Stoughton), is one of the most searching and heartening of contributions towards the solving of our post-war religious and social problems.

Mr. F. G. Shaw, the well-known angler, has recently returned from South Africa and is busy on a book about his experiences there, which took the form of further discoveries in the science of Trout Fly Casting and Trout Fishing.

"The Pleasures of Ignorance," a new volume of essays by Mr. Robert Lynd, will be published in September by Mr. Grant Richards.

Owing to general ill-health Mr. A. C. Fifield has disposed of his publishing business to Mr. Jonathan Cape, who will continue to publish the complete writings of Samuel Butler, the existing and future work of W. H. Davies, and the other books hitherto published by Mr. Fifield.

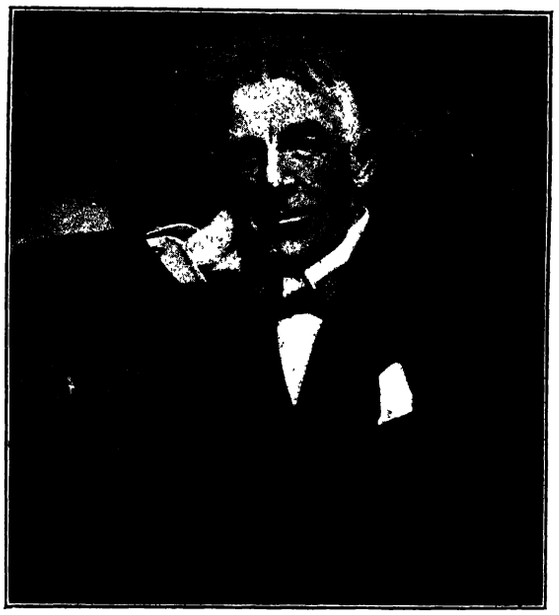
Mr. Kineton Parkes has made a survey of the world's sculpture in the twentieth century, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing, in two volumes, under the title of "Sculpture of To-Day." The influences of Alfred Stevens in England, Meunier in Belgium, Rodin in France and Rosso in Italy in forming the present schools are dealt with, and biographical notices of living artists in Great Britain and the Colonies, on the Continent, in America, in Japan, are supplemented by 150 illustrations of their work. Mr. Kineton Parkes deserted fiction for art history, but the desertion is only temporary.

Notwithstanding the great popularity of Sir Hall Caine's novels (more than five millions of them in all

having been published in English editions only) some of his earlier books have been, owing to war conditions, out of print for a considerable time, except in cheap editions. Messrs. Heinemann now propose to remedy this by re-issuing the novels in a new form at 3s. 6d. The volumes of this Collected Edition will not be issued in the order of their first publication, but according to the present public demand for them. "The Deemster" (by arrangement with Messrs. Chatto & Windus) and "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" coming first in the series; "The Prodigal Son" and "The Manxman" last. The first two volumes will be published this month, and it is intended to complete the publication of the nine earlier books in the course of the summer and autumn. Meantime, Sir Hall Caine's new novel, "The Master of Man," will appear in July.

An excellent exhibition was held last month at Walker's Galleries of pen and crayon sketches from "Time and Tide" by J. W. Ginsbury, J. H. Dowd, Edith Hosking and Ralph Longstaffe. Of the forty-nine subjects the most successful were perhaps the clever sketches of Sir J. Forbes Robertson, G. K. C., Rebecca West, Robert Smillie, Sir Philip Gibbs, Alice Meynell, Sybil and Russell Thorndike and Ellen Terry. The whole collection was well worth making and well worth going to see.

The new Canadian Authors' Association is not letting the grass grow under its feet. Having elected one rising novelist, Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, whose latest novel, "The Conquering Hero," was published recently by Mr. John Lane, as its president, it has now elected one of its most popular novelists, Mr. Robert J. Stead, chairman of its Ottawa branch. In an address he has just delivered to the Ottawa Woman's Club Mr. Stead emphasised Canada's need of a literature of her own. "Canadians are peculiarly situated," he pointed out, "in that their country lies alongside another, separated only by a geographical line, the people of each speaking the same language, following the same pursuits, having the same ambitions. Being so peculiarly situated, Canadians would find it difficult to retain their identity. The present generation of Canadians wish to be Canadians, but I doubt if future generations will. That depends on the thoughts and ideals of the youths of the country. To direct these in the right channel we must have Canadian literature. Since the United States has a larger reading public they are able to produce magazines and books much cheaper, and so our country is deluged with American literature, filled with American sentiments." The Authors' Association aims to build up literature with Canadian sentiments and so have a distinctly Canadian people.



Mr. Edward Bok,

whose autobiography, "Edward Bok," has just been published by Mr Thornton Butterworth, with an Introduction by Lord Northcliffe, who says "it is *the* autobiography of our time"



Mrs. Elinor Glyn, Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. Joseph Hembery.

Mrs. Glyn is visiting the Californian Studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Film Co., in order to write original film plots for their Paramount Pictures.

Dorothy Canfield, whose new novel, "The Brimming Cup," Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing, is an American of New England descent. Her father was a college professor and president of several state universities. In 1907 she married Mr. John R. Fisher. She wrote her first novel,

"The Squirrel Cage," in 1912. "Hillsboro People" (1915), a collection of short stories, was followed by her second novel, "The Bent Twig," and by another collection of short stories, "The Real Motive." The experiences of herself and her husband during the war went to the making of "Home Fires in France" and "The Day of Glory," and since her return home in 1919 "The Brimming Cup" has been written.

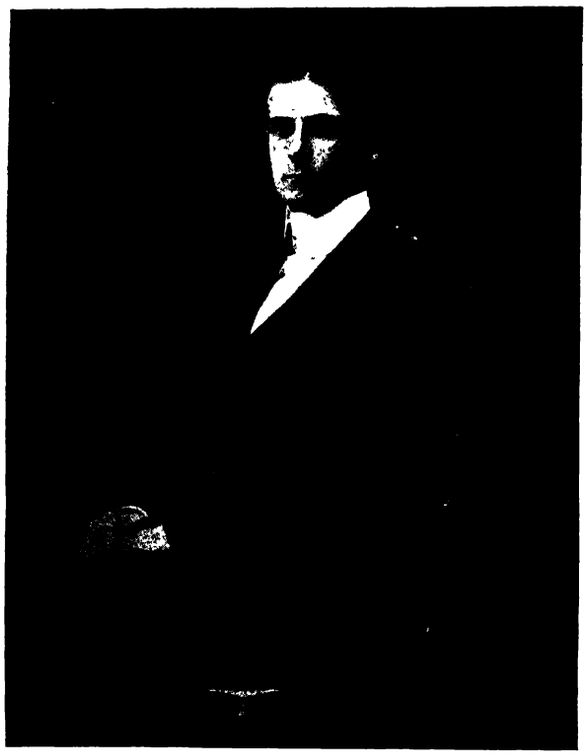


Photo by Adelphi Studios

Mr. Thomas Burke,

whose two new books, "The Outer Circle" (Allen & Unwin) and "Whispering Windows" (Grant Richards), are reviewed in this Number.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The new edition of "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages," by J. J. Jusserand (25s ; Fisher Unwin), has been revised and enlarged by the author. It is both the most interesting and most valuable record of its kind and has been admirably translated by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith. M. Jusserand has reconstructed the lives of our fourteenth-century ancestors not from tales of the poets and easily available chronicles, but by delving into ancient petitions, reports of old lawsuits, dead and forgotten statutes and ordinances, and he has not only made these dry bones live but has recreated from them certain phases of the life of the past with all the colour and movement and interest of detail that belonged to it in its day. First he deals with the roads and bridges, how they came to be made and who was responsible for their maintenance ; then he introduces a picturesque, many-coloured pageant of the motley wayfarers, lay and religious, who commonly used them—the minstrels, jugglers, messengers, merchants, pedlars, outlaws, wandering workmen, itinerant preachers, friars, pardoners, and the groups of pilgrims going periodically to famous shrines. All the life of the great roads is unrolled before you, and the result is a book that not only adds much to our intimate knowledge of the people of the Middle Ages, their actual habits of dress and thought and manner of living, but is as fascinating to read as any romance that has ever been written of them The numerous illustrations from old MSS. and early chronicles add enormously to the interest and effectiveness of the record.

"I wish that I had told Jack at the beginning and then all this would not have happened!" Thus the misjudged, heartbroken little heroine of Mrs. Patrick MacGill's latest novel, "Hidden Fires" (7s. 6d. ; Herbert Jenkins). To support her war-shattered husband and little son, Lola Bruce secretly becomes a chorus-girl. But her husband discovers the deception and, spurred on by a cousin whose jealousy of Lola runs to excessive malice, totally misinterprets his wife's motive for lying to him regarding her means of livelihood. Circumstances seem to be in league against the innocent girl, and a stormy quarrel separates her from her husband. How the vindictive Olive and the ruthlessness of fate combine to keep them apart makes a sensational story which could be easily and profitably adapted to the film.



Dorothy Canfield
(Mrs. Fisher).

The latest addition to Messrs. Watts & Co.'s Life-Stories of Famous Men series is "Robert G. Ingersoll," by Charles T. Gorham (3s. 6d.) Ingersoll held his own as lawyer, orator and writer among the distinguished Americans of his day, and is described by Mr. Gorham as "one of the greatest of all rebels against conventional religion, one of the greatest of all defenders of liberty.' It needed more courage to be a freethinker in his day than it does in ours, when the majority of us are grown more tolerant of each other's beliefs and unbeliefs ; and Ingersoll had the courage that was necessary. Mr. Gorham has drawn the character of the man and related the story of his stormy career frankly, fairly, sympathetically, and though it may surprise many to find him saying "Ingersoll was, in the best sense of the word, a religious man," few who read the plain facts about him and the glimpses given of his inner life and social ideals will be disposed to dispute the claim.

The strange story of that ill-fated Indian, Mog Megone, and his love for Ruth Boythorne, the settler's daughter, gave Whittier a theme for one of the most famous of his poems, and in "Mog Megone" (7s. 6d. ; Jarrolds) Miss May Wynne has deftly fashioned that wonderful story into a very picturesque and thrilling romance of love and adventure among North American Indians in the days of the early colonists.

Messrs. G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch have added to their attractive series of 2s. 6d. novels a capital translation of "An Adventuress of France," one of the cleverest and most glamorous of Gaboriau's brilliant romances.

"A Man May Not Marry His Grandmother," by F. Morton Howard (7s. 6d.;

Holden & Hardingham), is, as the author calls it, a ridiculous story—broad farce and pantomime humour, but may be fully enjoyed by those who are looking for amusement only.

The arrival of its twenty-fifth anniversary has prompted Mr. F. A. Mackenzie to write "The Mystery of the *Daily Mail*" (1s.; Associated Newspapers). In saying "its continued growth is the mystery of the *Daily Mail*," Mr Mackenzie gives his mystery away on the first page, and proceeds to reveal the reasons for that newspaper's astounding development. He tells the story of its founding, gives an account of the early members of its staff, records its achievements in peace and wars, and follows its triumphant career down to these days when it is "taken and trusted" in a million homes. Most of us would say the secret of the *Mail's* success is that it is always alive and interesting and that it has had behind it from the beginning the driving power of a great personality with an instinct for journalism that amounts to genius. All Mr. Mackenzie's details of what the paper has done and is doing go to prove this, and we gladly add our bouquet to the bouquets he presents to our brilliant contemporary in this interesting booklet.

Mr. P. B. Redmayne's nine woodcuts in "Cambridge by Lamplight" (1s.; Cambridge: Heffer) will be welcomed not only by sons of that Alma Mater who are familiar with the scenes depicted, but by all and sundry who are susceptible to the charm of the too-neglected art of the wood engraver. "St. John's: The Bridge of Sighs" is the least effective of the series; the other eight have a strength of design and finish of workmanship that are excellent. The lights and massed shadows in "King's College Chapel"



Miss M. Morgan Gibbon,

whose "Helen Marsden" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Numb

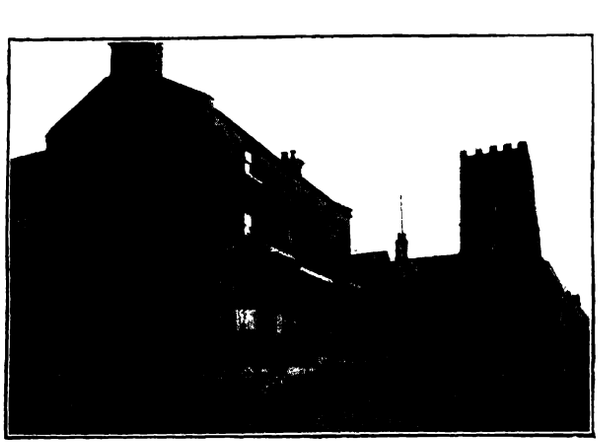
and "Jesus: The Gateway" are most skilfully handled and none of the subjects is more vividly realised than "A Rainy Evening: Bridge Street Corner."

Miss Morgan Gibbon has scored another success with her second novel, "Helen Marsden" (8s. 6d.; Hutchinson), and has daringly chosen a girl of the plain, "brainy" type for a heroine. Like "Jan," Helen is not devoid of human failings, but Miss Gibbon has a way of arousing sympathy for quite natural and imperfect people. She writes with an easy style and a quiet humour that makes her narrative and her characters essentially alive. Our first introduction to Helen takes place when she is at the unattractive, semi-toothless age of seven, and we find her living with a rector and his wife, almost incredibly disagreeable individuals, who treat both Helen and their own son with harsh severity. From this environment she is soon rescued, but she is unfortunate in her childhood's homes, and we watch her development in uncongenial surroundings, her inward battles, her jealousy of her pretty, foolish sister, who gets engaged to the man Helen loves, and her ultimate triumphs, with ever-increasing interest. To all who like studies of character—ruthlessly faithful as to detail—and a very human and natural story, we can heartily recommend "Helen Marsden."

One of our poets who is a master of words has taken umbrage at some of the careless work of present-day versifiers, and the result is "Cranks, 1921" (1s. 6d.; Arthur Stockwell), an amusing skit on the various anthologies of the day.

> "'Tis not in mortals to deserve success,
> But we'll do more, command it"

In a biting preface he declares that "the poetry of the past touched and reached one in a hundred. We touch every-



House at Boughton, Northants,

where Whyte Melville lived in the 50's, and where many of his books were written.

Photograph sent by Mrs. Ringrose, of Boughton.



Holdenby (Holmby) House, Northants,

the scene of Whyte Melville's romance, "Holmby House."

Photograph sent by Mrs. Ringrose, of Boughton.

body. Moreover (and in this lies our vitality), not only can every one read and revel in 'Standstillism,' but every one can write it. That is why we are a new epoch." We may admire some of the writers of whom this poet falls foul; yet we cannot but be amused by his parodies of their work.

The Western mind is curiously susceptible to the mysticism of the East, and some primitive instinct moves most of us to believe or half-believe any plausible stories of hypnotic force or uncanny supernatural powers. In Miss Joan Conquest's "Leonie of the Jungle" (7s. 6d.; Werner Laurie) the normal human reader cannot fail to be fascinated by the mental influences at work behind the strangeness of the child Leonie—the tragic fate that follows her friendships, the shadow that looms through all her happiness. Sir Jonathan Cuxson, mental specialist, realises that the explanation of the mystery lies in the East, but he does not live to seek it. That mission descends to his son who, interested both for scientific and sentimental reasons, risks his life to rescue the girl he loves from a terrible doom. It is an eerie, exciting story.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS STORM JAMESON.

TO discover that there has ever been a woman of much account hitherto in the history of literary criticism is probably to be correct, but he that makes the disavowal must not forget to give a sigh for the occasions of promise unfulfilled. It is one thing to adopt such an attitude towards the past, and quite another to ignore that promise and remain persistently negative as you face the future. For even in the moment of your refusal to admit the possibility of the woman-critic emerging sooner or later in English letters, you will be pretty certain of a challenge from one or another of those unbiased students of contemporary affairs who is aware of the work of Margaret Storm Jameson.

Miss Jameson is a young English writer with three books to her credit within the past two years. Two of them embody in the novel-form the perennially new and rebellious mind of youth, creative and analytical in turn, and the third, a volume of essays on the modern drama, reveals that same mind as wholly critical, iconoclastic in a way which has alarmed certain timid males now practising the critic's craft. The varying aspects of the critical temperament are to be found only rarely in a single individual; that they should be the possession of one of our young women writers is something out of the ordinary. Moreover, Miss Jameson is a creative critic; and, whatever her capacity may prove in the end to be, it is a sign of promise that her work should be lifted well away from the dour and reluctant attitude of practically every critic in modern letters since Mr. Chesterton. Like the author of "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy" she dares to speak of her happiness. "I offer it gladly to life," she has written in "The Happy Highways," "a votive gift. The dappled road runs behind and before me, and the wind tears apart the crying trees. Life is a good horse for youth to ride, and Death a good ostler, whosoever may keep the Inn."

"The Pot Boils," which, for the sake of argument may be regarded as Miss Jameson's first novel, although it is rather a *tour de force* in social criticism, appears to have been the outcome of her experience in the advanced intellectual movements of the metropolis. Like her characters, she too has been "filled with the nostalgia of youth," and youthlike indeed is the talk in this book. There are very few incidents and no plot, the whole of the author's energies being devoted to her endeavour to focus a mocking, biting satire upon the political and intellectual follies of her time—which are equivalent, she tells us, to the whole of our political and intellectual activities! "The Happy Highways" is the natural successor to "The Pot Boils," equally unconventional in outlook and presentment, but riper and written with a surer hand. The employment of an art-form for the expression of ideas is a venture fraught with pitfalls, but if the attitude of a writer towards the function and purpose of art be so passionately expressed as in the following passage, we may at least applaud the venturer:

> "Art, night-clubs! What the devil do you think all those posturers have to do with art? Getting excited in cafés, seducing models, working themselves up into a state of silly, dirty-minded passion in which they conceive their rotten pictures! Most art is nothing but premeditated lechery!"

Not that Miss Jameson would make that artistic function and purpose one of mere didacticism. She is too clear-headed, too much of the genuine artist for that.

In these two novels it is actually the scope of an artistic form that she is attempting to enlarge. Their author, one feels, argues that if you may depict in the novel the consequences of emotional action and reaction in particular individuals, the intellectual influence in its broadest and fullest significance must, logically, have its rights also. If the coming into a man's life of, say, a woman, leaves a definite mark on that life, then who will deny that the coming into a man's life of a book, the reading of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" or Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," may have an effect equally vital; and, further, who will deny the novelist's right to concentrate his or her energies upon it? The difficulty, of course, would be to convince the reader that the books, like the woman, are something more than the mere accidentals of existence, and the obvious answer is that everything depends on the way in which the novelist exercises that right.

For her part, Miss Jameson has exercised it brilliantly. The intimacy of relationship among the young students in "The Happy Highways," migrated from the far

northern moors to the city college, is presented as a beautiful and convincing thing. Their intellectual life is a rare communism. Religion, biology, art, economics, and the rest of the movements of their period have a profound effect upon their developing minds. Youth's interminable dissertations and disputes are cleverly indicated—not reported, for the author has all the artist's unconcern with a mere record of talk, just as he must have with a mere record of events. There is a large play of irony as well as of satire not only on the conventions but on what might be termed the "progressivisms" which hitherto have been regarded by those who are attached to them as too sacred for examination, let alone indictment. That is one of the author's incidental triumphs. She has realised too fully in her own life the futility of much of modern intellectualism to have any false reverence for it in her art.



Photo by Basil. **Miss Storm Jameson.**

"Modern Drama in Europe," her latest book, was the thesis on which she gained her Master of Arts degree at London University. Miss Jameson differs from other critics of the theatre in that she wastes no energy on decrying the pitiful state into which it has fallen; rather has she attempted the formulation of a constructive scheme. That a young woman should deal in a single book so comprehensively with the dramatic art of England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia and Scandinavia, seemingly at home with each of the various languages in which the plays are written, has caused no little amazement; one of the foremost of English editors, indeed, has pronounced her to be that first woman critic we are waiting for! Ibsen, Strindberg, Tchehov, Hauptmann, Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Pinero, Rostand—the work of each of these and lesser dramatists is examined with a welcome thoroughness and impartiality. If the criticism of certain contemporary favourites is severe and often ruthless it is hardly ever unsound.

To learn that, with all this activity and achievement, Storm Jameson was born only twenty-six years ago, comes as a big surprise. Like the heroes of her second novel, she has travelled south from the moorlands of Yorkshire, her home being at Whitby. She gained first-class honours in English literature at the University of Leeds, and her art degrees in London. Her first employment was with a firm of advertisement-writers, from which she transferred, after the publication of her first novel, to the sub-editorial chair of *The New Commonwealth*, a serious and ill-fated organ of literary and political opinion issued during 1920 under the editorship of Mr. Frederick Thoresby. In the columns of *The New Commonwealth*, Miss Jameson commenced a series of essays on "A Philosophy of Youth." These were much discussed, and their influences, mainly that of Mr. Wells, duly noted by her critics. Some remarkable chapters of a book on Anglo-American relations were published about the same time in *The New Europe*, and have been continued in *The English Review*. Then came "The Happy Highways," "Modern Drama in Europe," and a third novel to be published shortly—a daring prophecy of the coming commercial clash (inevitable, as she and many others reluctantly believe) between a further two of the great powers in civilisation.

The question has naturally arisen at this stage as to which of the methods of writing Miss Jameson has already employed will eventually be adopted by her. Her outlook, at once critical and creative, as we have seen, has expressed itself with equal skill and adequacy in both the novel and the essay. Some of her fellow-critics have chosen to regard her novels as little more than essays themselves, but it would be a mistake to overlook that there is a definitely imaginative quality in them also. Admittedly the characteristic timidity of an intellectual woman confronting an emotional moment is there—perhaps it is in this respect that one gets the only definite impression in her writing that it is the work of a woman at all; but there are episodes so imaginatively dealt with that they may be classed as memorable in present-day fiction. There is, for example, one wherein we are introduced to the father of a moorland family and read of the pathetic birth and death of his posthumous child, and the burial by its little sisters and brothers (unknown to their mother, who is lying alone and ill) in the snowdrift at the bottom of the garden—beautifully moving, this, in its poignancy and understanding. It is possible that a woman-writer who is able to present us with work of this quality may eventually choose to restrict her method of expression to the essay. Certainly her inclination that way is to be seen breaking out in her work everywhere—recklessly sometimes, it is to be feared, as when she makes a character say that, although the "better kind of man" is still trying hard to understand women, in reality women "don't care a damn" whether they're understood or not; or when she claims Mr. Yeats's "the bee-loud glade" to be the ugliest adjective in modern poetry, and, seeing people "reeling drunkenly away from 'Tristan und Isolde'," she thanks God she is not as other men! But if she succumbs to that inclination altogether she will be resigning a position far more important than that of the "first woman critic."

THOMAS MOULT.

THE READER.

WHYTE MELVILLE.

By S. M. Ellis.

THIS month brings the natal centenary of George John Whyte Melville, novelist and song writer, who was born on June 19th, 1821. On his father's side he was Scotch, the son of John Whyte Melville, of Mount Melville, Strathkinness, Fifeshire, who married Lady Catherine Godolphin Osborne, daughter of the fifth Duke of Leeds. Through his mother the future romance writer was fifth in direct descent from John Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough of military fame and perjured loyalty.



Photo by Rodger, St Andrews. **Major G. J. Whyte Melville.**

Photograph sent by his daughter, Florence Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard.

The boy was educated at Eton during the headmastership of Keate, that preposterous little pedagogue of five feet high whose name is remembered for his brutal flogging powers. The records of Eton would doubtless reveal it Whyte Melville was a pupil there on June 30th, 1832, the day when Keate flogged more than eighty boys and surpassed his own record. It is true the school was very turbulent at that period, and the boys sometimes got even by smashing the head master's desk and giving him a fusillade of rotten eggs. Hawtrey, at that time assistant master at Eton, was tutor to Whyte Melville, who mentions him in his first novel, "Digby Grand" (1853):

"No wonder that the old Etonian's heart still warms when he catches sight of the walls of 'College'—no wonder that he remembers, with a vividness after years can never obliterate, each characteristic of the long-past scene. The dreaded Hawtrey, my tutor, by turns loathed and beloved . . ."

"Digby Grand" originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and was obviously written in imitation of the very successful "Pelham" of some years earlier. It purported to be the memoirs of a young military gentleman on service abroad and at leisure in town. True enough, assuming the novel to be partly autobiographical Whyte Melville on leaving Eton had received a commission in the 93rd Highlanders at the age of eighteen. He exchanged into the Coldstream Guards in 1846, and retired with the rank of captain three years later.

On the outbreak of the Crimean War he rejoined and volunteered for active service. He was appointed major of Turkish irregular cavalry. His impressions of the war were given in fifth novel, "The Interpreter" (1858).

After the conclusion of peace, Whyte Melville settled down to the life of a country gentleman at Boughton, Northamptonshire, where he devoted himself to the sport of fox-hunting, varied by his literary pursuits and golf on occasions at St. Andrews, which was close to his father's estate in Fifeshire.

Whyte Melville had married in 1847 Charlotte, second daughter of the first Lord Bateman, and the only child of the marriage, Florence, became in 1870 the wife of the eleventh Viscount Massereene and Ferrard—a great-grandson of John Foster, last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons and subsequently created Lord Oriel.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has stated, in the memoir of his friend he wrote for "The Dictionary of National Biography," that Whyte Melville's marriage was unhappy and that his resulting disappointment found expression in his literary work, where women are generally pictured in a melancholy and regretful manner. Presumably this statement refers to the novels of modern life, for the trait or reflection in question is not particularly conspicuous in the author's historical and sporting works.

With the publication of "Holmby House" in 1860 Whyte Melville may be said to have attained literary fame. It is still probably his most popular book, and deservedly so, for it is one of the best of the historical romances that have described the great Civil War. It is mainly concerned, of course, with the events that took place in Northamptonshire and Oxford, though it also offers picturesque accounts of the trial and execution of Charles the First. The author wrote of the King sympathetically as

"the ideal of a chivalrous, high-minded monarch, who was worthy of the position he occupied and the devotion he commanded, who was no unfit centre around which grouped themselves the proudest, the bravest, the noblest, the most enthusiastic aristocracy that ever failed to save a sovereign."

Whyte Melville, himself the finest type of aristocrat, a chivalrous and high-souled gentleman, was a cavalier born two centuries out of date. Had he been living in the seventeenth century the Stuarts would have found in him the most devoted of adherents. As it was, he could only express his devotion in romance. He seems like a reincarnation of those gallant cavaliers he conjures up amid the setting of Holmby House, Boughton Hall and Naseby Field.

Having paid tribute to the charm of Charles the First in "Holmby House," Whyte Melville two years later expressed his homage to the White King's unhappy grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, in "The Queen's Maries" (1862). Here is a characteristic passage from

the book illustrating his attitude of romance toward the Stuart Queen:

"But what of the Queen of the Roses, the Mary of Maries, the noblest princess in Europe, the loveliest woman in the world? . . . Still the stately flower bloomed on, fair and fragrant under the pure air of heaven, fair and fragrant in the close confinement and the darkened daylight of a prison-house. But the storm was brewing the while low down in the southern sky, the storm that was about to gather so dark and pitiless, to burst at last in its fury over the Queen of the Roses, and lay that lovely head upon the cold earth, beautiful and majestic even in the pale agony of death."

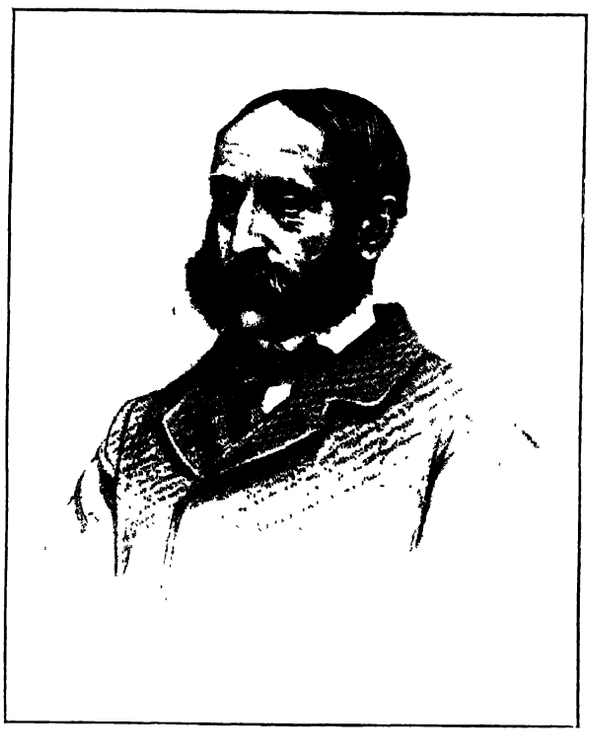


Photo by J. E. Vaye.

G. J. Whyte Melville.

"The Queen's Maries" was written at "Bartrams" Hampstead, and from this address, where he lived for two or three years, the author dated, in June, 1862, the dedication of his romance to Agnes Strickland, who fully shared his intense enthusiasm for the Queen of Scots.

Three entirely different novels had been produced in 1861 between the two Stuart romances, the best being "Market Harborough." This work and "Holmby House" form the author's pæan of praise to the county of his adoption—beautiful Northamptonshire with its sylvan splendours and green undulating expanses of rich pasture. "Holmby House" contains exquisite little pen-pictures of the rich wooded country-side of stately Althorp and Boughton. "Market Harborough" is pre-eminently the novel of the Pytchley Hunt. It contains the memorable description of a hunting morning in the chapter entitled "Hail! Smiling Morn."

Another popular novel, "The Gladiators," appeared in 1863. Five more books succeeded, and then in 1869 Whyte Melville published his collected "Songs and Verses." He would have been the last to claim a position in the ranks of authentic poets; nevertheless he had considerable poetical gifts. His lyrical work was as diversified as his prose. He wrote equally well romantic ballads, sad little songs, and gay hunting ditties. And he could paint a picture in a line or two:

"'Twas yet but May, and here and there
Pink and white the blossoms fell,
Quivering down through the summer air
On the shaven sward so trim and bare.
Oh! I remember well
The very network of the tree,
And its shadows dancing on her and me,
My old love, in the garden chair,
Looking upward soft and shy,
With her oval face and her rippling hair,
And the rich white dress she used to wear
And her work laid idly by.
'Tis strange to think of now, and yet
'Twere stranger, harder to forget

* * *

Days and months drag wearily by,
Scenes and shadows, they haunt me still,
The starlit stream and the wintry sky,
And the day dying out on the crest of the hill."

Whyte Melville's best-known poem is seldom credited to him. For the lines were set to music by a talented composer and the song—ever and still a favourite of Melba's—is known as "Tosti's 'Good-bye.'" Yet it might more reasonably be called "Whyte Melville's 'Good-bye,'" for the words were his:

"Falling leaf, and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me;
The swallows are making them ready to fly,
Wheeling out on a windy sky,
Good-bye, Summer! Good-bye, good-bye!" . . .

In the remaining eight years of his life Whyte Melville wrote eleven more books. His total output during the course of his literary life was twenty-eight works of widely different subject and style produced during a quarter of a century. That was a remarkable achievement, but Whyte Melville always regarded it lightly and as of no importance in comparison with his life in the



Barton-Abbotts, Tetbury, Gloster,

Whyte Melville's home at the date of his death in the hunting field.



Whyte Melville's Grave,

in the Parish Churchyard at Tetbury, Gloster.

These were photographed by Mr. Prescott and sent by the Rev. W. Thomson, both of Tetbury.

hunting field and as a country gentleman. Literature to him was a side issue. He never frequented literary circles, but preferred the society of sporting and military men. He wrote books simply because the gift was in him and had to find expression. There was no financial necessity; the money he received from his publications he gave away in charity. An institute for working men in Northampton, for which he provided £500 from this source of revenue, still bears his name. He particularly liked to provide recreation-rooms for the benefit of grooms and stable-boys.

Whyte Melville's last years were passed at Tetbury in Gloucestershire. His house, Barton-Abbotts, was pleasant, except for the fact that it was rather too near the churchyard. A friend ventured to remark on this objection one day. "Yes," replied Whyte Melville, "perhaps it is for some tastes; but the closer the better for a hunting man: they will not have so far to carry him." A strange and fateful remark. Shortly after, on December 5th, 1878, Whyte Melville went hunting in the Vale of the White Horse. He was mounted on his favourite old horse, Shah. During a run there was an accident. The rider was thrown on his head and instantaneously killed. Whyte Melville's body was conveyed to his house at Tetbury, and a few days later was buried in the adjoining churchyard—"not far to carry him," as the hunting man had previsioned. His pall-bearers were the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of Rosslyn, the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Wolverton, and five others.

Sir Herbert Maxwell finely remarks upon the passing of Whyte Melville: "There was one high-minded gentleman the less in this world one generous soul the more among the shades."

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

By Louis J. McQuilland.

MR. HENRY DE VERE STACPOOLE, whose latest novel, "Satan," will soon be in the hands of his admirers, was born in Ireland, at no very remote period, of French and Irish parentage. This is an ideal mixing of imaginative strains, and Mr. Stacpoole's art, no doubt, owes a great deal to his blended ancestry. Young Stacpoole was educated at Malvern College and acquired a very considerable amount of classical learning, while distinguishing himself in English composition. From childhood he was always haunted by the call of the sea, and in early manhood he succeeded in sailing practically every sea in the world, roaming everywhere and seeing men and cities with the eye of a man who transmutes the stolid earth into high beauty and the happenings of rich romance. Very few men, even professional explorers, know as much of the wild places of the world as De Vere Stacpoole. He has the same hunger for unfrequented spots and strange solitudes as Jack London had. Stacpoole likes "common people" much more than the "upper classes," and most of his books are about social derelicts and men and women who have to wrest fortune from fate with both hands. "I would like to write about lords, but I can't," was his would-be confession to me.

This romance writer believes implicitly that literature cannot divorce itself from life, and he regards with amazement the attitude of detachment of British literary men towards the questions of to-day. "The fist that holds the pen," he says, "ought to be ready to drop it and strike with the blade when injustice shows its head and when liberty is threatened."

Like most imaginative writers who have a basis of experience for their speculations, Mr. Stacpoole foresaw Germany's menace to England so far back as 1909, when he began to write for the daily press. "As a sailor," he said, "I kept insisting on the bleak fact that England had no naval base in the North Sea, not even a source of refuge where a battleship could be docked for repairs." The ocean call is as insistent with him as ever, and he is at the present time considering a daring project for crossing the Atlantic in a forty-foot yawl, and traversing the Panama Canal to emerge into the Pacific on his cockle-shell.

In his scheme of writing "Stacky," as his intimates call him, has tried to arrange his books geographically, putting them under their scenes of locality—England, Ireland, France, Iceland, Japan, Africa, the South Sea Islands, the West Indies.

He has always had an affection for verse and has written "Poems and Ballads" (inadvertently borrowing the title from Swinburne) and a volume of patriotic lyrics, "The North Sea." He has translated selections from Sappho and François Villon and has in prospect a biography of that poor and wretched Irish poet of lofty genius, Clarence Mangan.

Mr. Stacpoole has been a doctor, but believes in fairies. He is a justice of the peace for Essex and is a member of the Essex Archæological Society, and is sometimes puzzled to know whether he is an Essex man or an Irishman. He practises the simple life in his country domain, embroidered with trips to London and sea voyages.

As a writer Stacpoole cannot be compared with any of his contemporaries. In his exquisite colour sense, his interpretation of the marvels of the sea, his subtle facility for assimilating periods of history, his bold, vigorous, virile dialogue in contrast with his passages of deep sentiment, he stands alone. There is one writer, however—"dear Robert Louis Stevenson"—with whom Stacpoole has comradeship. "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide" have prefigurations of some of the Stacpoole romances. Joseph Conrad's love of the sea and his reverence for women are shadowed by fear. Stacpoole treats women and the sea with a high-hearted courage and jollity which masks dangers.

It is probable that "The Blue Lagoon" will always be the most favoured of Stacpoole's books because its appeal is universal. It is an idyll of childhood and youth amid tropical splendours which catch the heart by their beauty. The theme of Dick and Emmeline growing up together and gradually awakening to passion is a very delicate one. No one but a writer of the finest

sensibility could have dealt with the stirring of innocence to knowledge without creating a sense of awkwardness and embarrassment in all those who reverence the spirituality of youth. That extremely sickly romance, "Paul and Virginia," had a European vogue for generations. It is to "The Blue Lagoon" as a bit of coloured glass to a great emerald.

A characteristic example of Stacpoole's rhythmic, descriptive prose is afforded in the opening lines of "The Ship of Coral"—whose name alone fascinates; Stacpoole is always felicitous in titles:

"The sea lay blue to the far horizon Blue—ah, blue, is but a name till you have seen the sea that breaks round the Virgins and gives anchorage to the tall ships at Port Royal; that great sheet of water stretching from Cape Cetoche to the Windward Islands and from Yucatan to beyond the Bahamas, studded with bays and reefs; the old sea of the buccaneers shot over with the doings of Kidd and Singleton and Horne."

From a few names our novelist can conjure up breathless encounters, the fall of cutlass strokes, ensanguined waters, and then the cleansing chrism of waves and surges that gleam like opals.

Not every admirer of Stacpoole has read his most amazing *tour de force*, "The Street of the Flute Player," dealing with the Athens of Socrates and Aristophanes, that little city which held in it all the glories of architecture, the genius of literature, the pride of oratory, the greatness of drama. To the everlasting merit of that Athens her lowliest slave glowed with as fervent a pride of patriotism as its best endowed aristocrat. Stacpoole has made that place of honour and splendour live again by the witchcraft of his thought and script. The brain tingles at the thought of the great legacy:

"The Athenian," wrote the novelist, "kept his body in a hovel and his soul in the Acropolis. The Acropolis rode the city like a dream; white, triumphant, pure as snow; immortal in its grace and loveliness, the city of temples and statues stood above the city of mean streets and of poor houses, blazed above it as a flame above a lamp."

There is, again, a wonderful passage in the plighting of Diomed and Nitetis in the moments before daybreak:

"Outside the ever-brightening dawn was stripping the shadows from the street . . . Pillar by pillar the Parthenon broke out like a temple of feast, and the spare white pillars of the Prophylæa were tinged with a reflection of the dawn. In absolute stillness the city of Art was taking form, a miracle in the clear and crystal air, a city where love was miraculous as a rose in a world of marble."

"The Pools of Silence," Stacpoole's one novel with a purpose, is one of the most terrible indictments in literature of slavery and all that slavery stands for. King Leopold's bloodstained rule of the Congo in the interest of mercantile rubber was assailed from a hundred points of view in journalism and in the results of special commissions. It is certain that Stacpoole's book opened the eyes of the people of the world to the hidden horrors of that place of punishment and tears where men and women were horribly mutilated for not obtaining their due quota of rubber for the suave old gentlemen who ruled Belgium in the days gone by. The figure of Captain Berschus, that arch-devil of callous cruelty, is an unforgettable one in the fearful chapter in which he gloats over the intolerable flogging of the old native woman with rhinoceros-hide whips:



Photo by Porter, Ventnor. **H. de Vere Stacpoole.**

"A semicircle of blood on the ground marked her gyrations. Once she almost gained her feet, but a blow on the face sent her down again. She put her hands to her poor face, and the rhinoceros-whips caught her on the hands, breaking them. She flung herself on her back, and they beat her on the stomach, cutting through the walls of the abdomen till the intestines protruded. She flung herself on her face and they cut into her back with the whip till her ribs were bare and the fat bulged through the long slashes. . . . The thing that had been a black woman and now seemed like nothing earthly except a bundle of red rags, gave up the miserable soul it contained and, stiffening in the clutches of tetanus, became a hoop."

Beside such a ghastly passage the most poignant descriptions of brutality to negroes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" sound like items of fashionable intelligence.

Stacpoole is particularly happy in stories of old France "The Order of Release" and "Monsieur de Rochefort" have the crisp, gallant dialogue and rapier-play of Dumas, and the atmosphere of feminine intrigue pervades them like rose-pink clouds. "The Drums of War" tells of those dark days in 1870 when the Uhlans rode to the walls of Paris to the "metallic, cantankerous sound" of the drums of Bismarck and Moltke. "The Bourgeois" is a smiling novel that Leonard Merrick would be proud of. Stacpoole is observed in still lighter vein in a collaboration with his clever wife, "Uncle Simon."

His biggest public, however, is enthralled by his stories of the sea like "The Pearl Fishers," "The Beach of Dreams," "The Reef of Stars." His new novel, "Satan: A Story of the Sea-Kings' Country," which Hutchinsons are just publishing, should in some respects, judging by what he tells me of it, be his best book in this kind. Satan, I learn, is a young hero-villain, extraordinarily likeable and with loyalty to people he trusts; Jude Tyler is a pretty savage in boy's clothing, coarse, uneducated, wild, a gutter-sparrow of the sea.

I asked Mr. Stacpoole if he thought that a sentimental

public would take this female Jude the Obscure to its bosom, and he replied, "I never underrate the intelligence of my public, and I have little fear of their misunderstanding me. Jude, I admit, is a pretty tough proposition, but she is alive, and she is a real good sort. When I say alive I mean that she is very real to me, and when I call her a good sort I feel that average human beings like myself will like her because of her downright honesty and her jolly comradeship. Her brother, Satan, is not really a bad boy, though he has his own ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, and is, indeed, more than a little of a pirate. I fear I am getting garrulous and cock-sure in boosting my own characters, but I stand in the place of a father, or at least a benevolent uncle, to these waifs of the sea, and would like to give them a character before they are fully revealed in their small craft, the *Sarah Tyler*, sailing slickly by the great Bahama bank."

Further questioned as to whether the new romance would bear any resemblance to "The Blue Lagoon," Mr. Stacpoole smiled pensively and said, "Books are the fruit of moods, and that mood has passed. Besides, I don't care for sequels and have no belief in repetitions. Sea-line and sky-line will be there, cloudless tropic nights and days that blaze in green and blue. That pageant is eternal in the South Seas; but the human element is always changing in retrospection and outlook. My villains, Carquinez, Sellers and Cleary are not twopenny coloured pirates. I have met men like them and there was some humanity in them. My hero, Bobby Ratcliffe, of Brazenose, is just an ordinary decent young chap with a boy's delight for adventure. There is as little starch about him as there is about his friend, Jude."

"All this sounds like a happy ending," I suggested. Stacpoole smiled again dubiously. "Well, it all depends on what you call a happy ending," he returned. "Some of my friends will say that the *dénouement* is a joyous one, and others will declare that it seems a tragedy. As I told you I have only written one novel with a purpose. The ending of 'Satan' is a *naif* and unexpected problem. When you see the book between the covers you might tell me whether you stand with the pessimists or optimists."

As the result of a sustained cross-examination of a most good-natured and unpretentious master-craftsman, I can report that in spite of the long list of books to Mr. Stacpoole's tally, he has a score of new ideas in his head for further work. Stacpoole is one of the few men who has never gone stale. His toil as a writer has always been a labour of love.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appreciation in not more than a hundred and fifty words of the music of any living British composer.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Margaret Brown, of 1, Werter Road, Putney, S.W.15, and Lucy Malleson, of 25, Auriol Road, West Kensington, W.14, for the following:

SILENCE.

Out of an empty heart I made you songs
For singing in your absence; and it seemed
Easy enough to speak of all I dreamed.
Easy enough to clothe with words my need:
Simple indeed
Out of an empty heart to make you songs!

Now that my heart is filled my words are spent:
I bring you gifts of silence! Love is wise,
And stills my lips to speak from out my eyes!
Wherefore, look long and deeply, love, for so
Silence shall show
How that my heart is filled . . . and my words spent.

MARGARET BROWN.

THE SECRET.

Oh, Beauty isn't just the rose
That lifts its face to greet the sky,
It's something deeper than the rose,
But only He Who made it knows
What Beauty is, and why.

And Beauty isn't in your breast,
Your clasping hands, your eyes, your brow,
It's something hidden in your breast
Where Love has laid him down to rest,
But only Love knows how.

Love isn't just the things we see,
Know, hear and handle, you and I,
It's something deeper than we see,
That God has sown in you and me,
But only God knows why.

LUCY MALLESON.

We also select for printing :

VALE.

Our paths divide, and as we stand and gaze
Into the future, dimly there we see
For you the mighty highway, and the ways
Of ships and traffic through the busy days,
The quiet, sequestered country lane for me.

Your way leads on to worlds and men unknown,
To high adventure and to deeds of fame,
In crowded cities, in the wilds alone
From change to change in varying fortune thrown,
While my quiet way for ever runs the same.

Yet where the green leaves rustle in the breeze
I shall be travelling your road with you,
Through deserts wild and over storm-toss'd seas ;
Whatever fortune sends of ill or ease,
I shall be with you ; I shall share it too.

(T. Kent, 35, Bellevue Road, Southampton.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Rev. F. H. Keyworth (Chislehurst), Beatrice Hopley (Goole), Margaret Gladys Allen (Leeds), Ella Rivers Noble (Forest Rise), Derek Gilpin Barnes (Hampstead), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), H. Plaskitt (Cambridge), J. A. Lloyd (Ferndale), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), E. Jotham (Port St. Mary), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Una Malleson (London, W.), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), L. Lopdell (London, W.), William A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Pauline Meadows (London, E.C.), Arthur R. Groves (Chelsea), Eleanor Hebblethwaite (Wimbledon), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), B. J (Margate), Isobel Sim (Natal, South Africa), S. R. Noyes (Parys, Orange Free State), L. M Priest (Norwich), Helen de Veer (Strasburg, Alsace), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, New York), Archie L. Pearce (Sydenham), Arthur A. Eaglestone (Parkgate, near Rotherham), Margaret Rivers Larminie (London, S.W.), James Paton (Natal, South Africa), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Kathleen Slater (Southport), Zoe Provis (New Zealand), Lillian S. Pomeroy (Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A.), Geta Gay (Upper Holloway), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Ivan Adair (Dublin), D. E. Peploe (Lanark), Mary Graham Telford (Great Yarmouth), Mrs. R. Purchas (Victoria, Australia), Miss H. A. Dudgeon (Musselburgh).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to I. V. Russell, of 22, Glenorchy Terrace, Edinburgh, for the following :

THE MAN WHO DID THE RIGHT THING.

BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTONE. (Chatto & Windus)

" He went on Sunday to the church "
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith*

We also select for printing :

THE FACTS OF THE CASE. (Simpkin, Marshall)

" In a drinking-well
Which the plumber built her,
Aunt Jemima fell——
We must buy a filter."

HARRY GRAHAM, *Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes*

(Theodora M. Fagan, Corner House, Bushey Heath.)

RACING RIVALS. BY NAT GOULD. (John Long)

" Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig."
COWPER, *The History of John Gilpin.*

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate Hill, N.19.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best brief essay for or against early rising is awarded to M. P. Lillie, of Brae House, Ullapool, Rossshire, Scotland, for the following :

Aroint thee, early-riser ! Thy smug self-complacency grates my very soul—thou, forsooth who, like the veritable worm, goest forth early to snatch the prize—filthy lucre. Darest thou, who parted with thy couch so unceremoniously, flout me, who omitted no oblation due to that despot ?

Behold my complacence—not with self but with mankind ! What a down-dropping of the kindly dew of benignity the last hour—prolonged surreptitiously to two or more—in bed engenders ! No assertive consciousness of virtue jars in the late-riser ; but, aware of the frailty of human nature, he overlooks, or sympathises with, the weakness of others That last hour produces all the sweetest dreams and happiest thoughts of our great thinkers—denied to the dull mechanical fellow who believes in that banal sophistry of the " successful " :



Trinity: The Hall Entrance from the Great Court.

From "Cambridge by Lamplight." By P. B. Redmayne. (Heffer & Sons) Reviewed in this Number.

" Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Opinions about early rising are very much divided ; the majority seem to think it is only a virtue when it is also a necessity. We select for special commendation from the many replies received those by G. V. D. Rybot (Oxford), Norman C. Gould (London, W.), E. Theodora Herrington (Ware), S. M. Isaacson (London, W.), G. Ralton Barnard (York), Victor S Pritchett (Bromley), V. Salisbury (Putney), W. E. Atkinson (Doncaster), J. Jackson (Beverley), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), " Town Sparrow " (Halifax), Enid Beyton (Beckenham), J. T. Harris (Grange-over-Sands), Ruth Hardwick (Hornsey), E. K. Ryde (Weybridge), P. Sharp (Doncaster), A. Y. Stewart (Bearsden), B. Surtees (Hove), Gladys Yates (Dulverton), L. N. Thomas (Littlehampton), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), Mabel Westby-Nunn (Cheltenham Spa), R. B. Lawrence (Hendon), J. Baker (London, N.), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Marie Russell Brown (Glasgow), Winifred E. Dimmock (Putney), F. Waterfield (Menton-Garavan, France), Kate I. Swan (Gosforth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Mrs. John Adams, of 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.3, for the following :

THE TRUMPET IN THE DUST.

BY CONSTANCE HOLME. (Mills & Boon.)

It is the telling of the story that makes this novel stand out, gloomy, arresting and apart. The action takes place in twelve sunny hours of a September day, the heroine is a charwoman, her goal an almshouse to herself. But Miss Holme, who gratifies a passion of her own for *le mot juste*,

has made, with these simple materials, an unforgettable book. Every character stands out like a Meissonier etching; she has taken as motto *multum in parvo*. She has got deep into the heart, not only of her village, but of her villagers; and into ours also.

We also select for printing:

LIFE AND LITERATURE. By LAFCADIO HEARN. (Heinemann.)

How happy I felt when I opened this book and read some of the titles—"The Prose of Small Things," "Literary Genius," "George Borrow," "On Composition"—all themes for understanding and controversy. As I read the book I could see Lafcadio Hearn lecturing in his lovable, understanding way to those Japanese students, and I wondered if there were any Lafcadio Hearns in our schools of to-day. I would give his three books, "Interpretations of Literature," "Appreciations of Poetry" and "Life and Literature" to all young people, and particularly those who are seeking a guide to all that is good in our English literature.

(A. A. Cocker, 5, Bradford Terrace, Bury, Lancs.)

MADAM. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Miss Sidgwick has intimate acquaintance with that Comic Spirit dear to Meredith, to whom indeed she may claim close intellectual relationship. With consummate skill, a subtle hint here, a suggestive remark there, she reveals the complex and fascinating figure of Mott Lane, her "modern Galahad," perhaps the most interesting and original character-study in Miss Sidgwick's gallery. "Madam" herself, though overshadowed by the surprising Mott, is a delicate portrait drawn with a fine point, and the laughter of the Comic Muse is often subdued to a deep and tender note as the situation between these two is developed.

(Isabelle Griffin, Enville Cottage, Bradmore, Wolverhampton.)

WHY WE SHOULD READ- By S. P. B. MAIS. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Mais states in his introduction that his object here is to enjoy rather than to analyse. He wants to carry enthusiasts along with him; he succeeds. He shows us, as only a book-lover can, how to appreciate the writers of other countries, and his essays will appeal especially to those who, while possessing real love and feeling for literature, are not so learned in its lore as they would like to be.

(G. W. Bowes, Sherwood, Rishton, near Blackburn.)

THE EDUCATION OF ERIC LANE. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Hutchinson.).

In this second part of "The Sensationalists," we find Lady Barbara Neave, although declaring herself bound to a missing man, ripe for a fresh sensation. This she achieves by undertaking the emotional education of a young literary "lion." When her methods have resulted in his nervous breakdown and her grand passion, the missing man returns—but omits to claim her. This study of a neurotic egoist, selfishly indulging her passion for one man, but unwilling to abandon her romantic pose of self-immolation before the other, is brilliantly conceived. The book breaks off leaving her ultimate destiny still undecided.

(B. N. Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by M. J. Eayres (Hornsey), Winifred Bates (Bridport), M. C. Smyth (Bournemouth), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), M. M. Butterfield (Ilford), G. Pitt (London, N.), Mollie Young (Battersea), A. R. MacPhail (Passay, Paris), A. M. Count (King's Lynn), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), O. M. Pilkington (Harrogate), J. C. Scott (Cheltenham), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley, Kent), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Winifred Lander (Lesmahagow), Pixie H. Baird (Bayswater), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), "Lawrence" (St. Leonards), Louise Harbourne (Manchester), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon Common), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), B. Webb (Birmingham), Miss L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Miss M. Waters (Cape Town), Miss D. M. Welsh (Peckham Rye), J. T. Harris (Grange-over-Sands), James A. Richards (Tenby).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to D. M. Atkinson, 44, St. Mark's Road, Leeds.

THE POETRY OF WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

By ANTHONY CLYNE.

WE have been entertained and not infrequently enlightened recently by the second part of "My Diaries," but there is some danger of our forgetting that Mr. Blunt is a poet. A diplomatist, a politician, a traveller, a breeder of famous Arabian horses, a champion of Egyptian and Irish nationalism, even imprisoned for two months in the latter cause, he is not of the temperament which has yielded many notable poets. Some thirty-five years ago, in a preface to "Love Sonnets of Proteus," he wrote: "No life is perfect that has not been lived—youth in feeling—manhood in battle—and old age in meditation!" The Diaries are pregnant publications belonging chiefly to the last period, for Mr. Blunt is now eighty years old. The two volumes of "Poetical Works" represent the first and second periods. The "final and complete edition" was issued in 1914, when he had "reached the third stage of a long life very much of action."

Mr. Blunt's first volume of poetry contained his finest work. Never afterwards did he for long attain the sheer force, imperfectly controlled, crudely fashioned, but veritable poetic force, of "Love Sonnets of Proteus," published in 1880, when he was forty. They are carelessly irregular. Their deliberate defiance of poetic canons, not mere indifference or neglect, but evidently intentional startling transgressions of the conventions of rhyme, cannot be pardoned. These astonishing crudities are not the results of ignorance or defective musical sense. He has of set purpose rough-hewn his sonnets, either for the sake of a theory or with the insouciance of a gifted amateur. And yet they do possess a fresh strength, an intensity of feeling, an originality of outlook, and an unquestionable sincerity. Take this one, for example, on "St. Valentine's Day":

"To-day, all day, I rode upon the Down,
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.
On this side in its glory lay the sea,
On that the Sussex Weald, a sea of brown.
The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,
And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse.
And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my horse

Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.
I knew the Spring was come, I knew it even
Better than all by this, that through my chase
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
I seemed to see and follow still your face.
Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god."

That is the genuinely poetic expression of one who knows the country primarily as a sportsman and country gentleman. It is no shadowy reflection that he contemplates and writes of, but the authentic experience. In his poetry we are always shown realities, as real as the trout on the grass of Goodwood Down, "four silver pounds, sublimely fat and fair." And equally real, with no sickening touch of that conventional rapture that destroys so many poets, is the conclusion:

"The sport is fair, luck fair, and Nature's face
Fairest of all."

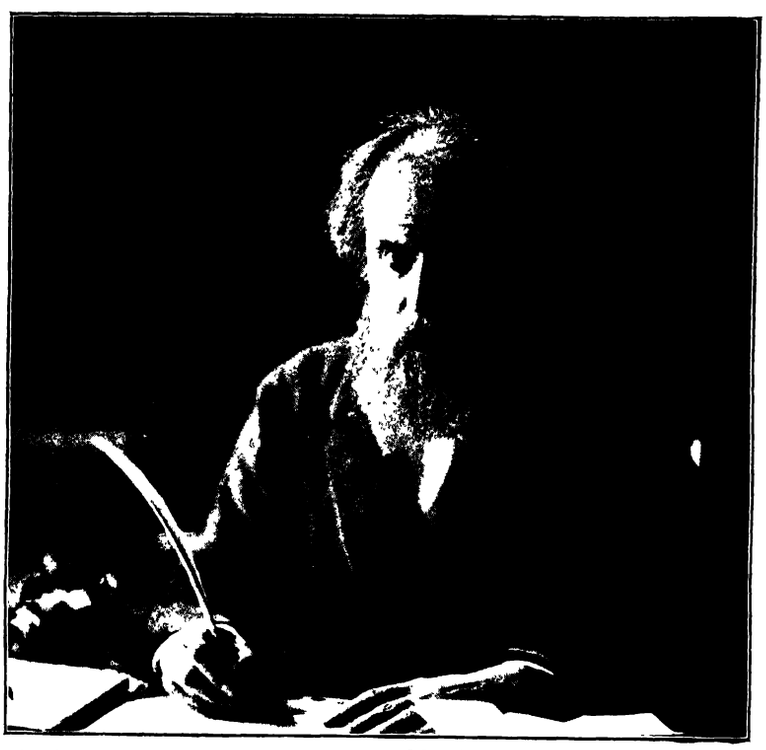


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

One may gauge Mr. Blunt's quality as a poet by turning from one of his unpolished, proudly careless sonnets to some musical boudoir verse or the merely clever intricacies and carefully contrived vagaries of some modern verse-writers. In his work there is neither the unreal world of the boudoir, nor that of the rebellious innovator for innovation's sake. These other verses seem like the insubstantial deceptions they are, beside his realities, realities sometimes partially perceived, of course, often clumsily seized, as one might carelessly take up a book by one cover, and exhibited with casual uncouthness, as one might thrust the book into a friend's hands, but still always realities.

Mr. Blunt's career as a young man in the diplomatic service brought to him conviction of the rights of small and oppressed nations. His enthusiastic championship of the cause of Arabi Pasha was a generous defence by a generous nature. In "England, my England," inspired by resentment at the misunderstanding by some of his country's attitude towards the Egyptian question, we are in touch with real passion, no "literary" sentiment of the usual patriotic verse. His advocacy of Irish freedom was real. One does not endure imprisonment for "literary" sentiment. "The honour," as he proudly called it, of that incarceration was celebrated by the verses of "In Vinculus," published in 1889. "The Wind and the Whirlwind" of 1883 and "Satan Absolved" of 1889 are eloquent verses denunciatory of that British imperialism, which he conceived as selfish, unjust, cruel. Utterly sincere the books are, but, as might be expected from their topic, they have not the value as literature of his earlier work. Mr. Blunt is still the implacable foe of Imperialism, and the champion of down-trodden peoples. "India, Egypt, and Ireland come in with the coffee" invariably in those latest Diaries of his.

"Griselda, a Society Novel in Rhymed Verse," published in 1893, though it cannot be accused of being reminiscent of Byron, must surely have had its original, if remote, inspiration in "Don Juan." Byron, indeed, is the only poet with whom one can compare him with any relevancy. His faults are not identical with, but they are akin to those of Byron, and so there is a similarity in their excellences. Temperamentally he is not very unlike Byron, with his cynicism yet romantic fervour, his versatility of pursuits, his championship of national freedom, his essential vitality, his worldly insouciance. Versatile Mr. Blunt has been in literature as in life, ranging from a play for the Irish theatre to the translations of "Seven Golden Odes of Pagan Arabia," published in 1903. So "Griselda" follows "Don Juan" in fluent verses, carelessly handled, witty, penetratingly satiric, but with no cloying over-richness of studied epigram. Action is more to him than poetry, life than art, as it was to Byron.

"I would not, if I could, be called a poet,
I have no natural love of the 'chaste muse';
If aught be worth the doing I would do it,
And others, if they will, may tell the news. . . .
The faith I hold I held, as when a boy
I left my books for cricket-bat and gun."

He is a poet because he enjoys exercising his skill, delights in utterance, and because he does possess skill and a true poetic utterance.

As Matthew Arnold wrote of the poet Gray as though composing a fantasia on the phrase, "He never spoke out," so we are inclined to reiterate that word "realities," in the case of Mr. Blunt's poetry. This method of interpretation has its danger of straining the application unduly, but it is of considerable illuminative value here. Mr. Blunt desires truth above beauty. The thing he says is far more important to him than the verbal form he may adopt. He will have reality, and very often he succeeds in obtaining it. It is no vain boast or self-deception, when he writes "To one with his sonnets":

"This is the book. For evil and for good
What my life was in it is written plain.
There are no dreams, but things of flesh and blood,
The past that lived and shall not live again.

He has the great desire and also the keen sight for reality. He will have the reality of love. "How shall I tell it?" he asks in "Esther":

> "How shall I tell it? As the poets tell
> Who wrap love in a garment of vain light?
> Or plainly naked, the poor child of Hell
> And laughter that it is and starless night?
> I like the truth best. Yet this love, sad thing,
> Mired, and defiled, I saw it once a King."

Because of this passionate search for reality, after our recovery from the unprepossessing roughness of his verse, we find in it a thrill of vigour, a directness of vision, that is given by few poets.

One of his truest poems is that Sussex Pastoral, "Worth Forest." Those lines concerning Myrtle the cow are worth a thousand fanciful rhapsodies in our immeasurable mass of minor poetry:

> "I love to touch the links between us, the blind kindness
> Of joy unreasoned, solace in the sun, in shade delight.
> The inhuman part of Man is still the best, his love of children,
> His love of meads and vales at home, his fondness for his kind."

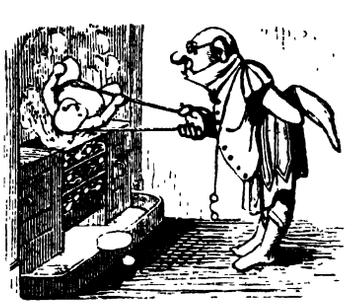
The blacksmith of the Sevenoaks of Cromwellian days, Master Gale, "our house's founder," who "died possessed of some four thousand acres of the best land in the parish" acquired by forty years of labour, prudent management, and skilful buying—this man is real as can be. It is the writing of one who has journeyed about this world not a little, and heartily liked and heartily disliked, aided and fought many men, served and opposed many causes. His is a bold temper, but with no disagreeable assertiveness.

Not all, of course, of Mr. Blunt's poetry will survive. He called himself "a Mid-Victorian poet a little in advance of his epoch," with more truth than is apparent on the surface of this characteristic utterance. His will be a small portion, perhaps, in the final anthology of Mid-Victorian poetry, but it will contain some rare things and true things. He describes in one of his sonnets the three pictures that most he loves, and they are a smiling woman by the sea, an old knight watching his dead son, and a bull dying in the arena. They symbolise his poetry with a significance that need not be expounded.

THE IDENTITY OF DOD GRILE.

By Walter Jerrold.

IT may well be that to many readers the name of Dod Grile is not known, though the author who for a brief while disguised himself under that name is one of the four greatest short story writers that America has yet produced. To me the pen name has been familiar ever since I was a turner-over of wares in the twopenny and fourpenny boxes of King's treasures in old Holywell Street, a timid glancer at the horrible temptations of the shilling shelf. Memories of that place—which has itself long since become but a memory—include those of a paper-covered book with a fearsome cover on which was depicted a man holding a baby over a fire with a pair of tongs, and below the arriding couplet:



Vignette.
From title page of "The Fiend's Delight," by Dod Grile. Drawn by W. S. Gilbert.

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Sees at thy hand no worthy action done."

The title of the book had passed from memory, but the name of the author, the picture and those words remained.

Recently, having occasion to read a number of the stories of Ambrose Bierce, and to inquire more closely into the story of the author's life than a reader customarily has to do, I found according to reference books—even the wonderful Allibone, and the British Museum Catalogue—that there were two Bierces, Ambrose, the writer of some of the most remarkable short stories in English literature, and M. H., who had elected to be known by the pen name of Dod Grile. But little investigation was necessary to establish the fact that reference books and British Museum catalogue are alike wrong, that Dod Grile, M. H. Bierce and Ambrose Bierce all represent one and the same person. Presumably—though this is but inference—Ambrose Bierce bore also his father's Christian name, and was in full Marcus Ambrose Bierce. For the M. H. of the reference books and catalogue we must now read Ambrose, or possibly M. A.

In 1874, in New York, Dod Grile published a volume entitled "Cobwebs from an Empty Skull"; and in the year before he published in London a volume entitled "The Fiend's Delight," and a curious fact about them is that the volume published in New York consisted of papers that the writer had recently contributed to a London periodical, *Fun*, while the volume published in London consisted of earlier contributions to "various Californian journals."

It is known that in 1872 Bierce—who had led a wandering life and fought in the American Civil War—was in London, where he fell in with Thomas Hood the younger, W. S. Gilbert and the rest of the *Fun* circle, and that he contributed to that paper "The Fables of Zambri the Parsee." The first series of these ran from July 13th to September 28th (with illustrations by Ernest Griset and other artists). Then came a gap; on November 16th Dod Grile contributed a fable in verse, and on November 23rd a second series of the prose fables began.

Lately when I was looking through one of those most attractive of miscellaneous things that the postman

ever brings, a catalogue of second-hand books, I came across an item that especially arrested attention—"The Fiend's Delight," by Dod Grile. On the "off chance" that it was my old friend of Booksellers' Row, I sent for the volume, and it proved to be the veritable thing, only instead of the paper-covered reprint it was the original issue of 1873. The wicked drawing which I had remembered as cover decoration is here in its original form as a title-page vignette—obviously drawn by W. S. Gilbert. My memory had not been strictly accurate, for the lines beneath the sketch are:

"Count that day lost whose
low descending sun
Views from thy hand no
worthy action done."



Ambrose Bierce.

The book is a very remarkable one, remarkable for its individuality, its obvious intent to annoy and shock all the ordinary feelings and prejudices of good taste. It has the daring of genius, and its character may perhaps be best briefly indicated by quoting the preface:

"The atrocities constituting this 'cold collation' of diabolisms are taken mainly from various Californian journals. They are cast in the American language, and liberally enriched with unintelligibility. If they should prove incomprehensible on this side of the Atlantic, the reader can pass to the other side at a moderately extortionate charge. In the pursuit of my design I think I have killed a good many people in one way and another; but the reader will please to observe that they were not people worth the trouble of leaving alive. Besides, I had the interests of my collaborator to consult. In writing, as in compiling, I have been ably assisted by my scholarly friend, Mr. Satan; and to this worthy gentleman must be attributed most of the views herein set forth. While the plan of the work is partly my own, its spirit is wholly his; and this illustrates the ascendancy of the creative over the merely imitative mind. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*—I shall be content with the profit."

They are cast in the American language—which, it may be said, is much clearer English than is employed by some of Dod Grile's successors. As for the killing of many people, that is an essential part of Mr. Dod Grile's humour. He is ever presenting something essentially horrible and grim in an atmosphere of fun which kills the horrible itself. His tragedy is carried to the height of the ludicrous, as exemplified in the tale of the boy whose father's head is chopped off by a mowing machine. The boy picks it up and takes it indoors to his mother to be asked quietly where he got it, and to reply: "Why, ma, that's pap's."

"'John,' and there was just a touch of severity in her voice—'when your mother asks you a question you should answer that particular question. Where did you get this?'

"'Out in the medder, then, if yer so derned pertikeller,' retorted the youngster, somewhat piqued; 'the mowing machine lopped it off.'

"The old lady rose and restored the head into the hands of the young man. Then, straightening with some difficulty her aged back, and assuming a matronly dignity of bearing and feature, she emitted the rebuke following:

"'My son, the gentleman whom you hold in your hand—any more pointed allusion to whom would be painful to both of us—has punished you a hundred times for meddling with things lying about the farm. Take that head back and put it down where you found it, or you will make your mother very angry.'"

Thus it is with many of the stories of the section entitled "Some Fiction"—the surprise anti-climax to the tragic. In another, having parleyed over-long with an optimist, Mr. Grile "twisted the head off that hopeful old party, surrendered himself to the authorities—and was at once discharged." In another, an old drunkard, moved by the New Year's bells, swears that he will never touch intoxicating liquor again.

"Then looking down and tenderly smiling into the eyes of his wife, he said: 'Is it not well, dear one?' With a face beaming all over with a new happiness, she replied:

"'Indeed it is, John, let s take a drink.' And they took one, she with sugar and he plain.

"The spot is still pointed out to the traveller."

These shortest of short stories—of about two to four hundred words each—are followed by "Tall Talk"—delightful essaylets on many themes and often with that particular note by which the writer sought to shock the smug and especially the religiously smug. Delicious is his conclusion to a talk on the country newspaper—"God bless the man who first invented the country newspaper!—though Sancho Panza blessed him once before." "Current Journalings," "Laughorisms," "Musings," also form part of the volume, which concludes with "Poesy," including some remarkable nonsense, a savage epitaph on George Francis Train—more savage than anything in that book of merry epitaphs, "Black Beetles in Amber"—and one piece that, but for its sting, might have been written by Bierce's colleague on *Fun*, W. S. Gilbert.

Now the curious thing is that in the collected works of Ambrose Bierce, a dozen brave volumes published in America in 1909-13—would that a British issue were made available!—neither of these "Dod Grile" books is included, though some of the epigrams at the end of vol. 8, and some of the "Tangential Views" of vol. 9 are taken from "The Fiend's Delight"—enough of them to establish beyond a peradventure, if any doubt remained, that Dod Grile was Ambrose Bierce.

New Books.

PAUL VERLAINE.*

There can be little question that this critical biography of Verlaine is one of the most distinguished books of the kind written by any living contemporary. There are of course trivial reservations to be made. It is conceivable that some judges will hesitate before the roseate picturesqueness of Mr. Nicolson's style, which occasionally permits itself an almost lyric note of sympathy or vision; but personally I should not be among them. On the other hand there will, no doubt, be readers who feel no annoyance at all at Mr. Nicolson's persistent use of the "paulo-post futurum" ("A girl-cousin, who was to live with the family throughout Verlaine's childhood"; or "At first Verlaine was to study law"); although to my own ear the trick soon assumes the irritation of a mannerism But in any case these are the lightest trifles. The really important point about Mr. Nicolson's book is the integrity of its workmanship; the unquestionable quality of sound critical and interpretative judgment and fine narrative tact, expressed in English of true sensibility, flexible, persuasive, full of charm. The subject is not an easy one to present with acceptance, especially to an English public, for the faults of Verlaine's wayward and irresponsible temperament were precisely the faults least congenial to a British taste. Mr. Nicolson does not excuse the faults, nor does he condemn them. He shows them simply as inseparable from the nature which they tormented, and by the very moderation of his portraiture he almost imperceptibly draws the reader into sympathy with his subject. There is subtlety in the method, but it is the subtlety of nature, not of artifice. The entire portrait glows with colour against a drab and sombre background.

I have said that Verlaine's faults were uncongenial to the British temperament, and the point is worth consideration, because it embodies the essence of Verlaine's spiritual and social failure. The Englishman's education, it would be generally agreed, is primarily designed to promote independence of character. The English ideal is self-reliance and self-restraint. But self-reliance and self-restraint were the very last qualities to manifest themselves in the career of Paul Verlaine. It was the first truth about him that he always leant upon others for guidance, and that he ruined his life by his inability to resist his craving for alcohol. The story, which Mr. Nicolson sets forth, of aimless drifting from one friend or mistress to another, with its swift kaleidoscope of office and farm life, of prison and class-room, of hill-side and slum, ending in a collapse into besotted dependence and lachrymose regret—the whole story is one which traditional British morality might well choose as the text for a characteristically British homily. Verlaine was everything which a typical Englishman does not wish to be. And yet Mr. Nicolson breaks down British prejudice and brings Verlaine home to our sympathy. How does he do it? Not, most certainly, by belittling Verlaine's shortcomings, but simply by the sheer force of unaffected human sympathy and by his own instinctive understanding of a nature of "fluid simplicity and painful impotence," which was none the less irradiated by love, and acutely sensitive to love in others.

It is the inevitable failing of a weak character to idealise the object of its passion; to expect more than is humanly possible in return for its own devotion; and then, in its disappointment, to lose faith in the value of life. Verlaine's story is an exact example. He idealised his wife, his friends, his mistresses, threw himself upon them for inspiration or for comfort, and was continually repelled and devastated by a sense of disillusion. He drifted uncertainly from one dream to another:

> "Et je m'en vais
> Au vent mauvais
> Qui m'emporte
> Deça, delà,
> Pareil à la
> Feuille morte"

His emotions drove him along, a waif of the imagination. He sought a respite from them in religion, but his religion was only another form of emotional indulgence. When he returned from prison to his dissolute genius of a friend, Arthur Rimbaud, and poured into his ears the fervours of proselytism, Rimbaud turned upon him and beat him till he bled. It was the brutal answer of a strong man to a weak one, the last, fierce protest of fiery intolerance. In the same way the world itself treated Verlaine later on. In the feverish struggle for life there is no patience with the dissatisfied and petulant dreamer.

Out of all the wreckage, however, the poetry survives, and it receives its proper recognition in Mr. Nicolson's pages. Verlaine was a poet of the transition, and suffers from his intermediary place in the history of French verse. The Romantics, culminating in Victor Hugo, were already spent and finished, when Verlaine began to write, and before he had sung his last song the Parnassians, who followed the Romantics, were themselves fading into the shadows. Verlaine bridges the gulf between the Parnassians and the Symbolists. The Romantics failed because they lacked intellectual basis They were the slaves of the emotions, and they were wrecked on the reef of unreality. The Parnassians failed because they sought the wrong remedy for Romanticism They "threw back" to the classicists in their passion for order and for form, but they spread all their energy upon the technicalities of their art; as Mr. Nicolson admirably puts it, "they failed to grasp that what the new generation needed so passionately was Truth." Meanwhile the air was already stirred by the first whispers of symbolism. In our author's own picturesque phrase: "it hung as a summer mist among the hedgerows, it lingered slowly drawn in copse and meadow, and it spread silently and with a strange gentleness across the face of Europe" Verlaine caught and reflected this floating aspiration and wove it into a wistful cadence, but it never strengthened in his hands into a mature philosophy; it never interpreted or enlightened the hidden depths of life. As with his character, so with his art—the product of Verlaine never developed. He was the same spiritual weakling at fifty as he had been at fifteen. His fancy wasted in passionate dreams . . .

> "Je me souviens
> Des jours anciens
> Et je pleure . . ."

Yellow, sere and vacillating, the drifting leaf still danced along before the wind.

No, certainly it is not a story after the heart of Britain; but by the ingenious use of imagery, in a passage of penetrating beauty, Mr Nicolson brings its requiem into tune with that universal sympathy which attends upon all those for whom the ways of the world are too hard to be reconcilable:

> "For those," he says, "who lived before the war the spirit of Paul Verlaine will for long be merged with that of the fair city which he loved so fatally For them his spirit will still limp and linger in boulevard and alley, in bookshop and in tavern; or along those quays whose jumbled outlines glitter in the gay and gentle river, as it slides with garbaged waters past church, past prison and past charnel-house; and so, through soft French meadows, to the sea"

The spirit of Verlaine's life and work is in that passage—church and charnel-house, glittering wave and floating garbage; and beyond them, blossom and green banks, and rest at last in the everlasting restlessness of the deep.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

* "Paul Verlaine." By Harold Nicolson. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

SAPPER'S NEW STORIES.*

"Sapper's" new volume has all the old raciness. It contains a dozen stories. They are the crisp, workmanlike products of a man of character, and he delivers them with an engaging bluntness. His contempt for the war profiteer and the get-rich-quick gang of to-day still flares up brightly alongside of his admiration for the badly treated ex-officer. One feels that the sigh of the groom in Boddington's livery stable is "Sapper's" sigh:

"But what could you expect these times, when most of the men who could ride in days gone by would ride no more, and a crowd of galloping tinkers, with rank cigars and ranker manners, had taken their places?"

The man in ratcatcher comes to the livery stable to hire a horse for the Leicestershire hunt. He ought not to be there at all, for years ago he allowed himself to be reported killed so that he could drop out of his world and satisfy a quixotic debt of honour. But he cannot keep away from the hunting field, and by an ingenious turn of the story he is forced to disclose his identity in order to save the girl he loves from disaster. Pride of another kind—pride of family—burns in "The Unbroken Line," which tells of the daring subterfuge adopted by a peer to prevent his historic name from passing out of the direct line to a cheat and waster. Not a few of the stories handle problems of powerful human interest arising directly out of the war. "The Poser," for example, tackles in a bold but sympathetic manner the problem of the young war widow who out of loyalty to her dead husband feels she ought to turn a deaf ear to life and all its joys. Engrossing from first page to last, "The Man in Ratcatcher" is a welcome and characteristic addition to the "Sapper" library.

S. H. W.

A NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF FREEMASONRY.†

The record of the growth and progress of Freemasonry since the first Grand Lodge was formed at the Apple Tree Tavern in 1717 is a very astonishing and significant testimony to the vitality of the spiritual instinct in man. The destiny that has shaped its ends is a subject for wonder, for whatever the source and origin of Freemasonry on its external side, in its essence it is neither more nor less than a spiritual ideal. Masonic ritual as now existing is based, as Mr Arthur Edward Waite shows in the present work, on an historical fable of trivial account. Its external claims and traditional history can hardly be substantiated by the least critical, but its underlying object is identical with that of what are termed the Ancient Mysteries—the communication of the light of wisdom to those who are in a state of darkness.

It would seem to require the long experience and continuous toils of the Wandering Jew to trace the development of this object through the ages. The wide range of Mr. Waite's studies command the attention of every earnest student in this field of research. Of his place in the literature of mystical philosophy and of his position as an exponent of the mysteries of Alchemy, Magic, Kabalism, and Hermetic lore, it is late in the day to make specific mention. The complete tale of the works he has given to his day and generation is only to be found in collections of books already scarce and rare, which are closely treasured by those who have been able to garner them. In this "New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry," which will rank with the best of his work, is offered an analysis and interpretation of the many grades and symbols of Freemasonry. The chief value of the volumes is for those who have become Masons without further knowledge of the institution than that which they have been able to glean from the ceremonies through which they have passed.

It must be admitted by Masons of to-day that the great majority of the brethren stand in need of such instruction. It may almost be supposed that it was owing to a desire for instruction that they joined the craft, and it may also be reasonably contended that a spirit of inquiry is one of the primary causes which contributed to the birth and perpetuated the existence of the institution. It may be true, as advanced by our author in "The Secret Tradition of Freemasonry," that all the grand pageant of ritual in the higher grades is the outcome of the romantic spirit. It must be true that the call of Masonry to the thousands who range under its banners at the present day is the conviction that only in the temple of Brotherhood erected to the glory of the Almighty Father, Creator and Ruler of the Universe, is mankind likely to find a place of rest and refreshment amid the prevailing conditions of strife, self-seeking and competition. In the temples of Freemasonry the brethren meet together



From "A New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry" (Rider & Son).

* "The Man in Ratcatcher." By "Sapper." 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "A New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry." By Arthur Edward Waite. With sixteen full-page plates and many other illustrations. In two volumes. 42s. net. (Rider.)

in a bond of union; within their sacred precincts they put aside worldly distinctions and individual differences, and are free to unite in the study of the hidden mysteries of nature and science, to search for those lost secrets which they confidently hope to recover, and, it may be, to glimpse that spiritual city not made with hands which is eternal in the heavens.

In the volumes before us, out of an unrivalled zeal, knowledge and experience, Mr. Waite offers assistance and instruction to his brother Freemasons in all that concerns an understanding of the origins, symbols and rituals of Freemasonry. It is a great task, greatly performed.

The large body of literature already available on masonic subjects, including the works of recognised and authoritative writers of recent times whose names will readily occur to every student, has not lightened the toil of preparing this summary of Freemasonry and its various ramifications. From the nature of the arrangement of such a work it was necessary to consider every aspect in detail under a separate heading, and no less important to indicate the interrelation of various grades and developments, one with another. This has been satisfactorily effected by the author in his provision of a conspectus of cross-references at the beginning of the first volume, by which the disadvantage of the encyclopædic method is in a great measure annulled. The message which Freemasonry and its extensions in many grades carries to our author may be found expressed under the heading, "Symbolism and Its Ultimate," and runs as follows:

"The World of Symbolism is a world of many resurrections, and within their law and their order one among them is not only of all the highest but is most sacramental of all; it is catholic, indefectible, an unfailing channel of grace and truth There can be no need to indicate that I speak of the mystical life which was led in Palestine by that Great Master Who was neither Hiram nor another. Those who can enter into the comprehension of this Mystery, and in fine of that which is veiled by the Divine Resurrection of the first Easter Morning, will have no need of Masonry or of any other instituted systems. . . . As it is, the Rites aid us to see in a reflected manner, and some among them are more lucid than others. I have described Masonry as a mirror of instituted initiation, for it has no title to consideration as anything but a glass of vision. It is the most proximate and available of the illustrations which are placed about us here and now, and its reflection is tolerably complete, as of great things by little. . . . It is only as something very far away that it recalls—sometimes almost by antithesis—that which is the Mystery of all in exaltation, nearest indeed of all but least comprehended. And yet such is the root of things that the Raising of the Masonic Candidate can be understood only in the Resurrection of Easter."

P. S. WELLBY, M.A.

THE IDEA OF COVENTRY PATMORE.*

An eminent critic once deprecatingly called Coventry Patmore "a poet of one idea." Mr. Osbert Burdett (who is, surely, the most stalwart champion any poet ever had), does not, as his mere title sufficiently indicates, deny the accuracy of that verdict; but, so far from its being a weakness in Patmore to be limited to one idea, he accounts it unto him for righteousness. For Mr. Burdett is very scornful indeed of most poets, with their vague emotions and nebulous philosophies, and to him the author of "The [illegible]known Eros" and "The Angel in the House" shines [illegible] single clear light amid the general murk and chaos. [illegible] poetry [illegible]dett, indeed, is not only intolerant of modern [illegible] him that th[illegible] modern civilisation; and it is obvious to [illegible] more generally [illegible]n why Coventry Patmore's work is not [illegible] are evil. "That [illegible]ted lies in the fact that our hearts [illegible] who has thought domes[illegible]he says, "is the only poet [illegible] song' may be the accident [illegible]ve 'worthy of a serious [illegible] in his few years of uncertain [illegible]s; that he was, even [illegible], never accorded more than the position of a minor s[illegible] how great is the gulf between public sincerity and pub[illegible] morals. Otherwise it would be strange that the one p[illegible] of England, home, and of beauty, whom we have, notwithstanding the art with which he praised them, is still a bad second in the public regard even to the minor singers of their opposites, and that, in subject no less than in form, Shelley, or Blake, or Swinburne can win the admiration of thousands for their complex or vague desires, whereas he who was the Laureate of all that Englishmen profess to admire still numbers but a small minority of readers; so strange in the ear of a modern Englishman sounds the praise of those simplicities in which he professes all the beauty of religion and social order to be involved."

Love, as every one knows, was Coventry Patmore's one theme—not the love that most poets have celebrated, but married love. In married love Patmore saw not only the fulfilment of this life and the one key to its mystery, but he saw in it also the symbol of the soul's perfect life in a world to come. Upon the experience of married love he built up an elaborate and closely reasoned philosophy. Mr. Burdett's book gives us a long, patient, painstaking and detailed analysis of that philosophy. Any adequate criticism of his interpretation of Patmore would lead us into a discussion not only upon art, but also (as is inevitable where Patmore is concerned) upon morals and Christianity. For that we have no room. We can only commend the loving thoroughness with which Mr. Burdett has performed his task, and record the fact that for ourselves we are in warm agreement with many at least of his arguments and judgments. This makes us regret the more the absence in his work of a persuasive and ingratiating manner. He lacks almost completely a sense of humour. He is a too perfervid advocate, and a little too ready, as the very characteristic passage above quoted will show, to be somewhat heatedly denunciatory of those who do not see eye to eye with Coventry Patmore and himself. It is possible that on this account he may fail to win as many disciples as he might otherwise have done. But there is so much of solid worth in the book that it will be the reader's loss if he allows the author's rather forbidding manner to turn him from its careful perusal.

GILBERT THOMAS.

* "The Idea of Coventry Patmore." By [illegible] Burdett. 7s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)

ANIMAL LIFE IN SCOTLAND.*

Dr. Ritchie's book, let it be said at once, is full of interest and instruction throughout. Nothing has been attempted quite on the same scale so far as Scotland is concerned. It is fortunate that the work has been done by so competent and shrewd an observer. Scotland, if relatively a small country, offers an almost romantic field for an investigator into the facts of faunal evolution. As Dr. Ritchie points out, man was a late-comer there. He did not emerge until after the great Glacial Period, which had effectually obliterated all the earlier fauna and flora. The arena in which their successors flourished was now a strangely restricted one with broad seas hemming the land in upon three sides. And the appearance of the human agent, ever increasing in numbers, and in strength and skill, could not fail to operate mightily on the entire life of Nature, animate and inanimate. This is the potent "influence" which the essayist sets himself to demonstrate. He regards man not so much as an instrument of destruction, or even as a creative agent, but in his relations with Nature he is rather a transformer and a supplanter:

"Wherever he places his foot, wild vegetation withers and dies out, and he replaces it by new growths to his own liking, sometimes transformed by his genius for his own use. Where he pitches his tents and builds his cities, wild animals disappear, and woodlands and valleys where they sported are wrested from their prior owners and given over to the art of agriculture and to animals of man's own choosing, as well as to a host of camp-followers, which attach themselves to his domestication whether he will or no. Intentionally and unintentionally, directly or indirectly, man transforms and supplants both animal and vegetable life. Some animals he deliberately destroys, some he deliberately introduces, and the characters of some he deliberately transforms by careful selection and judicious interbreeding. Other animals find his presence uncongenial and gradually

* "The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland: A Study in Faunal Evolution." By James Ritchie, M.A., D.Sc. 28s. (Cambridge University Press.)—"The Land of the Hills and the Glens." By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. 15s. (Cassell.)

dwindle in numbers or disappear, while others are encouraged by his activities to increase in numbers, sometimes even to his own confounding."

From his own abundant observation along with a multiplicity of natural history notes culled from every conceivable source, the author's contention is well maintained, that man has been the chief instrument in the many and considerable changes which have taken place in Scottish faunal life within even a comparatively short space of time. This was, to be sure, a necessary and natural corollary if man was to progress, and civilisation to make any forward leap. The old regime of wild life in Scotland was bound to pass as it is passing wherever man is in the ascendant.

There will be whole-hearted agreement with Dr. Ritchie's well-merited indignation at the mere "collecting" craze, and that insensate storing up of "specimens" which has been all too common. Most people also will support him in his strictures against the barbarous habit of keeping wild birds in cages for the beauty of their plumage or the sweetness of their song. A most fascinating section deals with the protection of animals for sport, for utility, and through popular favour and superstition. Every rural schoolboy in Scotland knows this quatrain, though the fear of portending ill-luck is not always a deterring element:

"The laverock and the lintie,
The robin and the wren;
Gin ye harry their nests
Ye'll never thrive again."

A more informed and scholarly treatise it would be difficult to imagine.

Mr. Seton Gordon's name is well known as a writer of the natural history of the land he loves so passionately. No one knows the Highlands and Islands, or the Aberdeenshire portion of Scotland, so well. Here it is the sacred Isle of Iona and the glorious Hebridean Coast which form the text of a singularly attractive *tome*. Each chapter is complete in itself, and the whole book is packed with a wealth of beauty and poetry, and a remarkable store of geographical and biological information—evidence of the writer's skill in this department, and of a facility of descriptive power not often excelled. Why do so many spend fortunes upon foreign travel when there is so much to be seen at home, when so much of the pageantry of Northern Britain is still *terra incognito* to thousands? A book like this should open the eyes to the superabundant delights that Scotland has to offer, above all in the resistless charm of its western sea-board and islands.

During the war Mr. Gordon served in Mull as a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and his present volume is largely the result of the excellent opportunities he thus had of seeing the country, of getting to know its inhabitants, and watching its many-sided and marvellous life on sea and land—the tribes of the grey seal, the colonies of guillemots, skua gulls, ptarmigans, buzzards, golden eagles, razor-bills, *et hoc genus omne*—which came within his fortunate purview at a time so distracting and under circumstances often so perilous. The book is finely illustrated from photographs by the author.

W. S. CROCKETT.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.*

It is, I believe, a solid commercial truth that a memorable, or attractive, or suggestive title may turn the pendulum of public indifference in a gentle and discriminating fashion. The literary subscribers move, I am informed, in placid shoals like gold and silver fishes, and their dietetic preferences, though vague, are classified. Titles in which the words "murder," "haunted," "passion," "ladyship," "gold," take their bold and thoughtful prominence are sure of support. Such are the carriers of a multitude of emotions of dread and snobbery.



Mr. John Knittel,

whose brilliant novel, "Aaron West" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

But rarely have I come upon four novels in a bunch with such unprepossessing or unfortunate titles as are borne by the books before me. There is Miss Oemler's "The Purple Heights." A title so elusive in its poetic imagery as to drop into the meaningless. It conveys no hint of tragedy or comedy, sunshine or rain, even heaven or hell, but is simply three words one after the other, words in which a youthful painter might endeavour to explain his conception of Ben Lomond. Then there is "Law and Outlaw." Now no one can pronounce that a bad title or a meaningless one. It is in fact obvious and stimulating and attractive to all persons with a tendency towards bold enterprises from the days of Robin Hood to the Virginian sheriff with a noose flung carelessly over a tree bough. But it is foreign to the art of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. It is in a word an error in the psychology of such things. Or "The Death of Society," by Miss Romer Wilson. To send out a novel (unless one of those formidable translations of a no less formidable Russian) literally overlaid at birth by such a burden, may be a sign of independence, but it is, from any normal standpoint all wrong. Finally, there is "Pleasure," by Mr. Alec Waugh, admittedly not without merit as a title and with some capacity for arousing curiosity or expectation. But here the title is like a gin set in a careless spot. It catches one by the leg. It is like one of those faintly-sugared pills, concealing only for an instant some rather dreary contents. I am not sure whether a title should intentionally be the spring that restrains the jack-in-the-box, nor do I altogether admire the attitude of the publisher who issues a volume of undiluted "blues" with a coloured jacket suitable for Mr. P. G. Wodehouse or Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

The range covered by these so vastly different books is bewildering in its horizons. In "The Purple Heights" Miss Conway Oemler writes in an old-fashioned but agreeable manner, both sentimental and human, and with passages of pleasant and sometimes ponderous humour here and there. Her story is almost as unoriginal as it well could be, and her atmosphere is that of the musical comedy as

* "The Purple Heights." By Marie Conway Oemler. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann)—"Law and Outlaw." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Death of Society." By Romer Wilson. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Pleasure." By Alec Waugh. 8s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

the public see it from the stalls. But there is skill and sincerity in the work, and if we take our sentiment a little timidly over here it may be the fault of our climate, or our miners, or our income tax.

"Law and Outlaw" by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, is, as one would expect, a novel of distinction and craftsmanship. But it suffers all through from its plot, and in the end collapses beneath overwhelming odds. It may not be impossible for an artist like Mrs. Sidgwick to sit down and write about a wicked stepmother who carries the spirit of the fairy books into an age of Daimlers, but is it worth the conflict between an instinct for the comedy of manners and a pledge to be melodramatic and disturbing? To do the thing really proud, Peggy, the starved stepchild, should succumb and the cinema rights be secured for a responsive public. But Mrs. Sidgwick flinched from that as one knew all the time she would, and although the novel has its compensating passages it is not a success.

"The Death of Society" is not, as some people appear to believe, a worthy successor to "Martin Shuler." It will not be easy to write another novel on that plane. But it is a very remarkable novel, though it is one of those books I admire from an immense distance. I know they are tremendous, but they leave me crushed by an instinct of my own mental inferiority. They are so very bewildering. When a young Englishman named Smith is bogged in a deep morass of artistic and, for a time, I suspected, purely telepathic or subconscious passion by a very elderly Norwegian lady who speaks no English in reply to his ignorance of her own tongue, I move uneasily. But when the elderly lady is well married, with a grown-up family, to an ancient and verbose professor with a sinister gift of candour, I walk in twilight. And when Smith produces dialogue in solid chunks and it is handed back, I admire, but with an eye of glass. And yet a moving story for all that, and with a wealth of tense dramatic speech, so natural and so vivid as to lift it above a meticulous or derisive commentary. Indeed, when an author can carry such a burden with so *nearly* triumphant a grasp, even the obtuse cannot but accord applause

"Pleasure" is a collection, I presume, of sketches written by Mr. Alec Waugh since the armistice, and for that reason should not be taken as a second volley to "The Loom of Youth." There is nothing remarkable in the book, though the problem of the elderly married man who discovers his wife in the act of embracing his oldest friend is neat and in the proper spirit of satirical comedy. Mr Waugh will do well to cultivate that vein The abysmal melancholy of the other stories in "Pleasure" lacks the refined note of tragedy which acquits the determined pessimist of a suspicion of dyspepsia.

FREDERICK WATSON.

THE COLERIDGE TRADITION.*

Of the many English families who have given to the nation brilliant servants and to the arts great votaries, one of the most distinguished in recent times is that which leaped to fame from the vicarage of Ottery St. Mary with "The Ancient Mariner," and its quality procures a welcome for the memoirs of any Coleridge. They are sure to have charm and to be readable. Arthur Coleridge, Clerk of Assize for many years on the Midland Circuit, was a specially amiable member of the family. His brief literary remains—an uncompleted autobiography, some letters and scraps of a diary—have been assembled, with a preface by Mr J. A. Fuller-Maitland, and supplemented with circuit reminiscences by two other colleagues; and the book, though not large, is full of interest. It has lively notes on great churchmen, lawyers, singers, painters and writers; it is atmospheric with Arthur Coleridge's strength and sweetness; and it enriches distinctly our knowledge of a rich period.

There are some memories of "S. T. C." The mother of the first Lord Coleridge used to tell how, in his baby days, "Uncle Sam would roll the child about on the carpet, muttering, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'" The poet once called on a curate cousin at St. Andrew's, Holborn, in such poor clothes that, when he was seen to be anxious about the top buttons of a double-breasted waistcoat, the curate felt no surprise at hearing him say, "Bless my soul, William, I have forgotten my shirt," but rigged him out. Lord Houghton alleged that when dying, at Highgate, Coleridge talked to him about the conversion of St. Paul, and said: "How can one believe such a story, told by a tipsy man on horseback?" But Tennyson declared, as to this, that Lord Houghton was a mystifier, and might have been pulling Arthur's leg. The poet did design for himself a humorous epitaph. He translated a line from Ovid and then burlesqued it:

> "Not handsome was he, but was eloquent.
> Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses
> 'In truth, he's no beauty!' cried Moll, Poll and Tab;
> But they all of them owned he'd the gift of the gab"

The churchmen's portraits retouched are those of Keble, with some of his intimate light letters; Samuel Wesley, trout fishing on a choirboy's back; and Newman, who at eighty-two told Millais that he constantly played his violin: "Of course I play out of tune, but they all declare it beautiful." There is a personal estimate, too, of almost every Eton and Cambridge celebrity of half a century.

Arthur Coleridge knew Thackeray and Tennyson. Of the former he tells that at Dresden, when J. C. Patteson praised a sketch, Thackeray replied stiffly: "Sir, I am quite impervious to flattery; it's my intention to burn that sketch when I get back to my lodgings" Also that he once eclipsed the gaiety of a Bar mess at Derby, where he was the guest of honour, by saying, when a fat turkey came to table: "For twenty-seven days I have seen nothing but boiled turkey!" Tennyson, in intimate talks, stated that "Break, break, break," was composed at 5 a.m. one summer day wandering about the lanes, and that "Crossing the Bar" took him only five minutes.

Some of the best reminiscences are musical. The revival of Bach in this country was mainly due to Arthur Coleridge. He knew Jenny Lind intimately—"cette femme fantasque, mélange de bonté, de sécheresse, d'égoisme et de charité"—and sometimes sang with her, for he might have made a career in opera. He chats about Lablache, Tamburini, Mario, Rossini, Auber and other favourites too. Rossini, a guest of Lord Kinnaird at Rossie, proved a sportsman of the Winkle type, and once appeared at the dinner-table with a hare to announce triumphantly: "Voilà! J'ai eu un grand combat avec celui-là."

What adds much to the charm of this book is a certain quick playfulness. One sits with a delightful man. The editing is not faultless, and it seems that his best legal stories have been lost; but nothing is over-laboured, and everything touched with a happy candour.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

* "Arthur Coleridge: Reminiscences." Edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)

WHITE AND BLACK SAVAGES.*

One of the celebrated friends of Mr. Salt is W. H. Hudson. "At his best," says Mr. Salt, and very rightly, "he is the greatest living master of English prose," and when Hudson made use of his weapon in order to fight for his great friends the birds, he and the author of this fascinating book were shoulder to shoulder. Incidentally they have both told us of savages who now have become our precious possessions—the Indian girl, for example, in "Purple Mansions," which is probably the most magnificent romance in our language, and the more familiar savages of Mr. Salt, namely, the boys and masters at Eton, and the anti-humanitarians at whom he pokes such delightful fun. Mr. Salt is, as he tells us, a faddist; he has been in year-long opposition to many of his countrymen's practices; but although his earnestness was never doubtful, he kept his temper and appears to have smitten his opponents with a good deal of laughter. Such a controversialist must be maddening for the other side. When he suggested a public

* "Seventy Years Among Savages." By Henry S. Salt. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Roaming Through the West Indies." By Harry A. Franck. 25s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

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REMARKABLE LETTER

THE following letter has been received by the Modern Languages Department of the Pelman Institute:

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"I commenced the Course on January 15th, 1921, and to-day, April 26th, 100 days after the commencement, I am sending you my last Work Sheet

"During one week of this period—the Easter holidays week—I spent no time whatever on the Course.

"I feel sure that this has created a record in language teaching; I have never before learned anything so quickly and so well. At the same time I have no doubt that many others could learn more quickly than I have already done.

"It is the ingenuity and the thoroughness of the Course that does it.

"As I am now trying to catch the last post, I cannot express my full appreciation of the Course and the courteous attention I have received, but I should like to do so later, and I should be pleased to have your advice with regard to French books . . ."

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discussion of the question. "What are malpractices in Sport," a sporting newspaper declined the challenge and expressed the opinion that "such piffling folly is best treated with contempt." We are given some excellent stories and vignettes of those who were either for or against the Humanitarians. Meredith, Bernard Shaw, "Ouida," Swinburne, and Edward Carpenter are brought very vividly before us. We are made to look at things from an unusual but surely most reasonable point of view; the Zoo is to Mr. Salt "one of the saddest and dullest spots on the earth, being, in fact, nothing cheerier than big convict-stations, to which the ill-fated life-prisoners are conveyed from many distant lands." And he dilates upon the bathos of a waiter serving out coffees or lemon-squashes within sight of the eagle's cage and regardless of the great Raptor by whom his predecessor, Ganymede, had been carried off to be the gods' cup-bearer. Not only has Mr. Salt crusaded against cruelty, thoughtless and otherwise, to animals, but against such brutalising customs as "blooding" and flogging. On this latter point he admits that he lost a good many of his regular supporters; we happened the other day to see that a high testimonial to the practice was given from the dock by a member of the criminal class—and yet even flogging can be administered more or less humanely. Another of Mr. Salt's activities has been towards the preservation of beautiful scenery; and here also he has deserved extremely well. He has, as we have indicated, the enormous advantage of conducting his case with invariable urbanity and a flow of humour and reminiscence. The "savages," by the way, of his title are his carnivorous fellow-countrymen, and it was only gradually that he became aware of his lurid surroundings.

More orthodox savages loll and leer at us from the picturesque pages of Mr. Franck. This gentleman scarcely seems in so good a humour as when he made his former historic journeys. He seems to be more at his ease when he can tramp for a few years along the Andes, pushing through a wilderness unvisited before by any white man, than he is in wandering from West Indian island to island, with the nuisance of having to catch boats. He is not made for the ordinary tourist-ridden country. That is why in this book we are most entertained when he takes us into the remote parts of Hayti. After his own heart is that famous old tyrant, Christophe, the full-blooded negro who built himself a monstrous pleasure-house and thought nothing of shooting every fourth man if a gang of workmen found it impossible to carry up the mountain one of the massive blocks of stone. Christophe died as violently as he had lived, for when he was stricken with apoplexy in the church of Limonade he attempted to cure himself with rum and baths of red pepper. As one expects from Mr. Franck, his pages teem with quaint characters. As a book on the West Indies this is less comprehensive than Sir Frederick Treves's, and the tone is frequently censorious; but there usually seems good reason for these strictures, from which his own American countrymen by no means escape. Perhaps the French get off most lightly. But, when all is said, these 486 pages and the admirable photographs form a travel-book which from anybody else we would have welcomed with fewer reservations.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

A SPRING WALK IN PROVENCE.*

Of not many books of travel can one say, as Colonel Lawrence says of Doughty's, "The more you know of Arabia, the more you find in 'Arabia Deserta.' There is nothing to take away, little to add." That it cannot be said of Mr. Marshall's "A Spring Walk in Provence" is not, after all, very damaging. For Provence is a country so bewitching that those who have had the good fortune to walk there in the spring could hardly find any description or praise worthy of their memories of that fair land. It is an exciting country, but Mr. Marshall is rarely excited. He speaks thus of Nîmes, Nîmes that seems the personification of a gracious matron of Rome's best days:

"I was glad enough to get away from Nîmes the next morning. . . . In fact, a motorist who stays to lunch in Nîmes and sees the fountains, the arena and the Maison Carée, may congratulate himself that he has tasted the full flavour of the brew."

Evidently on that day our Roman lady was "not at home." And then Tarascon, that lovely mediæval maiden, dirty and beautiful, in whose streets and castles King René might have been but yesterday, of her Mr. Marshall says too little. And though he writes most interestingly of the legends of the arrival of Joseph of Arimathea, Martha and the two Maries in Provence, he does not even mention that Martha's Tomb is in Tarascon, the city which she rescued from the Tarasc. But, though we may complain that Mr. Marshall has not always done justice to the delights we already know, what he says of the beauties we have not seen makes us long to take advantage of the exchange and start for Les Beux to-morrow. It is curious that an author so sensitive to the characters of human beings should not feel and express that strange sense of personality that marks one town from another, the realisation of which is almost the greatest delight of travel.

Mr. Marshall does not attempt to write poetic descriptions of this lovely land, but many of his phrases have a homely, visual accuracy that sticks in the memory:

"The hills rose up sheer on every side. Their lower slopes were so regularly terraced that at this distance they had the effect of horizontal 'shadings' in a pencil drawing."

"The road downhill looks just like a temperature chart."

"Sometimes I came across little secluded farms, and in the garden of one of them a great stretch of yellow jonquil shone in the dusk like a square of sunshine left behind from the departing day."

Mr. Marshall has very sound ideas as to the advantages of walking and the charms of old forgotten hill towns and quiet inns. But it maddens the post-war pedestrian to hear of the room for two francs and the good wine for one.

Mr. Marshall repeats many delightful legends of Provençal saints, even those that he doubts most he treats with unfailing courtesy. Indeed, that is the impression made by the whole book. One feels that a kindly host, on a rainy afternoon in the country, has shown us his photographs and talked pleasantly of his travels. We cannot help liking him and his stories, but our appreciation is just a trifle dampened by the thought that he may have felt it a duty. If he were more excited, more egoistic, if he had more of youth's vain confidence in our interest, in the fact that we could never have seen such marvels or loved them as he did, we might catch fire. Yet this very modesty makes one think what a satisfactory travelling companion Mr. Marshall must be, and of how few people can that be said!

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "A Spring Walk in Provence." By Archibald Marshall. 15s. net. (Collins.)

A TOUR IN A DONKEY CART.*

This is a strange book. Miss Jennings was one of those rare and interesting people who seemed to have nothing to do with conventions. Moreover, Professor Tonks, of the Slade School, says, "She had a sense of form, as expressed by line, more highly developed than any draughtsman I ever met, . . . she was always difficult to teach, in fact was unteachable." Isabel Derby, in her sympathetic introduction, writes:

"She was, and she remained all her life, quite ignorant of values, whether of money or food or rent or clothing. She knew nothing, and cared less, for the daily necessities of life."

This untamed spirit; this girl, who should have wandered out into the wild as free as a gipsy, with her sketching book under her arm, fell ill; her leg became paralysed, and she became an invalid for life. Her brilliant talent could hardly now be practised, but she made the best of things by travelling forth in a small, bright-blue donkey cart. Her letters, elfin, wistful, fascinating, are given in the book:

"I tied up the little ass 'Eve' under a small tree close to me, and a great owl with feathered wings came in the dark, and I lit

* "A Tour in a Donkey Cart." Being the Life and Art of Frances Jennings. £1 1s. (The Bodley Head.)

a small fire and boiled some vegetables and sat in the wind and ate my supper. The night was white with a moon, and the wind as ice. I was all alone, no one saw me. I slept very long."

Again :

"I love the little soft wool vest you gave me It satisfies me, body and mind. I love plain things, and it is plain and soft and as warm as a small fire. . . . I think the world would be perfect under the blue sky with several great, different personalities for company, doing beautiful acts, and being together"

Pain and tragedy awaited this unfortunate being; she died by her own hand in London. "The idea of a long life may have shocked her to desperation" The thirty-two illustrations in collotype of her work are fiercely individual and full of expression and vigour

PHILOSOPHY IN ACTION.*

Philosophy has always been in a state of unrest: it is its nature to. So we need not be surprised to hear the rumble of philosophical revolution; rather should we keep our astonishment for the fact that so many seem to be perturbed because we are at the parting of the ways. Of course we are; we always have been; we always shall be. Dr. Dewey, when invited to deliver a course of lectures at the Imperial University at Tokio, believed that he could not do better than take this state of flux for his text, and indicate the line of development of the philosophical ideal. When one reads his published results, one realises at once that he does not so much attack the old philosophy as demonstrate its effeteness. All that has gone before has been preparing the way for what is now upon us. We have passed from the static to the dynamic. The cold, lifeless beauty of the Platonic hierarchy of ideas has given place to the rapid rush of living ideas that exercise a direct power over our thoughts and actions.

With no small skill Dr. Dewey makes a genetic approach to his subject by giving such an account of the rise of the doctrine of absolute Being as necessarily leads, if not to its destruction, at least to a great loss of its prestige. Working his passage in the time-honoured way from Aristotle to Bacon, Dr. Dewey leads easily up to William James, and on the road contrives to shake the reader's confidence in the view of a completed world incapable of alteration and repairs. In spite of the ancients and the scholastics the pragmatists persist in proclaiming, "All the same it moves." Dr. Dewey discards the ideal of "a closed world, a world consisting internally of a limited number of fixed forms and having definite bounds externally." Instead of a world in which universal and inevitable laws determine everything that happens, Dr. Dewey regards it as one in which there is ultimately nothing but cases, each case calling for individual treatment The laws are there right enough, but they do not apply themselves. We have something to say in their application. We are no longer content to adopt the Aristotelian attitude that "only that which is already known can be learned, that growth in knowledge consists simply in bringing together a universal truth of reason, and a particular truth of sense which had previously been noted separately." Knowledge is more than a learning, it is a making The world is advancing, and we each make our contribution to the advance. The ideal and the real have been unjustifiably separated. The squabbles of epistemologists, of realists and idealists, of phenomenalists and absolutists have obscured the real issue, and we have lost sight of the fact that we are living in a world that is a going concern, and that we are far from being sleeping partners. Dealing with Logical Reconstruction, Dr. Dewey is only slightly less severe than is that rabid anti-Aristotelian, Dr. Mercier. Logic of the Hegelian type leads to an idealism that produces intellectual somnambulism, and sets up a socially superior and irresponsible class.

But it is in dealing with moral conceptions that Dr. Dewey will rouse most interest, for here he comes close to the practical affairs of life. He attacks the one doctrine

* "Reconstruction in Philosophy." By John Dewey. 7s. 6d. net. (University of London Press.)

GYLDENDAL stands for high-class Scandinavian literature. The firm, which has recently celebrated its 150th anniversary in Copenhagen, has given to the world the works of some of the greatest Danish and Norwegian writers of three centuries. Notable among these are Henrik Ibsen, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, Kielland, Lie, whose names belong to the history of literature. The Gyldendal editions of classics such as Holberg, Oehlenschlaeger, and H. C. Andersen (familiar to children the world over as "Hans Andersen") are well known.

And coming to the present, we find the critic Georg Brandes, the Nobel Prize-winners Pontoppidan, Gjellerup, and Knut Hamsun; Knud Rasmussen, the poet-explorer of Greenland; and the Icelandic poet Gunnar Gunnarsson, among those whose works appear under the Gyldendal imprint.

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The reproach of insularity, so often advanced against the English as a people, is largely due to the slightness of their acquaintance with the life and thought of other countries. There is no easier and at the same time pleasanter way of acquiring such knowledge than through the medium of representative literature from the countries concerned; and it may safely be asserted that the more we know of one another, as nations, from this point of view, the greater likelihood will there be of mutual understanding.

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on which all the ethical schools appear to be agreed—"that there is a single, fixed and final good." He believes rather "in a plurality of changing, moving, individualised goods and ends . . . and that principles, criteria, laws are intellectual instruments for analysing individual or unique situations." This leads to a suspicion that the usual division of "ends" into lower and higher may be unsound. The distinction Dr. Dewey draws between "instrumental" and "*merely* instrumental" is of vital importance and deserves more attention than he has given it—particularly in its Kantian context. Dr. Dewey's final position is summed up in the statement that "the end is no longer a terminus or limit to be reached." On the social side, organisation does not exist to treat individuals as data, but to create them. Certainly Dr. Dewey's philosophy does not lack stimulus.

JOHN ADAMS.

THREE BOOKS ON NAPOLEON.*

There are many reputations on the world's roll of immortality which derive no little benefit from the periodical regilding of a centenary or other anniversary. Worthy though they are, without such definite chronological reminders they would lapse out of the memory of busy modernity. Those are few indeed who can dispense safely with a mention on the calendar, and of that egregious few fewer still share with Napoleon the glory of a triumphantly complete independence of reminiscent dates. With all his faults, he is for all time. But vividly alive as is the inspiration of Napoleon in every soldier of distinction since his day, powerfully as he stimulates the interest of every student of modern European history so that no detail of his public or private life is now unknown to us, yet doubtless that great public, which reads desultorily, with only the vaguest of pre-acquired information, whatever is from time to time brought prominently before its notice, will turn with a fresh interest, in this hundredth anniversary of the death of the prisoner of St. Helena, to the story of the wonderful career there terminated.

It is to that great public, interested but presumably ignorant, and neither to the soldier nor to the already instructed student, that Mr. Wheeler's book on Napoleon is addressed. An adequately detailed study of the manifold activities of that mighty genius of war, politics and statesmanship would obviously fill many volumes. The library which should completely exhaust the subject would be a large one. But in so far as it is possible to tell the story of Napoleon, fairly and comprehensively, in three hundred and nineteen octavo pages, Mr. Wheeler has done it. His book does not pretend to be more than a rapid survey—a précis—of the Napoleonic epopee. It gives only the broad outline, and that outline is accurate, but necessarily there is no space for the details which lend a human vividness to the narrative. Napoleon's marriage to Josephine, for example, is dealt with in half a paragraph on page 72, which scarcely does more than state the fact. We hear no more of Napoleon's marital affairs until page 249, when Josephine is divorced in a single sentence. A page suffices for the wonderful campaign of 1814, and all that Mr. Wheeler has to say about that great adventure of 1815 which so nearly succeeded is this:

"Of Napoleon's campaign in Belgium little need be said. It was short and it was decisive. On the 16th June, 1815, he won his last victory at Ligny, where he defeated the Prussians under Blücher, Wellington gaining the battle of Quatre Bras against Ney. Two days later Wellington and Blücher routed the French on the field of Waterloo."

This is hustled history with a vengeance! One would not resent its brevity so much if Mr. Wheeler did not waste whole pages of his valuable space on such puerilities as quoting Campbell's "Battle of Linden" and Browning's "Incident of the French Camp" in full instead of concentrating his attention on the things that really matter in so important a story.

Mr. Wheeler's comments on warfare are touched with a pleasant *naïveté* which, at the same time, affords a measure of his value to serious military students. Thus, speaking of the Austrian defence of the village of Fombio, he says "even [*sic*] the churches were fortified!" On the battle of Jena he makes the interesting observation, "What would have happened had Bernadotte and his cavalry come up is too horrible to contemplate!" Bernadotte's corps (*not* a cavalry corps) failed to reach either of the twin battle fields of Jena or Auerstädt; had it been present "what would have happened" is that the Prussians would have been annihilated on the spot instead of after a long and costly chase all across Germany.

But Mr. Wheeler's book pretends only to a popular appeal, and it has already found a popular—and, all things considered, well-deserved—response, for it is but a new and enlarged edition of a work of which this is the seventh reprint.

A Napoleonic study of altogether different calibre is Sir Plunket Barton's "Bernadotte and Napoleon." This brilliant, exhaustive and authoritative work is the second of a trilogy which, when completed, will cover the entire career of perhaps the most interesting of Napoleon's marshals. It fills, adequately, a gap in English Napoleonic literature. The first volume, which appeared some time back, narrated Bernadotte's career under the Republic. This volume deals with his service under Napoleon from the eighteen Brumaire until his departure for Sweden as Prince Royal of that country in 1810.

The character of Bernadotte, the son of a lawyer at Pau, who founded the only dynasty among all Napoleon's mushroom kings which survived the debacle of 1815, has been severely handled by those French historians who cannot forgive him his participation on the side of the Allies against Napoleon in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. That episode in Bernadotte's career falls outside the scope of the present volume, but Sir Plunket Barton's book deals exhaustively with those other debatable points in his record—his attitude after the eighteenth Brumaire, his loyalty to Napoleon whilst under his orders, and his absence from the Jena-Auerstadt battles. On all these points Sir Plunket Barton amply justifies his man, the last-named being only yet another example of the inefficiency of Berthier's system of transmitting orders.

Bernadotte has been accused of unfaithfulness to his principles in that he, "the last of the Romans," gave his adhesion to Bonaparte after the *coup d'état*, which put an end to the Directory on the eighteenth Brumaire. Sir Plunket Barton makes it clear that Bernadotte did not cease to be a Republican when, in Sieyés's phrase, he allowed himself to be "absorbed" by the new system. He would have preferred a republic, but the republic had definitely broken down with its own corruption. The issue was between a return of the Bourbons and Bonapartism. Bernadotte chose Bonapartism as the lesser evil. He did not at any time pretend to like Napoleon, but he swore loyalty to him, and—despite all that has been written to the contrary—there seems no doubt that so long as he was a servant of Napoleon he was faithful to his oath.

When he became Prince Royal of Sweden he did so only on the explicit understanding that his fealty to Napoleon was at an end, and that the interests of Sweden were the only interests he should henceforth consider. "If your intention is to keep Sweden in a state of dependence, I beg of you to think no more of me in this matter," he said publicly to Napoleon when his candidature was still in question. "If that is your intention, it would be better for your Majesty to have to deal with a foreign prince." He flatly refused to accept the Letters Patent which authorised him to accept the dignity to which the Swedes had called him until the clause, inserted by Napoleon, restricting him from bearing arms against France,

* "Napoleon, 1769-1821." By Harold F. B. Wheeler. 10s. 6d. net (Harrap)—"Bernadotte and Napoleon, 1799-1810." By Sir Plunket Barton. 21s. net. (John Murray.)—"A Gift of Napoleon." By Sir Lees Knowles, Bart. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

had been struck out. This was not the act of a Judas, and Napoleon himself recognised his honesty of purpose when he said, at St. Helena: "I cannot say that Bernadotte betrayed me. In a manner he became a Swede and never promised that which he did not intend to perform. I can accuse him of ingratitude, but not of treachery."

Bernadotte's career as a Napoleonic marshal was overshadowed by the fact that from first to last he was regarded as a possible successor to Napoleon by many of those who intrigued against the Emperor. Fouché, in particular, wavered between him and Murat as an alternative to the master against whom he conspired. Everything goes to prove that Bernadotte was innocent of any complicity in these plots, but they did not tend to make him popular with the Emperor. Napoleon himself, however, at one time not only thought of placing him on the throne of Spain instead of Joseph, but actually talked of adopting him as a son for succession to his own throne.

Space is lacking to do anything like justice to Sir Plunket Barton's admirable book. Suffice it that he has written a brilliant and well-balanced study of Bernadotte which no student of Napoleonic history can ignore, and which whets the appetite for the concluding volume of his trilogy.

"A Gift of Napoleon," by Sir Lees Knowles, is an attractively produced little monograph which deals with a gift of Coxe's "Life of Marlborough" which Napoleon made to the 20th Foot at St. Helena, a gift which Hudson Lowe ordered should be returned because it bore the inscription "l'Empereur Napoleon." It is not perhaps of any very great interest to anyone but the bibliophile or the regimental enthusiast, but it contains an outline of the lives of two of Napoleon's most faithful if humble friends—his first valet, Marchand, and his second valet and librarian at St Helena, St Denis. Little has been known of these two loyal servants who were with their master to the end, and one of whom, Marchand, was appointed by Napoleon as one of his executors. The account here given will be welcomed by that large body of readers to whom nothing, however small, that concerns Napoleon is indifferent.

F. BRIFFEN AUSTIN.

A MISCELLANY OF THE WITS.*

Of the three works reprinted in this, the second volume of "The Scholar's Library," namely, "A Journey to London" and "Dialogues of the Dead," both by William King, and "The History of John Bull," by Arbuthnot, it is not likely that any but the latter will be familiar to the most general of general readers. And even that is not easily accessible, at any rate in cheap form. It is many years ago—about the end of the eighties, I think—since it was published by Messrs Cassell in that most delightful and valuable series of reprints, "The National Library," and then it was to be obtained for 3d in paper, and 6d. in cloth, covers. Of the two or three hundred volumes issued in that unsurpassed and unsurpassable collection of English classics, only a small number has been reprinted and is now on the market. It is not very probable that the publishers will reissue the whole series in these days, but if this were done their appearance would constitute an event. Be that as it may, the reprinting of "John Bull's History" is a matter for congratulation for those who can afford the price. All concerned in the publication of "The Scholar's Library"—printers, publishers and editor—are to be complimented.

The "Dialogues of the Dead" is a class of work which has appealed to many writers: "Lucian among the Ancients and among the Moderns, Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray, and Fontenelle." With us Lord Lyttelton and Matt. Prior are representative names. The latter's work remained in manuscript until it was published, a few years before the war, by the Cambridge University Press along with several poems which were similarly printed for the first time. These, both prose and verse, were

* "A Miscellany of the Wits." With an Introduction by K. N. Colvile. 15s. net. (Philip Allan.)

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delightful additions to Prior's published works. To the foregoing should be added Tom Brown's "Letters from the Dead to the Living," inaccurately noted by Mr. Colvile as another series of "Dialogues of the Dead." Fully to appreciate King's "Dialogues," the reader should be well acquainted with that famous controversy concerning the "Letters of Phalaris" which was set first a-going by Temple's essay "On Ancient and Modern Learning." Jebb has, in his monograph on Bentley in the English Men of Letters series, called these "Dialogues" of King dull, but with such judgment we do not entirely agree. The dialogue between Lilly the Astrologer and Helvicus is extremely amusing, but its appreciation depends, as is stated above, on an intimate acquaintance with the books on the controversy, especially Bentley's "Dissertation."

The interest of the "Journey to London" is not very great, but it is difficult to express one's delight in the immortal "John Bull" It is greatly to be wondered at that the work is not better known. A cheap edition, with Mr. Colvile's admirable "foreword" explaining its political significance, and its added key to the dramatis personæ, would be a boon to a larger number of readers than the present edition will attract. At present, however, such a wish is akin to "the desire of the moth for the star."

Mr. Colvile does not give "word-catchers" much opportunity, but it may be permissible to mention a slip which occurs on p. xv. where it is stated that Bentley figures as a "goose" in the "Battle of the Books," and some one must have nodded who passed the following sentence: "It is no longer the coffee-houses of London and a small circle . . . that *has* to be catered for. . . ."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

CHINATOWN CAMEOS.*

It has been said that there is Romance in the leg of a kitchen table if one has the vision to see it. There is certainly Romance in Suburbia, but I fear that Mr. Thomas Burke has not managed to convey it to the pages of his book, "The Outer Circle." He records his observations made during visits to such places as Fortis Green, Clapham, Stratford, Hackney, and so on and so forth; frankly they leave me cold. Perhaps it is because his background needs more incident to relieve its monotony; the dreariest slum is momentarily enlivened by a gleam of sunshine or even a few children dancing to the music of a street-organ. The book is not without pleasant pages—the incident of the cheerful sailor in the bus, for example—but, without odious comparisons, one feels that many of the pictures have been better painted already.

In "Whispering Windows" Mr. Burke is at his best. It is not merely that Chinatown provides a curiously attractive setting for his stories—it is in the telling of them that Mr Burke shows his consummate craftsmanship. Take "The Perfect Girl," a little story related by a grave, elderly Chinaman. I will risk an action by Mr. Chesterton for infringement of copyright and say that it is an extraordinary example of clever simplicity. I do not think the average reader realises how difficult it is to write a really good short story; indeed, hundreds of people lightheartedly attempt the task, and condemn magazine editors as devourers of thistles because they decline to accept their efforts. Yet if the writers saw their own stories in print under other signatures they would demand their money back. All which simply means that I place Mr. Burke in the front rank of writers of short stories. His incidents are slight, sometimes almost trivial; he does not fear to use coincidence; yet each story grips you amazingly. There are eighteen stories in "Whispering Windows," and each is a cameo, so that it is difficult to particularise. I would mention, however, "Big Boy Blue," not merely because of its striking climax, but for its perfect phrasing. That is one of the charms of Mr. Burke's writing—every sentence has its value, and one feels that to add or subtract a word would spoil a perfect picture.

F. D. G.

* "The Outer Circle" By Thomas Burke. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Whispering Windows." By Thomas Burke. 8s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

TOTO, THE TITAN.*

Balzac expressed the truth about Victor Hugo when, in a letter to Madame Hanska, he called him "enfant sublime," and declared, "But the poetry—ah, the poetry goes to your head! It's Titian painting his fresco on a wall of mud. Yet there is in Victor Hugo's plays an absence of *heart*, which was never so conspicuous. Victor Hugo is not *true*." And again he aptly placed him in the conclusive phrase, "*grand poète et petit farceur*." It is impossible at the present day, in estimating the character of this Titan—often so like Goethe in his largeness and his littleness—not to recognise the ludicrous, the pathetic ludicrous, that was amply mixed with the divine. In his acts and in his words it was so. Victor Hugo, eloquent and tremendous in his outpourings, like a yet greater poet, could not blot; and so we see in him genius and something of the jackanapes enlinked for all time.

And yet his lines were colossal. Often we hear the impatient—frequently seated in the most comfortable armchair—crying for a strong man to lift us from the slough of perplexities into which the world has fallen. It would indeed have been well if some such figure as the idealist Hugo had arisen to strengthen the national heart in the dark hours and to pillory with scorn the little people, mean in everything but their self-appraisement, who have laboriously muddled our affairs and done disservice to our honour and name. But Hugos and Goethes, as Cromwells and Washingtons, are not born to order; and so we must plod along wearily while the adventurers of politics and the incompetents misrepresent us and—find what comfort we can! Such a book as this, written by the experienced hand of Madame Duclaux, is helpful. The lives of great men do remind us.

She proclaims herself "Hugoiste" rather than "Hugolâtre," but is rather more idolatrous than she knows. She shows something of the flaws of her Colossus, as who, venturing to paint the portrait of Toto, would not; but to many of his failings she is casual and a little blind, so that this book is rather too much like a presentation portrait carefully devised not to offend, with even the faults given such smoothness that they serve indirectly as embellishments. She is often discreetly silent over the master's egregious vanity, as colossal as his genius; over his violent amorousness and its frequently undignified adventures; as she is, with more justification of course, over the relations of Madame Hugo and Sainte-Beuve. The excuse for not being more frank over this long-sustained episode, which necessarily played a great part in the life-story of Victor Hugo, is that they were subordinate to the principal figure. And so they were; but still their sentimentalities, relationships and passion so deeply concerned and affected him that the biographer's duty was to treat with revealing frankness this chapter as all else.

It would, however, be wrong to dwell unduly on the foibles and vanities which shadowed, and in a way relieved, the greatness of Hugo. He was in genius, aspirations and character a very great man, whose name and influence in the recent years would have been greater had it not been for reaction after extravagance. His proudest dream of his own glory, in a frequent indulgence, cannot have exceeded the actualities of the lying in state under the Arc de Triomphe and the funeral. As with his dreams, so with himself, it was colossal—colossal is always the word. Madame Duclaux does not say all that she might have done about his literary works, and his poetry assuredly merits a good deal more attention than she has given to it; for although in the romances the shortcomings are more evident as time passes, his verse retains to a surprising degree its passion, vision and flow. His biographer makes

* "Victor Hugo." By Mary Duclaux. (Constable.)

amends, however, by her sympathetic and lucid record of his patriotic activities. Had he been blessed with humour—that frequent omission in the divine—he must have been amused by the way in which at some time or other he championed every cause in France Legitimist, Bonapartist, Orléanist, Republican—he was with them all, especially at their fall It is a tribute to the clarity with which Madame Duclaux tells his political story that she shows how consistent, in reality, were these inconsistencies, and that generally his seeming contradictoriness was the natural growth of an honest and enlightened man imbued with a power of love for the people

As to his personality, nothing that Madame Duclaux or anyone else says is so eloquent as the fact of the devotion to him alike of Adèle, his wife, and his mistress, Juliette Drouet A man with that poet's temperament must have been blessed with great sweetness of heart to have retained until the end the fond and deep protective love of those two women.

Madame Duclaux has written an excellent book which will help to replace Victor Hugo on the pedestal where assuredly he believed he would sit with glory for all time.

C. E. LAWRENCE

WILLIAM MORRIS.*

Mr. Glasier was a friend of William Morris for more than ten years before Morris died in 1896. In his own last illness he occupied himself in writing down his memories of their intercourse during that period, when although in actual time they met by no means frequently, their friendship grew and deepened It is almost impossible to praise too highly the achievement of this unpretentious little book, which gives us a really brilliant, tender, vivid, living portrait of Morris in all his robust virtue and robust foibles, and all his marvellous charm, and makes an invaluable supplement to all other biographical sketches and to the "Life" by Mr. J W. Mackail. Merely as a piece of Boswellian literature the book is in the foremost rank, but with more real love it is wholly free from the slightest trace of the sycophantic air that characterises Boswell's masterpiece. A curious point is the quite long conversations and *ipssima verba* of Morris given *in extenso* by Mr. Glasier, who tells us that when he concentrated intensely on any of the incidents related the scene presently began to unfold itself, and when, after meditating on it for a time, he began to write :

"The conversations, long buried or hidden somewhere in my memory, have come back to me, sometimes in the greatest fullness word for word, as we say Nay, not only the bare words, but the tones, the pauses, and the gestures of the speaker"

He gives particular instances of this recovery from the unconscious memory of scenes and doings long seemingly forgotten. Every reader will recognise in the speeches assigned to Morris a peculiarly convincing tang in phrasing, vocabulary and rhythm, and will also observe that in Mr. Glasier's own writing and in the reported speech of other persons none of this Morrisian quality appears The result is complete dramatic verisimilitude, and we feel certain that the Morris here displayed is the authentic man himself.

Mr. Glasier first saw Morris in 1884, when the poet, who had in the previous year definitely thrown in his lot with the Socialists, went to Edinburgh to lecture. He describes Morris so well and so vividly that no better portrait can be imagined. When the lecturer entered the room :

"I at once knew it was he. No one else could be like *that* There he was, a sun-god truly, in his ever afterwards familiar dark-blue serge jacket suit and lighter blue cotton shirt and collar (without scarf or tie), and with the grandest head I had ever seen on the shoulders of a man . . . A kind of glow seemed to be about him, such as we see lighting up the faces in a room when a beautiful child comes in . . He was then fifty-one years of age, and just beginning to look elderly His splendid crest of dark curly hair and his finely-textured beard were brindling into grey. His head was lion-like, not only because of his shaggy mane, but because of the impress of strength of

* "William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement." By J. Bruce Glasier. 6s. 6d. net. (Longmans)

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his whole front. There was in his eyes, especially when in repose, that penetrating, far-away, impenetrable gaze that seems to be fixed on something beyond that at which it is directly looking, so characteristic of the King of the Forest. This leonine aspect, physiognomists would doubtless say, betokened in Morris the same consciousness of strength, absence of fear, and capacity for great instinctive action which gives to the lion that extraordinary dignity of mien which fascinates observers."

Mr. Glasier gives us one piece of criticism that has all the swift illuminating penetration of lightning:

"With Ruskin, the people are always '*You*'; with Carlyle they are even farther away—they are '*They*'; but with Morris the people are always '*We*.'"

That is admirably discerned and admirably expressed, and sums up the whole position with a neatness and felicity that could not be improved.

Mr. Glasier gives us a score of Morris's letters to him out of some seventy. Some of these are of great interest, and had not been seen by Mr. Mackail when writing the Life of Morris.

This book makes us regret the more Mr. Glasier's death last year. For while it depicts Morris with the freshest colours and the clearest outlines it also unconsciously betrays the writer as one who was fully worthy of Morris's regard and ours. Intense affection shines through the whole book, and how touching is the simple telling how, at the end, when staying with his sister in Hammersmith, knowing that Morris was exceedingly ill and unable to see visitors, much as Glasier longed to call at Kelmscott House, he did not do so. But he could not leave London without getting as near to his friend as he could. "So one day I went round to the Mall and sat for an hour under the elm tree on the bastion overlooking the river in front of the house . . ." but never saw Morris again.

F. M. ATKINSON.

CALE YOUNG RICE'S POEMS.

One passage in an interesting preface to this book,* dealing with old and new conceptions of poetry and the principles of criticism, contains Mr. Cale Young Rice's own confession of faith as a poet. "I have believed," he writes, "that poetry without fundamental vitality is bloodless; without passion, fleshless; without spirit, nerveless; and without thought, spineless." He confesses, too, his belief in direct natural speech, true musical rhythm, imagination and charm. And if you know much of the poetry of to-day you will realise that such a confession is not supererogatory. A good deal of the new poetry that is accepted as a new revelation has none of these qualities, and the best evidence you can have of its poor mortality is that though it wins passing acclaim nobody remembers it; it has its noisy hour and the silence soon makes a small mouthful of it. Mr. Rice has nothing in common with these eccentricities; his poetry is in full harmony with that confession of his faith. He is essentially a lyrist, and there are thought, passion and a real sense of wings in his song. His poetic plays are instinct with dramatic power, but the lyrical impulse is not absent from the verse in which they are written, and it is the prevailing force in the narrative poems that are scattered through this new volume. The little impressionistic pictures of "A Poet's Childhood" are snatches of pure lyrical drama; so, too, are such poignant things as "Extreme Unction," "The Courtesan" and "To a Suicide." But perhaps his lyrical gift is at its highest in such songs of charm and tenderness as those to "A. H. R.":

> "O were your heart not wide, dear,
> And were your soul not high . . ."

or that beginning:

> "Some night we shall come here
> For the last time. . . ."

There is a sombreness of thought and sadness of feeling in several of the poems, such as must come to all who have outgrown the easy illusions of youth and lived long enough to have seen much of life and learned that it is not all good; but it is a far cry from that recognition of harsh truth to mere despair, and even in the unflinching statement of such facts there is an underlying love of humanity and joy in the beauty of human kindness. There is in these poems not only fancy and vision and music, but a note of deep sincerity that is a sort of poetry in itself and half the secret of their charm.

* "Shadowy Thresholds." By Cale Young Rice. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

TOUJOURS LA GUERRE!

One day I was sitting in a certain Mess somewhere in France when a field officer wearing unusual gaiters came in. "Who is that?" I asked the man next me. "Oh, that," he answered, "is Major the Honourable Neville Lytton." "And what does he do?" "He plays the flute, I believe," said my friend, vaguely. Later I came to know something of Major Lytton's work in connection with the press correspondents attached to the British armies. Now I feel that I know *all* about it, because I have just been reading his book, entitled "The Press and the General Staff."* Being a conscientious person, I began at the beginning and read fifteen pages of preface and fifty-six pages of the book, in which Major Lytton described how he felt about things in the early days of the war; how he saw a man who had been "killed dead" [*sic*]; how he had been a vegetarian for eighteen years; how (remarkable fact) the wearing of a gasmask made the wearer unrecognisable; and divers other matters and things. On page 57 he takes a firm grip of his corks, writes "The Allied Press," and begins the relation of a series of thrilling adventures. In "Three Men and a Boat," Harris used to tell cross-Channel stories in which he and the captain were the only people who were not sea-sick. If it was not Harris and the captain it was Harris and the mate, or Harris by himself. In this case if it is not Major Lytton and "one of my officers," or Major Lytton and a French (or Belgian, or Aztec) correspondent, it is Major Lytton by himself. If the book is intended to be preserved in the family archives as a record of what Daddy did in the Great War, I respect it; as a contribution to the already over-stocked war-library it leaves me cold. Major Lytton's views on modern warfare are not new, and have been more concisely expressed by other writers. He tells some good stories and, of course, indulges in thinly-veiled personalities of the type which has unfortunately become so prevalent lately.

I like the story of the French veteran who remarked: "*Un soldat doit manger quand il peut—doit boire quand il peut—doit faire l'amour quand il peut—mais quant à se laver, ça jamais!*"

Major Lytton's views on most things are quite sound, and his stories of life at the front are very fairly told and accurate—but it has all been said so very, very many times before that one wonders why a man of his parts should think it worth while to say it all over again.

But there is one thing I cannot pass over in silence. I had always thought Major Lytton a man of charming manners and refined taste, until I read page 69 of his book. My readers will not need to be reminded that Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, a gallant soldier and a man of rare ability, rose from the ranks to one of the greatest positions in the British Army. Major Lytton permits himself to allude to an interview with Sir William in these terms:

> "We travelled from Dover to London in a special train, and during the journey the distinguished soldier sent for me and said, 'Well, 'ave you anything to say to me?'"

I think the world would still have continued to revolve with its accustomed regularity if Major Lytton had employed his leisure in practising on that beautiful ivory flute the exquisite music with which (he tells us) he used to soothe the agitated breasts of the foreign correspondents.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

* "The Press and the General Staff." By Neville Lytton. 15s. net. (Collins.)

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.*

The ever-growing volume of books dealing with industrial and social problems is a clear manifestation of the discontent now prevalent among almost all classes of society. Not merely wage-earners but professional and intellectual workers are increasingly concerned with the seriousness of the present position.

Consider our financial position as stated by Mr. Snowden. In round figures we owe £8,000,000,000. We have an outstanding floating debt of £1,250,000,000, "which is causing extreme disquietude in financial circles because of its effect upon currency and credit"—as well it might! The Chancellor of the Exchequer informs us in a Memorandum on the future Exchequer balance sheet that we must expect an annual taxation of about £1,000,000,000 a year. And we are in an exceedingly favoured position as compared with other European nations. Meanwhile we continue to find the most amazing extremes of wealth and poverty; and this serves to intensify whatever bitterness there is among certain sections of the population.

Obviously, then, we need some heroic remedies for the present *malaise* in society; but heroic remedies must be remedies and not merely quack potions to ease the pain for a time, leaving the trouble as it was when their temporary effect has worn off. And to find remedies much study is needed. Mr. Rees, for his part, contributes a survey of the industrial period, his main purpose being to provide a study of the historical background of modern industry and social questions. From the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars in 1815 to the end of the war in 1918, he traces the development of industry and the coincident modifications in the social structure of the country, showing how democratic institutions have grown with industrial progress. Professor Jones continues the analysis in his book, dealing at length with the problem as it exists to-day, describing the central economic problem as "the reconciliation of individual ambition and social welfare." He also brings us face to face with the vital problem of finance. The expansion of currency is responsible for high prices, and high prices lead to continual discontent and dislocation of the machinery of national life. Mr. Snowden would try to break the vicious circle mainly by a capital levy, the nationalisation of banking, and the limitation of inheritance.

Perhaps the most complete work before us is Mr. H. J. Stenning's translation of M. Edgard Milhaud's book. M. Milhaud opens with a survey of the mal-distribution of wealth in France, and then traces the "physical reactions of social inequalities." Through the various phases of capitalist organisation we are led to the trusts, with their anti-social activities. From the national trust we get the international trust, which wields a power absolutely appalling. But from this malign private monopoly springs public monopoly and public control, the steps leading to the socialist state, the goal of M. Milhaud's ambition. The war itself hastened the march towards socialism, we are told, because it was a wonderful example of collective training and collective action; it familiarised men's minds with social organisation and effort and taught them the value of co-operation as against selfish competition. The solution of our present social problems, according to M. Milhaud, seems to lie in a strictly defined demarcation between the procedure for the socialisation of capitalist undertakings, and that for the socialisation of capitalist property. "The first step is the transfer to the state of capitalist enterprises and their administration; the second step is the gradual extinction of capitalist credit."

To turn aside for a moment from this purely material phase of the question, we may consider another factor

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which has been too long neglected by our 'practical" captains of industry and leaders of political thought, that is the psychological factor. Are industrial conditions conducive to a healthy state of mind among industrial workers? To put the question more frankly and commercially, are the mental condition and circumstance of the workers such as to make them into effective machines of production? Well, they are not. Why should they be? asks the old type of employer, surprised.

Specialised forms of industry never concerned themselves with the mentality of the labourer. He was a "hand," not a brain. But modern psychologists are now insisting that the hand cannot be dissociated from the brain, even from the employer's point of view, without disastrous results. From the point of view of simple efficiency, the psychological is the most important and fundamental determinant of success. "Intelligence in foreseeing demands and in improving industrial conditions, and sympathetic understanding of the standpoint of others," writes Dr Mears, "are much more 'productive' than were capital or mechanical labour." He shows clearly that the effects of mental and nervous fatigue, monotony, want of interest, suspicion, hostility and the like, are of more importance in the restriction of output than are the purely physiological factors of fatigue.

Given, however, the soundness of the theories either advocated or indicated in most of the books before us, we are still faced with the question of their translation into fact. If any transformation of society in this country is to be brought about by peaceful means, we must first have an instructed and determined electorate, and then a Government able and willing to carry out most far-reaching schemes. To many people the Labour Party is the natural expression of the social ideas now agitating the minds of the thinking section of the population. Many go so far as to predict an early return to power of a Labour majority. There comes then the question of Labour's intentions and proposed methods. To Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the Labour Party is a national party. He asserts this as a rejoinder to those who charge it with being representative of a class, and points out with considerable justification that government before the advent of the Labour Party was really class government.

Mr. MacDonald is no revolutionist. To him the political method of progress is the natural and healthy method:

> "The Labour Party recognises the defects in the Parliamentary machine, but in no ways abandons Parliament as the embodiment of the civic life of the community, the citizen as the unit to be represented, or public opinion as the only creator of social change which is to last."

The Parliamentary machine in his hands, Mr. MacDonald would start sweeping reforms by the process of nationalising such virtual monopolies as railways and mines. Although he is for some reason shy of the word, he is evidently now favourably disposed towards the "Guild" principle of running industries. The policy of domestic reform would be based on the land; through scientific development of agriculture and the planting of people on the soil. Foreign policy, colonial policy, finance and other national questions are dealt with. Whether the Labour Party will get an opportunity to try to carry out their plans within any reasonable period is doubtful; but that some comprehensive scheme, wisely carried out, is needed if the nation is to be saved from greater tribulations than have yet befallen it, is beyond doubt.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

Novel Notes.

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS. By John Russell. 8s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Not since Mr. Thomas Burke published "Limehouse Nights" has such a remarkable and original collection of short stories appeared as those which Mr. John Russell has just brought out in a volume entitled "Where the Pavement Ends." The romance of native and of European life in the South Seas has been exploited so successfully by Robert Louis Stevenson, by Louis Becke, by Sir Hugh Clifford, and by Joseph Conrad, that it might have seemed almost impossible for a new-comer to make anything fresh of it. Yet Mr. Russell proves that his famous predecessors have not squeezed the lemon dry. His stories of adventure, ranging from Singapore to Torres Strait, introduce us to convicts from New Caledonia, adventurers in New Guinea, globe-trotters in the Dutch East Indies, and to a trio of regenerated beachcombers; and every story is told with virile energy and has an authentic thrill. "The Lost God," "The Red Mark," "East of Eastward," and "The Wicks of Macassar" are stories indeed which are quite Grand Guignolish in their manipulation of the unfamiliar and the unexpected. Mr Russell is a brilliantly imaginative realist; his romances are the strange romance of reality, and he unfolds them with a sense of character and drama and a strong, subtle, narrative art that few living novelists can equal.

ADAM AND EVE AND PINCH ME. By A. E. Coppard. 3s 6d. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

We would extend our welcome to the Golden Cockerel Press, a strictly co-operative society, whose members are their own craftsmen, and who produce their books themselves in their own communal workshop. In London this collection of brilliant short stories is published by Messrs. Birrell & Garnett. About half the tales in the book have already seen the light. There are high hopes of Mr. Coppard's future, and certainly in the volume before us great charm of style is displayed, and an alluring quaintness. "She was barefooted and bareheaded, dressed in a yellow gown that had buttons of ivory upon it. And we asked her as we went along the streams. Had she no fear of the night time? 'When the four ends of the world drop on you like death?' says I . . . 'and the fogs rise up on you like moving grief,' says he . . . 'and you hear the hoofs of the half-god whisking behind the hedges,' says I." And again: "At midnight, the spirit of Narcissus, in its cerecloth, rose up out of the grave, frail as a reed; rose out of its grave and stood in the cloudy moonlight beside the shrine and the glittering ark. He tapped upon the jewels with his fingers, but there was no sound came from it, no fire, no voice. 'O holy love,' sighed the ghost, 'it is true what I feared!'" There is art in the sketch entitled "Communion," and picturesque strangeness about "The Quiet Woman." The writer's difficulty will not be in language but in plot.

ROSA MUNDI, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ethel M. Dell. 7s 6d net. (Cassell.)

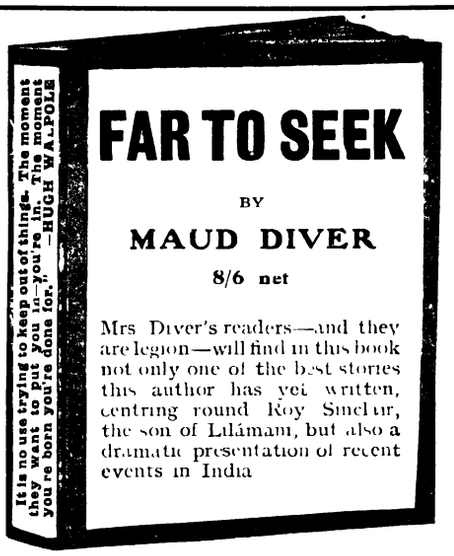
The writings of Miss Ethel Dell divide the novel-reading public into two camps—those who miss nothing that she has written and those who, having read once, do not return. For Miss Dell's admirers this newly-published book of stories holds many pleasures in store. They will find in it the old favourites—the beautiful society girl, in "The Deliverer," who marries the millionaire to retrieve the family fortunes; the strong, brutal husband captured in the end by love, in "The Prey of the Dragon"; or the *demi-mondaine* with the heart of gold, of "Rosa Mundi." We like as well as any in the collection "The Penalty," a thrilling tale of love and adventure among the desert troops of the Wandi tribe. Miss Dell's characters keep no secrets from the reader. As he knows them first, so they continue to the close. The complications make the plot turn on what they do, not on what they may discover themselves to be. Perhaps for this reason the author's talent has fuller play in the incident and action of the serial tale than in the short story which, by its nature, offers a more limited field.

THE SECOND WIFE, TOGETHER WITH A JULY ROSE. By Katharine Tynan. 7s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

The two stories comprising this volume have a similarity of theme as well as a unity of style and charm. The happiness of Aline Lancret is overshadowed by her husband's idealisation of his first wife, a shallow and selfish creature whose mother and sisters continue to batten on their credulous relative. The best part of the story describes the terrifying suburban family and their rapacious treatment of their long-lost Uncle Andrew, who fled from their clutches by stealth and went into peaceful hiding in a cottage at Stepney. To the brutality of one of his sisters-in-law and the rough candour of another John Lancret owed his awakening and the realisation that his second wife was his true mate. In the second and simpler story we have an interesting study of character. After long delay and some misunderstanding, Clarissa Dampier welcomes home to England her old friend and lover, General Bouverie, and looks forward to the happy ending of her secret romance. But the General's eyes are at first all for her pretty niece, whose affection for her aunt is mastered by her vanity. General Bouverie, from a quixotic idea of honour, is ready to pay the price of his foolish attentions but is saved from himself by the young girl's caprice and better judgment. Mrs. Hinkson is partial to a happy ending, and her readers will be grateful to her for these two delightful love stories. The characters are very skilfully touched in, and something of an idyllic charm pervades the whole book.

INTRUSION. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. 8s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

In the opinion of many careful judges, "Invisible Tides" was the outstanding English novel of 1919. It was Mrs. Seymour's first book, and the promise then held out has been amply redeemed in the developed craftsmanship of her second book, "Intrusion." By right of these two books their author takes her place in the small company of living novelists whose work makes an addition to Literature. "Intrusion" is in one sense a monologue on Life with all its complex interplay of physical experience, intellectual striving and spiritual aspiration—a monologue pointed and illumined by the doings of the dramatis personæ. If Browning had been a prose novelist, this is the sort of novel he might have given us. For most writers the method would be a dangerous one, but Mrs. Seymour, out of the richness of her personality, scores triumphantly. Most good novelists, whatever their methods, succeed in compassing at least one dull book; the generality of novelists, adopting Mrs. Seymour's method, might be depended on to produce a series of dull books. Mrs. Seymour is incapable of achieving a dull page. An artist of a high order, there is added unto her that precious gift of humour which the fairy godmothers who watch by the cradles of genius too often overlook. Her stories, as stories, present no very unusual features. All the pebbles on the shore of Old Romance have long been counted. Her real power is in expression. Her style is her secret—incommunicable, even if she were ready to exercise the prerogative of her sex in the matter of secrets—for it is the woman herself in essence: something not to be counterfeited. Beautifully clear and concise, it is nevertheless capable of subtleties that would have driven Henry James "down the labyrinthine ways of his own mind." Mrs. Seymour has Phil May's power in another art, of getting sure and telling effects with the fewest possible strokes, as when the whole character of Roberta, the beautiful vampire, is revealed in an epigram thus: "Gwen's heart rose within her hot and bitter, and she hated the owner of this beautiful mask to whom the war was not a cockpit but a cocktail." The book must be read, however; a solitary epigram can give no idea of the style of it. It is a style extraordinarily sensitive to the moods of its writer, and to the changing current of her thought. Brilliant, it has nothing of the hardness of the



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AARON WEST. By John Knittel. With a Preface by Robert Hichens. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When you have finished reading "Aaron West" you turn back to Mr. Hichens's preface and feel he has said of it just what you want to say yourself. "Now and then a character in fiction takes hold of you, you scarcely know why. You may like or dislike him or her. You may approve or disapprove of his or her doings. But you really know that individual. A new and apparently living being has come into your life. Such a character to me is Aaron West." "Certainly Aaron was not a naturally moral human being. Probably few men are naturally moral. But Aaron was undoubtedly naturally wild, reckless and entirely unconventional . . . primitive man impatient of civilisation," and "the coming of woman intimately into his existence does nothing to improve him." The first woman who so comes was not likely to improve anybody. Victoria is divorced on account of Aaron, and later gives Aaron worse reason to divorce her if he had cared to do so. It is when he gets far away to the mysterious South Sea island and meets the strangely beautiful, innocent Somna that the real Aaron awakes and all that is best and most profoundly religious in his nature comes to the surface. But his religious ecstasy is not to last, and there is to be no happy ending to his love for Somna. To sketch in outline so full and curiously varied a story and so curious and complex a character as Aaron would convey no idea of the strength and charm of the book. It is enough to say it is a very unusual and remarkable story, and Aaron is presented so subtly and with such sympathy that one is always sensible of the extraordinary fascination of the man; he is so completely human that even when his high purposes fall in ruin around him and he sinks into error and shame he does not lose his largeness of character nor any of his hold on you. An able and a brilliant story and one altogether out of the common.

THE KEYSTONE. By M. P. Willcocks. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

In "The Keystone," Miss Willcocks's new novel, we get a great many curious and interesting peeps at the Cornwall of nearly a hundred years ago. "Look at Talcarne. What did I find last week? A woman hanging a charm round a sick child's neck, and a man going to a white witch for a spram. . . . And there's a house with good furniture in it, all rotting up the valley. Into it not a soul will go, not even to take the bedding out—because somebody hanged himself in it." Against this background of superstition and strange belief the writer sets her group of characters—the young doctor who fights cholera, and his father the doctor; the all-powerful Cardew; his brother Diggory, the Methodist preacher; sensitive Catherine; Stephen Jose, the lover of beauty and beautiful sound; reckless Diana. It is an uncommon, weird story, full of local loves and jealousies. Miss Willcocks has lavished much care on her work, and there are passages in it of real insight and ability. The weakness of the book lies in the plot. We believe we are right when we say that the average reader expects and desires a real love story when he or she sits down to read a novel. In these pages the love story opens too late, and is too often obscured. It is not the main thing. Miss Willcocks appears to be more concerned with the crowd of characters that appear than with the young doctor and Catherine. We should much like to see her write a tale in which there were only three or four people. Meanwhile we are grateful to her for much clever word painting, much excellent detail.

A MASTER OF DREAMS. By Ellis Lloyd. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is the novel at last to suit the large class of readers who, on going into a book-shop, desire to find something that will not unduly harrow their feelings, something gentle and happy about pleasant, dignified people. Mr. Lloyd has written a thoroughly delightful story. His quiet, unhurried style reminds us often of the work of Mr. Archibald Marshall; there is nothing lurid or impossible in his tale of life in the Vale of Llanarmon. Yet the book deals with war time, and the fortunes of three young men—Tudor Berew, who loved Gladys his cousin; Illtyd his brother; and that fine gentleman, Maurice Desmond, their neighbour, who is in love also with Gladys. Tudor is crippled at the front; Desmond rises to high rank and has great riches to offer Gladys, but plays his part and resigns her eventually to Tudor with a gallant grace. The study of Illtyd, conscientious objector, is touched in with real art and feeling. The story moves well, we have enjoyed every page of it; it is wholesome and engaging. One slight flaw—Desmond smiles too often!

RICHES. By Arnold Palmer. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

This new book of Mr. Palmer's is wholly unlike his last—"My Profitable Friends." That was a collection of clever stories, complete in themselves, told with a trifling air which was just redeemed from cynicism. This book is on a great theme and, like all great things, soars out of reach of the deadly commonplace with a certainty that is bound to offer paradox. It has the qualities of De Quincey even though it is modern enough to be this side of the war; and the incidents are but the framework to the central fact, which is the elusive but dominating personality of one man. The invincible power of love, which is also sacrifice, is proved, and love and sacrifice are also proved to be understood at once by all simple and unhappy people—and even those who refuse to believe it as a working creed are none the less influenced by it indirectly. In this book is a man who persuades, by some harmonious affinity, with unearthly things; who by his silence conveys the sense of a deep compassion; who recognises good in all unlikely people, with instant and magnetic force, and draws to himself the sorrowful, unfortunate and weak. Sometimes they are conscious of the attraction, and yield; sometimes they resist, and revile both the man and his motives. The vision of the book is a certain moral optimism which conveys itself delicately but surely even in the author's own chivalrous treatment of the women in the story. An illuminating charity pervades the whole, and while the worldlings wonder "What was the use?" or inveigh against failure, the reader is inwardly convinced that here is a man who did believe things worth while, who made them so, and gave his life to prove both.

JEALOUS GODS. By Rachel Swete Macnamara. 8s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

There is something winning and pleasant about this story, because from the very first we have a persistent feeling that true love will conquer. And there is a perfectly adorable heroine, with such a cold-blooded rival, that we back the heroine from the beginning, in the competition for the love of Anthony Agar ("a tall man largely made, with square chin and rugged features, whose dark hair was slightly frosted at the temples"). Alys of the hazel eyes comes to the house of the regal, money-loving Mrs. Quayle as governess on the very same day as Agar. He is to manage the estate. When they all three go to see the Lodge, where Agar is to reside, Alys has a curious feeling that this is the house of her dreams. Agar has the bad taste to fall in love with the beautiful widow who employs him, oblivious of the fact that Alys's rarer heart is at his feet. Mrs. Quayle likes Agar, but loses her fortune if she remarries. She plays with him as a cat with a mouse. Agar turns desperately to Alys and marries her to protect

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himself. At the end he learns his wife's true value and we come on the words we have waited for throughout this cleverly-planned, brightly-written novel—"Agar's heart swelled. Suddenly he knew that he loved her; loved her as he had never loved before in his life."

MADAM. By Ethel Sidgwick 7s 6d (Sidgwick & Jackson)

Miss Sidgwick in the past has amply proved her cleverness, but in this latest novel, "Madam," she is rather elaborately careful to show us the defects of that cleverness. It is a great quality in a novelist, as in a black-and-white artist, to be able to build a character with a few deft touches. She gives us the few deft touches, but, alas, they are not sufficient to build a character with personality enough to fill the reader's eye The consequence is bewilderment, especially in the earlier half of the work She brings in, say, Eric, a Christian name with nothing besides, and frequently allows this elusive shadow to pop up, with little why and less reason, merely, in effect, to cloud the issue. In the end Eric's purpose or relationship to the tale is as vague as at the beginning So is it with the generality of the people; they are numerous, undescribed, undeveloped and so unhelpful. "Madam" is a charming typist, Lina Astley, almost the only clearly-drawn person in the book She wanders into a shop to buy buttons when a freakish soldier, in invalid's blue, runs off with the small packet. This adventurer is Mott Lane, or Lancaster, popularly called "Mousie," with little explanation of the reason why. The incident is enough to enlink the heroine with the hero, though the spirit of coincidence is so active in this book that anyhow there would have been no difficulty in getting them together Mousie, in a similar mood, goes off with a horse which had thrown its rider, and later he takes a card from a show of wedding presents, all with an elfish irresponsibility We are, however, shown another side to the shield, for Mott is a fervent democrat, deeply concerned in the revolutions that are to right the wrongs of the world, and spends himself in supporting the woman who was his brother's mistress, with her child, though the vague Eric seems also to have some indeterminate responsibilities for those people "Madam" is a baffling and unsatisfactory novel, with plenty of obvious cleverness elaborately misapplied.

The Bookman's Table.

LITERARY IMPRESSIONS. By Jules Lemaître Translated by A. W. Evans. 10s. 6d net. (Daniel O'Connor)

The literary judgments of Jules Lemaître will be welcome in English form. He was a critic of singular penetration gifted with felicity of style, which has been well preserved in the difficult task of translation by Mr. A. W. Evans. Criticism, whether it be literary, artistic, or dramatic, must always be somewhat ephemeral, for, after all, it is only the expression of an individual opinion—swayed and unduly influenced, it may be, by the circumstances of the moment or even by the state of mind, arising from health or the reverse, in which the writer finds himself when evolving his criticism. It is only when some new meaning or interpretation is presented, or when the criticism itself is written with real literary distinction, that the work has a chance of ultimate survival. And even then there is no certitude, for the opinions of a to-day are not those of a to-morrow. Lemaître realised the limitations and transitory importance of his craft. He says:

"We think that what we like is good, and that is all (I am not here speaking of those who think they like what they are told is good); only some people always like the same things, and regard them as pleasant for all men . . . But, dogmatic or not, and whatever its pretensions, criticism does no more than define the impression made upon us at a given moment by a given work of art in which the writer has himself noted the impression which he received from the world at some particular time. Since this is the case, and since, moreover, all is vanity, let us like the books that please us without bothering ourselves about classifications and doctrines, coming to an understanding with ourselves that our impression of to-day shall not bind that of to-morrow."

However, Lemaître is of our time, and his impressions are of interest and value—at any rate to-day, for he writes mainly of moderns. And his discriminating judgments are written with a picturesque pen. How apt is this summing up of Anatole France for instance:

"His contemplation is full of memories I know no writer in whom reality is reflected through a richer medium of knowledge, of literature, of anterior impressions and meditations . . . perhaps it, would not be a bad definition of him to say that he is a learned and tender humorist in love with antique beauty."

Zola, Renan, de Maupassant, Pierre Loti, George Sand, and Sarah Bernhardt are among those who receive sympathetic criticism in M. Lemaître's volume.

MY CRICKETING LIFE. By P. F. Warner. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

Words have been freely wasted in the past on the list of preferences one would make in the way of books to beguile a term on a desert island and all that, and discussion usually ends where it began—in an assertion and defence of insubstantiable likes and dislikes But if one were to try and think of the dozen books one would care to put in the hands of an alien in order to imbue him with some idea of the English spirit, this apologia of "Plum" Warner's would certainly find a place That makes one rejoice all the more that the publishers have given it such a form as cricketing volumes rarely get, and if ever one has looked through the tatterdemalion stuff that fills most of the shelves of a collector of cricket lore, this book leaps out as an epoch-making thing in form and spirit alike. For the author, in that artless, modest way of his, puts his cards down on the table at the start He initiates you into the ruling principles of his training and career—"a straight bat and a modest mind"—and makes it clear without any consciousness or strain that he carries them both out with honours. There can be no doubt that this is why he gives such a freshness to familiar epochs like the South African and Australian tours, the various controversies and evolutions of the game, and the county championships ending in the memorable match last year at Lord's which set Middlesex at the top of the list and established Mr. Warner for all time as a supreme captain in the greatest of all games. He pens a number of convincing portraits—"Ranji" and "W. G" especially—with delightfully easy touches, and shows how the true cricket writer can make the nicest finesse of the game appeal to the general reader as well as the expert Having made himself a classic among players, he has now given us a classic book, and there is no more to be said.

OLD GREENOCK CHARACTERS. By John Donald. (Milne, Tannahill & Methven.)

On the cover of this book is written a quotation from Thackeray—"Are these details insipid? Look back, good friend, upon your own youth and ask, how was that?" Every true Greenockian should possess a copy of this entertaining volume, in which realistic sketches of old Greenock characters, scenes and incidents of forty to sixty years ago are presented with considerable charm. To do this sort of thing successfully one must be possessed with immense enthusiasm. Mr. John Donald is bubbling over with it, so he has succeeded. The quaint old people, rich in individuality, the ancient houses, are described lovingly and joyously, and the dead past blooms again, and "Paper Wullie" and "Eight-Spales-a-Penny" are again about the streets, crying their wares.

WALKS IN THE HOLY LAND. By Clement Hankey. 4s. 6d. (Melrose.)

Mr. Hankey, accompanied by another officer, servants, two mukaris and two donkeys, set out on a walking tour in Palestine in August, 1918. His impressions are recorded in this attractive little volume. He was keenly interested in the country, and contrived to enjoy most of the walks in spite of the heat. . . . "The flies now went, and dew began to fall, imparting a fragrance to the still air The twilight hour was at hand, in which all the East rejoices. To the traveller it brings a sweet relief from the stress of the day. . . . This morning the heat seemed phenomenal. In compensation there was the smell of a kind of wild thyme, that grows freely on the hill-sides. . . . What was life here but a matter of flocks, and wells, and dreams, and rambles on the hill-side ?" There are chapters on Hebron, the Jordan Valley, Carmel and Tiberias, and the atmosphere of these places is well rendered, in a simple, faithful, unpretentious way.

THE CURRENCY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Benjamin White 10s net. (Waterlow & Sons)

Mr. Benjamin White's attractive book, which is probably unique in its character, is a desirable addition to the literature of a period without parallel in the world's history In the testing time of the great war Mr White contributed at irregular intervals to the *Bankers' Magazine* a series of articles that gave a very good idea of the way in which the world-crisis had upset currency conventions. These articles now appear in the form of a book, and the entire profits derived from its sale will be devoted to the laudable object of aiding the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel known as "St. Dunstan's." The author makes no attempt to give a complete survey of the war currency—the subject is very large and complex, and much is yet obscure in this line of research—but enough is presented to the reader to show how France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, and other countries acted with regard to currency problems The British emergency money is briefly dealt with in the concluding chapter. The illustrations are excellent reproductions of specimens of paper and hard money in Mr White's extensive and highly interesting collection The substitutes for the customary currency, many of which are for denominations of very low value, form a remarkably queer mixture—Greek and Japanese notes, the former made in England, of great beauty of design , notes issued in France, Belgium and Germany by various authorities- municipalities, chambers of commerce and industrial establishments—for local use, which were regarded merely as curiosities by people living beyond the boundaries of the places of issue ; Russian stamp-currency with Romanov portraits, and Kerensky notes , bits of cardboard that were of considerable service in the direful days of the great upheaval ; emergency money made of iron, zinc and aluminium that circulated in various countries, besides other oddities which will be treasured as war-time mementoes. This ably-written, liberally-illustrated book will be especially prized by numismatists.

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Music.

HENRY PURCELL.

By GEORGE SAMPSON.



Henry Purcell.
From the painting by J. Closterman in the N. P. G., London.

LET us have a few bars of chronology by way of prelude. Modern music may be said to begin with Bach the Great, who was born in 1685—the year of Handel's birth. For present purposes a glance should be given at one figure before Bach—the Italian-French Lulli (1633–1687), and at one greater figure after Bach, the German-French Gluck (1714–1787). When Bach died in 1750, Haydn (*b.* 1732) was beginning to face the problem of his career in a world unkind to penniless musicians. Mozart's short and miraculous life was passed between 1756 and 1791. With Beethoven, who was born in 1770—Wordsworth's birth year—we get to the threshold of the nineteenth century, and there pause.

The theme of this chronological prelude is just the fact—which I hope is now thrown into proper significance—that our own wonderful English Purcell was born in 1658 or 1659 and died in 1695, and may be claimed as the first of the moderns. People have been known sometimes to describe Purcell's music as Handelian. What they ought to say is that Handel's music is frequently Purcellian; for Purcell had lived and worked and passed to the "Blessed Place where only his Harmony can be excelled" by the time that Bach and Handel had reached the high estate of small-boyhood. Turn for particular examples of Purcell's mature style to such familiar numbers as Dido's last lament, or "Ye twice ten hundred Deities" from "The Indian Queen," and you will find music that, with all its formal beauty, has no affinity with the fine old contrapuntal style, and must be called modern. The "Crucifixus" in Bach's great Mass and Dido's Liebestod in Purcell's little opera are written over an identical ground bass. Thus do these two moderns clasp hands across the years.

Lulli was writing music for the ballets of Molière when Purcell was a child, and Purcell imbibed (at second-hand) something from Lulli's prim, melodious grace; but between Purcell and Lulli scarcely any comparison is possible. The music of Lulli is "antient musicke," delightful, naïve and, in a number like "Bois Epais," quite moving; but on the whole it is music of its day, unlike the best music of Purcell, that seems to look forwards. The belief that "Dido and Æneas" was written when Purcell was nineteen is now generally abandoned; but accepting for it a date even as late as 1689, we find something that is, in everything but mere scale, a modern opera, written by an Englishman when Bach and Handel were little children, and when Gluck's "Orféo," the first modern opera on the grand scale, was over half a century away in the future. With the liberty of an amateur unfettered by textbooks I place for myself the beginning of modern music precisely here, in this work of Purcell's, a small but greatly conceived opera, written by a countryman of our own somewhere about the time when we were exchanging James II for Dutch William. If there is anything earlier than "Dido and Æneas" at all comparable to it in prophetic modernity of manner, note and feeling, I am eager to know it.

Of course we must never be Sinn Feiners in music—we must never press the artistic doctrine of "Ourselves alone" to demanding of music in England that it should first of all be English. Such a demand is æsthetically unsound—and not even profitable. Our grandparents went to extremes in the other direction. They demanded the alien at any price, and were gratified when James Foley of Tipperary denationalised himself and appeared visibly and audibly among them as "Signor Foli." But, after all, to admire music and musicians merely because they are foreign is no worse than to admire music and musicians merely because they are English—especially as some of the so-called English composers have devoted themselves to the sincerest possible flattery of foreign musicians. But when genuinely good music is genuinely English, English people can love it the more; and just as we should be proud that the greatest poet of the world is English, so we may reasonably be proud that the first clear note of modernity in music can be heard in an opera written by an Englishman before the end of the seventeenth century.

The Purcells were not quite so numerous as the Bachs, but, according to Grove, they were many. The great Purcell's father, also Henry, is mentioned by Pepys. Thomas Purcell, the elder Henry's brother, became His Majesty's "Musician in Ordinary for the Lute and Voice in the room of Henry Lawes, deceased." The elder Purcell's youngest son, Daniel, was a musician; and the great Henry's own son Edward and that son's son, Edward Henry, continued the family tradition. The possibilities of confusion among their works are therefore many, and have not been missed.

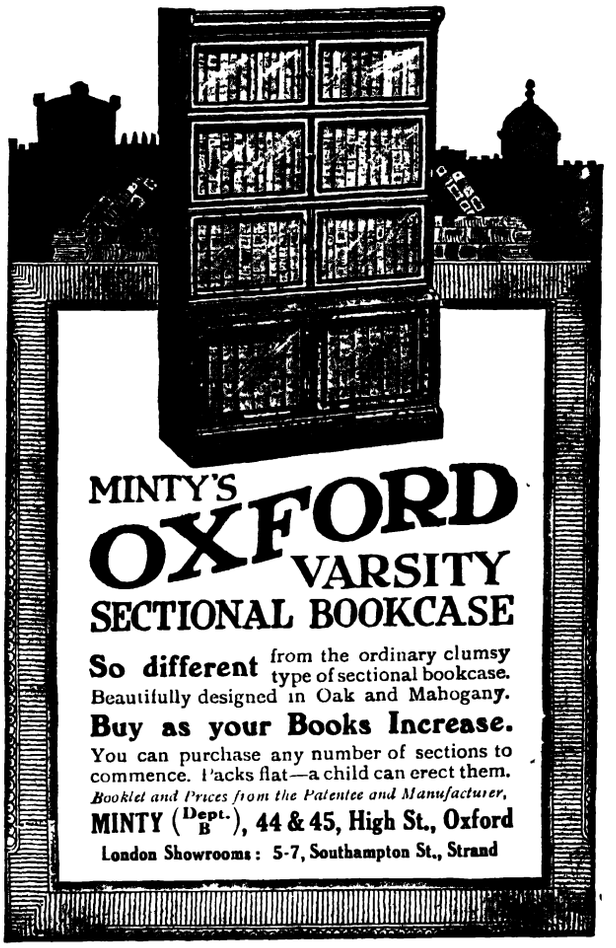
When reflecting upon old works of art we have to be careful not to mistake the pleasing quaintness of

ancientry for genuine vital interest. An opera of Lulli to the libretto of Quinault would have to-day the fascination of forgotten modes and the faded gallantry of Versailles; but it could mean nothing permanent for us. The "Orféo" of Gluck, however, is a living thing, and "Che faró" still moves our tears. Bach was born nearly two hundred years before "Parsifal" was written; but when we compare "Parsifal" with the "Matthew Passion" it is not Bach who sounds old-fashioned. Purcell's finest numbers seem to me indebted very little to their century for their interest. The music to the masque in "Dioclesian" has a note of almost disquieting modernity beneath its formal grace; and "The Fairy Queen" shows clearly that Purcell is a living, moving writer, with a note of his own and the mark of creative genius. Mr. Albert Coates has been presenting abroad, as an example of our native music, the orchestral suite he has arranged from Purcell. That is very pleasing and very proper. Purcell is a possession that we can display with pride even in the country of Bach and Handel, or of Haydn and Mozart; for he is not only a musician akin to them in spirit, but he came before them all.

NEW MUSIC.*

The present batch of new music contains some very delightful matter new and old. The eighteenth century, the great age that was wedded to form and elegant gesture and therefore to grace, looms very largely here. Mr. Cyril Scott, for instance, gives us a pastoral suite in which the first number is a Courante, the second a Pastorale, the third a Rigaudon, the fourth a Rondo, and the fifth a Passacaglia. He is careful to explain that in some of the numbers the mood rather than the strict form is represented—certainly the precise gentlemen of the period would have objected to the sudden irruptions of five-four time without which Cyril Scott cannot get on. In one page alone there are no less than eleven changes of time signature! We think his best pieces are the least restless, and we specially like the Passacaglia, with its light theme so happily in contrast to the menacing movement of the great Passacaglia in C minor. Mr. MacDowell, another very distinguished musician, gives us direct transcriptions from the eighteenth century masters, a Sarabande and Gigue from Loeilly, two pieces from Couperin, one from Graun and one from Lavignac—itself a transcription from Handel They are perfectly delightful, and being (unlike Busoni's transcriptions from Bach) designed for ordinary hands and fingers, they can be heartily recommended. Mr. Holbrooke appears as the arranger of such lively movements as "The Devil among the Tailors," "Gillie Callum," "The Fife Hunt," "Johnny's made a Weddin' o't," and "Tullochgorum." The suite is written, actually, for a small orchestra and is lively and exhilarating. Dr. Vaughan Williams's set of pieces, not declared to be archaic, nevertheless "takes after" the eighteenth century, with its Slow Dance, Quick Dance, Slow Air, Rondo, and Pezzo Ostinato—the last being quite in the spirit of the ingenious chaconnes and passacaglias of the time. The whole suite is charming and soundly musicianly. Mr. Percy Elliot's Ballet

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The Drama.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

By T. MICHAEL POPE.



Photo by Claude Harris. **Miss Sybil Thorndike.**

"THINGS are not what they used to be" is the continual plaint of the pessimist in all ages. And there are times when the optimistic rejoinder, "No, and they never were," fails to carry conviction. So far at least as English drama is concerned, the pessimist may fairly be said to have made out a case. Ten years ago the outlook was distinctly hopeful. It was the age of Harold Chapin, of St. John Hankin, of Stanley Houghton and of Granville Barker. Shaw was still in the full flood-tide of his creative vigour. Barrie's reputation was as yet unassailed. It seemed, indeed, as if we were already emerging into the dawn of a new era.

Then came the war—and with it the inevitable submergence of all intellectual interests. The drama suffered—suffered terribly. Nor can it be said to have recovered yet. As one looks back over the past decade, how many plays have there been that one would take the risk of acclaiming as dramatic masterpieces? Two only remain in my memory—Mr. Lennox Robinson's "The Lost Leader" and Mr. Galsworthy's "The Skin Game"—and I doubt whether either was a conspicuous "box-office" success. On the other hand "Chu Chin Chow" is still with us.

And if this be true of the drama what is to be said of its interpreters? Where are the actors of yesteryear? Is there a successor to Sir Henry Irving—to Sir Charles Wyndham—or even to Sir Herbert Tree? There was a time when great things were expected of Mr. Ainley, but he has hardly fulfilled the promise of his early manhood.

Indeed, it appears to me to be becoming increasingly evident that it is to the woman rather than to the man that we must look for the carrying on of our best acting traditions. During the last few years there has arisen a school of younger actresses most of whom may fairly challenge comparison with the best actresses of the past.

And, first, there is Miss Sybil Thorndike, who is easily the finest tragedienne on the English stage at the present moment. (No one who saw her performance in "The Trojan Women" will, I fancy, venture to dispute that statement.) Miss Thorndike learned the mastery of her craft in a hard school. For a considerable period she was at the Old Vic—where, by the way, you may still see the finest acting in London. She has played, I believe, practically every Shakespearean heroine from Juliet to Ophelia. She worked—and worked hard—in repertory at Liverpool, and she has put in a number of strenuous years in America. As the result of all these experiences Miss Thorndike has come to the conclusion that there is no royal road to success on the stage. "An actress," she said to me recently, "must learn her art painfully—and then forget it, bit by bit, until what is left is merely a necessary minimum."

That Miss Thorndike's future will be worthy of her past I have little doubt. She has but one temptation

to guard against. There is a real danger that, now she has learned to do everything, she may insist upon doing it.

In the region of what used to be known as "polite" comedy, we have Miss Athene Seyler. Miss Seyler is the only possible successor to Miss Marie Tempest, and her range is considerably wider. She is, in my opinion, the finest creative actress of our time—though it is only in comedy that her quite individual talents find full scope. She is, too, entirely unencumbered by tradition, and upon every part that she undertakes she stamps the impress of her whimsical and intriguing personality. Her Rosalind was a daring experiment—it was so almost impudently *modern*. Nevertheless (or may it have been in consequence?) it appealed to me as being the finest Rosalind that this generation has seen—and I write this with Ada Rehan still in my memory. Recently a friendly critic wrote of Miss Seyler: "If some dramatist of talent would write parts for her, she could develop a type which might have the success of Lord Dundreary." So far, that "dramatist of talent" has not been forthcoming.

An actress who gives promise of achieving great triumphs in the immediate future is Miss Meggie Albanesi. If Miss Seyler is a creative actress, Miss Albanesi is no less what may be called an interpretative actress. Indeed, she seems to have no existence outside the part she is assuming at the time. It overmasters her. No one who saw it is likely to forget her study of the young girl in "The Skin Game," and her present performance in "A Bill of Divorcement" at the St. Martin's is one of the most moving and poignant pieces of acting I have ever seen.

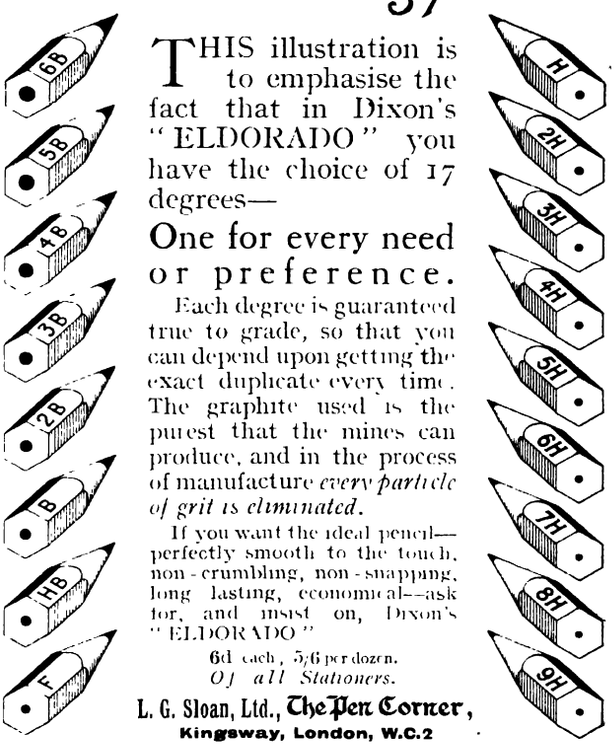
Whether *revue* is a legitimate form of dramatic art is a question I will not attempt to answer. At least, it has produced one young actress of unmistakable originality and genius. I allude to Miss Mona Vivian. Miss Vivian has still much to learn, and her work at the present moment is disfigured by a number of obvious crudities, but she combines an innocent *diablerie* with a grotesqueness, entirely free from vulgarity, that is, I think, absolutely unique. Her advent may help to reconcile us to the approaching retirement from the variety stage of Miss Violet Loraine. But I am confident that her best work is still to come.

I must end here: otherwise I should have liked to have made some reference to the work of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Miss Moyna Macgill, Miss Mary Merrall, Miss Betty Chester and Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore. All these actresses—with the (often inadequate) material at their disposal—are worthily maintaining the finest acting traditions of the British stage.

THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS. By Ethel M. Dell. At the Globe Theatre.

According to the programme, "Ethel M. Dell's 'The Knave of Diamonds,' a Play in a Prologue and Three Acts, dramatised by Charlton Mann," was presented at the Globe Theatre. I do not know who Charlton Mann is, but I feel that he (or she) very nearly achieved something. Unfortunately, he (or she) forgot that what may be quite effective on the printed page may not get across the footlights as far as the orchestra. There were moments when the audience laughed at terrific happenings, such as when Sir Giles was called on to fight with three menservants in the first act. I was sorry for Sir Giles; he acted

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very convincingly whenever his part would let him. But it is only just to say that there were other moments when a not too sympathetic audience found itself gripped, caught its breath and ceased its tittering involuntarily. Of course, this was partly due to the consummate acting of Miss Violet Vanbrugh. She has had better parts, but has never, perhaps, given us a finer exhibition of her powers. Mr. Scott Sunderland was rather overpowering as her lover, but did creditably on the whole. The fault of the play is that it is neither tragedy nor comedy; nor is it honest melodrama; it is sometimes comically tragic and sometimes melodramatically comic. But although I dub myself unfashionable by the confession, I was not bored! I was interested.

"PERICLES" AT THE OLD VIC.

Of all the excellent things that Mr. Robert Atkins has done at the Old Vic., none has shown him more truly a producer of ideas than his revival of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." This was an achievement of Mr. Atkins's own imagination. Many of us remember well enough, of course, the late Mr. John Coleman's revival at Stratford-on-Avon twenty years ago. Not many of us can go back to Phelps, fifty years before that! But Mr. Atkins has owed nothing to either of his predecessors. He is the first manager to present the play in full—disorderly-house scenes and all. He justifies his courage at almost every point. However much was or was not written by Shakespeare (and a touch or so in the last two acts are all one can feel convinced about), Mr. Atkins has at any rate discovered a beautiful, romantic adventure-play in those loosely-knit scenes in Antioch, Ephesus, Tarsus and Mitylene, with the sea breeze blowing everywhere and the pure loveliness of the character of Marina purging even the filth of those ostensibly Syrian, but obviously Elizabethan, stews. If Shakespeare did have a hand in it—and at least a finger he must have had!—one finds fascinating traces—here of "The Winter's Tale," here of "Measure for Measure" and here of "The Tempest"—with a contrast of romance and realism more direct than is to be found in any of Shakespeare's "canonical" plays.

Not only in the courage of his choice, but in the beauty of his treatment, Mr. Atkins has shown his faculty of vision. He has redeemed the sordid story of the early part by bold fancy—the opening reminded one even of the Russian Ballet—and he has managed to work in the countless small scenes and dumb-shows with old Gower's verses (beautifully read by himself) in a way which makes one feel that despite scanty resources, no play is too difficult for the Old Vic., with Mr. Atkins in command.

There was some excellent playing by Mr. Rupert Harvey as Pericles himself, Miss Mary Sumner in Miss Lilian Braithwaite's old part as Marina, Miss Jane Bacon as Thaïsa (how well one remembers Miss Lily Brayton rising from that coffin at Stratford!), and, chief of all, by Mr. Atkins himself as old Gower. He gave not merely a reading. It was a delicious, whimsical, dignified portrait. The personality was in itself an interpretation—the old poet who linked together those varied scenes of love's glamour and love's sorrowing, and understood!

S. R. L.

SHAKESPEAREAN DISCIPLESHIP. By Thomas Dunlop. Edited by Gavin A. Dunlop. (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliott.)

This series of lectures on certain of the plays of Shakespeare is intended for students and for those lovers of his work who do not pretend to know all that can be known about it. The plays are accepted as they stand; there is no discussion of their chronological order, textual corruptions, vexed questions of authorship—all such matters are left aside, and Mr. Dunlop's purpose has been, as he says, purely "an attempt to learn and set forth in a plain way the spiritual principle in some of Shakespeare's dramas." He carried out this purpose with understanding and insight, and younger readers in particular will find his book a very interesting and helpful introduction to a study of Shakespeare and a comprehension of the inner significance of many of his scenes and characters.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the American novelist, is staying in London at present, and will probably remain with us for a year, unless our winter proves too inhospitable, in which case he will seek refuge from it in Italy. His new novel, "Main Street," is just now topping all the lists of best sellers in his own country and, published recently by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is one of the most successful books of this season over here.

"The Memoirs of a Midget," a new story by Walter de la Mare, will be published by Messrs. Collins this month.

Mr. Henry W. Wolff has for some time been engaged on a work dealing with the problem of Rural Reconstruction. The book will be published by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount. Mr. Wolff compares our national problem with the problems of France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, Russia, Japan, Canada, and the United States, and shows how agricultural prosperity can only be brought about by co-operation between classes, and by dispensing with the antiquated feudal system.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing shortly a Life of Mrs. Florence Barclay, written by one of her daughters.

Sir Henry Newbolt has compiled for the use of teachers and students a selection of "English Prose and Verse from the Fourteenth to the Twentieth Century," which will be published by Messrs. Dent in the autumn.

There are not many women humorists, and one was added to their number when Mrs. Florence A. Kilpatrick's "Our Elizabeth" made its appearance. She has written a new story, "Educating Ernestine," a satirical picture of English society with an Australian girl for heroine, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing.

Mr. Roger Fry's "Some Architectural Heresies of a Painter" will be published immediately by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Another author from abroad just now sojourning in London is the distinguished Dutch novelist, Mr. Louis Couperus. Four or five of the novels of Mr. Couperus, translated by Mr. Teixera de Mattos, have been published in England by Messrs. Heinemann and Mr. Thornton Butterworth. One of the greatest of his books, "Old People and the Things that Pass," was published last autumn by Mr. Butterworth, who is shortly issuing Mr. Couperus's new novel, which is said to rival that, under the title of "The Law Inevitable."

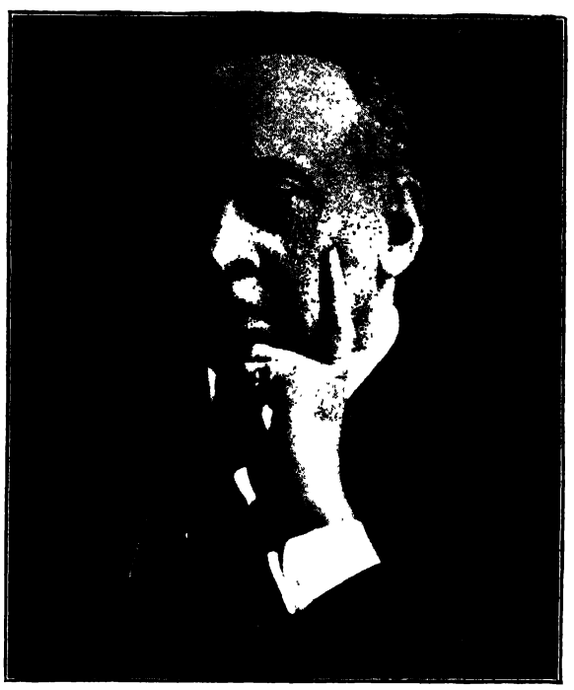


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Louis Couperus.

"The Gun Brand," a new novel of the Wild West by James Hendryx, will be published this month by Messrs. Jarrold, who also announce a new book of humour, "A Sport in a Nutshell," by the late Colonel Bogey, edited by C. E. Hughes "and his unrivalled staff of assistants, namely Fred Buchanan."

The success of Mr. Grant Watson's brilliant novel, "Shadow and Sunlight," has led his publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape, to republish this author's earlier book, "The Mainland," a story of the South Seas, which came out during the war and, like so much fiction that appeared in those dark days, suffered accordingly.

We congratulate our weekly contemporary, *Book-Post*, on the passing of its first birthday. "To have been born during the last two years," writes its editor, "and to have survived one year is at once a great adventure and an achievement," and all who have had experience of latter-day publishing difficulties will corroborate this assertion. But *Book-Post* has not merely survived, it has grown in size and influence and is still growing. Its pages have the charm of variety and are alive with interest for all who are interested in selling books or in reading them.

Two new books about him testify to the popularity of the Prince of Wales. "Our Prince," by Edward Legge, which Mr. Eveleigh Nash publishes, gives an admirable account of his career down to a couple of months ago and shows how, with his wide interest in things and his charm o character, he has become a real and invaluable asset of the Empire. "Edward, Prince of Wales," by G. Ivy Sanders, which Messrs. Nisbet publish, contains an intimate account of his upbringing, his war service, and Dominion tours, the author having received valuable assistance from the Prince himself and members of his household.

The Oxford Press is publishing immediately "America's Norse Discoverers," a translation and discussion of the Wineland Sagas, by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy.

Owing to the state of affairs that has resulted from the coal strike, Messrs. Heinemann have decided to postpone publication of Sir Hall Caine's new novel, "The Master of Man," until the crisis is past.

Some who are taking summer holidays will be glad to know that Messrs. A. & C. Black have just published new and completely revised editions of their Guides to the Channel Isles and to Dorset. These are full of maps, plans, views and of information that tourists will find useful.

Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing immediately "Unemployment: Its Cause and a Remedy," by Arthur Kitson. The articles in the book originally appeared in the *Times Trade Supplement*, and are supplemented by a discussion of the correspondence they evoked.

Mr. Rathmell Wilson has written a novel, "Other People's Babies," founded on a play by Mr. Lechmere Worrall, and it is to be published shortly by Mr. Arthur H. Stockwell.

"The Call to Liberalism," an appeal to Liberals of all shades by Mr. C. Sheridan Jones, the Hon. Secretary of the Liberal Anti-Nationalisation Committee, will be published this month by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

An edition de luxe of fourteen poems by James Elroy Flecker is about to be issued by the Poetry Bookshop, with a frontispiece and fourteen full-page lithographs by Charles Freegrove Winzer. The edition is limited to 550 copies.

Mr. E. O. Hoppé, the distinguished artist and photographer, has returned from a prolonged visit to the United States a convinced admirer of America and of things American. He was royally entertained and met many leading American artists, novelists and poets, including a goodly number of the newer schools in which he is particularly interested. On the outward voyage he contributed towards ameliorating the tedium of sea-life by drawing lightning sketches of beautiful faces at one of the entertainments got up by the passengers, and an American journalist present was so struck by these that Mr. Hoppé had not long been in New York before he found himself hailed in a multitude of newspapers all over the country as the greatest living beauty expert. He modestly disclaims the title, but his disclaimer is not readily accepted by those who have seen his paintings and photographs of beautiful women, sketched and photographed in various parts of the world. These should not be relegated to the privacy of portfolios, and one is not surprised to learn that a selection of them is to be published this autumn. While he was in America



Photo by International Portrait Service, New York.

Mr. E. O. Hoppé.



Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

at the window of her home, "The Cottage," in the roof of No. 3, Fleet Street. Mrs. Chesterton and Mr. Louis J. McQuilland have collaborated in writing a Memoir of Cecil Chesterton, which Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing shortly.

Mr. Hoppé completed a remarkable series of photographs to illustrate a handsome volume on "The Soul of New York," and he is now engaged with the preparation of a similar work on London.

For the first time in its history the famous American publishing firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons has elected an English director of its New York house. Mr. G. H. Grubb, who makes this new record, has been associated with the firm's business on this side of the water for thirty-three years, and for some years past has been a director of the London branch. Messrs. Putnams' relations with English authors and publishers are under his control, and he is largely and successfully developing them.

Mr. Sydney A. Moseley's new book, "Haunts of the Gay East," has just been published by Mr. Stanley Paul. It gives vivid pictures of Constantinople, Cairo, Budapest, and other such centres of Eastern life.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

No reader of that real thriller, "Stealthy Terror," will need urging to read Mr John Ferguson's new novel, "The Dark Geraldine" (8s. 6d.; John Lane). The sensation is not so headlong, but the plot is as ingenious and intriguing, and the mystery as cunningly developed. A capital tale, and one that engrosses you and makes you forget time and all the troubles of the time while you are reading it.

If a man expresses intense dissatisfaction with our present chaos, and a passionate desire to be moving on to the next stage in human evolution, he is at once suspected, in some quarters, of being in the pay of the Bolsheviks or other such apostles of violence. To such a pass of unreason have we come that you are not thought quite respectable unless you are willing to stick in the mud and praise the powers that put you there. Mr. Jeffery E. Jeffery is one of those troublesome persons who wants to get out and do something to right what has gone wrong, but in his "Breaking Point" (4s. 6d.; Leonard Parsons) he is so far from hankering after red ruin that he is inspired

by Ibsen's faith that "there is but one revolution that avails. It is to revolutionise men's minds." He states simply and clearly, as Mr. G. D. H. Cole says in a foreword, "certain fundamental facts about the position of our industrial civilisation to-day . . . facts which most of us are unwilling to face because of the catastrophic conclusions implicit in them"; he diagnoses our social disease searchingly and indicates the remedy for it. He feels, as many do, that we shall not have peace or prosperity until our civilisation has been reorganised, and his manner of reorganisation is worth the serious consideration of all who are not afraid to think about it.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. G. H. Grubb.**

Recently elected a director of Messrs. G. P. Putnams' New York house.

In his little book, "How To Get Married" (The World Press), Mr. E. Montale appears to be intensely earnest and well meaning, but his work, despite its title, will not set the Thames on fire. The fact is, although Mr. Montale throws out a few sensible suggestions and is quite up to date in his outlook, he does not provide any startlingly fresh solution to the problem he tackles so gamely.

If "The Lady With the Hands" (8s. 6d.; Daniel O'Connor) is a first novel, Mr. C. Nepean Longridge is a novelist you should make a note of. He is a little leisurely perhaps in getting under way, but he has a knowledge of character and an engaging style, and though he brings about a happy ending with great determination he does it effectively. Lily Mainleigh, her seafaring husband, and the artist who brought tempest and temporary tragedy into their quiet lives, are well drawn; their story is interesting and written with considerable ability.

To their excellent series of Notable British Trials Messrs. William Hodge & Co. have added the grisly and amazing story of "Burke and Hare," edited by William Roughead (10s. 6d.). There is a strange fascination in these records of crime, and the account of this infamous pair and how they made a business of murder makes as gruesomely fascinating a study as any in the series.

The compiler of "An Anthology of Modern Verse" (6s.; Methuen), who half conceals himself behind the initials A. M., has done his work of selection admirably and with sound judgment, the result being, as Mr. Robert Lynd says in an introduction, "an anthology that gives a better idea of the diffuse and ubiquitous riches of recent poetry than any that has yet appeared."

Tales of the marvellous and the terrible are as old as the history of man, says Miss Edith Birkhead in "The Tale of Terror: A Study of the Gothic Romance" (15s.; Constable), and in succeeding chapters, having touched on its rise in early myths and folk-lore, she traces the growth and development of the supernatural element in the English novel, from Horace Walpole to Wilkie Collins, Algernon Blackwood, Wells, and others, and in the short stories of Conrad, Stevenson and Kipling. The penultimate chapter is devoted to American tales of terror.

Two score of Coventry Patmore's miscellaneous contributions to the *St. James's Gazette* and other periodicals are for the first time collected in "Courage in Politics and Other Essays" (7s. 6d.; Oxford Press). Some of the political views may now seem a little old-fashioned, but Patmore was always interesting, knew his own mind, and had a glancing humour and a dry, satirical touch that were peculiarly his own. The best things are the literary essays. It is curious to find Thomas Hardy, in 1887, bracketed with Mrs. L. B. Walford, even while it is granted that he, "though less perfect, is much the greater artist of the two." But in a later review Patmore ranks Mrs. Walford with Mrs. Gaskell, and almost persuades you to brush up your acquaintance with the lesser Victorian novelists and see if he was right.

No student of politics should be ignorant of the teachings of Karl Marx, for his economic doctrines form the main artery of modern communism. To understand the trend of the revolutionary Labour movement, of Bolshevism and the awakening of the workers to a state of class-consciousness (to use Marx's own phrase), a knowledge of his philosophy is absolutely essential. But it takes a born economist to wade through the verbosity of "Capital," and the man in the street will find M. Beer's little handbook, "The Life and Teaching of Karl Marx" (6s.; Parsons), more profitable reading. Here the Marxian system is condensed and set forth comprehensively, with a brief history of Marx's life and development which embraces a summary of the social progress of his time.

Miss Rosamond Napier's intimate knowledge of Ireland and India gives a background of strength and colour to "Release" (7s.; Methuen). The wild beauty of Ireland forms a vivid contrast to the feverish wonders of the East, and in these two settings a drama of devoted love and heroic self-sacrifice is revealed to us through the personality of Arnold Bligh's friend. This method of story-telling is of necessity obscure and leaves much to the imagination, but Miss Napier manages a difficult feat with skilful handling. We get the onlooker's version of the love of Irish Nora for Bligh and her contrivance that he shall marry her niece, Olwen. Miss Napier knows how to tell a good tale, and writes with a strong emotional force that imbues her characters with all the pathos of reality.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MURIEL STUART.

EVERY ripple upon the surface of national life spreads in time into the backwaters of literature, and no movement of our day, perhaps, has left a clearer mark upon its fiction than that which was centred in woman's emancipation. Those of us who are old enough to recall the fervent literary ardours of thirty years ago will find our retrospect filled with a monstrous regiment of women, all clamouring to be released from some imagined bondage, and set free for some yet more imaginary liberty. Younger critics write to-day of the era of "The Yellow Book" as of some weary celebration of apathy or absinthe. I do not remember it so. It seems to me to have resembled rather a Mænad orgy of women who were determined to live with men no longer except upon their own terms, and who were abnormally interested in the public display of emotions which their mothers would have blushed to confide to their own pillow-cases. It passed, that shouting, babbling crowd, passed into the darkness of the dell, as all crowds pass in time; but it left its trail behind it. In the generation of our sons and daughters it is finding a philosophy for its dreams, a polity for its organisation, and a poetry for its gospel. Among other influences it has inspired the poetry of Miss Muriel Stuart, and has found in her rich, passionate and intensely feminine poetic temperament a not unworthy expression of the nobler side of woman's struggle for independence of conduct and of thought.

Miss Muriel Stuart was a child of the generation of "revolting daughters," although very little echo, if any, of the prevailing movement reached the nursery, where she began to write verses as soon as she could print her letters, and always kept a grubby notebook by her bedside, to put down her "waking thoughts" before they escaped with the dawn. As a great granddaughter of the not too reputable William Jerdan, she was born with a literary inheritance which had lost all immediate traces in a succession of hunting Gloucestershire squires; but the elements of romance were in her blood, for her earlier forbears, like Swinburne's, had spent their blood like water and their gold like sand in the ruined cause of the young Pretender. Literature and romance, however, had somewhat languished in a family which found its present duties amid "the dusty purlieus of the law," and, except for the devoted sympathy and interest of her mother, Miss Stuart had no sort of literary education, and very little encouragement in her first attempts to write. Indeed her earliest articulate copy of verse, perhaps not unnaturally, came as a great shock to pious relatives. For the theme was "The Devil weeping over Jerusalem," and there seems to have been in the poet's heart a secret sympathy with the Prince of this World, as he lamented the beautiful city which was in danger of being lost to him through the persuasive preaching of Christ. At this time the poet was ten years old, and a few months later she caused further domestic disruptions by reciting aloud, to casual visitors of both sexes, a "Song of Psyche," into which she had packed all the most appalling phrases which she had been able to collect from the Bible and the Elizabethan dramatists. By this time it was felt that her work deserved the common fate of all too frank and inflammatory literature. A little book of laborious manuscript, containing some ninety pieces, found its way to the family dustbin, and was transported by the myrmidons of hygiene to a refuse hill some miles from her home. This panorama of an eager but unappreciated childhood closes with the spectacle of a little girl, convulsed in a frenzy of tears, raking over heaps of garbage with feverish, blistered fingers, never to find again the poems that were lost.

These childish memories, trivial enough in themselves, have one very real interest for readers of Miss Stuart's maturer work; they bear witness to an unusual consistency in her taste and its development. The books which she read most eagerly in the nursery were Percy's "Reliques," Milton, and a small dictionary of Greek Mythology, and with these she saturated her young imagination with melody and colour which have become the very fabric of her later poetry. These, and the country scenes, which she saw from her childhood's window, have been the most stimulating of all her influences. She cherished a passion for trees, for flowers, and for sunlight on the lawn, and the natural imagery with which her poetry is laden (and sometimes, perhaps, a little over-laden) is all drawn from these first associations, and returns to them still in memory. Her verse



From a drawing by Amy J. Drucker.

Muriel Stuart
(Mrs. Minnitt).

is full of pictures of this early home and its by no means shadowy recollections :

" I went by wood and waste toward the town :
The whole world lay, a quiet emerald
Set in a golden ring
Upon God's finger, against His bosom thralled ;
Elusive airs were blown
On elfin horns of Spring ;
Through the thin mist pale hawthorn trees peered out "

And so on, throughout a passage rich in light and colour.

So Nature got to work upon her composition, but the books she read influenced her no less. The Dictionary of Mythology, in particular, caught her young fancy in a net. It is unusual to find a woman filling her verse with classical imagery and allusion, but Miss Stuart's fancy never travels far from the gods of a dead day. Some of her poems, like " The Centaur's First Love," are deliberate adaptations of classical themes, translated into the language of a semi-Elizabethan frankness :

" I hunted her down the morning !
She leapt with neighing shrill,
No stream too deep, too high no hill
To master such bright scorning :
Till where the reeds grew thick and tall
I saw her stumble, sway and fall
But, from her eyes as I drew near
Leapt fear, and something more than fear :
She did not stir, she did not move,
She knew the ancient Sport of Love,
She knew me at the side of her
From great gold mane to trembling hoof,
The sleek, the tawny hide of her—
All the predestined sweets thereof—
Are mine to crush or choke or kill. . . ."

In other, and more characteristic pieces, the poet develops a direct philosophy of modern paganism, discontented with the authority of creeds and stretching out eager hands for the liberty to think for herself, to realise the vague yearning for self-expression, to be free of the sunlight and the breeze. The old gods, in the Swinburnian phrase, were " noble and nude and antique " : the new rebellion returns to their inspiration from the bondage of repression and the discipline of thorns :

" What have our wisdom and our worship done
To raise such gods ?
To quench the ruined eyes of Parthenon
What newer beauty nods,
And shames the wreckless brow that stares upon
The amazed sun ? "

And here, at last, we arrive at the distinguishing quality of Miss Stuart's poetry, a passionate paganism, which (somewhat paradoxically) is rooted in the very sympathy and self-sacrifice of Christianity. The early examples which moulded Miss Stuart's imagination set her the task of choosing themes rather than of singing songs, and the themes which appeal to her most are all suggestive of the soul's emancipation from thraldom, whether of custom, convention or priestcraft. Particularly is she moved by the spectacle of suffering womanhood, and nothing stirs her righteous rage more bitterly than the sight of a dour religion, holding back its gloomy robe for fear of contamination from some poor fallen pleader by the wayside. Her fancy is captivated, in spite of itself, by the white Christ on the rood, only to turn at the next moment repelled by man's arrogant exclusiveness which would claim the possession of Truth as the right of any one creed or religious system :

" Thou canst not chain Christ to a chapel bell.
From brothels thinkest thou I hear no prayer ?
Doth not the choking gutter sing me well ?
Is not the whole sweet world my Sanctuary ?"

It is the god who is sacrificed to the creed, the god who, in different forms, reappears to enlighten the heart of generation after generation :

" . . . All men turn
Their unseen gods to graven images,
Each man the idol of his choosing leads
That in the Cockpit of men's brutal creeds
Each god may bleed and burn,
Till frailer ones be fallen on their knees—
Sweet gods soon broken upon the spears of Youth,
Soon silenced at the knee of Sophistry,
Till Earth's eyes with the lust of battle dim,
Till gaping Hell be bubbled to the brim,
And Heaven grow grey against a dead god's mouth."

Every revolution splits itself into a hundred streams, and the poetry of Miss Muriel Stuart, as I have tried to show, is just one outlet (and, to my mind, a very sympathetic and stimulating outlet) of that great woman movement which has so profoundly influenced the social life of our time, and will even more profoundly influence the social life of our children in the next generation. She is a revolutionary, founded in tradition. Her poetry itself, in its fine technique, rich workmanship and abundant imagery, is entirely in the tradition ; it takes its laws from the lawgivers of old. In the same way, her rebellion against convention, against pretence, against the lie in the soul, against injustice and tyranny of every kind, none the less leads back to honourable standards, away from anarchy to true order, to a humanity which is rooted in love, to self-realisation which finds itself at last in the service of others. " Go back," said Christ to the reveller at the Carnival,

" Go back ; thou hast two children in thy house."

The true freedom of womanhood is just a nobler servitude :

" I felt no agony of hope or loss,
Treading the old paths that beside me lay ;
For me no one great lifting on the Cross,
But small, slow crucifixions every day.
I brought no prayers, I made no conscious vows,
And though it seemed God never could confer
Duty so simple, such a humble faith,
And that no further life my soul could stir,
I went back, meekly, trusting what He saith :
' Go back, thou hast two children in thy house.' "

So the Mother of God fulfils herself in her daughters,

" In every violet-seller by the wall,
In pavement-saints, Madonnas of the Shawl,
In Magdalen's hair, in Martha's ministry,
Wherever women's heads are blessed or bowed,"

and so paganism and Christianity may unite their symbols at last in a humanity that is at heart divine, and in a perpetual service which is also perfect freedom.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE READER.

CHARLES LAMB:
SOME NEW BIOGRAPHICAL AND OTHER DETAILS.

By Major S. Butterworth.

A NEW edition of Mr. Lucas's "Life of Charles Lamb" has been recently issued, uniform in appearance with the same writer's edition of the "Works" and "Letters" in the Pocket edition. In their spring announcements the publishers described it as "a new edition, the fifth, in a new form, of a biographical classic," and informed all those whom it concerned that the author had subjected the text to a very close revision, but that nothing had been abridged and that certain additions had been made. The additions are not easily found except one interesting piece of information, viz., the fact that Lamb mounted the scales of an ancient firm of wine merchants in St. James's Street, who were in the habit of weighing "distinguished customers," with the result that we now know that his weight on June 14th, 1814, as recorded in their book, was 9 stone 3½ lbs., in boots.

With regard to the statement as to the thoroughness of the revision, Mr. Lucas does not perhaps make quite so large a claim as his publishers, for in his preface his avouchment is that it differs from the original edition by the "addition of certain corrections." All the same he must share with his publishers the blame of having produced an edition of which one can only say regretfully that the sooner it is itself revised, and that in workmanlike fashion, the better will his reputation as an authority on Lamb be sustained. Why this edition is called the fifth is not easily understood, as already the work has gone, in one form or another, into six editions, so that strictly speaking this is the seventh.

Having expressed the foregoing opinion, some evidence in justification of it is imperative, and is as follows: In the earlier editions of the work there are many errors, a fact not greatly to be wondered at considering the large field over which the author had spread his labours. Most of these were corrected in the one volume edition of either 1907 or 1910, but, with perhaps two exceptions, all these errors reappear in the present issue. For example, to give two or three instances, in his first edition Mr. Lucas quotes certain lines written by Charles Lloyd in his "Desultory Thoughts in London" as referring to Lamb, whereas they certainly refer to "another friend." Lamb and Coleridge had been addressed in previous stanzas. This mistake was corrected in the one volume edition, but in the present one the original error is repeated. In one impression we are told that no portrait of Manning exists. In the 1910 edition Mr. Lucas announces as one of the features of that edition "a portrait of Thomas Manning." In the present one we are again told that "no portrait of him exists." On page 545 we read: "All trace both of the original Elia and his writings has vanished." In the pocket edition of the "Letters" (1912) Mr. Lucas informs us that Elia "has recently been identified," gives us his full name and the work of which he was the author. The place of burial of Lamb's father, incorrectly given in the two volume edition, was corrected in the edition of 1910; in the present one the old error again raises its head. Similar remarks might be made of other mistakes - first corrected and afterwards ignored or overlooked - the numerous instances of which it would be too tedious to note here.

Much as has been done by Lamb's editors and others in increasing our knowledge of a fascinating subject—and none is more deserving of praise than Mr. Lucas—there is still room for workers, for many little questions call for solution. And one pleasing result is that diligent and patient research not infrequently rewards the seeker. The object of this paper is to share with others what the writer has been able to bring to light.



Charles Lamb.

From the painting by Meyer in the India Office.

On a day towards the end of March, 1761 (March 29th), a wedding party assembled in St. Dunstan's Church (the "punctual giants" of which were so beloved of Charles Lamb). This was the church in which Isaak Walton had worshipped and listened to the sermons of his friend the vicar, Dr. John Donne. The contracting parties were John Lamb, in the employ of Samuel Salt of the Inner Temple, and Elizabeth Field, then residing in the parish of St. Mary Le Bone. How the acquaintance between the two began is not at present known. One of the three witnesses of the marriage was William Dorrell, whom we meet in Lamb's essays and poems, but of whom we know

nothing definite except that he acted treacherously towards the Lambs. Another witness was Bennett Thomason. The third was Elizabeth Field's mother, Mary Field, who had, we must assume, left her Hertfordshire home to be present at her daughter's wedding. John Lamb is supposed to have been much older than his wife, but what his age was is still to be ascertained. We only know that when Samuel Salt made his will in 1786 John Lamb had been with his master nearly forty years. It is noticeable that John Lamb made his will in the same year in which he was married, on which occasion William Dorrell's services were again requisitioned as a witness.

Another matter of considerable importance and of no little interest, is the discovery of the circumstances in which Lamb's most famous poem, "The Old Familiar Faces," was composed. In a copy of "Blank Verse by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb" (1798), now in my possession, there is a note opposite the poem, written in pencil (I believe by Lamb), which runs thus:

"I spent an Evening about a week ago with Lloyd—White & a miscellaneous Companion [*sic*] was there—Lloyd had been playing on a Piano Forte, till my Feelings were wrought too high not to require Vent—I left y^thim suddenly & rush'd into ye Temple, where I was born, you know—& in ye State of Mind that followed Stanzas. They pretend to little like Metre, but they well pourtray ye Disorder I was in. . . ."

Another volume which I possess—"Poems by S. T. Coleridge, second edition. To which are now added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd" (1797)—presented by Lamb to Marmaduke Thompson, an old schoolfellow of Lamb's, on May 3rd, 1798, is bound in exactly similar old tree-calf, with similar tooling, and there is much likelihood that both volumes were given to Thompson by Lamb. It may be remembered that Lamb dedicated his "Rosamund Gray" to the same friend. One difficulty with regard to the view that Lamb wrote the note is that "The Old Familiar Faces"



From a drawing by Fredk Adcock.

House at Enfield where Charles Lamb lived.

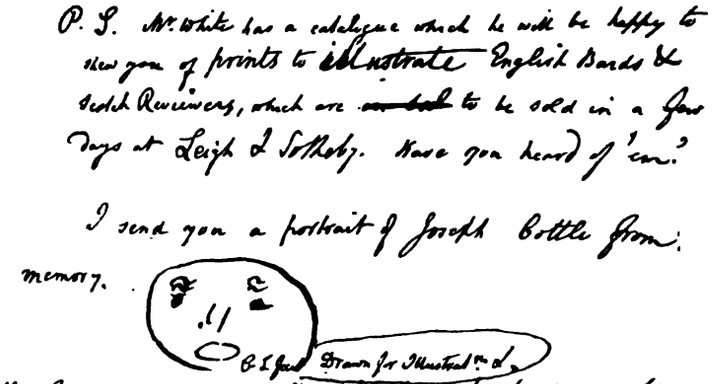


Photo by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Facsimile postscript of letter from Lamb to William Evans.

was written in January, 1798, and the book in which it was contained was not published until probably a few months later. It is rather puzzling to reconcile that fact with the statement that the evening spent with Lloyd was quite recent—"about a week ago." In any case, whether Lamb wrote the note himself or sent the poem in manuscript to the owner of the volume accompanied by an explanatory letter which was subsequently copied by the latter into the book, the interesting fact remains that either in a letter or in the book, here we have for the first time Lamb's own account of the genesis of the poem. The note undoubtedly throws a flood of light on the poem and on Lamb's state of mind at the time. In this connexion Lamb's letter to Coleridge, dated January 28th, 1798, should be referred to. My impression is that at a time when Lamb was saddened and depressed by a return of Mary's malady at Christmas, 1797, Lloyd's endeavours to cheer up his friend by playing on the piano either frivolous tunes or, on the other hand, possibly those appealing too strongly to the emotions, produced the effect described in the note. Another interesting point is that Lamb's comment proves convincingly that the friend mentioned in the fifth stanza *was* Lloyd:

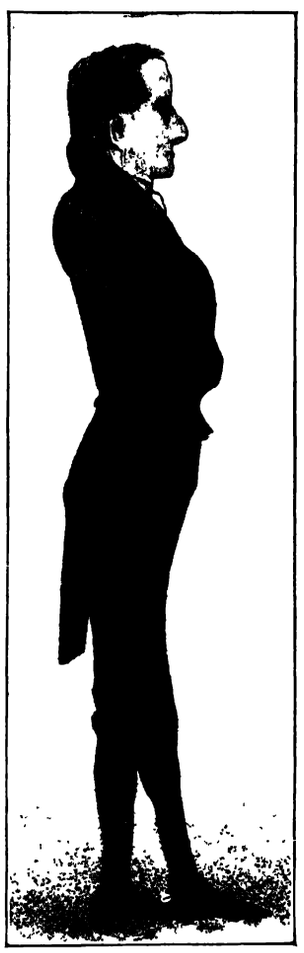
> "I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man.
> Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
> Left him to muse on the old familiar faces."

Further, it is not unlikely that henceforth the lines beginning: "Ghostlike, I pac'd round the haunts of my childhood," will be intimately associated with that eventful evening. There is against another of the poems of the same book, "Composed at Midnight," the following note which reveals the identity of "the dying man, who lies in the upper chamber" (ll. 9 and 10): "I lay awake one night and heard Mr. Weatherhead, our Landlord, groan—he is since dead of a destroy'd Constitution." This was the landlord of the house in Chapel Street, Pentonville, in which Lamb and his father were living.

Recent investigations have furnished some particulars of the father of Mrs. Elizabeth Reynolds, Lamb's old schoolmistress, to whom Lamb was a generous benefactor for so many years until her death in 1832. Charles Chambers was clerk for nearly sixty years to two sub-Treasurers of the Inner Temple—Mr. Samuel Salt and Mr. Frederick respectively. He was also for many years

Librarian to the Society. His death took place in 1777. In 1807 his daughter was granted £10 a year by the Bench, and this annuity was continued up to March 26th, 1832. On her death Lamb tells Moxon that he has "buried Mrs. Reynolds at last, who has *virtually at least* bequeath'd me a legacy of £32 per ann."—that sum being the amount he allowed her.

Some addition to our knowledge of one of Lamb's most delightful friends, George Dyer, may now be made. The statement that his father was a watchman living in Wapping appears to have no foundation in fact. When George was admitted to Christ's Hospital on July 1st, 1762, his father is described as Citizen and Shipwright from the Precinct of Bridewell. Further investigation has brought to light the following extracts from the records in the "Worshipful Company of Shipwrights," for which I am indebted to the courtesy of the Clerk: "31st July, 1753 [nearly two years before George Dyer's birth] John Dyer made free by service sworn and paid his fees." Another extract from the same source records that on "28th March, 1793, John Dyer, son of John Dyer, late of St. Bride's, Whitefryers, London, Lighterman, was this day admitted a freeman or member of this society by patrimony and took the oath appertaining." These entries clearly show that George Dyer's father was not quite such a humble individual as he has hitherto been considered.



Charles Lamb

scratched on copper from life in 1821, by his friend Brook Pulham.

I have recently discovered from an interesting article on the New River by Thomas Westwood, in *The Angler's Note Book*, 1888, that George Dyer contributed a short paper, "The New River at Hornsey," to Hone's second volume of "The Every-Day Book," in which he refers to Lamb's cottage at Islington as "endeared to me . . . by its being the abode of 'as much virtue as can *live*.'"

After Lamb's death Dyer wrote obituary notices of him to two periodicals, *The Christian Reformer, or Unitarian Magazine or Review*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

In his reference to the performance of Coleridge's "Remorse" at Drury Lane on January 23rd, 1813, Mr. Lucas states that "Lamb tells us nothing of the performance, nor does Robinson mention him as being present." The statement is quite correct, yet there is evidence of his presence from the following excerpt from a letter (unpublished, I believe) written by George Dawe to Southey, January 25th, 1813:

> "As soon as Coleridge entered the box before the play began—Lamb with his usual waggishness pointed him out and set up a clap which became so general that C —— was obliged to rise."

Coleridge's own reference to the ovation omits all mention of Lamb's part in the incident. He writes thus (to his wife): "You may have heard that on my entering the box on Saturday night, I was discovered by the Pit, and they all turned their faces towards our box, and gave a treble cheer of claps."

Perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with Lamb's family history is the identification of one who has hitherto been a somewhat mysterious person, viz., "my cousin, the bookbinder" to whom there are several references in the "Letters." The first one is to be found in Mary's letter to Sarah Hazlitt, June 2nd, 1809:

> "I cannot write any more, for we have got a noble 'Life of Nelson' lent us for a short time by my poor relation the bookbinder, and I want to read as much of it as I can."

No further mention occurs until July 19th, 1827, when Lamb tells Patmore of his having "*waked* it at my cousin's, the bookbinder, who is now with God"; then follows another in the letter to Barron Field, October 4th, 1827. That is the last one, but on December 22nd of the same year Lamb asks Moxon to "call and see Mrs. Lovekin."

The first clue to the identification was given in an American book-dealer's catalogue containing a list of the most important Lamb books that have been offered for sale for a long time. Among them the most interesting was a presentation copy of Lamb's "Works," 1818, to "Mr. C. Lovekin, from his friend and cousin the Author." On coming across this delectable entry I wrote, "no leisure bated," to a friend to look up at Somerset House the will of Mr. C. Lovekin, when to her and my joy his last will and testament was found, a copy of which now lies before me. A further search elsewhere in Directories and the *Gentleman's Magazine* put us in possession of the following facts: first, that Charles Lovekin was in 1821 a bookbinder and his place of business 10, Pemberton Row, Gough Square, Fleet Street; secondly, that he died on July 14th, 1827, at Windsor Place, Islington, aged 47. From the latter details it will be seen that when the Lambs were living at the Temple and at Colebrook Row respectively, their cousin was a near neighbour. On July 20th, 1827, the widow was duly sworn to the truth of the will and codicil "and declared that the whole Goods, Chattels and Credits of the deceased do not amount in value to the sum of six thousand pounds."

On which side the relationship with Lamb lay, whether on his father's or mother's side, cannot be definitely stated, nor whether this was a near or distant one, but as Lovekin's mother was living in 1827 and as Lamb stated in October, 1797, that his father was "the last of all his family," Lovekin's mother could not have been John Lamb's sister whose name is not known. Additional proof of this is to be found in the fact that the Christian names of Lovekin's mother were Sarah Ann, the first of which we know was that of John Lamb's second sister, whom Charles refers to as "Aunt Hetty."

Lamb occasionally gave his correspondents an example of his skill as an artist. The hitherto unprinted one accompanying this article, may not be unacceptable,

apart from its æsthetic value. It was ostensibly sent to his friend William Evans, of the East India House, for the purpose of extra-illustrating Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

To conclude this discursive paper, Lamb students may be interested to learn that the author of a charming review of "The Last Essays of Elia" contributed to the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1835, was Hartley Coleridge. Whether Talfourd identified the author, whose review he characterised as "admirable," is not known.

SOME CHARLES LAMB RELICS.

BY MRS. G. A. ANDERSON.

WHEN, in May, 1833, Charles Lamb took a sudden resolution to go and live with Mary in Edmonton, at the house of Mrs. Walden (who was a mental nurse, and had looked after Mary in previous attacks), the brother and sister left behind them at Enfield two of their few remaining possessions. To Mrs. Westwood, with whom they had boarded since 1829, Mary presented a pair of silver candlesticks, "in acknowledgment" (I quote from the Prefatory Memoir in "A Literary Friendship") "of the care Mrs. Westwood took of her beloved brother during her sequestration."



Charles Lamb.

From a drawing by Maclise.

To young Tom Westwood, the intelligent, book-loving boy who afterwards wrote such delightful reminiscences of the Lambs in *Notes and Queries*, Charles gave a pastel portrait of his old schoolmistress, Mrs. Reynolds, taken in the hey-day of her youth—it depicts her with grey-blue eyes, dark hair, and dress of shimmery white; a contrast to the "elderly lady, formal, fair, and flaxen-wigged," as she is described by Thomas Hood. This lady, to whom Lamb, in the goodness of his heart, allowed a pension of £32 per annum, had died the previous year, the last of the old family friends who had known the Lambs in the days of Samuel Salt.

Both these relics of the Lambs have been carefully preserved by the Westwood family. Young Thomas Westwood went to Brussels in 1846, and married there a charming Belgian lady, Rosalie Emilia Deby. He lived until 1888, and his widow survived him until 1916. They left no children. The candlesticks and portrait remained in their country home at The Guldenburg, Boitsfort, through the whole period of the war, but most fortunately, although the house was occupied by the retreating German armies, the treasures were so carefully concealed that they escaped disaster, and have now been safely transferred to Manchester, where they are in the possession of a niece of Mrs. Rosalie Westwood, Mrs. Pattison Muir, who has kindly given permission for the relics to be photographed.

JOHN LAMB'S PICTURES.

Writing to Wordsworth on March 20th, 1822, Lamb says:

"Thank you for asking about the Pictures. Milton hangs over my fireside in Covt. Gard. (when I am there), the rest have been sold for an old song, wanting the eloquent tongue that should have set them off!"

Lamb is of course referring to the "choice collection" of pictures amassed by his brother John, who had died on October 26th of the previous year. The story of the Milton portrait (which is now in America) has been fully told by Mr. Lucas, but of the pictures which were sold no details have so far been forthcoming. If we look, however, at the only letter extant from Lamb to his sister-in-law (dated May 22nd, 1822) we find the remark, "Christie has not sent to me, and I suppose is in no hurry to settle the account. I think, in a day or two, if I do not hear from you to the contrary, I shall refresh his memory."

An inquiry at Christie's led to the discovery that on March 14th, 1822, was sold there

"A SMALL BUT VALUABLE COLLECTION OF

ITALIAN, FRENCH, FLEMISH, AND DUTCH

PICTURES,

THE GENUINE PROPERTY OF

JOHN LAMB, ESQ.,

Late of the South Sea House, deceased, well known for his love of the Fine Arts."

To give all the fifty-five lots would occupy too much space, but the following are some of the most noticeable:

S. ROSA	-	St. John baptizing our Saviour.
F. ZUCCARO	-	Portrait of Mary Queen of Scots and her son James.
CANALETTI	-	A View of St. Mark's Place at Venice; a gallery picture.
CLAUDE	-	A View of the Vatican; a gallery picture.

G. POUSSIN	-	A grand Landscape; engraved.
TITIAN	-	A Female Head; *small study*.
TITIAN	-	Susannah and the Elders; from Mr. Cosway's Collection.
SIR P. LELY	-	Portrait of Algernon Sidney.
D. TENIERS	-	Interior of a Guard House, with Soldiers playing at cards.
A. CARRACCI	-	Descent from the Cross; from Mr. Knight's Collection; engraved.
WOUWERMANS	-	A Village with a Horse Fair; *highly finished*.
W. V. DE VELDE	-	A Calm; a little beautiful picture, from Mr. Knight's Collection
TENIERS	-	The Triumphal Procession of Prince Leopold to Strasburg, with a multitude of figures.
MURILLO	-	Salvator Mundi; beautifully coloured.
V. DYCK	-	Christ's Victory over Sin; very elegantly and finely coloured.
DOMENICHINO	-	A Reposo in Egypt, with Romantic Scenery and Figures *Very elegant*.

If the pictures were as good as they sound in the catalogue, the dealers must have reaped a harvest that day. The portrait of Mary Queen of Scots and her son James, by Zuccaro, presumably a replica of the one in Draper's Hall, sold for £3 15s. Two Claudes for less than £9. Studies by Titian and Rubens £3 3s. apiece —total amount fetched, £336! Several of the more important pictures, however, failing to reach the reserve price, were returned to Mrs. Lamb. Amongst these was the "tender, pastoral Domenichino" ("is the ball of his sight more dear to him?").

Observe, the pictures were returned to Mrs. Lamb, and not to Charles, although by the wording of John's will everything was left to him. Here, it seems, we have another instance of John's aptitude for shifting his responsibilities on to the shoulders of his younger brother. Charles was in fact trustee, and not legatee. We have a hint from Crabb Robinson that John had irregular connections, who would have to be provided for, as well as his widow. Considering that when Charles himself died he left less than £1,500, we may feel fairly certain that the Milton he set such store by, was the sole legacy he actually received from his brother.

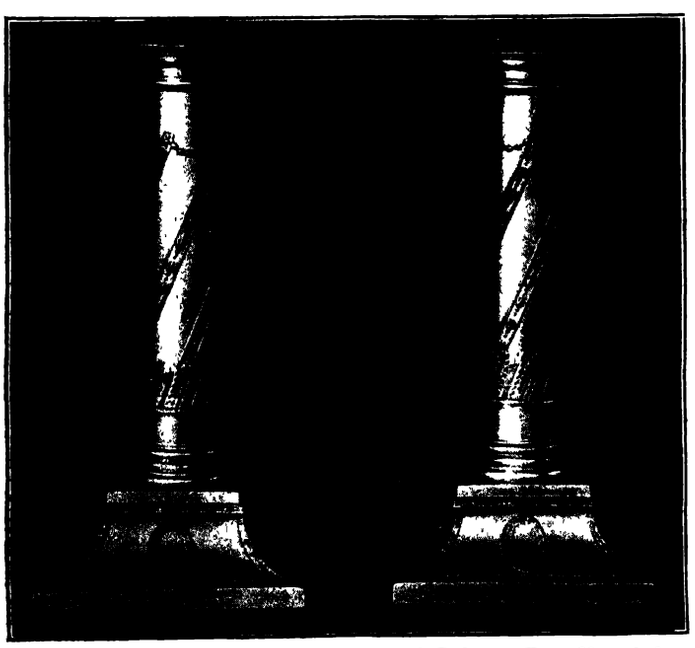


Photo by E. Vincent Ward, Manchester. **Pair of Silver Candlesticks,** once the property of Charles Lamb, and given by Mary Lamb in 1833 to Thomas Westwood's mother.



Photo by E. Vincent Ward, Manchester. **Portrait of Mrs. Reynolds which belonged to Thomas Westwood.**

On the back is inscribed: "Portrait of Charles Lamb's schoolmistress, given me by Charles Lamb when he left Enfield.—T. Westwood."

One picture of John's, not in Christie's catalogue, is mentioned by B. R. Haydon in a note to the entry in his diary for October 13th, 1828, describing the quarrel between John Lamb and Hazlitt.

He says:

"This was the Lamb who had a very curious original picture of Queen Elizabeth. He showed it privately, and by desire, to the Princess Charlotte. The moment she saw it, Her Royal Highness irreverently exclaimed: 'O Christ! What a fright!'"

It would be interesting if this picture could be traced; it does not appear to be in the catalogue of Queen Elizabeth portraits compiled by Freeman O'Donoghue.

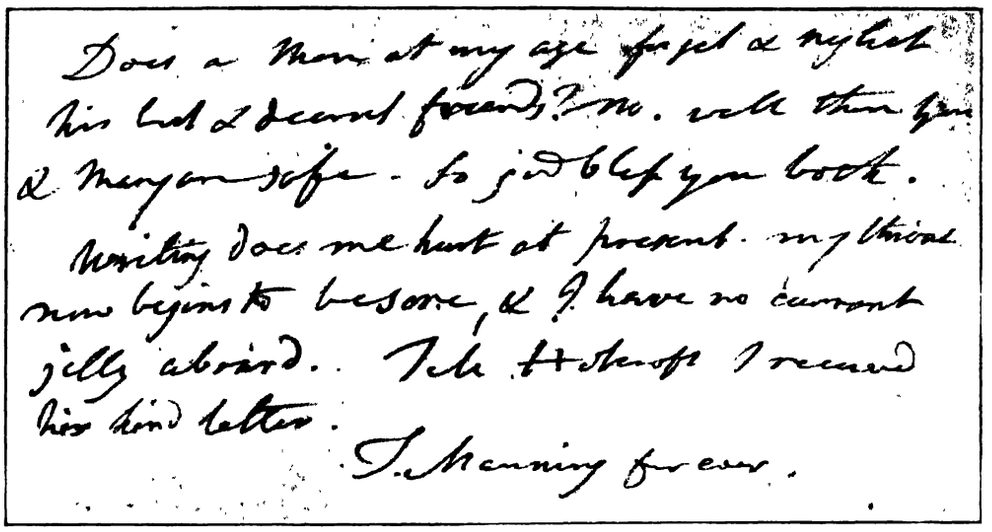
A LETTER FROM THOMAS MANNING TO LAMB.

It was a sad day for Lamb when Thomas Manning, who, after Coleridge, was the friend nearest to his heart, took his departure for Canton in May, 1806.

In December, 1804, Manning had been permitted by Napoleon to return to England, the first of the British prisoners of war in France to obtain this concession, and the following sixteen months had been spent by him between Cambridge and London, making the necessary preparations for his journey to China. The last half-year Manning was pretty constantly in London, studying medicine at the Westminster Hospital. "Manning's come to town in spectacles, and studies physic," writes Lamb to Hazlitt, November 10th, 1805. It was during this final period that he had a mould taken of his features, and was thus able to present a life-like bust of himself to his family and most intimate friends, as a parting memento. The Master of Caius, Dr. Martin Davy, was one of the recipients;

whether Lamb was another is a matter for conjecture. He certainly refers to a bust in his letter to Bernard Barton (autumn, 1827), but this may have been one of those modelled by his father, who (as Lamb says of Lovel) "moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration."

By the kind permission of the Rev. C. U. Manning, a photograph of what must be the most accurate likeness extant of his great-uncle is here reproduced. Manning's age at this date was thirty-three.



Facsimile of concluding lines of letter from Thomas Manning to Charles Lamb.

The fact that he and Manning had lately been more in each other's company than ever before, made it all the harder for Lamb when, on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 7th, Manning took his final departure from the Tavistock Hotel by coach (inside place) for Portsmouth. How keenly Lamb felt the parting is shown by the letter he sent after his friend, beginning "I didn't know what your going was till I shook a last fist with you, . . ."

Luckily Manning's ship, the *Thames* East Indiaman (on which, through the good offices of Sir Joseph Banks, the Directors of the E.I. Co. had given him a free passage), was delayed in sailing until the following Monday, so that he not only received Lamb's letter, but had time to write this reply, part of which is here given in facsimile:

Dated by post-mark,
May 12th, 1806.

DEAR LAMB,—

As we are not sailed yet, & I have a few minutes why should not I give you a line to say that I received your kind letter yesterday, & shall read it again before I have done with it. I am sorry I had not time to call on Mary—but I did not call even on my own father, & he's 70, & loves me like . . . a father.

I don't know that you can do anything for me at the India house—if you hear anything there about me, communicate it to Mr. Crabtree, 13 Newgate Street. . . .

I am not dead nor dying—some people go into Yorkshire for four years & never come to London all the while! I go to China. What's the difference to our London friends?

I am persuaded I shall come back and see more of you than I have ever been able—who knows but I may make a fortune & take you & Mary out a-riding in my coach. There's nobody has a prior claim to you, you may depend upon it—of course you know you must leave room for my little Chinese wife, because poor pipsey's feet are so small she can't walk you know!

Does a man at my age forget & neglect his best & dearest friends? No. Well then you & Mary are safe. —so God bless you both.

Writing does me hurt at present—my throat now begins to be sore, & I have no currant jelly aboard. Tell Holcroft I received his kind letter.

T. MANNING for ever.

(Sketch of a ship.) Monday Morning.

P.S.—1806.

Mr. Charles Lamb,
India house,
London.

Note in Lamb's writing: Received 13 May 1806."

Letters *to* Lamb are so seldom met with, owing to his habit of destroying his correspondence, that it will be good news to lovers of Elia to learn that a partial exception was made in favour of Manning, and that thirty letters from him to Lamb have been preserved, and will be published in Major Butterworth's forthcoming book of new Lamb matter.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.
JULY, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epigram in four lines of original verse on any public man.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE for the best lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Vera I. Arlett, of 5, Forest Road, Broadwater, Worthing, and Margaret Bardwell, of Quebec, Mundesley-on-Sea, Norfolk, for the following:

AFTER-LIFE.

If power be mine, for which I wait,
And all save dreams, obey my will,
O, never knock upon sleep's gate,
For dreaming, I should love you still.

If happiness may follow me,
To make a tearless joy my share,
O, haunt no far, faint memory,
Lest I should weep to find you there.

And if I die, seek not the grass
That grows between me and the day!
I could not bear you twice to pass
Over my heart, away—away.

VERA I ARLETT

WINDYDOWN HILL.

Stars by the roadside are white petalled daisies,
Gold in the meadows the buttercups spill:
Borne from the south, little breezes come playing,
Setting the wheat in an ecstasy swaying,
Singing and swaying on Windydown Hill.

Sweet sing the blackbirds, and sweeter the thrushes,
High in the heavens the glad skylarks trill:
Down from the blue comes a rhapsody falling
Over the meadows where cuckoos are calling,
Mocking and calling o'er Windydown Hill



Photo by Adolphus Lea, Ipswich.

Thomas Manning (1806).

From a bust in the possession of the Rev. C. U. Manning.

Droop your pale faces, sweet white petalled daisies,
Little soft whispering breezes—be still:
Hide your gay beauty, you golden gorse bushes,
Cease your wild singing, dear blackbirds and thrushes—
Lonely I'm walking on Windydown Hill!

MARGARET BARDWELL.

We also select for printing:

THE GLIMPSE.

There is a singing in my heart
Because I've seen my love to-day.
She did not speak nor smile at me,
She did not even look my way.
Yet now the skies that were so grey,
Are blue, and flecked with white-winged birds;
There is a singing in my heart
Because I've seen my love to-day.

(Myra Ford, Writers' Club, 10, Norfolk Street, W.C.2.)

WAYS OF SILENCE.

O Love! your grey eyes glimmer down the roadways of my heart,
The empty ways of silence where the tears of sorrow start.
Once there was echoing laughter,
And a lilt of words—and after
Just pain and burdened silence and a bitter after-smart.

We knew the sea's wild music once, and heard the storm-wind shout,
And Love leapt out and ran to you and folded you about.
. . . But there was pain and dying;
And now my love goes crying
Through clover-fields by tired seas before the stars rush out.

Oh! lift me into deathless joy, or lull my soul to sleep,
For I go stumbling through the dusk where many waters weep.
Lost in a mad endeavour,
The waves break blindly ever,
And comfortless and lonely goes the sobbing homeless deep.

Love! put your arms about me once, and give me—give me rest,
For all my pride is broken down and all my love confessed.
Lo! dawnless night is falling,
And winds and waves are calling
In moans of alien music as the shadows hide the west.

With you passed all dawn's strangeness and the sunset's mysteries,
And earth is full of muffled sobs and baffling silences.
The west grows dim and dimmer,
And still your grey eyes glimmer
Down roads where never a dawn-cry breaks, nor any laughter is.

(C. A. Renshaw, 112, Cowlishaw Road, Sharrow, Sheffield.)

We also specially commend the lyrics sent by Alice W. Linford (London, N.), Miss G. Gwyn (Bruges), Caroline Kershaw (Lincoln), Adrian Heard (Parkstone), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), Ruth Bevan (Bude) Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian), J. A. B. (Highgate), E. J. Poignard (Brighton), B. Richardson (St. Blazey), Eleanor Hibblethwaite (Wimbledon), Teresa Hooley (Derby), H. Ross (Hove), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), N. S. Sudhakar (Madras), Una Shaw (Singleton, N.S.W.), G. Pitt (London, N.), Winifred Jackson (Solihull), Beatrice Hopley (Goole), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), Leslie M. Priest (Norwich), Margaret Rivers Larminie (London, S.W.), John Peterson (Leith), Mary Yelland (Lincoln), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Paul White (Bradford), "Moonstone" (Liverpool), Eleanor S. Dalkin (Durham), Lona Norman (Windlesham), Archie L. Pearce (Sydenham), Edith Allen (Bristol), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), G. R. Faraday (Orleton).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to E. M. Capern, of 70, East Sheen Avenue, S.W.14, for the following:

PHILOSOPHY IN ACTION.

"How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine!
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine."
From the song "Clementine," by PERCY MONTROSE.

We also select for printing:

A TOUR IN A DONKEY CART. (The Bodley Head)
"And all excipt the Donkey was agreeable to go."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Legend of Evil.*

(Annie P. Pearson, 50, Savile Park Road, Halifax.)

SOCIAL ECONOMICS.
BY PROFESSOR J. HARRY JONES. (Methuen.)
"Come, live in my heart and pay no rent"
S. LOVER.

(Mrs. Monk, 5, King's Park Road, Bournemouth.)

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES. BY DAVID LYALL. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"I can't get one old crony now
To join me in a spree."
H. G. BELL, *The Bachelor's Lament.*

(H. J. Norton, Lansmere, Leamington Spa.)

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS. BY JOHN RUSSELL. (Thornton Butterworth.)
"I do not without danger walk these streets."
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night, III*, 3.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best appreciation of the music of any living British composer is awarded to Arthur J. Dobson, of 6, Well Close View, Leeds, for the following:

DR. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Folksongs are the wild flowers of music, and our most typical composer has gathered them into fragrant bouquets, adding choice blooms in his own terse themes.

The haunting opening of "A Norfolk Rhapsody" gives the hazy width of sun-lit horizons. His beloved shanties from King's Lynn wake to new life in fresh, unextravagant harmonies. He has fused the dignity of Cambridge culture into the common lilts of lane and shore.

Nobody but Williams could express the spirit of London in a Symphony scented with the Lavender cry. A master of orchestration, he dares to end three of its movements pianissimo. Voices join instruments in the "Sea" Symphony to conjure the magic of the deep: his tune, "For all the saints," envisages the glassy sea. His music is as the "tang" and sparkle of cider rather than the heady wines of Europe. Too ascetic to argue, his Muse speaks inevitably.

We specially commend the replies by Victor S. Pritchett (Paris), M. C. Smyth (Bournemuth), Barbara Drummond (Winchester), Dorothea Hussey (Godalming), A. Y. Stewart (Bearsden), C. H. Beard (Swansea), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), B. Surtees (Hove).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Eric N. Simons, of Carlton Lodge, Endcliffe Terrace Road, Sheffield, for the following:

THE SALVAGING OF CIVILISATION.
BY H. G. WELLS. (Cassell.)

From the deceptive calm of his study, Mr. Wells looks out upon a world seamed and slashed with recent conflict, faint from loss of blood, but with hand still obstinately resting on the sword-hilt. The confident optimism of former books has vanished. Page after page reveals the author's dread of a final cataclysm in which Humanity, with all its greatness and achievement, will perish. Passionately, therefore, and with almost painful urgency, he pleads for world-law, world-peace, a new Bible, and education freed from limiting traditions. With these weapons civilisation may conquer its weaknesses. Without them, self-destruction through war is inevitable.

We also select for printing:

THE DRAGON IN SHALLOW WATERS.
BY V. SACKVILLE-WEST. (Collins.)

This strange, powerful book might almost have come from the pen of Emily Brontë, so boldly drawn are the characters of the "black Denes"—one blind from birth, the other deaf and dumb—against the skilfully sketched background of the desolate fen country. Silas Dene, with his unusual mental powers and his colossal egotism, striving to assert himself against his blindness and helplessness by sudden acts of violence and cruelty, yet baffled by a jealously hidden streak of weakness within, is an arresting figure: scarcely less so the silent Gregory, brooding watchfully over the actions of his young wife.

(B. Noël Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

We specially commend the reviews sent by Frederick Willmer (Ramsey, Isle of Man), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Alan C. Fraser (Ramsgate), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), Aileen N. L. Parker (London, W.), Miss J. A Jenkins (Liverpool), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), C. M. Young (Battersea Park), J. B. Harrison (Amersham), Miss L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Miss P. E. Bentley (Halifax), Katherine J. Wood (Birmingham), Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), C. M. Baker (Olton), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss B. M. Beard, Waldernheath, Cornwall Road, Harrogate.

LORD DUNSANY.

By C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE march of the suburbs, the victory of the factories, the growth of those systems, utilitarian, commercial, material, which feed the pocket and often starve the heart, render it necessary more and more that the imagination should have fuller, wider play in art, in sympathy, in life. The world has fallen into sad and sordid ways. Now and then in history a man has arisen to break the crusts of convention and re-establish principles and a new ideal, bringing back, as it were, the reflection of the stars to our gutters; but where now is that pioneer, reformer, idealist? The thing called progress, the dark blessing known as prosperity, veils and clouds the world; and humanity spends its opportunity in admiring dross and drivel.

It is therefore right that we should be grateful to Lord Dunsany and to such others as he who, amid the welter of this costermonger hustle, see something of the truths beyond the sunset and remind us of them in prose or poetry worthy of the theme. For surely, after sympathy, imagination is the quality most necessary to our condition. Dunsany touches topmost things. In his vital dreams he wanders among the stars, stands with triumph often at the very Edge of the World, where "gluttering" beasts in haunted cavities frown

and granite cliffs tower, threatening to overturn, yet ever enduring—"linked with a multitude of wayward stairs." The very extremity of this dreaming, its ever-desperate endeavour to comprehend infinity from the brink of the ultimate, is in truth a vehement protest against the sordid worldliness of a groping mankind.

Lord Dunsany's work, whether expressed through essay-form, true narrative (as in "Unhappy Far-Off Things"), or in fable, parable or play, is throughout distinctively his. Other writers in prose and verse have attained similar heights, have as surely recognised the irony of human ambition under the splendid indifference of eternity, have also heard some whispering of the laughter of the gods. Tomlinson, Omar, "The Ancient Mariner," "Thirza," "The Opium-Eater"—it needs no more than a hurried handful of memorable names to prove that Lord Dunsany's particular form of the ironic imagination, raising up mockery on immortal wings, has been shared by several. But other writers have won to these heights only sometimes. It has been one aspect only of their work. All Dunsany's endeavours, however, belong to this especial group; and, strangely, the only comparison to himself is to be found in his colleague, Mr. Sime, whose genius—that right word—places him at the absolute forefront of artists in ironic imagination and the perfection of black-and-white. For such work as Mr. Sime has given and still can give us we ought to go down thankfully on humble knees, hoping for more and much more from his inspired pencil.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Lord Dunsany.**

As is to be expected, considering its challenge, Lord Dunsany's work is uneven. As a whole it is true to an exalted standard, and is deeply touched with the subtle, rare humour that holds a secret pity; but sometimes the vision threatens to overtopple, though never does it positively overtopple, or fall to the ludicrous. He is best in his short things, as in the two "Books of Wonder" and the "Fifty-One Tales," as well as in the volumes of Plays. Brevity and variety are his safeguards; the good fairies that prevent his falling to bathos and tediousness. For Eternity, his province, while stimulating to the imagination and helpfully awful to the heart, is indeed a gaping opportunity to boredom. "The Gods of Pegana" and "Time and the Gods," leaving aside the wonderful drawings of Mr. Sime, are so determinately exalted—those deities among the mountains are far removed from the human—and so successfully resist the tendency to be natural, that reading them makes them seem like a new pagan service all litany; one shares the wish of the nicely-naughty child who declared that rather than go to the orthodox joys of heaven she would prefer having the little devils to play with. When irony is oversustained it loses its effect; when the imagination rises to, and remains at, heights beyond the range of human sympathy it becomes very like a goose with laboured wings flying over a wilderness. Beauty, wit, immortality, are divorced from their estate. And that is all that need be said of the defects of Lord Dunsany's great qualities.

How good those qualities are! No one can tell a tale more deftly; no one has a greater sense of the sufficiency and economy of words. His parables and tales are a mosaic in which the right verbal colouring is generally aptly, exactly used. He is fond of the quest of stolen jewels, with the inevitable hunter following on and on, through valleys and over mountains, along dizzy precipices and up dazzling heights; until the divine vengeance leaps and the mortal life is spilled to the tune of shadowy mirth. If it is not a great jewel stolen it is something else of an equal mystic quality, as the contents of the golden box "conveyed" by the three literary men, Slith and Slorg and Sippy, which contained "fifteen peerless odes in the alcaic form, five sonnets that were by far the most beautiful in the world, nine ballads in the manner of Provence that had no equal in the treasuries of man, a poem addressed to a moth in twenty-eight perfect stanzas, a piece of blank verse of over a hundred lines on a level not yet known to have been attained by man, as well as fifteen lyrics on which no merchant would dare to set a price." Whatever may be the treasures in his tales which tempt the dishonest heart, be sure there is an ironic vengeance inevitably following. The best example of this favourite subject of Lord Dunsany is found in his play, "A Night at an Inn," wherein four merchant-sailors, having stolen the solitary ruby eye of the idol Klesh, are dogged by three priests who, despite dodging, hiding and subterfuge, follow infallibly the thief who holds the jewel. The robbers, led by a broken "toff" with brains and foresight, at this desperate juncture hire an inn in a wood, purposing to entrap and murder their pursuers. The plot is successful. The priests are tricked and slain; and then—then, when victory is won, the ominous tramping of heavy feet is heard, and Klesh himself comes in. The monstrous idol, groping, finds his eye, restores it to his forehead and then goes out, to call the murderers one by one to their doom. The play has humour, insight and the surprise which brings the thrill. Its very grotesquerie enhances the verisimilitude.

With all Lord Dunsany's predilection for the supernatural and supernormal; for those mighty powers, Time and Death, with Pan, the Sphinx, elaborate idols,

rattling dragons, and the infinite deities of his own creation, he manages even in his lofty flights generally to remain in touch with humanity. He recognises towns and the factory system as the institutions they are—horribly destructive to beauty and the kindnesses of life; though he also sees the assured finality even of enormities. We are given a glimpse of Pan reproving the flowers and saying, "Be patient a little, these things are not for long." He brings this truth further home by his sketches of, and references to London. This facet of his irony finds happy play in "A Tale of London," wherein the hasheesh-eater, sitting cross-legged upon a purple cushion before his Sultan, blinked seven times and described London with its golden balconies, and sand-strewn alabaster ways, lighted with lanterns of chrysoprase; its Thames bearing ships with violet sails, bringing incense for the braziers that perfume the streets, silver for the statues of heroes, sapphires to reward their poets. . . . If only our county councillors would read this gentle satire, and our members of Parliament study Gibbon!

To choose the happiest story and the best from such an abundant treasury is a task for the hero of a fairy-tale; but three I must mention, for they have the highest qualities of imagination, humour and that sweet essential, wistful pathos. "The Wonderful Window" belonged to Mr. Sladden, who bought from a strange man in the street a little window in old wood with small panes set in lead. Sladden fastened the window over a small cupboard in his poor bed-sitting-room and found that he could see through the window an ancient city with towers, archers and troubadours, and many little flags showing golden dragons on a silver field. Every hour that he could spare from business he spent at his magic window, watching the people in the wonderful city; until one day enemies appeared, fighting resulted in the streets and the invaders were winning, when Sladden, to help the good cause, seized his poker, smashed the window and—its vision was gone! Nothing was left to him but his business, which is a parable to us. Another outstanding tale is the strange record of Captain Shard, the bluggy pirate who, surrounded by enemies on the sea, fixed wheels to the bottom of his ship and—yo-ho-ho! and a bottle of rum!—sailed away to safety on the dry land, traversing the African desert and winning escape—to be spent eventually with a lovely queen on a floating island—to the profitable sea. "Thirteen at Table," the third of these gems, or plums, or what-you-please-to-call-'em, is one of the best ghost-tales put into printer's ink. A huntsman, after a vigorous chase, rides far, very far, and comes to a strange house in a neglected park, where he demands and, after hesitancy, receives shelter. His host, a recluse, confessed to having lived a wicked life. As the men talked the door opened again and again, when the carpet and the hangings flapped from the draught; but no one seemed entering, though always the guest was introduced by his host to a new invisible—to eleven women. And so they dined thirteen at table, two men and the others ghosts. . . . And that is enough for this telling.

Lord Dunsany is a hope in British literature, a necessary influence against the commonplaces of popular fiction. Until "If" took the town by storm at the Ambassador's, a month ago, he cannot have received much encouragement for his work; but I hope he will take this tribute as an appeal to continue his star-strewn and deity-haunted ways; for the world badly needs imagination, irony and sympathy such as his.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

Born 8th July, 1621.

By Eugene Mason.

THE long reign of Louis the 14th included the classical age of French literature. That reign, in many of its phases, was the zenith of monarchical glory. It expressed itself in deeds of arms, in policy, and in courtly ceremonial, and it culminated in the mad magnificence of Versailles. The noble rhetoric of Racine and of Bossuet seems peculiarly appropriate to so pompous a period, and it is strange that the most charming and entertaining figure amongst these eminent personages should prove the improvident and irresponsible *bonhomme* who ran lightly up the steps of the Academy with a slender volume of Fables and Apologues in his hand.

Jean de La Fontaine—the tercentenary of whose birth is observed on July 8th—was born of middle-class parents at Chateau-Thierry in Champagne. He was educated in the picturesque little town, and later in life became an honoured guest at the château which stood upon the hill. His first intention was to take holy orders, but after sixteen months residence in seminaries, his superiors decided that he had no vocation for the priesthood. He then turned to law and became a barrister, so that in due course he should succeed to his father's office as Controller of Waters and Forests. But his heart was as little concerned with law as with theology. He sauntered through ten happy years at Chateau-Thierry, dreaming, observing nature, studying old French literature, and falling in and out of love with an equal facility. This was an excellent preparation for his future work, but not conducive to worldly prosperity. Absence of mind became his ruling passion, or, at least, a settled habit. If he rode on the business of his office to Paris, it was odds but he lost his saddle bag, stuffed with documents, whilst absorbed in the weaving of rhymes. When received by *Le Roi Soleil* he forgot the book of verses he was to proffer his august patron; and more inexcusably, left behind him the purse of gold which was the monarch's gift in return. He contrived to forget even that he was wedded to a wife. La Fontaine's parents had married him early to a pretty girl of fourteen, but his duties as a husband and father sat lightly enough upon him. He saw his wife as seldom as possible, and did not recognise his son when chancing upon him unawares. The lady,

The Bookman



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apparently, was literary and a trifle coquettish, and two of a trade in one house seldom agree. La Fontaine preferred literary ladies away from home. He frequented a *salon* where the hostess was both pretty and a charming writer of verse. The guest appreciated either quality equally. At last an unobtrusive husband in the background died, whilst the flow of poetry unaccountably ceased. Before dying, however, he had considerately composed obituary verses for his widow to pen; but when the fraud was discovered, not even the lady's comeliness sufficed to temper La Fontaine's resentment.



Jean de La Fontaine.

La Fontaine went to Paris, and embarked on the necessary business of finding a patron. He was fortunate enough to recommend himself to Fouquet, the Superintendent of Finance, and received from him a pension, in consideration, apparently, of the writing of certain poems. This, characteristically enough, he failed to do, for task work was abhorrent to him. When the minister fell into disgrace, our neglectful poet showed considerable moral courage by inditing epistles in verse beseeching for him the clemency of the king. He even shared his patron's exile. But if one door shut, another opened, and throughout a long life La Fontaine was never to be without powerful protectors and friends. In the house of one great lady he was destined to find a home for some twenty years. Moreover, he had become a member of a group of famous writers which included Boileau, Racine and Molière. With these eminent men he lived in lifelong affection, for, although an inconstant lover, he yet possessed a genius for friendship. In their congenial company the sunny nature of La Fontaine opened like a flower. Awkward and distrait in general society—reserving, like Goldsmith, his grace and wit for literary purposes—with them he was neither silent nor aloof. In addition he was steadily at work on that collection of *Contes*, drawn from various sources, which was soon to secure him so large and so various an audience. These poems were read first by their author in the fashionable drawing-rooms he frequented, to a circle feminine and cultured, but certainly far from squeamish Several volumes of such tales were published at various dates, and were widely enjoyed, for there was that in them to gratify every taste. La Fontaine deprecated the scandal, and excused his audacities, by suggesting that these latter were essential to a short story. Certainly such qualities were explicit enough in the old French and Italian authors from whom he derived. But who could resist stories told with such gaiety, with such measure, economy and grace. A trifle heavy they might seem in getting under weigh, but, once started, how smoothly the ship proceeded on its voyage, and with what distinction it cast anchor in the destined port. The ease of the versification is as remarkable as the conduct of the narrative. The rhythm has nothing of the stiff formality we associate with its period, but is modern in its freedom and movement, the metre varying with the theme and with the emotion expressed.

Astonishing as is the volume entitled "Contes et Nouvelles," it yet does not constitute its author's true title to immortality, and this is convincing testimony to his poetic genius. That distinction is reserved for the famous "Fables." It seems odd that the debonair narrator of salacious stories should have produced as his masterpiece a book of fables which all French children learn from their mothers' lips—a book which furnishes the language with a fund of proverbs, and is not only the delight of childhood, but of the most sophisticated old age. These short swallow-flights of narrative suited exactly La Fontaine's genius. They are exquisitely finished with the art that removes all traces of labour, for, indolent in everything else, he applied a sensitive conscience to poetry rather than to life. A wide vocabulary, enriched and coloured by intimacy with mediæval French literature, increases the pleasure of any reader of these familiar apologues. La Fontaine made no pretence of originality, but took his goods as he found them, and just as he had laid Rabelais and Boccaccio under contribution for his narratives, so for his fables he returned to Æsop himself.

These incomparable poems rightly procured La Fontaine the honour of admission to the Academy. Louis the 14th, in the unaccustomed rôle of moralist, postponed his reception. The king appreciated neither "the ridiculous trifles" of Teniers, nor those of La Fontaine, and only assented to his admission on the feather-head formally promising to be *sage*. The leopard cannot change his spots, and the discretion of the fabulist's old age strongly resembled the wild oats of another's youth. But he piously censured the narratives which had scandalised so many, and died on April 13th, 1695, quite peacefully, supported by the consolations of the religion he had never denied. "Do not worry him," said the nurse to the priest who did his duty with a fine excess, "do not worry him; he is only a child." This youngster of a larger growth died at the ripe age of seventy-three years. He was a genius who never grew up; and if his sins were those of a man, his heart was that of a child.

New Books.

THE IMPOTENCE OF MAN.*

Let me begin by saying that I am one of Mr. Wells's most sincere admirers; that I have read everything of his I could find since the day I encountered an article called "The Subtle Examinee" in an educational paper he has doubtless long since forgotten; that the present volume is as rich as any former work of his in vigour, vision and valiance; and that no person can be called sane or intelligent who has not reflected seriously on the questions it raises. That premised, I will then confess that I have read these exhortations and admonitions with a sense of their appalling futility. Who will be the better for a single page of them? The author himself, I hope, in purse and conscience; but who else? I look out of my high tenement window at the long stretch of the river sweeping away into the distance and I seem to see in the foreground Mr. Wells standing on the bridge and passionately pouring bottle after bottle of Richebourg into the unheeding and unmitigated waters. The wisdom of Mr. Wells is of as rich a vintage as the wine; but the flood carries it all away, and not a trace of its virtue remains. It is not Mr. Wells who is wrong; it is we who are incorrigible and unteachable. What has mankind ever learned from anybody or anything since the first syllable of recorded time? We have had royal reformers like Ahknaton, royal visionaries like Buddha, we have had Plato and Aristotle and Moses and the Prophets. Saints and martyrs have testified and died, and they have died in vain; for if a new Joan of Arc arose we should do to her to-day whatever is the modern equivalent to roasting her alive, with Church and State consenting unto her death. The nineteenth century, the century of our fathers, was thick with prophecy and warning, some of which is read (for its prose style) even unto this day; and in our own time we have had not only prophecy and warning, but awful and shattering example. We have lived through the horrors of warfare, material and spiritual, visible and invisible. We have seen the utter failure of all human government, all forms of diplomacy, all names and varieties of leadership. Wide as the world we have seen inscribed in letters of blood and fire the condemnation of all our polities. We have seen and known all that; and can anyone show me a single point in which mankind has profited by the lesson of its unchallengeable, stupendous failure? Can anyone show me a single respect in which this country is the better for the war? Neither Mr. Wells nor anybody else can do anything for a race that shuts its eyes and stops its ears and deliberately seeks its own damnation.

Mr. Wells enlarges here upon the enormous increase in man's power over material things. What seems to me the world's central tragedy is not the power of man but the impotence of man, the pitiful, desolating impotence of man. Consider. How many people wanted the war? How many people really wanted cities destroyed, culture annihilated, men blinded, maimed, blown to pieces, poisoned with gas, sucked down to a horrible death in liquid mud—all this, and more, for the space of several years. The world's millions did not want any of this vileness, but, millions as they were, they could neither prevent its beginning nor stop its progress. How many people in England really want to see Ireland the shameful spectacle of treason that prospers and treason that doesn't, of slaughter and counter-slaughter, of murder and destruction wantonly committed by national fanatics, and murder and destruction deliberately committed by authority in your name and mine? The majority of us want nothing of the sort, and yet we are powerless to prevent it or stop it. How many people really want the abominable traffic in old horses to continue? Are we not, all of us, sick with shame and horror at its malignant wickedness? Yet we cannot stop it. A long procession of tortured animals crawls on before our protesting and helpless eyes, and we can do nothing. That is what I mean by the impotence of man. The world's history is the record of little else. The woes of the world are caused, not by any implacable deity or blind natural forces, but by man's own impotence before man's own vileness. Man has conquered much. He can soar above the clouds and travel beneath the waters; but he has never conquered his own enslaving spirit of wickedness and boundless stupidity.

Mr. Wells has an interesting proposal here for a new "Bible of Civilisation," and I hope some publisher has already commissioned him to prepare it. I hope—but I pause and ask, What is the use? What good has the old Bible been to us? We made a fetish of it, and a book of magic, and a code of justification for all sorts of iniquity. It is an old Bible, but it contains a new Testament. Open it almost anywhere and you read such sentences as these:

"He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone."

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

"On earth, peace, good will towards men."

Even in the old Bible we find "Thou shalt not steal" and "Thou shalt not kill." What more can any new Bible tell us? Are not all these sayings still extant and still valid? Yet what effect have they on the deeds we do or permit to be done in our name?

In the old Bible you may read the story of Dives and Lazarus—of the rich man in hell and the poor man in Abraham's bosom. That story certainly needs re-writing, for Dives has now become Super-Dives, and has bought up heaven as he buys up governments and newspapers—as he buys truth to suppress and falsehood to disseminate. Dives is master of the world, and—this is the whole point—he always has been master of the world, whether called Great King in Persia, Great Mogul in India, Grand Monarque in France, Great Railway King in America, or Great Shipowner in England. Millionaire is only monarch in modern spelling. The one difference between old times and ours is not in our favour. Anciently Dives had duties as well as riches; now he has only rights and privileges. Once we set up an idol called Moloch and offered our children to it; now we call the idol Economic Law and sacrifice our children just as zealously.

Such is the outline of human history as I see it, and I ask the author of "The Outline of History" to say plainly whether the story told in that book encourages him to hope much from the warnings contained in this one? He may talk as wisely as he will about constructive patriotism; the patriots of destruction will always be able to shout him down. The one central, persistent fact of history is that it is more profitable to be a destroyer than a creator, and there is, at the moment, not the least indication that the story will ever be different. So we must consider, each as we will, whether it is better to hope for a new direction in human evolution, or to wait for some kindly comet to blot out for ever this whirling speck of iniquity that sullies the vast purity of space.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Salvaging of Civilization." By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

AN ACADEMY AND A HALF.*

Disparaging things were said the other day in oracular quarters concerning "books about books," but they left the question much as it was before. Whether these satisfy the utilitarian purpose or not, or fail to raise the spirits of

* "Authors and I." By C. Lewis Hind. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

dejected deans, they certainly answer to a definite demand, and that is for writing which shall bring us down from what Scott called " the big bow-wow style " to the level of pipes and gossip. Even serious-minded men do well to remember that we are not always equal to the organ strains of Milton or the sphere-music of Shelley ; and it is in the other mood, when we are like the vicar and " tired of being always wise," that we can best appreciate the lighter fare of good conversation about the authors of our choice It is in this vein of relaxation that Mr. Lewis Hind has written these chapters of recollection concerning authors he has known with more or less intimacy since the seven interesting years when he used to edit the *Academy*. It would be hard to single out the writers of his predilection ; he has none apparently. Impersonal he can hardly be in a book which tells you his private adventures among some sixty authors and their works, but he comes as near impartiality as possible, and clinches the effect by giving them a chapter apiece arranged in the order of their initials, from Henry Adams to W. B. Yeats. Then and not till then Mr. Hind reveals what collectors call the " provenance " of the book. It was written in weekly chapters for the book page of an American paper, and because he was three thousand miles away from his own stock of books, he drew on the resources of local public libraries and found them equal to the strain, wherever he was. Think of a man having the " complete works " of a given author dumped down upon his mat at call and a slight expense, and you will wonder why critics in the States refrain from writing a causerie on some unfortunate author every week for recreation.

The point is that few of them could give the reader, as Mr. Hind does, the sense of contact. It cannot be said that any of the things he tells us about these sixty immortals will prompt their biographers to cancel what they have written or begin revising. But when he writes of the stiffness and aloofness of Stephen Phillips (" like a Roman emperor on a coin "), or recalls the first platform performances of G. B. S. (a " Pan-like, mustardy-grey figure . . . lanky, springing, alert, penetrating, but never angry ") he does etch us a portrait in a few satisfying touches and brings back the zest and wonder of our London of a generation or more ago Sometimes one wonders whether the unexpectedness he occasionally achieves is the result of uncertainty in his material so much as an absence of proportion, or whether an author's fate is to go short of Mr Hind's approval according to the measure with which he has attained success. Thus we get Mr. Kipling drawn as a " prowler about the streets " ; Sir J. M. Barrie " crept about the purlieus " of a tea-party ; and Mr. Conrad dug his hands in the sands of Hythe while he talked broken English about the English he would some day glorify. It is not ungracious, perhaps, to say that looking back upon so many light, allusive, anecdotal passages, one of the best is Mr. Hind's account of himself as an author, or rather his first amusing venture into print in covers. So his title is not without a certain sparkle in the " I."

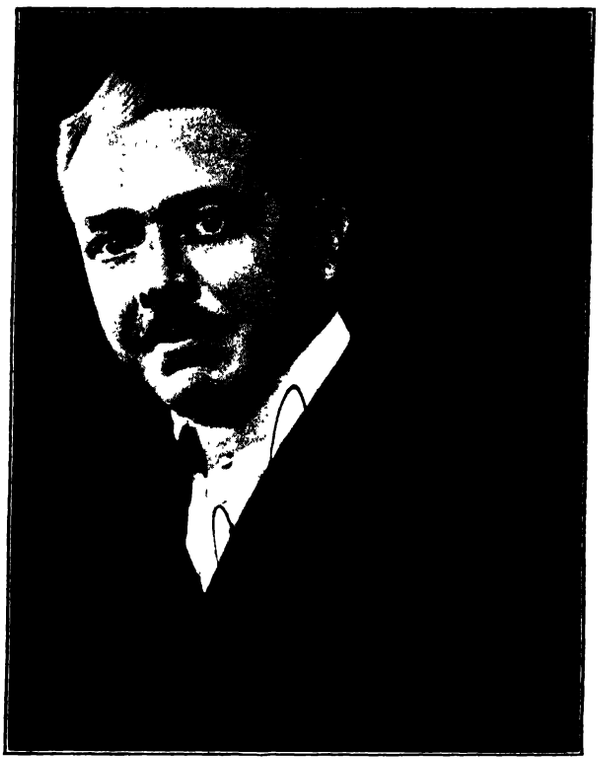
J. P. C.

WOMEN'S WAYS.*

A novel by Miss Macaulay is always an event, though sometimes rather a tantalising event. One opens one of her books with a certainty of finding a number of witty and telling phrases which make one chuckle ; one is apt to put it down with the feeling that the author is capable of more than phrases and has let her skill in them lead her away. It is therefore a great pleasure to find this apprehension unjustified in " Dangerous Ages."[1] The witty turns are there and give a sudden and unexpected tang to the end of a chapter or an episode. But the author is not so much occupied with them as with her subject, which is as it should be. The theme of the story is a study of what a particular group of people grading up to and over middle age are making of life. The most obviously middle-aged—the mother of married daughters—is making a very poor thing of it. She whines incessantly at the past for being past, and at every one to come and help her carry the burden of her life. Grandmother has made a fair thing of it, at least carrying her own burden and retaining tolerance for the small absurdities of mankind. The granddaughter who renounces marriage makes a serene and helpful thing of it. (Miss Macaulay appears to have a secret, unexpressed " down " on marriage) The other sister, who can neither make her mind up to marry or to reject marriage, makes a misfit of it. The fidelity of the faithful lover she had decided to settle down with suddenly uses up, and he falls in love with her niece. The main figure of the story, Neville, the mother of this said niece, determines at any rate not to let her mind go to seed like her own mother's, strives hard to recover the intellectual interests of her youth, finds her intellectual energy gone, and realises that as her time has been given to the service of others, the service of others will be her job to the end. There are curious lacunæ in Miss Macaulay's perceptions here. It does not seem to occur to her that the husband of a middle-aged woman will probably also be middle-aged and in need of her help in facing the grey close of life. But, taken as a whole, " Dangerous Ages " is masterly, provided it is considered as a study of character and not as a story.

There is always a place, we imagine, for the totally, delightfully improbable. And every girl who ever indulged in day-dreaming has probably seen herself as a counterpart of Jenny (" The Garment of Gold "[2]), full of innocent fun, no harm in her, marvellously beautiful and able to take the town by storm with her singing, without, so far as one can make out, practising a single scale. Is she short of money in London ? Behold, her childhood's friend and lover sends her £5 surreptitiously through the post. Is she kidnapped and made to sing in a café chantant in Paris ? Her long-lost father turns up, hears her sing " Home, Sweet Home," and promptly rescues her. And just as you are beginning to fear that the stage may take her away from the same childhood's lover, her constitution gives way, the doctor forbids any more singing and so all ends in wedding bells. The childhood's lover, by the way, is the local vicar. It is all very harmless and ten thousand miles away from anything like life.

* [1] " Dangerous Ages." By Rose Macaulay. 8s. 6d. (Collins.) —[2] " The Garment of Gold." By Oliver Sandys. 8s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)—[3] " The Glorious Hope." By Jane Burr. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth)—[4] " The Great Way." By Horace Fish. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)



Mr. John Russell,

whose brilliant short stories, " Where the Pavement Ends " (Thornton Butterworth), went into a second edition the day of publication and is now in its fourth.

Some of the books that come to us from America incline us to wonder whether there is in that country any conception of artistic success. Story after story reaches us of which the only criterion of success in any field is dollars. It would seem to bear out the ill-natured portrayal of the United States as incapable of assessing matters any other way. This financial foot-rule is what spoils " The Glorious Hope."[3] It begins well. The portrait of the shy, precise, well brought up, fastidious Eve, plunged suddenly into a world assiduously and rather vulgarly Bohemian, kind, comradely, and very preoccupied with its work, is well described. So are the relations of Eve with her husband Stanley. They love each other, they believe in each other, and they have a quite disastrous effect on each other. Stanley gets in the habit of discussing with his wife what he is going to do and paint instead of painting it. He finds himself relying on her to see him through a tight place instead of making the necessary effort to get himself out. And she gets so disheartened with the constant and useless effort to keep him going that she loses all capacity for original work of her own. So she runs away from him and sets up a typewriting office. From typewriting she takes to producing plays, and here the money begins to pour in with a fatiguing profusion that makes it nearly impossible to take any real interest in Eve any more. She is wooed and won by a rather featureless " good husband," and she comes across Stanley, whom she has divorced in the meantime, married to an adoring, philoprogenitive, little Frenchwoman, who neither understands nor appreciates his art (he is still a painter), but, secure in the conviction that he is perfectly wonderful, proceeds to provide a family for him to provide for. In an instant the old situation reproduces itself. They adore each other, and at once they begin to quarrel. At once Stanley begins to say, " I have worked enough. You are the only woman that really interests me. Let us go away together." Eve, on her side, finds herself getting absorbed in him and bolts in absolute terror. All this is well studied and well told. But the monotonous and unvaried course of the theatrical successes of Eve and her friends, all of whom are geniuses and all of whom get immediately rich, is frankly rather wearisome and sordid.

" The Great Way "[4] is in many ways a remarkable book It would be a better one if the author had never heard of Henry James, for he writes his elaborate, overloaded sentences and makes at times very laborious reading. The story is of a street girl who suddenly falls in love with one of her customers and realises she has been " trafficking in God." The lover leaves her, but she makes up her mind never to frequent the " Trudge market," as she calls it, again, but to pay her debt to " society " in some more honest work. In the end she becomes an opera-singer of the pre-eminence novel heroines always achieve, cherishing in her heart a hope that she may meet her " caballero of the moon " again. When she does she finds him married to a girl who had befriended her. The story would have been better if it had ended here. There follows a rather incoherent interview at the top of a mountain, whither she had gone to kill herself. In spite of a good deal of incoherent writing and some uncertainty of aim, " The Great Way " must be considered as well worth reading with a little judicious skipping. There are several remarkable scenes in it. The greatest weakness is the want of unity between the gaily mendacious little *cocotte* of the beginning and the great artist later in the book. The character is not continuously conceived.

L. MASTERMAN.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Mr. Gosse abridging himself to the severe limits of a weekly newspaper column is a spectacle to be compared with the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity ; and it is the chief praise of his latest volume, " Books on the Table,"* that signs of the struggle are abundant. A writer of small knowledge, vague opinions, faint preferences and few antipathies would find little hardship in the weekly restriction, nor would his readers have cause to lament it ; but Mr. Gosse must have fretted, and I know he has given readers cause to lament. Pigmy children of the pen, is his phrase for these forty ten-minute sermons, and there is a touch of humour in the phrase which forbids your regarding it as part of an apology. Such a succession of papers on current literature is an approximation to a critical record of the literary movement in which we are unconsciously involved, and thus may have a real value for those who wish to notice the way of the wind, as well as for those who merely want to know what the critic thinks of Mrs. Asquith's reminiscences, or Mr. Maurice Hewlett's essays. But it cannot be more than a very inadequate record, since many of the subjects are too large for a single hasty column, and Mr. Gosse is always too full a writer to be exhausted in a single column. Thus his article on Mr. Doughty's " Mansoul " is the beginning of a useful study of a singular, powerful and irregular genius ; but had he " but space enough and time " Mr. Gosse might have made it much more than a beginning and shewn the significance of this poet's deliberate rejection of the poetical achievement of three centuries, and his return to Spenser and Chaucer as masters of a simpler and larger movement than the post-Victorian. What he says of Mr. Doughty's faults is worth saying and worth discussing, but so much is left unsaid that is at least as well worth saying that I nourish the warmest resentment against the editor of the *Sunday Times* who has robbed me of the chance of hearing Mr. Gosse upon the less obvious aspects of our only English epic poet of modern times.

It is precisely because he says his little so well that I wish him to say it more fully. The long, yet incomplete, list of critical and biographical works which is printed in this volume, and my own remembrance of reading some of them twenty years ago, form a reminder of the breadth of his literary interests and his union of sensitiveness with knowledge ; and one other work, " Father and Son," is a reminder of the humanity of his interests, that book being a singularly happy addition to the too-meagre literature of autobiography in the English tongue. And the dedication of the present volume to Mr. George Moore, his " friend of forty years," is a reminder once again that Edmund Gosse's concern has not been merely with ancient eminences but also with contemporary spirits ; and just as he has touched other literatures than English, so he has touched other periods than the past, and does not live an alien in his own time and country. Excellently, then, is he equipped for this weekly chronicling of literary innovations and revisitings, but no less complete is his equipment for a harder and higher task. Hence I grudge his enlistment in the sabbatical combat for space with football and society news, and would fain see him chronicling the æsthetic current on a larger scale.

It is the admitted, the boasted vice of daily and weekly journalism that it is prompt and provisional in its news : prompt, that is, to give " news " of things which themselves cannot possibly be considered hastily, and provisional, therefore, in contriving judgments which will scarce endure until the next Sunday. During the war, I think, Mr. Gosse was enabled to make use of a better way, by means of articles contributed to a quarterly review, and although those articles did not in themselves form such a critical chronicle as I am deploring the lack of, they pointed to the right method. We are still told of an absence of standards in literary criticism ; and I do not see how the charge can be rebutted as long as opportunities of consistent criticism are denied to our best critics. The pressure of time is a relatively small evil arising from breathless weekly publication ; more serious is the fact that the inevitable practice of treating one book alone in an article precludes the possible treatment of several books in their relation to one another. How usefully, and how delightfully, might the article on Clough, for example, be expanded with such references, comparisons, and comprehensions as Mr. Gosse is easily able to provide ! Clough, isolated from his

* " Books on the Table." By Edmund Gosse, C.B. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

contemporaries, or merged into them, becomes a misleading shadow, large or small according to the method employed; and Mr. Gosse, choosing a middle between these extremes of isolation and confusion, succeeds well enough to make you want larger fruits of his choice than four pages can give you.

How much, nevertheless, can be achieved by an easy concision is shown in the article on Mr. Humphry Ward's "English Poets," an article finding room for such allusive wit as the sentence referring to the earlier volumes, "What a collection of Victorian eminence it was, and how the hoofed heel of Mr. Lytton Strachey would crush those mandarins, like chestnut-husks at the chestnut roots!" Mr. Gosse's phrasing is naturally happy, and if it is sometimes distinguished by a curiously elegant formalism of which we have lost the habit, it is more commonly distinguished by a lightness and precision beyond the reach of heedless contemporaries. There is nothing more welcome in the present volume than the article entitled "Edgar Poe and His Detractors," nothing pleasanter than that on Miss Mitford, and assuredly nothing severer than that called "A Bubble Burst"—the bubble being the amusing, soon-forgotten "works" of Miss Daisy Ashford. The light touch can be keen enough when the subject seems to Mr. Gosse insincere, or foolish, or pretentious; and the last-named article shows the exercise of that sharp critical power which is needed not only for the study of particular books and movements, but for the study also of character and personal history. Of Mr Gosse's books of this kind I recall, in conclusion, most gratefully, the "Portraits and Sketches" of 1912; an avowal quite superfluous, perhaps, yet necessary to excuse my present complaints. It is not to slight "Books on the Table" that I sigh for more "Portraits and Sketches."

JOHN FREEMAN.

BIRDS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE.*

"One early October morning, among the pines of a Suffolk heath, their branches draped and festooned with gossamer, clustered with dewdrops like mantillas on dark hair, I met a large company of goldcrests, breaking over the trees under which I stood, in a wave of greenish foam. Bright drops of shrill sound—zee, zee, zee—fell from them in showers, and, crystallised in the sharp air, entangled themselves, it seemed, among the gossamer" This little picture, lovingly painted, is one of scores that will be found amid these happy pages. It is foolish to write of birds unless you love them, and Mr. Massingham not only loves, but adores. He carries in his mind a thousand beautiful memories of songsters as he has seen them. Here is one, written of a flycatcher, sitting on the tip of a tall decayed larch:

"The effect was wonderful beyond any tale of it, for the bird seemed like a globe of dew, suffused with light. Here was an aged and dying tree surrendering its soul to heaven in a ball of liquid light . . ."

Again:

"The meadow pipits ring their fugitive elfin bells; the robins' thin silver spears of melody pierce the mirk . . the tawny owls cry like the night wind in the rigging . . . the wren gives us his sweet-running precise phrase"

And, speaking of the lark's song at the opening of the year, he heard it

"as early as the 16th of a very mild January, gushing down upon the earth 'where men sit and hear each other groan,' in a shower of golden rain, rustling down and splashing . . ."

Our author goes on in a fit of confiding frankness, to wonder why our conception of angels is that of "inane débutantes in nightgowns, with wings growing out of two slits in them"; having observed that neither a lark or its song seem of this world. "Bird-Haunted London" is, perhaps, one of the best sections of this fascinating volume. "For me, a blue and a great tit feeding from a coconut by my window animated the universe into a living *thou*." The story of the pair of blue tits which nested in a suburban garden in 1920, might be lifted straight out of this book and put into an anthology of modern prose; so perfect is it in its sympathy and accuracy. "I could never understand how the young became aware of one of their parents' visits before he or she went into the nest. But they invariably began clamouring in muffled silvery chorus as soon as he or she alighted, whether on top of the box or on a twig within a foot of it . . . Could they have heard the foot alighting, or the wings beating?"

This is a picturesque book, full of enthusiasm and full of knowledge, written by a poet

* "Some Birds of the Country-side: The Art of Nature." By H. J. Massingham. 12s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

TWO NEW BOOKS FROM TAGORE.*

Rabindranath Tagore's new novel reads as if it had been expressly written for the West. Indian festivals and habits, with which the ordinary Englishman or American is not likely to be acquainted, are explained in the body of the work, whenever reference to one of them first occurs. This method is much to be preferred to that of encumbering a work of fiction with foot-notes. The translator has certainly done his work well in that respect. I say the translator, for although no mention of the fact is made on the title page or elsewhere, the novel was not originally written in English by Rabindranath, but was translated from the Bengali. That fact is patent without exposition. Anyone familiar with Rabindranath's style finds it difficult to reconcile the English slang and colloquialisms in conversation between Bengali characters, liberally sprinkled through the book, with the dignified English of the poet's previous works.

The scene is laid in Bengal. The story is woven around a love affair between a young Hindu studying at Calcutta and an Indian girl, the daughter of a Brahmo (a protestant Hindu) and sister of his college friend. He is married against his will by his orthodox Hindu father to a girl whose face he never sees. Immediately after the wedding ceremony the party embark in boats to go to the bridegroom's home up-river. There is a sudden storm, a wreck, and he is cast upon the shore along with a girl dressed in bridal attire who later turns out to be, in reality, another man's bride. His struggle to tear himself free from the net that circumstance weaves about him, and the little bride's efforts to find her real husband, make interesting reading.

In telling this tale Rabindranath gives the Western reader glimpses into the transitional Hindu life of to-day. His characters are typical of their kind—the highly-educated Brahmo girl; the hero, with his modern tendencies, unable to express himself because of the strangling grip of old traditions; the orthodox Hindu woman who left her husband rather than lose her caste, and yet who, for her son's sake, inspired by the wisdom of riper years, is willing to have him marry a member of a Brahmo Samaj family; the spirited girl-bride, thrown by a trick of fate into the hero's arms; the faithful servant—all are drawn by a master-craftsman who knows his Bengal and who knows also how to tell a story.

The book deserves to be read if for no other reason than for the exceedingly pleasant manner in which it enables one to study the effect of Western education upon Eastern womanhood. Rabindranath puts these words in the mouth of one of his characters in order to sum up the arguments used by old-fashioned people to prove the undesirability of educating women:

"The masculine intellect is like a sword and . . . even without a keen edge its weight makes it a formidable weapon, while woman's wit is like a penknife—sharpen it as you will it is capable of no serious task."

Another character dwells upon the evils which "come of letting girls read English novels," and declares that such girls insist upon love-matches instead of gracefully accepting

* "The Wreck." By Rabindranath Tagore. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Glimpses of Bengal." By Rabindranath Tagore. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

the grooms chosen for them. The author, however, gives a character to his English-educated heroine which should convert the most confirmed opponents of such education.

Rabindranath's second work, simultaneously published with "The Wreck," gives additional glimpses into life in Bengal. To my mind it serves a still more useful purpose by giving an insight into the innermost feelings and thoughts of the author himself. The pages are instinct with love for Bengal.

"Many look down on Bengal," Rabindranath writes, "as being only a flat country, but that is just what makes me revel in its scenery all the more." To him, its "unobstructed sky is filled to the brim, like an amethyst cup, with the descending twilight and peace of the evening; and the golden skirt of the still noonday spreads over it without let or hindrance."

Bengal is so necessary to Rabindranath's life, thought and work, I fancy, that he cannot be long away from it and be happy—he is like an exotic flower that droops when it is transplanted from its native clime. That was the impression I derived from a conversation I had with him recently on the eve of his departure from this country—an impression which this book confirms. It is, he writes, his "greatest fear" that he should be "reborn in Europe." There, he says, he could not recline with his "whole being laid open to the infinite above." Indeed, he would be liable "to be soundly rated for lying down at all." And he muses: "I should probably have been hustling strenuously in some factory or bank, or parliament. Like the roads there, one's mind has to be stone-metalled for heavy traffic—geometrically laid out, and kept clear and regulated." The lazy, "dreamy, self-absorbed, sky-filled state of mind" seems to him "the more desirable." He "feels no whit inferior to the busiest men of the world" as he lies in his jolly-boat, whereas had he girded up his loins to be strenuous he "might have seemed ever so feeble compared with those chips of old oaken blocks."

In many ways I like "Glimpses of Bengal" better than anything Tagore has recently produced. Being letters written to friends, there is a spontaneity about them, an utter lack of self-consciousness that perhaps is not found in more formal works.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

WAYFARERS IN ARCADY.*

Twenty-five prose-pictures and a poem form Mr. Charles Vince's new book, "Wayfarers in Arcady." That they are written daintily and in charming English goes without saying, for Mr. Vince is a craftsman. Yet I confess that some of his pages disappoint me just a little. His description is sometimes greater than his narration. One takes up his "Street of Faces" and is again struck by the *completeness*, the masterly finish of each paper. It is there that there is something lacking in his "Wayfarers." If I am hypercritical it is because I know of what Mr. Vince is capable, and I am confident that he has yet better things in store for us.

But this is by way of comparison. In the "Wayfarers" there is much that is beautiful and graceful. I like particularly "Windows" and "The Old Man and Death." And in "The Seafarer of the Downs" there is a very kindly note.

Mr. Vince is a lover of Nature, and if he has here and there failed to convey all that he would wish of Nature's infinite charm, it is rather because of the greatness of his subject than the littleness of his powers. For he has a great heart, and is not ashamed to let its beats be heard.

I have singled out "The Old Man and Death" because there is a dignity in its very simplicity and a great sympathy lies behind the printed words. Let me tell a little story, even if it be outside the scope of a critique; it shows the man. One day he and I were together in a corner of France. It was a hellish corner, where the very earth seemed to reel under the shock of bombardment. Near us lay a maimed fragment of humanity, horribly wounded, but still conscious. There was nothing to be done for him—or so it seemed. Vince took a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it, stooped and placed it between the poor blue lips. The man could not speak, but he *smiled*, and as Vince rose his eyes were shining. There were a dozen of us there, but only one of us understood . . . I did not talk much as we made our way back.

The book is published by Philip Allan and so produced that it is a pleasure to handle it.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

* "Wayfarers in Arcady." By Charles Vince. 7s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

DEATH IN POETRY.

On a night when sundry poems now before me were stirring my critical faculty I went to sleep planning amusement. Suddenly I felt a wind from the spaces outside my house penetrate the bed where I lay and cause the bedclothes to tremble like the sails of a ship. While this trembling continued I and this wind seemed the only positively live beings in the world, except a fear which I kept at bay. My mind strained as against a web of delusion, and I woke into a profound stillness, remembering a "posthumous" poem by one who died in my presence—a poem about the "Cold Wind" of death. This occult experience deepened my affection for that class of myth in which Death, or Death's Master, figures as a person to whom grief can appeal. Not only is Orpheus, unclenching the eerie hand of Pluto by music's charm, admired by all artists, but even the dread potentate of Hades acquires the merit of a mirror in which Art can see its own excellence. In brief, Pluto is one of "the public," if the Orphic myth be true, and as one of the public may be played to, sung to, "catered for," and induced to reward people for artistic treats. But cease to personify death, affirm with Miss Charlotte Mew[1]

> ". . . it is only in our dream
> The things that kill us live,"

and who is there to play to when Eurydice has vanished? One cannot play to a nothing like a hole in a wall, a crack in a fortress, or, with much sense of an audience, to a viewless wind. Therefore I say distinctly that I love the legend of Pluto with his musical ear and Orpheus with his musical genius, and demand much of poetry which appropriates it. Hereat enter Mr. Laurence Housman[1] with a lyrical drama in which Orpheus is opposed to Bacchantes, and the commonly accepted account of Eurydice's death is altered in order, apparently, to strengthen the effect of the work as an illustration of the antagonism between the lust for excitement and the wish for static harmony.

Mr. Housman's versification is smooth and eloquent, as witness the pagan question:

> "Who knows if the dead have a mind
> In the land where all is dearth?"

The persistence of the voice of Orpheus, after his physical death, struck by thyrsus and vine-stems, produces a sublime effect, but Mr. Housman, though a skilful and readable artist, has not produced a play at all equal in vitality to, say, John Davidson's "Scaramouch in Naxos," in which the genius of Bacchus glows like wine of immortality.

Mr. Harvey[2] will quite understand my preference for a personal to an abstract Death, for, if death be considered as an operating nothing, like a hole which lets out fluid, of what avail can it be for Mr. Harvey to mock Death as a "scyther of flowers" or an "insolent" envier of "sweet breath"? His "Farewell" is not a collection in which one inevitably alights on treasure, yet it shows a fine and versatile mind. A song of contempt for himself and others who "set our heart on things" suggests that his expressed dissatisfaction with the pecuniary results of verse will not

[1] "The Death of Orpheus." By Laurence Housman. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[2] "Farewell." By F. W. Harvey. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

de-poetise him. He is philosophical, fanciful, and what is colloquially termed homely. His variety of moods is illustrated by the fact that two consecutive pages, side by side, inform us (*a*) that the dumplings chewed by John Helps "wer made vrom honest apples," and (*b*) that "the sting of Beauty failing not with breath" shall not break "at the prick of Death."

It is rather curious to find studiously graceful prose—prose suggestive of a performance upon an artificial instrument—serving as a preface to *vers libres* of which the typographical effect is that of pillars sawn blindly through from top to bottom! However, Miss Everett[3] is not only a worshipper of Italy, but has a rare faculty for word-painting. She also contrives to let us peep (as it were) through aspen leaves at old crimes, the strangling of a wife, a judicial burning, the assassination of a child. One does not find all the clarity of expression one looks for in the absence of melody and rhyme, but more than once Miss Everett exhales the breath of poetry.

In the author of "The Colour Octave"[4] compassion works as a kind of Muse. Thus, the subject of Chinese infanticide is treated with affecting pathos from a mother's viewpoint, and a tragic puncture in a second-hand girl's coat is the cause of some tearstained couplets. The title poem which defines the psychic and remedial values of colours is, technically speaking, worth no more than the jingle by which the number of days in each month is remembered in the nursery.

It is natural to give Death a rest in reviewing "Pipes and Tabors,"[5] for a few war poems do not make this volume essentially a sad or heavy work. Here is a sample from a charming poem on the cuckoo:

> "Now where's the bard that it would irk
> To eat his meal and not to work?
> And it's prodigiously worth while
> To have an individual style"

Mr. Chalmers is more than a typical writer of *vers de société*. Poems like "At Melgund" (with its sinister suggestion of transmigration) and "The Visionary" (an imaginative interpretation of a goat) are proofs of poetic depth. One cannot imagine Mr. Chalmers amusing himself like the late Mr. Locker-Lampson in burlesquing the distress of an impecunious fellow creature from the vantage ground of aristocratic prosperity.

If I were a magician my last paragraph should be printed in gold, for the new and enlarged edition of Miss Charlotte Mew's book has revealed to me a poet of astonishing dexterity, subtlety and power. No minor poet this, if we accept a consummate blending of the qualities of novelist, painter and singer as the work of some one higher. Death, unhappiness and irony have supplied a considerable proportion of the raw material for this slim volume. It sings neither for prophet nor philosopher, for the singer seems involved in the obscurities of this world's lights and shadows. But I salute her as an admirable artist.

W. H. CHESSON.

EDWARD BOK*

It is a truism that every man has it in him to write one good book; but not many have it in them to write one such as this. "I cannot think of any book," says Lord Northcliffe, in his Introduction, "which I should recommend people to read for so many and such different reasons"; and he rightly describes it as an autobiography of exceptional charm; a foot-note to recent American history and the lives of many famous Americans; a tale of romantic adventure; and an inspiring guide especially for young men who are on the threshold of a business career.

For no man ever sat down to the game of life with fewer points in his favour. When Mr. Bok was taken to America, as a child, his family had fallen into straitened circumstances and he could not even speak the language of his adopted country. Before he was thirteen he left school and began to contribute to the home exchequer by selling ice water on street cars and cleaning shop windows; yet within four years, by sheer energy and hard work, he had lifted himself out of that condition, and won the interest and friendship of some of the most famous men of the time; and before he was thirty he had risen from a small post in a great publishing concern and was editing *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which soon became under his control the most popular and influential women's magazine in the world. He puts into his writing the mingled modesty and self-confidence that he put into his work, and makes it clear that he succeeded not by finding any royal road to success, but by giving all his heart to everything he set out to do and making a pleasure of his business. You have the whole secret of his triumph in the stimulating, worldly-wise chapter on "The Chances for Success." But there was very little chance about it; "luck obeys the downright striker"—he knew the goal he wanted to reach and was determined to reach it and, not by climbing back-stairs or sacrificing any of his ideals, but by his own courageous enterprise and force of character he duly arrived. The story of how he used his power is as good reading as the story of how he obtained it. And it is further evidence of the strength of his character that when he was at the zenith of his career, having achieved fortune as well as fame, he deliberately relinquished his position, stepped aside to make way for younger men, and retired from his journalistic office to devote himself to social and political services.

Incidentally, his professional duties had brought him into contact with many men, English and American, famous in literature, politics, finance and general society, and he scatters through his pages new and delightful anecdotes of Stevenson, Kipling, Gladstone, Longfellow, Emerson, Roosevelt, Ward Beecher, Jay Gould, and others who were giants in their day. For its wealth of reminiscence, its sound business advice, its shrewd common-sense philosophy, its revelation of a remarkable personality and the deep human interest of its narrative, this book of Edward Bok's is at once a source of entertainment and of the best good counsel. It is, in a word, to quote Lord Northcliffe again, "*the* autobiography of our time."

F. H.

LETTERS TO ISABEL.*

A racy and delightful book of reminiscence, written in the form of letters to a beloved daughter. Lord Shaw was brought up by a very wise and far-seeing Scottish mother who, from a humble home, sent him to study law. ("She chose.") As every one knows, he now occupies one of the highest judicial positions. The story of his wonderful success is passed over with careful modesty, but we get glimpses of the various stages in his brilliant career, and hints of the mighty power of concentration which brought him his great reward.

Of course Lord Shaw has met most people worth knowing. On the second page of his most readable book we have a winning letter from General Smuts, on leaving England. Smuts says, prophetically enough:

> "Our worn-out nerves and temper are indeed going to be put to the severest test. I pray that God may not leave the poor erring tribes of men to their own devices."

There are several stirring remembrances of Gladstone. Coming into the House of Commons:

> "Well, there he was, entering with a dignified, sure, but rather swift step, very calm and serene, but with a searching eye of fire."

[3] "The Hills of Arcetri." By Leolyn Louise Everett. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

[4] "The Colour Octave and Other Poems." By M. M. Prendergast. 3s. 6d. (Erskine MacDonald.)

[5] "Pipes and Tabors." By Patrick R. Chalmers. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

[6] "The Farmer's Bride." By Charlotte Mew. 4s. net. (The Poetry Bookshop.)

* "Edward Bok." An Autobiography. Introduction by Lord Northcliffe. Illustrated. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

* "Letters to Isabel." By Lord Shaw of Dunfermline. 21s. (Cassell.)

Then there is an excellent account, taken from notes made the next day, of Gladstone's conversation at an Edinburgh dinner. A pity more such talks are not taken down by the fortunate ones who participate!

Then we pass on to the time when Shaw himself entered Parliament:

"And so, behold, in the dusk of an evening of July, 1892, at the door of Abercromby Place, a cab heaped up with luggage. Within the dwelling, a grave-faced father in the nursery upstairs, kissing the children one by one, and then he enters the cab with the dear companion, and boards the train to King's Cross *en route* for Westminster."

We have allowed ourselves no space to comment on the extremely important information given here of Carnegie and his gift to the Scottish universities—new, and of deep interest. Nor can we touch on the memories of Campbell-Bannerman, and on the many other things of which Lord Shaw gossips so pleasantly. We trust our readers will read all for themselves.

MAGIA ET SUPER-MAGIA.*

The power of the Name on earth, the power of the Name in heaven, and in deeps below the earth, in the ways of the underworld, is an old myth of the doctrine, a secret of antique sanctuaries and their priestly hierarchies. The "Chaldean Magic" of Lenormant told us long years ago about the Hidden Name which was the Great Secret of Hea, that Name which compelled the gods, a word of all mastery. Much farther back than the French scholar is our old friend, Godfrey Higgins, in whose great storehouse of "Anacalypsis" there is enough and to spare about Secret Names, Ineffable Names and Names to be blotted out from under heaven; for the dreamer of Skellow Grange, by Doncaster, drew from hither and thither, from many springs and fountains. Behind Higgins there is Reuchlin, *De Verbo Mirifico*, one of a cloud of witnesses. We can read also who will in that far other and greater storehouse which is called *Sepher Ha Zohar* of the forms and modes of Tetragrammaton, on the manifest and the hidden side. I have been surfeited with these things, even to the Dead Sea fruit in the dregs and lees of "Grimorium Verum," "Albertus Parvulus," "Claviculæ Salomonis," and common chap-books of Magic sold once on the country-side in France and Germany. But from this kind of virus one does not escape easily. If I may venture so to say, it is my custom to turn down another street when Mr. Clodd is testifying in the neighbourhood; but he has taken me unawares on this matter of Magic in Names, and has set the old poison working, because there are many vistas and each may be rich in hemlock. If I have found him rather dull company, he has at least opened some of them by his chapter on "Mana" in things intangible, as, e.g. shadows, reflections—like an image in a looking-glass; in echoes, regarded as voices of the dead; above all in personal names. He has gathered from many quarters, familiar things and rarer, and it is of course *mea culpa* only if one knows too much already to experience the old ecstacies in the presence of a goodly wallet. But the things stand at their value, and Mr. Clodd—who ought to know—says that they have been a little neglected. I have found on my own part exactly that which I foresaw, free witness to the "shaping spirit of imagination" in barbarous times—and something more than this. For names have meanings, they are outward signs of an inward will and purpose, the forms of ideas, which often grow in power and value with the growth of ages. *Pace* all infidel folk-lore scholars, I hold that the name Galahad is the manifest symbol of a grace which dwells in hiddenness, and that behind Corbenic—the Sacred Castle of the Graal—lies a mystery of valid experience in all the sacraments. I speak of that which I know, as one who has changed his name in holy and glorious rites, and is thrice-born, like Taliesin, in the symbolism of Great Mysteries, as in the Confirmation of the Christian Church, as on the threshold of the sacro-saintly chivalry of the Holy City, or in *Ordo Sanctissima Roseæ et Aureæ Crucis*. And as it is now in the heights so it was and is in the deeps, Mr. Clodd being a witness unawares, for speaking of a Carib initiation he says that the candidate exchanged his name, receiving one more resonant and significant. So also the Indian mother of the old wigwam legend had something in view when she called her daughter Minnehaha—that is to say, Laughing Water.

Now, it calls to be understood that Mr. Clodd's book is written with an object, and herein is my discontent, though not as with object in writing. I have found him a dull gossip because of it, his purpose being much of the kind which we have met with from time immemorial in the *Freethinker*, the *Agnostic Journal* and lucubrations of the Rationalistic Press. Here are select theses. (1) The priest who christens a child in the Name of the Holy Trinity is a lineal descendant of the sorcerer. (2) The oil of unction postulates faith in the magical virtues of the matter of this sacrament. (3) The Eucharistic Words of Institution are the clearest possible illustration of "Mana" as word-power. On the basis of these affirmations "civilised and savage are at one," and the Sarum Missal is in the same class as the Grimoire. *Per contra*, it proves nothing to say that this or that rite of old was known under other aspects in the past that is behind Christendom. The truth which is in Christ has raised up custom and myth, so that they have become true in Him. In so far as there was any grace therein, they bear out the dictum of St. Augustine, that Christianity has been always in the world, though it was not known always under that name. So far as they were in the conduits and the shambles, they show the redeeming influence at work in Christ, unto Whom and Whose Church belongs everything handed down from of old, so only that it can be in any wise of use thereto. And because of the truth in Christ, I believe with the Sovereign Pontiff, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and the "ten Right Reverend Bishops" of Mr. Clodd's valedictory astonishment, in the efficacy of the Name of Jesus. It has moved through the world in power for centuries and ages before the folk-lore societies came into existence, and it will remain when they have passed, or have so changed their outlook that they shall know neither themselves nor one another—as they now are. It is *gratia plena;* but if we call this grace *Magia* we do not—unless by intention—detract therefrom. From this point of view there is also *Magia Divina*, and there is a higher sense of Mana, for I know that God is on the other side of the hill and on this side also. As Baron Bunsen, in a considerable work of the past, discovered the hand of God in history, so is it to be found in folk-lore. At their best these things are not matters of opinion but of highest realisation in the sacred heart of experience. It is much truer to say that the world was made by Divine Magic than to tolerate common talk of evolution. True evolution is the progress of the soul's knowledge in God, and the Hierophant of that Mystery—*fortiter, suaviterque disponens omnia*—is *Rex Altissimus Christus*, the witness to Whom through the ages is the Holy Catholic Church, in all its pomp of rite and practice, derived from everywhere, and everywhere changed over by the tingeing spirit of God.

A. E. WAITE.

* "Magic in Names and in Other Things." By Edward Clodd. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Novel Notes.

A MARKET BUNDLE. By A. Neil Lyons. 7s. (Thornton Butterworth)

The humour of Mr. Neil Lyons is a ripe and rare vintage; it cannot be described by comparison because it is peculiarly his own. The humour is less in his incidents than in his manner of presenting them; it is chiefly the humour of character and of his own whimsical outlook upon the motley world of men and women, or upon that side of it in which he has staked his claim. High life is not his province, but he knows common and ordinary people,

respectable and unrespectable, with an amazing intimacy and, like old Izaac with his worms, handles them as if he loved them. He does not trouble to invent a plot, for everything he touches turns to a story in his hands. And he is as much at home among village folk, rural carpenters, gardeners, pedlars, and the drifting flotsam of the countryside as among the miscellaneous Cockneys that inhabit the mean streets of London. Here, for the most part, he pictures the humours and occasionally the pathos of country life and character, with intermittent excursions to town, and gives glimpses of little episodes that arose in both places out of the late war, as in the delightful sketches of "The German from Perhaps," "Representing the Platoon" and "Private Jupp's Mission." Everything in all the stories depends on the humour and the art with which they are told; the humour is as shrewd as it is quaint and kindly and is touched elusively at times with a sense of tears; the art is exquisitely simple and effective, and both are inseparable from the personality of the author. It is not often one lights upon a book of short stories so intensely human and amusing and so fine in workmanship as are those in "A Market Bundle."

THE CUSTARD CUP. By Florence Bingham Livingston 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)

You have got to be fond of "The Custard Cup"; you won't be able to resist it It's the sort of story that will linger in your brain long after others are forgotten, so full is it of a sweet philosophy of life. Mrs. Penfold has such a royal disregard of riches, such a wonderful, unfailing way with her poor neighbours! We do not recall a book which gives a more careful picture of poverty at its lowest depths. In Mrs. Penfold's "place," which had originally been a barn, her adopted children slept in packing cases She herself, at the end of a day of exhausting labour, enjoyed repose on an old mattress supported on three potato boxes. Apple boxes did instead of chests of drawers. Well, Mrs. Penfold is a kind of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (though quite different) in her cheery spirits. "Sometimes I think you're a fool," comments her neighbour. "You're always trying to make out you're happy when you're wretched" The gallant reply is: "I got all through being wretched for ever, Mrs Wopple I tried it, and there ain't nothing in it. So I give it up."

FEAR. By Patrick MacGill. 8s 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Mr. Patrick MacGill has always written in the manner of a realist, and his latest novel is no exception to the rule. He is realistic now in the simple, impressive style of Defoe. The book purports to record the experiences of a young soldier in the late war who believed himself to be a coward, but who in the event proved to be very courageous in the face of danger and actual fighting. He was, in fact, only nervous in the primary sense of the word—the nervousness that is the penalty of the artistic and imaginative temperament. Probably Mr. MacGill, as a Celt and a literary artist, is relating his own mental experiences during the war, just as the incidents of his book are based on facts that came within his observation. At the beginning he rightly voices the disgust all young men feel at the behaviour of those who by excuse of their age or calling were immune from service in the war, but who, in company with foolish women, gave strident vent to safe patriotism—"doing their bit" by pointing out the path of duty to their younger brethren and urging these last to the slaughter. When Mr. MacGill deals with this subject he is pungent: "Parsons sought the Bible for texts suitable to the occasion, and stood on the altars of God preaching hatred and bitterness against the men who were shoved by the powers of an enemy country into the furnace of war. That the men who were fighting us were ordinary mortals, was forgotten. That they were in no way responsible for their doings, was forgotten. That all men were equal in the eyes of the Creator was forgotten. Racial hatred and animosty fired the voices of the preachers. . . . Hate was aroused and perpetuated and the young men went to war. The old men

OXFORD BOOKS

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The Admiral's Chair, and other Sketches and Vignettes. By J. E G DE MONTMORENCY. 8vo. 6s. net.

A collection of Essays published during and since the war on a variety of subjects, some of the sketches being in a dialect. The author's art, "such as it is, may be regarded as of a strictly practical character." It is a sequel to "The White Riders"

Life and Letters of Toru Dutt. By HARIHAR DAS. With a Foreword by the Right Hon. H A L. FISHER, and 13 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 26s. net.

"The subject of this volume," Mr Fisher states, "is an Indian girl who, dying at the age of twenty-one, has left behind her a legacy in verse and prose which, quite apart from its true and delicate poetic quality, constitutes an amazing feat of precocious literary craftsmanship. Toru Dutt was a poet with a rare genius for the acquisition of languages not her own. In the long history of the contact and interfusion of East and West, I doubt whether there is a figure more encouraging or significant."

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Nation—". . . I hereby declare, being of sane intellect, that since letters began there never was such a book, and that the mind of man is not constructed so as to produce such another, that I put its author with Rabelais, Swift, Shakespeare, and other minor and disputable worthies; and that I advise any adventurer of the soul to go at once into the morose and prolonged retreat necessary for its deglutition."

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This Essay was not intended for publication by its author (it gained the green prize), who regarded it as immature. In spite of this it is now published at the discretion of his literary executors, who are advised by competent judges that the book is of real philosophical importance and ought not to be withheld.

London: HUMPHREY MILFORD,
Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.4.

and the middle-aged, leaders secular and religious, safe in their homes, called on the youngsters to fight, urging them into conflict with their brother-men as mischievous children urge dogs to fight one another." When Mr. MacGill brings his protagonist into the actual field of war he describes of necessity many terrible things—the horrors of trench life, the dirt and the vermin, and how men die from the effects of appalling wounds. But such things need to be related and held in remembrance, for there are still those in power, and those who desire again the profits that accrue to some from a state of war, who would plunge their country back into the inferno.

MY THREE HUSBANDS. (Methuen.)

An ideal spot in which to enjoy the piquancies of this gay novel would be the lounge of the Metropole, Brighton, after a first-class lunch. The heroine has plenty of spirit; her first husband, "poor dear Edward," was a dreadful old woman, but he died, and later she reflected that "Widow's weeds have always suited me remarkably well, black always sets off golden hair: so I have always mourned my husbands for the full period." Followed Roger, a Roman Catholic—"I was an easy convert; Roger was rather boring when he talked religion. So I was received into the Church by a charming old priest." Then Roger died, and it was the widow's business to lie in wait for Sir George L——, a shy soul. ("I can manage shy men. It is really quite easy. The secret is—I'm divulging it in case any of my poor million unmarried sisters know a shy man who is also eligible—to *avoid* them)." It must not be thought that the airy charmer who tells the tale is without decided opinions of her own She is full of them, and scatters them through her reminiscences like pepper in curry.

THE WAYS OF LAUGHTER. By Harold Begbie. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson,)

Mr. Begbie writes cleverly, but there are moments when he is hard to follow. The whimsical runs into the subtle and the subtle into the obscure, and we have an uneasy sense that we are missing his meaning. What exactly does he wish to convey by sending two elderly gentlemen—a barrister and a world-famous philosopher—in a fit of midsummer madness to adventure afresh with love and life? Arguing with the philosopher that his theories are unsound, Mr. Begbie delivers him over to a company of the Souls of Maida Vale, who, led by Mrs. Diggle—Margot, her friends call her—do their best to introduce him to society. The book goes on until Professor Napper learns to smile. "Genius finds writing tragedy easy," his friends tell him, "but not comedy, because we haven't got there yet. . . . Laughter shows us the end and object of evolution; tears are only the evidence of our mistakes on that long and delightful journey." Who laughs last—the reader or Mr. Begbie? Or is the final smile that which flits across the countenance of the Spirit of Comedy overhead as it looks down indulgently on the frailties and follies of mankind?

A SERVANT WHEN HE REIGNETH. By John Travers (Mrs. G. H. Bell). 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)

The hand that drew Nancy Grant in an earlier novel—Nancy, the most natural young Englishwoman we remember in English fiction—has faltered in its picture of Mary de Vere. We are assured that Mary was wonderful, but we never feel it. The fact is that, probably all unconsciously, Mrs. Bell was bent on giving us a sad story. In spite of that, this is a very able, observant book. On the way out to Mespot, Mary (lady help to the unattractive Abrahams) meets and loves Gordon Lund, a married man. No one draws the handsome, fair Englishman better than Mrs. Bell. She gives us a living description of her hero—full of poise and restfulness. Lund is a just and upright man. Mary runs up against the Lunds in Delhi, and at length realises that Gordon loves her and that all is hopeless. She goes into Viceregal society (well and accurately depicted), and finally departs on a mission to native war-widows and mothers. The tragedy of a great love that must go unfulfilled broods over the pages. "You are woven into my life; we are inseparable. . . . You'll persist strangely in my mind till my mind ends." Now all you can do for us, Mrs. Bell, is to write a happier sequel. We respectfully demand it!

SWEET ROCKET. By Mary Johnston. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Here Miss Johnston has left past history and bodily adventure alone, and deals instead with the inner life of the soul. She writes of a spiritual quest, pursued by a party of nice, thoughtful, modern people, at a glorious country place called "Sweet Rocket." This is described in the most enchanting terms, and we longed to be there, while reading; eating coddled apples served by Zinia, and listening to the talk. "There are fields, and an orchard, and a garden. It is hidden, like a lost place, and happy, like a place for evermore finding itself." In this rare restful spot live the blind man, Richard Linden, and his devoted secretary, religious Marget. The tired school teacher who is their guest learns much from their outlook upon life. The author is trying hard to tell her readers of her own Vision, of the Oneness of things. "'Thousands of us studying, thousands building knowledge. . . . And all the thousands that were, and are, and will be, are one Astronomer, and it is I, still working to know.' She ceased to speak, and sat wrapped in the golden light." There are beautiful thoughts in this book, thoughts of a new Country—"fair and strong, and keen and glowing."

THE MAN WHO DID THE RIGHT THING. By Sir Harry Johnston. 8s. 6d net. (Chatto)

The scope of modern fiction has grown so wide that it is impossible to find serious fault with Sir Harry Johnston for trying to combine contemporary history, African geography, and sectarian apostolicism within the dimensions of a single novel. This third attempt shows how far he has come since "The Gay Dombeys" in the art of interesting us in the types that interest him, and surrounding them with a variety of scene and incident which he colours with a vivid observation and experience all his own. But he has not yet contrived to carry his interest unimpaired through four hundred pages, and the elaborate "lay-out" which so fascinates us in the first dozen chapters, somehow fails to find the sequel it deserves in the second half of this manifestly clever book. He lightens his satire on missions and missionaries with a welcome play of humour, and the descriptions of the evangelical provincial life from which they proceed excel anything that we have read this long time. There are vigour and sincerity, too, in the discussions of sex and civilisation, the Imperial spirit, and the everlasting conflict between the lay and the clerical mind. But neither Lucy nor her missionary husband, nor even Roger Brentham, the energetic consul who rescues and marries her after her bereavement, appeals to our sense of reality like the half-shrewish and designing Ann Jamblin, and it is clear that Sir Harry has a greater gift for drawing such characters than he has for building up the heroic and the visionary type. The book must stand or fall by its argumentation and its didactic passages, its scenic quality, and its exposition of an active and observant mind. There it is incontestably strong, and we believe Sir Harry is destined to write a better novel than anything he has achieved as yet.

BAT-WING. By Sax Rohmer. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

To Paul Harley, successful private detective, comes the handsome Spanish grandee, Colonel Menendez. He consults him about a great danger. Menendez is a retired West Indian planter, and is under the impression that he has offended a powerful native society, and that their vengeance pursues him. He has been shot at several times, and believes these attempts on his life are due to members of a negro sect, called the Voodoo. The latest sign of their unbroken hostility is this: On his bedroom door he has found pinned a bat-wing, a most sinister sign of the devil-worshipper. Menendez tells this tale to Harley and

entreats his help, for he says he believes his enemies will utterly destroy him. Most effectively does Mr Rohmer stage-set the scene of his mystery—in a Surrey country house, oak panelled, with a secret tower. There are midnight footsteps, a queer old lady, a Chinese servant and, over at a neighbouring house, a beautiful young Cuban wife. We will not give away the plot of this surprising story further than by saying it is round this Mrs. Camber that much of the issue hangs. Horror is piled on horror; and it is all very amazing.

OUR LITTLE LIFE. By J. G Sime 8s 6d. net (Grant Richards)

Miss Sime's book of short stories roused expectations which this novel hardly fulfils In her short stories she gave us a remarkable picture of the life of women in Canadian cities, especially the life of independent women. In this novel she deals with the same subject, but stretches out material that is not sufficient for a novel. Her story is about the efforts of Robert Fulton to write a book on Canada in the intervals of serving at a grocery store He lives in a desolate, tumble-down apartment-house and has no friends but an Irishwoman, some years his senior, who goes out by the day and sews for her patrons—turning dresses and making up pieces There is no incident in the book, and the character-drawing is insufficiently emphasised to hold the reader's interest. Miss McGhee is a clever sketch, but she remains perfectly static, making the same mistakes and doing the same kindnesses Long before Robert Fulton dies, we are heartily tired of him It will be a pity if Miss Sime is driven away from her natural work of short-story writing by the greater commercial possibilities of the novel.

The Bookman's Table.

LYRA HEROICA. By W. E Henley. 12s net (Macmillan)

"A Book of Verse for Boys" was Henley's sub-title for his anthology. The limitation assumed in that and in the title itself keeps his book one of the most perfect anthologies in English—comparable, perhaps, to "Lyric Love" which Sir William Watson did years ago for the Golden Treasury series. The word "boy" should be prefixed by "average"; and even then there are queer omissions Why is the "Ancient Mariner" absent? Why not give some stanzas, at least, of the "Hymn of David" which Kit Smart wrote? Henley the poet evidently insisted on some of the inclusions—"Lycidas" for instance; Henley the journalist put in others, and Henley the boy read them all aloud, from "Chevy Chase" and Drayton's "Agincourt" to Kipling's "East and West." Looking through the ballads which deal directly of fighting one is convinced again that the two best are Drayton's "Agincourt" and Tennyson's "Revenge" The latter owes something of its splendour, its heroic ring, to the amazing circumstance of the deed and to the wonderful setting—"at Flores in the Azores." There is rare beauty in some minor poems, particularly in Lyall's "Theology in Extremis" and Bret Harte's "Reveillé"; and always one turns to the old ballads, and to their revival in Scott and Swinburne, for a greater calm and confidence, a sense of the transitoriness of glory which more boastful poems miss.

MAKERS OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH AT THE REFORMATION. By the Rev Kirkwood Hewat. 10s 6d net. (MacNiven & Wallace)

The minister of the United Free Church at Prestwick, in Ayrshire, has provided a wholly admirable account of seven reverend divines, all bearing the Christian name of John, under whom the Scottish Church took shape and assumed consolidation after the Reformation. If little that is new has been said about them, their story is as well told as ever it was, and it is appropriate and attractive to have it told in such happy combination. The account begins with John Knox. This is not a biography in the

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strict sense, but a true and living characterisation of the Reformer, under a number of headings summarising the distinguishing traits in his career and portraying the genius of the man with wonderful force and lucidity. The essay is one of the best we have seen. Mr. Hewat discusses further the life and labours of Willock, who held the curiously dual position of rector of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, and minister of the Church of Scotland, and was actually Moderator of the General Assembly whilst a clergyman of the Church of England. Five other makers of the Kirk—Winram, Row, Spottiswood, Douglas and Craig, are similarly discoursed upon with fine feeling and diction, and with much scholarly care. The work has entailed considerable research, and of the amount of reading which has gone to make up an unusually able and fascinating book evidence is on every page. It may be remarked that Spottiswood, in Berwickshire, the ancient patrimony of the Spottiswoods, is in process of passing out of that family's occupancy, having been held by them for fully six hundred years—an interesting link with John, the Superintendent of Lothian and Tweeddale, who set the crown on the head of the infant king, James VI.

THE OCTOCENTENARY OF READING ABBEY: A.D. 1121–A.D. 1921. By J. B. Hurry, M.A., M.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock.)

This is not a history of Reading Abbey, nor does it profess to be. It is strictly a memorial volume, commemorating the foundation of the Abbey by Henry I on June 18th, 1121, and recording the salient points in the history of an institution of which the author says :

"The Abbey has contributed to the progress of education, of literature, of art, of commerce, bringing the life of the burgh into touch with the life of the nation, and giving birth to such memories as rank among the priceless possessions of a community. . . . The Abbey has not only rendered invaluable services to Radingia ; it has played a worthy part on the stage of our national history."

Dr. Hurry has already written "A History of Reading Abbey" and "The Rise and Fall of Reading Abbey," besides works on separate details of the Abbey's story, and his familiarity with his subject is evident. Occasionally, indeed, it leads him to forget that his readers may not have the story at their fingers' ends, as he has. For instance, we should like some account of "the exciting events in which John, the Chancellor, William of Longchamp, and Geoffrey, the Archbishop of York, were concerned," when a council held at the bridge over the Loddon decided to depose the Chancellor, and the bishops next day excommunicated all who had been concerned in the Archbishop's arrest. But the author's intimate knowledge enables him to give us a series of striking pictures, nor does he forget to show how heavily the hand of their religious overlord pressed upon the aspirations of the burghers of Reading after freedom and self-government. The frontispiece is a bird's-eye view of the Abbey in its original state, now reduced to a few crumbling ruins by the destruction that followed the dissolution of the monasteries and further injuries inflicted during the siege of Reading by the Roundheads in 1643, and there are many other illustrations of incidents in the history of the Abbey, the majority of them reproductions of pictures in the Art Gallery of the Reading Corporation.

Music.

THE STANDARDS OF ENGLISH MUSIC.

A TALK WITH MR. EDWARD GERMAN.

By J. P. COLLINS.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Edward German.**

IT is not easy for a music-lover to hold both his peace and his self-respect in days like these when the art of his affections is drawn so often into the welter of opinion. Some of music's devotees seem more intent on smashing other people's houses than improving their own, with the result that the field is strewn with broken glass, like the Strand after an air raid. The raiders are still with us. They employ the vocabulary of music, and warm themselves with her gestures, but they fume at the mention of melody. Taste with them seems a game of megaphones and tomahawks. Lacking certain ingredients in their composition (and I use the word in fear and trembling) they have never learned their own limitations ; but why try, like the damaged fox in Æsop, to crop everybody else down by their own pattern ? Perhaps it is part of Nature's working arrangement that every faculty of value has to be kept bright by active use, and defended from the onset of envy and disruption. But perpetual encounter on behalf of our standards is apt to impair one's sense of proportion just as much as inglorious ease may do. Perhaps a watchful and diligent serenity comes nearest the ideal condition, and how few ever attain it !

Those who possess the friendship of Mr. Edward German will probably concur that he is of those few. Like so many true musicians, he hails from the western midlands and breathes something of their fresh and mellow quality. There was a fight among the Severn, the Dee, and the Mersey, as to which should have him. In the end the Mersey and engineering lost ; the Dee claimed him for a few years' schooling ; and he went back to the Severnside and to music. He was destined to spend several years at the Royal Academy of Music, where he had as fellow-students Julia Neilson, Sir Henry Wood, Landon Ronald and Ben Davies. While there he maintained himself by playing violin at the Savoy Theatre (an admirable school) and got organ practice by tramping daily across London and back before breakfast. He taught violin at Wimbledon School, where Barry Pain was master of classics, and together they worked up a musical version of the "Antigone" of Sophocles. A conductorship at the Globe Theatre under Richard Mansfield gave him an opportunity to write Incidental Music to Shakespeare's "Richard III," and then Irving gave him the Lyceum commission which made him famous. For the three Incidental Dances from the music to "Henry VIII" found such universal favour that the rest of his career

is common history. It is needless, therefore, to mention his many important orchestral works, his delicious light operas (who does not know "Merrie England"!) and the many distinguished songs and part-songs which have since come from his pen.

No one can run off the reel of memory the many hours of pleasure he has drawn from Mr. German's music without retaining a clear impression—that of a happy temperament delighting in the company of fine conceptions. But the royal road, with him, has been the usual one. "Hard work," he once said, "*hard work*—nothing can be gained without it." Recently I had a talk with him on the output of the time and music generally, and it brought out a few serviceable truths in the same vein. He could not see anything but Nemesis awaiting the present fashion of hostility to tonality and form, a pose on which some mistaken moderns seemed to pride themselves. No one was out to defend the school of sugared unrealities, any more than the morbid school of nerves and nonsense. "The only music that can live," he said, "is the music that has the elements of beauty and health in it, and observes some kind of structure and shapeliness. The fact that this has been so often said and disputed does not alter its truth, for true it certainly is. Closer definitions are impossible, perhaps, or at any rate are hard to find; and it is not well to dogmatise. But the fact remains that the man in the street decides in the long run what is to endure. You must put in close application and study of the best models, and you must learn the rules before you break them. Of course, there are always the great exceptions. Genius is far rarer than people think, and genius has ways of its own. The thing to deprecate is the foolish attempt of men without this element of genius to try and blindly follow it in everything. Here the result may be that what is boldness and justification in the master is violence and foolhardiness in the pupil. And not all the emphasis and assertion in the world can make it otherwise.

"Of course," Mr. German went on, "I am not limiting my humble approval to any school, whether Church, or Oratorio, Grand Opera, Light Opera, Chamber Music, or any other medium. Each of these has a place secure which none of the rest can ever take away, and I should always recommend as open and inclusive a taste as possible. Only I would say, keep the standard high. Light music, so long as it is good, may be nearer the mark than serious people imagine, and is often much harder to write. I am not thinking of machine-made stuff such as we have always with us, but music which comes from originality, and is not above giving pleasure of a permanent kind. There is nothing contrary to tradition in doctrine like this, nor anything adverse to common sense; and I believe it agrees with the best theory and practice of other arts than music. Further, it is the only vein in which to judge the best music of other ages and other lands. I, for one, can never forget what we owe to Germany, and to France and Italy, and I appreciate to the full much of the modern, and some of the ultra-modern music of these countries. And yet I love 'Carmen' and 'Faust,' and I believe these works will never die, whatever changes come about. It is a good augury for native music that we have a taste so catholic as to value the best from

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other countries, and to be resurrecting the fine forgotten music of our own work written before the Puritan era. In this sense art knows no nationality, but I am, of course, as English as I can be, and as regards English music of the future I am a confirmed optimist."

I came away with one clear text remaining in my mind. As Tennyson put it in a ringing line, "The form, the form alone is eloquent." Mr. German is one composer at least who is upholding the standards that are destined to last.

A GREAT ENGLISH PIANIST.

At the beginning of June Mr. Harold Samuel gave, at the Wigmore Hall, a series of piano recitals unequalled in my experience. He played on the six successive days of a single week; he confined himself all the time to the music of one composer, Bach; he sought no special devices of advertisement; he employed no arts of boom; he engaged the attention of no newspaper on the watch for a stunt; he just played with perfect mastery of himself and the wonderful music he was rediscovering for us, and he played as superbly on the sixth day as on the first. It was in all respects a magnificent achievement.

Consider the staggering feat of memory! Mr. Samuel played about one hundred and fifty pieces during the week without a single note of music before him; and I can testify to his unfailing accuracy, for I attended four out of the six concerts and followed nearly every piece with a score. To the high quality of his playing I can do better than give an amateur's testimony; I can say that his audience regularly included a number of very distinguished musicians, young and old, and that these were among the most enthusiastic in applause. I add a personal opinion that in quality and variety of tone and in truth and power of interpretation his playing ranks with the best. Mr. Harold Samuel has the fingers of a technician, the mind of a musician, and the soul of an artist

A week of Bach is a remarkable experience even for a practised concertgoer—and I will add, in passing, that Bach is probably the only musician who could stand the test of six days' keyboard work. As a rule, all we hear of Bach at the usual recitals is a repetition of well-known pieces—the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" and the "Italian Concerto" being the sole representatives of pure clavier work, the rest being organ or string pieces re-written for acrobatic displays of transcendental technique. But Mr. Samuel's programmes included no transcriptions. He gave us the pure text, and gave us unfamiliar music that is among the greatest ever written. Nothing could be finer than his performance of the wonderful "Air with Thirty Variations," scarcely ever heard in the concert-room. Busoni played a characteristically shortened and revised version of his own not long ago; but as far as most concert-goers are concerned, this moving and marvellous invention might never have been written.

And did all London flock to this great adventure by an English pianist? All London did nothing of the sort. The concerts were certainly well attended; but if the so-called musical public of London really cared for music, instead of caring chiefly for names and sensations, the hall would have been packed to overflowing. I therefore seriously advise Mr. Harold Samuel (if he cares for crowds) to give up being an English pianist. Let him reappear next season as Samuelovich, the Tartar Terror from the Gobi Desert, and the Albert Hall won't hold his audience.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

It is to be wished that some musician endowed with a ready pen, humour, humanity, humility and perhaps a dash of cynicism would write a study of the song-publisher with a particular inquiry into his methods of identifying possible "winners"; songs, that is, intended to catch the vast public which "doesn't know much about music, but knows what it *likes*." Such an essay might be founded even upon so small a body of songs as the chance association at present to be considered. To a greater or less degree each makes an obvious bid for wide popularity, and various grades are represented. For the most widely known purveyors of easy sentiment stand Mrs. May Brahe and Hermann Löhr, the former with a characteristically pleasant ballad, "Cradle me low" (Enoch; three keys), suitable for female voices, a setting of a suave lyric by Helen Taylor, who used to do better than this; and the latter with a volume of six "Russian Love Songs" (Chappell, three keys). Mr. Löhr is the fortunate possessor of a cosmopolitan idiom which has, to date, served without perceptible modification for songs of India, Italy, the Southern Isles and Rumania. The nervous amateur need not fear anything unduly Russian here, beyond the lyrist's name, the sleigh on the cover and various exotic words. For one terrifying moment during the introduction to "A Black Sea Song" he may think that Mr. Löhr has traitorously transported him to that fearsome shore; but the melody quickly reassures him that he has got no farther afield than Brighton front, with the accompaniment clinging to him closer than a brother, only occasionally leaving him on a sustained note to dab on a little local colour. Possibly the songs may become popular out of sheer habit, and tenors of the luscious sort may delight in declaiming such passionate and juicy bonnes-bouches as "Dushka moya!" and "Galubchik moi!" (with foot-note). Probably, however, the tunes would have sold better fitted out with such soundly domestic words as carried "Little Grey Home in the West" over two hemispheres. And the music need not have been appreciably altered! Another obvious bid is made in "The Thrill of Life" (Elkin; two keys). The lyric, by R. C. Tharp, rhymes "dawn" with "morn" and "balm" with "charm," and the music by Walter Rubens suits the words. One expects better of this firm.

It is a pleasure to turn from these essays to "The Way of a Ship" (Enoch; two keys), five chanteys with good words by C. Fox Smith and music by Easthope Martin, one of the best and most adventurous of our popular composers. Increasingly interested in modern harmonies and the modes, Mr. Martin uses them with considerable though varying success. In the first song, "Rosario," one feels that the tune has been conditioned to the harmonies and has lost the directness essential to the chantey. "Morning Watch" and "Sea Voices" have atmosphere, and "Roll Along Home" a suitably virile rhythm. By far the best of the five is "Casey's Concertina," an ingenious hornpipe with an unexpected turn of poetry. The book should appeal to basses and baritones whose living demands that they shall "get there," and who are heartily tired of the usual vehicles. "Three Fletcher Lyrics" (Enoch; two keys) have melodious airs by Paul Edmonds marred somewhat by a mixture of styles and a lack of imaginative dexterity in the piano parts. The long-drawn repetition of the last line of the second, even if it were possible for human lungs to phrase decently, is unnecessary. But the songs have good words, and are ambitious enough to be promising.

The rema ning two songs should appeal to that increasing section of the public who are ready to allow roses and gardens a close season. Ernest Bullock's "Afton Water" (Enoch; three keys), a setting of an English lyric by Burns, is a quietly beautiful song with a musicianly but simple accompaniment, which will please baritones and tenors capable of legato singing; and E. Roy Thompson's setting of Fiona Macleod's "Thy dark eyes to mine" (Elkin), with a good pianist and an emotional tenor, would inflame any ballad-concert audience. These two composers, both musicians of recognised accomplishment, can give points to the balladists and beat them at their own game. There is hope for the concert singer yet!

RODNEY BENNETT.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

CHILD THOUGHTS. Words by P. J. Mudie. Music by Walter Mudie. (Forsyth.)

Five little songs of childhood, of which the best is undoubtedly "Mars." Both words and music are natural and charming. Unfortunately, in the other four songs the words are not written in a childlike way. The author makes the mistake so often made in writing for children—of recounting children's thoughts in a grown-up manner. The music throughout is kept fairly simple.

THE JOYFUL YEARS. By Paul Zilcher. (Reid Bros.)

This children's suite for piano is dainty and full of melody. "Chatterbox" is a vivid little picture, and "A Little Dance" is delightful.

AN ALL NIGHT LULLABY. Lyric by Dum Dum Music by Ivor Novello. (Enoch)

A capital song, with a welcome touch of humour that is as refreshing as it is rare in the majority of songs of this class

SEAMAN BLANK. Words by Robert Nelson Music by Lauri Bowen (Reader & Walsh)

One does not associate bathos with such a name as Nelson, and the words of this song come as rather a shock. The music has spirit and goes with a swing and given sensible words might have attained some popularity.

The Drama.

THE NEW DRAMATIST.

BY THOMAS MOULT.



Mr. Thomas Moult.

THE opening of the autumn season will find the London theatre in a more hopeful position than it has held for many a long day. This is not a paradox, however much the sudden and wholesale collapse in recent months might suggest it. The true significance of that collapse will not be understood until we disentangle the distressful nature of its material consequences from what might be called the political aspect. One thing is already certain, none the less. The public of to-day possesses a greater partiality for the theatre as entertainment than it has done at any time during the past score of seasons; a correct sense of the purely æsthetic values of stage-production is more widely held, just as there is, despite the cynic, a sounder judgment of poetry among the mass of its readers than there was in the days when Mr. Alfred Noyes was king.

The mind of the people has, moreover, been tending towards this cheerful condition for two years. But the quality of that mind, encrusted and overlaid as it was by a devastating period of mental aberration, has unfortunately made it more difficult, almost impossible, indeed, for good plays to receive proper appreciation and encouragement. It is a commonplace and foolish habit of ours to explain all that is wrong in contemporary

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existence as the effect of "materialism"—recklessly confusing that same term with its scientific application—but the fact remains that the temper which found its highest expression in the conquest of Nature and its lowest in inter-human warfare has had a peculiar effect on the quality of modern English plays. The theatre, in a word, has suffered badly from the imposition upon its native purposes of a mixture of gross and intense "materialism," far removed from reality (in the æsthetic sense) or fundamental truth, and inimical to the chances of the truer drama. It has become almost completely commercialised.

Commercialised, that is, in the worst sense. Mr. William Poel, in his recently published brochure, "What is Wrong with the Stage?" has described the methods of the theatre magnate and monopolist into whose hands the London playhouses fell during the war and where, mostly, they still remain. These magnates and monopolists are commercial syndicates and nothing else, so that, as Mr. Poel says, "the ultimate decision as to what play shall be put into rehearsal is determined, not as it is on the continent, by men of the theatre, but by members of the Stock Exchange." The facilities for raising money for plays of artistic merit have therefore been practically non-existent. Unbelievable as it may seem, the plays that have been produced in London of recent years are sometimes not even read by those who find the money for their production.

That the dramatist should have been influenced by these circumstances, which, we need not say, are inimical to art in any sense of the word, is a matter for no surprise. He has followed one of two courses as a consequence. Angered and smarting from a sense of the sordidness of the whole thing he has written his play with a "purpose," or with a problem, of the type of Mr. Galsworthy's or Mr. Shaw's, or he has written cynically, for money. Only here and there can be found the dramatist who has persisted in the struggle to express his own *artistic* vision, and he, obviously, has had little or no place on the post-war stage.

Thus it is the young dramatist whose ideals have not been tarnished, and, among play-makers, he alone, who will find the English theatre in a more hopeful position at the opening of the autumn season than it has been for many a long day. The dramatist with name, fame and disillusionment will slowly but surely disappear before a demand which he is constitutionally unable to meet. The true significance of the present "slump" in the theatre is that the public is heartily sick of the drawing-room play, the dismal tragedy, the mechanical comedy, by all of which it has been surfeited during the past winter especially. We may look to the success of "The Beggar's Opera" at Hammersmith (where the first anniversary of its revival has just been celebrated) for some sort of indication of the kind of play that the public will look for on its return from the pursuit of those estimable summer gods, lawn tennis and salmon mayonnaise. The romantic play has never yet been seen to proper advantage on the English stage. The romantic play-writer has, consequently, never reached prominence. The most prominent writer for the theatre in Germany during the past decade has been the romanticist, Gerhardt Hauptmann.

It is not unreasonable to assume that there are young writers who will be able to respond to the new demand. Mostly we will find that they have been and are working in remote corners of the country, lacking only an adequate stage technique—a comparatively unimportant matter if the true vision be in them. Already here and there in London and the provinces plays have been staged privately or half-privately, without any commercial considerations, as at the "Unnamed" Society, Manchester, the Norwich Players group, the late Curtain Theatre Association, London; and these, good or not in themselves, are to be noted and encouraged because it is likely that from them the writers of the future may learn their craft. Not that too much importance must be attached to these as the *discoverers* of young genius. The example of America is before us, with its hundreds of "little theatres" and its extraordinary dearth of genuine plays, to lessen our hope of that.

It is hard to give the names of those to whom we may look for the first-fruits of what may be regarded as the romantic revival in our theatres, without seeming to be invidious. Other names might well be substituted for those of Mr. Edward Shanks and Mr. H. M. Richardson; Mr. Sladen Smith and Mr. Eric Dexter of Manchester ("Dreams That Come True," by Mr. Dexter, is a remarkable little piece which would have been played by Mr. Iden Payne at Miss Horniman's Gaiety Theatre had not that fine producer been lured prematurely to America); Mr. Ernest Goodwin, whose "Devil Amongst the Skins" was published in *Voices* and is now one of the commendations of the Arts League of Service; Miss Dorothy Massingham, Mr. Clifford Bax, Miss Gwen John, author of "Edge o' the Dark"; and Mr. Halcott Glover, whose "Wat Tyler" was published in book form by the Bloomsbury Press last year. But these writers are especially worthy of mention because the mistakes and shortcomings in their work, whatever they may be, have certainly nothing to do with the common misconception by contemporary dramatists of the play as a vehicle of "ideas," and of little else but realism and its inevitable attendants, glitter and gloom.

GORDON CRAIG AS THEATROCRAT.

BY LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

MR. GORDON CRAIG knows so much about the European Theatre and feels so deeply about it that he has become a Theatrocrat.* Too much learning has driven Mr. Craig into paradox: for him paradox is truth; but for his readers it will appear contradiction. He says the only hope of the English theatre is Shakespeare, and he associates this with his strongly-held opinion that Shakespeare is not for the theatre at all.

He strongly conceives of the theatre as a place into

* "The Theatre Advancing." By Gordon Craig. 31s. 6d. (Constable.)

which actors should not enter: "Man and the voice of man—that little personality and that little voice—loom far too large in the present theatre and throw all things out of proportion, destroying all harmony by their aggressiveness."

Human personality, Mr. Craig pleads, with a light-heartedness that suggests self-ridicule, should be obscured, as in the old Greek Drama, by the use of masks. He refers to the mask as "that paramount means of dramatic expression without which acting was bound to degenerate"! A delicious piece of Beerbohmish special pleading is implicit in the passage: "Masks carry conviction when he who creates them is an artist, for the artist limits the statements which he places on these masks. The face of the actor carries no such conviction; it is overfull of fleeting expression—frail, restless, disturbed and disturbing."

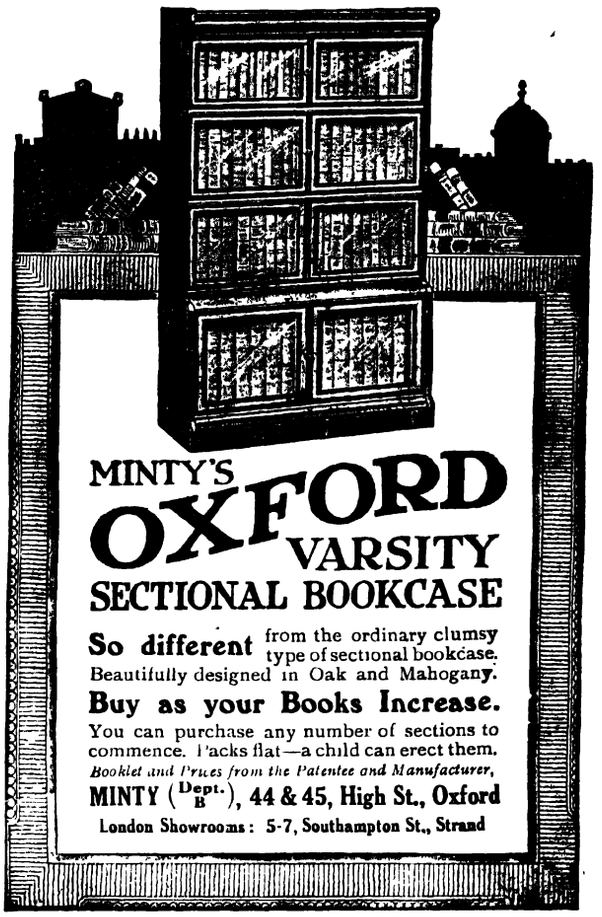
One of Mr. Craig's most explosive statements is the heavily underlined one that "before the art of the stage can revive, women must have passed off the boards." The only plausibility he gives to this idea is as a question of economics. He says that women are always glad to appear before an audience for next to nothing, and that cheap labour is disastrous artistically.

Mr. Craig knows, of course, as well as any of us, that the great women artists have no timidity about taking as considerable salaries as the men, and that the theatre could no more dispense with women players than a fountain-pen with ink.

It is not surprising that Mr. Craig, still describing furious parabolas in the amazed ether, should say of the greatest stage figure in Europe: "No one can call Eleanora Duse an actress, yet in spite of this many people have tried to write about the 'acting' of Eleanora Duse." The Theatrocrat says that Duse has nothing of art in her composition, and follows this by a splendid compliment: "She is personal love, personal courage, personal hope, and personal beauty, and these all whirl her through the long space of her life as some unseen and lonely star is whirling at this moment above our heads." Fortunately for many of us, we have seen the star in the congenial firmament of high drama.

For Mr. Craig there is an infinitely better thing than the actor: "There is only one actor—nay, one man—who has the soul of the dramatic poet, and who has ever served as true and loyal interpreter of the poet. This is the Marionette." Lecturing to protesting pupils in his Dramatic College, our Theatrocrat declared: "The Marionette is more than natural; it has style—that is to say unity of expression; therefore the Marionette Theatre is the true theatre." One of Mr. Craig's mildest assertions in "The Theatre Advancing" is that acting cannot be taught. In that event who is to inculcate the super-acting of the Marionettes; or will the painted wooden figures take on life of their own accord when the wires jerk.

Mr. Gordon Craig's ideal theatre has, of course, always been a theatre without any performers. He is so obsessed by what is called "production" that he has no care for any human element except the producer—say, Reinhardt or himself. He takes perpetual charming and childish delight in models of theatrical "sets." For him scenery and all that it entails in the way of structure, colour and lighting is



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the only thing that matters. On the Gordon Craig enchanted stage the step of a great actor would be a vulgar intrusion. This is the Theatrocrat's secret. This is why he has written a book of great wit and considerable beauty holding the stage up to ridicule.

One of his passages of smiling paradox is that in which he expresses a hope that we may some day see the theatre in the Turkish bath. That is probably where Craig does see his theatre, which is one of the mind's eye, and the eye is one of languor. In his own words: "Wisdom has often been whispered, a poet has told us. The whispering grows and grows. Now all is silence once more. The Drama of Wisdom has ended; we are asleep."

A FAMILY MAN. By John Galsworthy, at the Comedy Theatre

"A Family Man" bears signs of hurry, yet I think it has been very unfairly treated in the daily press. Its honesty, its humour, and its boldness deserve recognition even if the play is written by an author from whom we expect these qualities. The play suits Mr. Galsworthy better than the novel. He is less tempted in drama to indulge his sentimental mood; and in "A Family Man" he has a subject which keeps satire and comedy on top. John Builder, of an unnamed small provincial town, is married: his wife is dutiful but dull; his daughters undutiful but gay. He is very much tired of the family: a great liberal in politics, a great tyrant at home, but, as is inevitable under modern conditions, an unsuccessful tyrant in dealing with his spirited daughters. Athene leaves home, and lives with an airman whom she won't marry because of her experience at home. She distrusts marriage. Maud is going to join a "movie company." The play opens with this situation, and John Builder is seen throughout the play under the strain of family conflict, made harder by his public position—he is a J.P. and selected for mayor. In addition to these domestic difficulties, Mr. Galsworthy leads us to believe that Builder has been leading a celibate life for some years, and that this does not improve his temper; but this more delicate problem is not handled at all fully. If Mr. Galsworthy intended Builder to be an unsympathetic character, which I find it hard to believe, Mr. McKinnel ruined his play. His John Builder from the outset won one's heart—badgered, ironical, generous, nagged at—he is a most pathetic study of a strong-weak man in difficulties. The rest of the acting was on a very high level: especially noteworthy was Mr. Hanray's vulgar little Mayor, and Francis Lister's Guy Herringhame, Athene's husband. He acted with rare ease and naturalness in a rather ungrateful part. Miss Archdale as Athene and Miss Kentish as Maud were excellent, and a word of praise must be given to Miss Olive Walker's slyly stupid acting in the part of Annie, the Herringhames' maid.

R. E. R.

THE PEDLAR'S BASKET at the Everyman Theatre.

After its very successful season of Bernard Shaw's plays the Everyman Theatre is offering a diversity of *divertissements* in the shape of a programme devised and produced by Mr. Norman Macdermott. It is a mixture of a very chic concert and a fastidious music-hall, and deserves support and praise. Unfortunately the first performance was sadly marred by the fact that Mr. Clive Carey suddenly fell ill and lost his voice, so that Mr. A. A. Milne's operetta, "The Red Feathers," and another item had to be omitted. But the songs were charmingly decorated and mounted, and well sung by Mr. John Goss. The Chelsea China group was especially delightful. Four playlets were given: an act of the famous Japanese tragedy, "Sugawara Denji Tenarai Kagami," showing the fine flower of the old Samurai passion of loyalty. Interesting as it was, it did not achieve the atmosphere of Japan. Schnitzler's gay but pungent "A Farewell Supper" was excellently played by Nicholas Hannen, Douglas Jefferies and Muriel Pratt, with Harold Scott as a discreet waiter. The *pièce de résistance* was Eugene O'Neill's "In the Zone," the scene of which is the fo'c'sle of a tramp steamer bringing a load of shells to Liverpool through the submarine zone. One of the men is seen secretly to whip an iron box out of his suitcase and stow it away under his mattress; the jumpy nerves of his shipmates bring them to think he is a spy, planting a bomb. They seize him and tie him up, open the box—it is full of letters from his sweetheart which disclose that he is a poor victim of drunkenness, loved and prayed for but finally discarded. Mr. Macdermott in a little speech told us how the censor had objected to certain words but suggested alternatives, and as Mr. Macdermott neatly explained what the words were we were able to enjoy the *varia lectio* in each case, with no serious harm to anybody's morals. ("The Red Feathers" has since been duly presented, and proved a charming addition to the programme)

F. M. A.

A NEW IAGO at the Court Theatre.

An effigy of William Shakespeare, cleft to the brisket, has often appealed to me as being the sort of allegorical poster I should use if ever I were producing Othello for an ultra-highbrow coterie—which Heaven forbid. For in this play the poet attempted to split both human nature and his own personality neatly in two, giving his hero a monopoly of stark unintellectual honesty and greatness of soul, whilst Iago specialised in the other side of the picture. The attempt could not be carried to its logical conclusion, because Shakespeare realised as the play proceeded that the simplicity of his original Othello was incompatible not only with success in generalship, but with the intellectual depths of jealousy which the dramatic values of his theme required. But it accounts to some extent for the inhumanity of Iago's character, and for that "motiveless malignity" which has distressed so many sentimental critics besides Coleridge.

Yet Shakespeare, whilst following the old Moralities in presenting us with an abstraction, an exclusive study of one side of human nature, desired to gild the pill with some semblance of probability; he therefore drew Iago as a young man for whom mischief-making is a delightful hobby; he has not only the courage of his convictions, but a zest for them; he is an artist in villainy, whose sole gaiety springs from the perfection of his craftsmanship. It is this quality in Iago which gives extraordinary interest to Mr Fagan's bold choice of Mr. Basil Rathbone for the part. By all conventional standards, Mr. Rathbone was an amazingly unlikely man to play Iago; hitherto we have known him chiefly as a romantic juvenile, a young actor who relied less on subtlety than on his sympathetic personality, his infectious enthusiasm for whatever part he had in hand—the last man, you would say, for the Machiavellian, fawning Iago of the old school. But the old school must take a back seat occasionally, and the allocation of such back seats is not the least interesting of Mr. Fagan's functions. He has foreseen in Mr. Rathbone's buoyant gaiety (twisted ever so slightly towards cynicism), the means of bringing out that zest in wickedness which previous players of Iago have been too prone to overlook. And the result at the Court Theatre is worth going to see. For Mr. Fagan has vision, and has given a healthy shock to some of us who thought we knew just what Mr. Rathbone could do.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E C 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"Success," by Lord Beaverbrook, a guide to success by one who has got there, will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

"English for the English: A Chapter on National Education," by George Sampson, makes a strong protest against our present educational system which aims at turning our children prematurely into "hands" and does not meet their needs as human beings, and it offers a plea and a practical programme for a real humane education. The book is to be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press.

Captain E. R. G. Evans, C.B., who was second in command of the British Antarctic Expedition commanded by Captain Scott, and took over the command after Scott's death, has written an account of the expedition in "South, With Scott," which Messrs. Collins will publish early in the autumn. Captain Evans was during the war in command of H.M.S. *Broke*, which with H.M.S. *Swift* engaged six German destroyers, sinking two and torpedoing a third.

Mr. Lewis Melville, whose story of "The South Sea Bubble" has just been published by Mr. Daniel O'Connor, has written a Life of John Gay, which will be issued shortly by the same publisher.

Mr. G. B. Burgin, who in his time has known almost everybody who is anybody in the latter-day world of letters, has written his recollections in the "Memoirs of a Clubman," which Messrs. Hutchinson have published. The same firm will publish this month a new novel of his called "The Man from Turkey."

A company of over four hundred editors, journalists and others associated with the literary, newspaper and general business worlds entertained Sir William Berry at the Savoy Hotel on July 20th, to mark their personal appreciation and to compliment him on the baronetcy that was recently conferred upon him. Lord Leverhulme presided, and the other speakers included Lord Burnham, Lord

Dewar, Lord Riddell and Mr. Harold Cox. A silver salver was presented to Sir William Berry who, responding to the toast of his health, speculated on the possibilities of increased liveliness in Fleet Street if, instead of devoting himself to politics, Mr. Lloyd George had realised his original ambition and become a journalist

The full story of D'Annunzio's adventure at Fiume is told in "A Political Escapade," by the Rev. J. N. Macdonald, O.S.B., which Mr. John Murray is publishing.

Mr. John Long is publishing this month "Good Grain," by Emmeline Morrison, the winner in his recent £500 Prize Competition for the best First Novel.

If we hesitate to congratulate Mr. Thomas Seccombe on his appointment to the Chair of English Literature at Queen's University, Ontario, it is only because we are not sure that our congratulations should not be given to the University. Mr. Seccombe is one of the ablest and most scholarly of our men of letters, a brilliant critic, with a saving grace of humour, and a lecturer who knows how to interest as well as to instruct his audiences and, without being poor, we are not so rich in his kind that we can afford to lose him without hesitating to let him go. He is one of THE BOOKMAN'S oldest and most valued contributors; for ten years he was assistant editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography"; he has been a frequent contributor to *The Times Literary Supplement* and many other literary journals, and if he has been too busy to write more than four or five books ("The Bookman History of English Literature," with Sir William Robertson Nicoll, "The Age of Johnson," "George Meredith," etc.), he has edited and written introductions to as many as any man living. On the whole we very warmly congratulate both Mr. Seccombe and Queen's University, and add our own among the sincerest of all the good wishes that will go with him from the multitude of his friends.



Photo by F. Hunter d. **Mr. Kineton Parkes.**

"Sculpture of To-Day." Messrs Chapman & H. publishing.

From a portrait in oils by Francis Derwent West, R.A.

A new volume of poems by Mr. Hibbart Gilson, "In and Out of Heaven," will be published next month by Mr. Henry J. Drane. Mr. Gilson is the great-nephew of Sir James Denham, the mystery poet-knight of the last New Year Honours.

Messrs. Cassell have just published a new book of "Queer Stories from *Truth*." This makes the twenty-second of these volumes and contains thirty stories that well maintain the reputation the series has won for freshness and "snap" of style and variety of interest.

Mr. Arthur Greening has written a romance of the Thugs in India—"The Curse of Kali"—a tale of love and mystery and desperate adventure all steeped in an eerie atmosphere of the occult, a swift, vivid tale that gives the reader a new thrill almost every time he turns a page. The book is to be published forthwith by Messrs. Jarrold.

The special feature of the July-September number of the *Readers' Guide*, issued by the Norwich Public Library at 2d. (post free 3d.), is an annotated reading list on Dante, prepared in view of the sexcentenary which will take place on September 14th. The annotated list, compiled by the deputy librarian (Mr. Charles Nowell) includes the best translations of Dante, and an excellent selection of the best books about his work.

"Trooper O'Neill," by George Goodchild, a new story of Canadian life, dealing with the world-famed North-West Mounted Police, will be published by Messrs. Robert Hayes this autumn.

A new novel by Mr. William Caine, "Mendoza and a Little Lady," a story of artist life in Chelsea, will be published shortly by Messrs. Putnam.

Wednesday, October 12th, is the date arranged for this year's Festival Dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution, at which Mr. C. H. St. J.

Hornby is to preside. A strong Dinner Committee has been formed, and as it is expected that the demand for seats will exceed the space of even the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, early application for tickets should be made to the Secretary, Room 9, Memorial Hall Buildings, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Mr. Leonard Slade, of Melbourne, the Grand Old Man of Australian bookselling, is regarded by book-lovers throughout Australia almost with veneration, and by his staff with a great affection. Lately Mr. Slade has celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of his entry into bookselling. With all experience, and a memory like a catalogue, he is at the zenith of his professional powers, and Australian book-lovers generally have taken the occasion of the celebration of this anniversary to wish him long life and continued activity. Mr. Slade was born at Clunes and was contemporary with Mr. John Longstaff, the artist, and Dr. William Hewitson, Principal of the Presbyterian College, Dunedin. He was one of the original members of the Shakespeare Society of Melbourne. Reminiscencing, Mr. Slade tells us that Samuel Mullen and George Robertson both landed in Melbourne together from the same old clipper—the *Great Britain*; that Mr. Cole, after a journey interrupted by wreck, landed from South America on the same day. The one day brought into Melbourne three men who were to found great bookselling houses in Melbourne, each house famous throughout the Commonwealth and known throughout the world. Mr. Slade's grandfather, the Rev. P. Durham,



Photo by Monteat (Melbourne). **Mr. Leonard Slade**

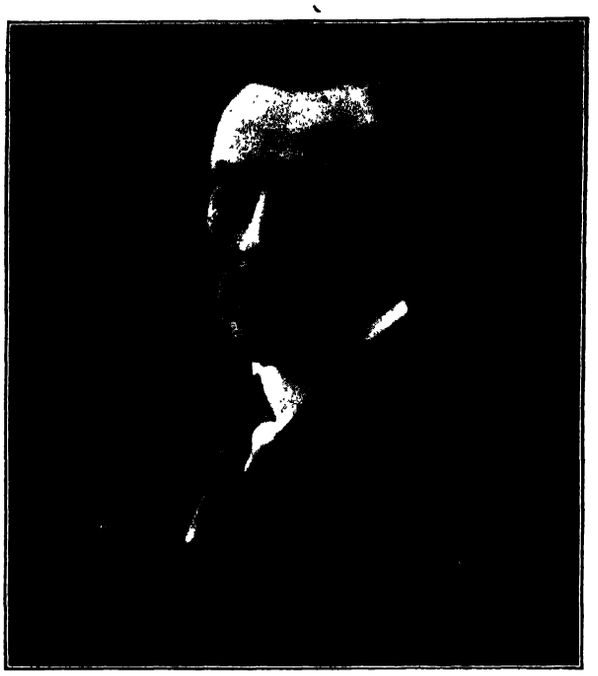


Photo by H. Walter Barnett. **M. Constantin Nabokoff,**
Author of "The Ordeal of a Diplomat" (Duckworth), reviewed in this Number.

is closely connected with the early history of Australia, having been Chaplain at Port Arthur during the time of Sir John Franklin.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Ernest Whitton, C.M.G., the author of the biography of Moltke, which is reviewed in this Number, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Entering the Leinster Regiment in 1894, he served in the South African War. Graduating at the Staff College in 1904, he passed to the Intelligence Department as Staff Captain and was later associated with the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence, of which he became Secretary in 1913, in which capacity he devoted great attention to the official history of the Russo-Japanese War. In 1914 Colonel Whitton (then Major) served with the 6th Division, B.E.F., and was severely wounded during the first battle of Ypres. While on half-pay for wounds he acted for a term as Master of "Modern VIth" at Harrow. He was then appointed to the General Staff, serving first in the War Office and subsequently at G.H.Q. in France. Colonel Whitton's best-known works are "The Marne Campaign" and his "History of Poland from the Earliest Times," but he has also written a good deal of prose and verse of a lighter character. A comic opera entitled "A Manœuvres Night's Dream," which he perpetrated in his younger days, was a clever skit on the introduction of steam mechanical transport in military manœuvres, and was sufficiently pungent to attract the attention of certain highly-placed persons. Colonel Whitton has a delightful personality (writes a correspondent) and is widely popular in Service and literary circles.

It is a good while since we had a new story from Dick Donovan, who has written a romance of Australia, "Out There" (2s. 6d.), which Messrs. Everett have published. It is a striking story of love and hate, and the triumph of love over death, and is sure of a welcome from the multitude of Dick Donovan's faithful admirers.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

It is true of Mr. E. V. Lucas as it was of Goldsmith that he writes all kinds of books but touches no subject that he does not adorn. The record of his last year's journey round the world, "Roving East and Roving West" (5s.; Methuen), has the charming lightness and whimsicality of touch that is characteristic of all his work. From India and Japan he passes to America, a shrewd observer, jotting down his impressions of people and places as he goes and picking up capital anecdotes by the way. Perhaps the American section is the best, and to say that of a book that is entertaining throughout is to say a good deal.



Mr. W. Douglas Newton,
Author of "Low Ceilings" (Appleton).

Mr. Sydney A. Moseley's "Haunts of the Gay East" (3s. 6d.; Stanley Paul) is a book of travel of a different kind. He takes you into strange, bizarre by-ways of Cairo, Constantinople, Sofia, Belgrade, Budapest and Vienna, and has curious stories to tell of the lives of their people. He does not give you the whole picture, but the lesser known, more romantic side of it; he looks for the unusual and the startling and finds them. The glamour of the East is over his pages and his tales are edged with something of the mystery and excitement that you get in the Arabian Nights.

"Sport in a Nutshell," by C. E. Hughes (1s. 6d.; Jarrolds) is a very diverting encyclopædia of as many sports as most people can think of and some that they would not think of at all under that heading. It is all done in an irresponsible spirit of burlesque; even golf is treated without reverence and cricket with a frivolity that is more amusing than the game itself. The humorous illustrations of Fred Buchanan add not a little to the oddity of a joyous little skit.

"Low Ceilings" (8s.; Appleton) is a notable advance on Mr. W. Douglas Newton's first novel, "Green Ladies." It is a careful, mordant study of the effect of a conventional suburban atmosphere on the minds of those who live in it. The principal characters work in the City and live round Denmark Hill; they preserve the ordinary humdrum amenities of middle-class family life, its snobbish social code, its stuffy ideals of respectability, all the narrow moral and material gospels against which certain of the younger generation are more and more rising in revolt. Beatrice Harbour is an essentially modern girl born of essentially old-fashioned parents. Clear-sighted, independent, she fights against the low-ceilinged, suffocating home atmosphere and, in defiance of everybody, marries her unorthodox musician and is happily justified of her obstinacy. Her brother Owen makes desperate efforts to break away from the strangling conventional courses that are planned for him, but does not succeed until the war comes to give him his chance. Her older brother Donald, who tells the story, is more gifted and original than either but has been more subdued to his cramping surroundings, and for a long while is only half-unconsciously chafed by them. He falls under the influence of two women. One, Barbara Major, is pretty, alluring, provocative; and under her distracting spell his artistic genius shrivels, his designs become commonplace and he looks like drifting into failure. The other, Agnes Gillow, like his sister Beatrice, has broken away from the petty traditions of suburbia, is clear-eyed, courageous, large-minded, goes her own way and always inspires Donald to go his, whenever he comes within range of her finer influence. The story resolves itself into a problem of which of these two women shall gain the ascendancy and mar or make the career of the man who is equally susceptible to the charm of both. Mr. Douglas Newton handles his theme subtly, with humour and a dramatic and emotional power that result in what is at once an absorbingly interesting tale and a sound piece of literature.

Mr. George D. Herron, a friend of President Wilson and one of his advisers, has written in "The Defeat in the Victory" (8s. 6d.; Cecil Palmer) a very impressive and disquieting book on the Peace negotiations in Paris and their outcome. He believes the Peace terms advocated by Mr. Wilson would have given us a world very different from the dissatisfied, distracted, warring world we are trying, without much hope, to make the best of. He sees nothing but disaster ahead of us unless the Peace terms are revised and brought nearer to realising the more or less discredited ideals of President Wilson. It is a very earnest, arresting, closely-reasoned appeal. Mr. Herron writes with authority and we commend his drastic criticisms to those who are responsible for the task of putting our house in order.

In "The Tower of London" (6s.; John Lane) Mr. Walter G. Bell furnishes a history of the Tower itself and relates the stories of its famous prisoners. It is a guide-book of the best sort, well illustrated by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher.

Mr. Fergus Hume has attempted in "Three" (7s.; Ward, Lock) more character-drawing than is usually indulged in by writers of sensational fiction. Juve Mendel, a mentally unbalanced musician of genius, is a man of exotic moods and wild passions that form an emphatic contrast to the cool, level-headedness of Archie Godwin. On the day of the murder of his grandmother, Juve goes up to his room and, a few moments before the tragic discovery, is seen there, lying asleep. Consequently he is unable to throw any light on the mystery that implicates a father and son. For all this, suspicion falls upon him, and the question to be settled is—which of the three is guilty? It is an intricate plot, full of complications and false clues, and the reader has to go on reading to satisfy his curiosity. Mr. Hume's skill at concocting such mysteries is so well known that his name on the cover is sufficient guarantee of a good, melodramatic yarn.



Photo by G. Pelici **Professor George D. Herron.**
Author of "The Defeat in the Victory" (Cecil Palmer).

"I'm glad I married a man with a lot of conscience, but it's often very uncomfortable for them that's nearly related," says Mrs. Jerritt, wife of the old coachman in "The House with the Golden Windows," by J. E. Buckrose (8s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton). Milly Wimperley, who inherits the house and the fortune of the old maiden aunt who has lived there undisturbed for many years, is another person with "a lot of conscience." When she discovers she is an adopted child and not entitled to the property she relinquishes the house and the luxury for which it stands, and pays dearly for her conscientiousness. But the payment brings its recompense. Mrs. Buckrose tells the story with a freshness of outlook and vigour of style characteristic of all her work, and never allows the interest to wander for a moment.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JOHN OWEN

NOT the least interesting thing in this life is the chance of each new publishing season bringing along its own particular sensation or discovery, and whilst 1921 may have many good things in store for us yet, it already seems certain that a large share of the literary honours of the year will go to "The Cotton Broker," a first novel by Mr. John Owen.

Judging by the reviews it would be true to say that without exception all the critics are pleased with this book, which takes for its background the business world of Liverpool and tells of the progress of "Prosperity" Crossford, the son of a widowed office cleaner, whose rise from sample boy to apprentice, from apprentice to salesman, from salesman to partner and from partner to President of the Liverpool Cotton Association is carried stage by stage by this new novelist in so convincing a manner as to make one feel a personal thrill as each fresh triumph is attained.

But whilst the critics are undoubtedly pleased they are apparently also a little puzzled. They are pleased with the youthful vigour and freshness of the work, they are puzzled by its maturity, its mastery of material, its firm grip of character. "What manner of man is this," they seem to say, "who puts together his first novel with the finished skill of an experienced craftsman?"

It may then be of interest to state that one of Mr. John Owen's Welsh ancestors having coined the now famous epigram to the effect that "Liverpool is the capital of Wales," John Owen on leaving school was himself apprenticed to the Liverpool cotton trade. For five years John Owen went in and out of Liverpool cotton offices, for five years he moved in a world which though rich in adventure has till now been unexplored by the novelist, and for five years he met and learned to know the types he describes so well in "The Cotton Broker." Hence the vigour and freshness, hence the atmosphere and convincing detail of his book.

Having given five years of his youth to the Liverpool cotton trade, John Owen, with a determination very typical of him, left the cotton market and apprenticed himself afresh. But this time he chose an even more exacting trade—this time he apprenticed himself to literature. That apprenticeship has covered a number of years of close and painstaking service; it has included much journalism and a little, at least, of nearly every branch of the writer's craft, and it is an apprenticeship that only now, with the publication of his first novel, is considered by John Owen to have been faithfully worked out. Hence the maturity of "The Cotton Broker," hence its mastery of material and its sureness of touch.

John Owen is a great giant of a man who during the time he lived in the north indulged the mild and pleasant

little hobby of taking midnight rides from Liverpool to London on a push-bike—a distance of something like two hundred odd miles, which he used to cover in less than twenty hours! Yes, a great giant of a man with a finely-shaped head suggestive of considerable intellectual power, eyes that twinkled humorously behind his glasses and that sort of boyish shyness of manner which sometimes goes with giants.

The author of "The Cotton Broker" could have written a novel ten years ago; but he could not have written this novel. He has a very high conception of the novelist's art and very definite ideas of what a novel should be. He was content to wait until he had cultivated the strength of his hand sufficiently to satisfy his own high standards. And, as with so many of his generation, the war had much to do with his final development.

When "the world's great storm" arose, John Owen in the spring of 1915 put aside his pen and writing pad, lifted his six feet two inches of brawn and muscle out of the arm-chair in which he usually works and rode away to the war—on his bicycle. His experiences in a Cyclist Corps and later for a short time as an infantry officer in France, cannot have been without their artistic value to this keen student of human nature. When after the armistice John Owen found himself back in his arm-chair again he felt that at last he was ready for his first novel, and "The Cotton Broker," a book of over ninety thousand words, was written in less than five months.

It is a book that would not be unworthy to rank as the supreme effort and climax of a career. With John Owen it is only a beginning. He is not yet middle-aged and most of his music is still in him. A man who can work in comparative obscurity for ten years to fit himself to embark on his life's work, and who as his form of relaxation has had the habit of riding a push-bike from Liverpool to London in under twenty hours, is surely a force to be reckoned with!

STANLEY SALVIDGE.

BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR.

YOUTH is never a crime, but in criticism it is always a handicap. Numbers come early to the poet, and very naturally he lisps them, but a lisping critic is a *lusus naturæ*. Such a one, in a recent effort to overcome the lawful impediment placed on him by the handicapper, succeeded only in aggravating the plight of Criticism in a day when Youth has seized the galley's helm. We were bidden to sit up and take notice that since the Brontës there have been no women novelists—save two living writers who were named—to be mentioned in the same breath with them and with Hardy, Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, and J. D. Beresford. It would be easy, if it were worth while, to comment on this dictum to some purpose, the comment to cover three heads: (1) The work of the two women writers who were named, (2) the work of really important women writers who were not fortunate enough to secure mention, and (3) the real nature of the difference (less in degree than in kind) between the work of the men writers who were named (and who, by the way, are far from being equally great) and the women writers who *could be* named. The truth is that, in technique, Charlotte Brontë has been excelled by many later women novelists, in whom, however, the bright flame of the spirit never burned. And because it is the spirit alone that gives life, Charlotte Brontë, with all her literary faults upon her, remains a writer permanent and apart.

I am led to make these remarks by my feeling that in Beatrice Kean Seymour we have with us to-day a writer in whose soul is a flame fanned by a wind blowing down from Haworth moor. The spirit of indignation that inspires passages such as the memorable one dealing with the Pamela episode in "Invisible Tides," and the eager enthusiasm that is manifest in all she does, afford evidence (and there are other evidences) of her affinity with the northern sisters for whose writings she has an admiration not the less warm for daring on occasion to be critical.

It is refreshing nowadays to come on a writer of her distinction who is truthful and modest enough to disclaim the Celtic strain. Remote as her work is from that of the late Miss Tucker, Mrs. Seymour may claim with that improving writer to be A Lady Of England—and a Londoner finds pleasure in adding that she is London-born. She entered on the literary life with no advantage save that of a non-literary family past. At London University Professor Gollancz and A. G. Guthkelch discovered her latent gift, and she was quick to benefit by the wise counsels of the last-named scholar—since untimely lost! In her fuller development she has perhaps been influenced most by the Brontës and Thomas Hardy, though the crowded canvases of Dickens hold her with their magic. Among the moderns she is drawn to writers like May Sinclair and John Galsworthy—nor must I forget H. G. Wells, whose influence on the technique of the contemporary novel is not to be gainsaid, and scarcely to be withstood. Moreover, she resembles Wells in her wonderfully receptive mind and her capacity for interpreting her impressions and lighting instinctively on hidden truths in the process.

I make no apology for interposing a word of tribute to Mrs. Seymour's personal charm. Her beauty is of the type that Rossetti loved to paint, but spoiled by exaggerating to the point of heaviness. Rossetti's women are immobile and aloof; Mrs. Seymour is all animation. Her eyes are the most expressive I have anywhere seen—soft grey eyes, which sparkle and deepen in colour almost to violet under play of emotion. A luxuriance of rich brown hair gives its own note of harmony to features which are the more memorable for their radiant intellectuality.

She has come definitely to the front with "Invisible Tides" and "Intrusion." Technically, "Intrusion" marks an undoubted advance on the earlier book. It is better proportioned, and the unities are more strictly kept. There is no hiatus in the scheme of it, no show of uncertainty in the telling.

It is all of a piece, performance ever marching with intention. Roberta, the central figure in the story, arouses one's interest as a psychological "case," without once appealing to the heart. The trouble is, she doesn't inspire respect—not that it is the poor girl's fault, for she might retort on us (and it is the kind of retort she would have enjoyed making), "I am as I am, and I can't be no amnier!" As the type of a girl quite commonly met with in life, she is vividly realised and convincingly set down. A parasitic creature, incapable of passion, and concerned to use the lure of her sex and beauty in exploiting her lovers for material ends, she tricks the idealistic Allan into marriage, and, later, seeks to undo the marriage by repeating the trick. She has all but accomplished her purpose when she is killed in a motor accident. A hasty critic has objected that Roberta's death is, artistically, a fault—apparently because he thinks she is killed in order to "save the situation." The "situation," however, was already developed, and past "saving," and Roberta's death is dramatically probable, while the irony of it should lead the foolishest critic to suspect that it might be good art. To just such a climax Thomas Hardy himself might at any time have wrought a Wessex tale. It is the fashion to chide a novelist for dealing out death at a crucial point in a story, as though the death artistic were unheard of! Death at times affords the happiest of endings—but suddenly I remember that other critical convention that disqualifies even a happy ending as necessarily inartistic!



Photo by Basil **Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour.**

The fiat of a cruel Editor on the subject of space prevents my explaining a personal preference for "Invisible Tides" as a *story*. I must, however, call attention to the uncannily penetrating study (not yet sufficiently praised), under the thin disguise of "Mr. Bletchington," of a man famous or notorious (a long range of epithets is there for the reader's choosing) in the public life of our time. Thackeray confessed that George IV. was an enigma that baffled him. "I try to take him to pieces," he says, "and find silk stockings, padding . . . underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then—nothing!" I am confident that Mrs. Seymour would have filched for us the secret of Florizel, though whether it would have been worth the filching is another matter. Even the Bletchington secret—but I won't say it! and anyway it detracts not at all from the merit of her achievement. For the rest, if asked to say what qualities in Mrs. Seymour's work impress me most, I answer—its fundamental brain-work, and *style*. Having already discussed the subject in this journal, I now merely reiterate my opinion that her style distinguishes her above all other women writers of her generation.

Laughter, we know, is never far removed from tears; and though I will not say that in her books Mrs. Seymour ever gets quite to the point of compelling our laughter (whatever she does with some of us out of her books), she has, like Shakespeare's Beatrice—that disdainful lady whom she resembles in nothing beside—a leaping wit. There was a star danced, and under that was she born. Her liveliest sallies, however, are struck out of a vein of melancholy that, if I know her aright, runs never very far beneath the surface. They were wise words that Matthew spake in "Every Man in His Humour": "Your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir." And even were they not generally true, they are true as applied to any thoughtful person, howsoever jocund-hearted and racy of speech, living in a world that never was a merry one since the fairies left dancing. In these distressful days one is only too like to cry with Stephen (in the play just quoted)—"Have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?"

Looking back along the way by which Mrs. Seymour has come, it is not for me to take credit in foretelling her triumphal onward progress. For the gods are very wise, and gifts such as those with which they have dowered her are not given into unprofitable hands. A very womanly woman, she is in the direct line of descent from Charlotte Brontë, who first shocked a sublimely masculine world into understanding somewhat of the passionate intensity, the clear spiritual vision, and the intellectual courage of the womanly woman. In her attitude toward the great humanitarian issues which confront the world of our day, she is imbued with the crusading spirit. She thinks for herself, and her honesty is equal to her independence. She would be a missionary—if she were not an artist; and in a world where artists are few and missionaries are beyond number, we may thank the Providence that seasons justice, on occasion, with mercy. At the same time, her art is no meaningless affair of cubes and daubs and grotesquerie. She is no repeater of idle nothings, no mere "proficient in amusive feats of puppetry," but an interpreter of things shrewdly observed, a witty exponent of profound and sometimes unpalatable truths, a light-handed garnerer of "fruitage from the tree of life."

F. C. OWLETT.

THE READER.

AMERICAN AUTHORS OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

By Thomas Moult.

UNTIL a year ago the appearance of an American writer in our English publishers' lists has been, apart from Henry James and William Dean Howells, mostly due to considerations outside literature, and even then nearly as infrequent as blackberry bushes in the middle of Manchester. So narrow was the range that Jack London and Mr. Harold Bell Wright, Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin actually rubbed shoulders. The main difficulty of the reader who wished to acquaint himself with American literature in the making was, not counting that of dialect, to restrain himself from bunching the mass of its writers together and dismissing them as a pack of slangy sentimentalists conforming so little in their methods to English standards as to be unreadable. Mrs. Wharton and Jack London, as a matter of truth, were about the only younger authors of account who found and maintained a place with us. Then, suddenly, for reasons that are still a little vague, a larger view was adopted. No longer did we assume the patronising air. It began to be recognised as the business of authors in the States to write after their own individual or national fashion—to exercise, in short, the primary right that is the artist's everywhere; and the business of the reader, to receive them unconditionally.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Sinclair Lewis.**

With this change of attitude towards American writers has come, not as a consequence but none the less coincidentally, a change in the attitude of the writers themselves. Hitherto, from Mark Twain downwards, practically all of them expressed in their work an optimism, a "forward-looking," an "uplift," that was hardly palatable to the European mind. If this quality was lacking there appeared an equally unwelcome brutality, as in Frank Norris's books, Stephen Crane's, or that amazing best of eight novels by Abraham Cahan, an editor of the Jewish *Forward*—"The Rise of David Lavinsky." This brutality has persisted longer than the optimism; although at the present time, when we are welcoming the work of contemporary Americans a little too wholeheartedly to be discriminating, neither "realism" nor "sentimentalism" is its dominant character. Perhaps it was that Mr. Theodore Dreiser, with "Jennie Gerhardt" and his tremendous "trilogy of desire," especially its second volume, "The Titan," uttered the last word in stark and ruthless realism—a realism that combined Zola and Hardy and the Frank Norris of a little-known masterpiece, "McTeague."

The author of "The Titan" (published in England by John Lane, as are several of Dreiser's works) is well ahead of his contemporaries in the matter of years, being born in 1871 at Indiana, with German blood in his veins. His influence is to be noted most directly in the late David Graham Phillips; in Mr. Robert Herrick; Miss Willa Sibert Cather; and Mr. Sherwood Anderson, whose "Poor White" is to be introduced by Jonathan Cape in September, and followed by "Winesburg, Ohio," next spring; while Miss Cather's books are in the care of Heinemann. A critic whom the *Athenæum* has described as "the most original and rapidly becoming the most important critic in the States," Mr. H. L. Mencken, lately proclaimed Miss Cather's "My Antonia" a truly glowing and beautiful piece of work, "far above anything ever imagined by Mrs. Wharton." To those who have read "The Age of Innocence" this will appear an amazingly generous tribute. There is no other American authoress, all the same, whose future seems to promise so much. "My Antonia," which was issued two years ago by Heinemann in England, followed "Alexander's Bridge" and "O Pioneers." Apart from volumes of short stories, these are all that Miss Cather has yet written. "Youth and the Bright Medusa" will appear this autumn. It is a collection of tales concerning the artistic life, and readers will surely recognise that nothing so beautiful and yet so true has been done in the short story since Miss Katherine Mansfield's "Je Ne Parle Pas Francais" than the opening piece, "Coming, Aphrodite!" though it lacks Miss Mansfield's subtle irony altogether.

Everybody here is reading "Main Street," and so much has been said about this now famous book since its publication by Hodder & Stoughton and Harcourt Brace & Company, that we need only to mention Mr. Sinclair Lewis and his powerful study of provincial life in the U.S.A. for the purpose of recalling that some critics have ranked with it, as works of art, Mr. Floyd Dell's "Moon-Calf" and Mr. Sherwood Anderson's "Poor White." Mr. Dell is a Socialist editor who adopted an unpopular attitude on the war, yet this, his first fiction, seems to have delighted even his political enemies. English readers will have quick opportunity of testing his quality, for "Moon-Calf" is to be issued by Heinemann and followed by "The Briary Bush," a volume of short stories that has not yet appeared in his own country. In a recent character-sketch of him, Mr. Sinclair Lewis has written that he does not know of anyone who combines economics with a graceful genius for loafing, and for smiling at pretty, adorable things, as does Mr. Dell:

> "Slender, young, rather shy, discussing the exact significance of the Third International with overwhelming knowledge, yet all the while wishing that he could be off to the Isle of Ægeus, where they sleep and sing and make verses and make love and haven't yet heard about even the First International."

This passage, incidentally, conveys a go

"Moon-Calf"—the first volume, by the way, of a trilogy dealing with a Socialist novelist and Chicago industrialism.

Mr. Sherwood Anderson reached the age of thirty-five before he attempted to write a novel. Then he wrote it simply that he might create and live with a human being and know him as he could never do by observation or any real existence. He has had a varied career, first as a labourer, then a soldier in the Spanish-American war, and as a business man who was very successful—until he began writing! His third book, "Winesburg, Ohio," in which he tries to do for the small town what Caradoc Evans did for the Welsh village, and which brought him recognition, is his high-water mark; although "Poor White," a study of the talented son of a shiftless labourer at the moment of the industrial supremacy over agriculture, is one of the best works that have come of the Middle West. "Poor White" reveals the giant influence of the Russians. It has the bigness of prairies, the universality of the uprising spirit. Its unique technical feature is that dialogue is practically absent from it—certainly the pages are never broken up, except by the commencement of new, long paragraphs. The adolescence of Hugh McVey, the "poor white" labourer himself, and of Clara Butterworth, is exquisitely described. Here the author is a poet. His understanding of women is evidenced by his first portrait—that of Sarah Shepard, the woman who "mothered" Hugh and made him something more than a huge-limbed, sleepy animal. One of the events of our next season is promised in the publication of "Poor White" and "Winesburg, Ohio."



Photo by E. O. Hoppé

Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer.

Mr. Jonathan Cape has recently published, in "Zell," by Henry G. Aikman (8s. 6d. net), another interesting story, and one of similar type. It is a big advance on Mr. Aikman's first novel, "The Groper," and Avery Zell's unhappy boyhood and ineffectual manhood are described in a grimly humorous vein that make the book one with a difference from most novels of our time. When Avery grows up he stumbles through many spiritual and material adventures until, baffled and resigned, he endeavours to find in his own son the projection of all he himself was, all he might have been, all he hoped to be. The personality of this rather fine though self-humiliated being is a triumph of characterisation; there is true humour in it, and pathos as proportionately true. The issue of Mr. Aikman's story in England is thoroughly justified. In him we have found a worthy member of the Hergesheimer line, and in "Zell" a successor, badly needed, of "Three Black Pennys" and "Java Head." He might also be read in contrast with the writings of Miss Evelyn Scott and Miss Dorothy Canfield, whose "Brimming Cup" (8s. 6d. net; Cape) is announced as the second "best-seller" of the season in America. From these two accomplished women writers we learn of a country that is young enough to be self-conscious and terrified at the thought of its own future, and yet old enough to be cynical and fiercely tenacious of its own birthright. Humour is a possession of neither. Nor do we find much in "Half-Loaves," by another young writer, Miss Margaret Culkin Banning (8s. 6d. net; Hodder & Stoughton), and yet there is sufficient of genuine understanding of men and women to make up for any lack of the other quality. Miss Banning's work might be compared with that of a young woman novelist on this side, Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour. She has the same power of describing minute details and making them significant, the same delicacy of sympathy with the men and women who, virtuous and well-intentioned, blunder through their early married years and well-nigh heap tragedy on the rest of their lives. The "half-loaf" is the pathetic remnant that, at best, is saved from those early experiences. Miss Banning's earlier book, "This Marrying," awakened an interest in her work that "Half-Loaves" has served to increase.

When we have named Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Miss Willa Cather and Mr. Floyd Dell, we have before us what are being called "The Big Four" in contemporary American prose, but it does not follow that the work outside theirs is insignificant. Apart from poets, but including the various kinds of prose writer, a good deal of interest is now centred in the production of Mr. Eugene O'Neill, whose grim little one-act play, "In the Zone," recently shown at Hampstead, is the forerunner of "Emperor Jones," to



Miss Margaret Culkin Banning.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. George Jean Nathan.

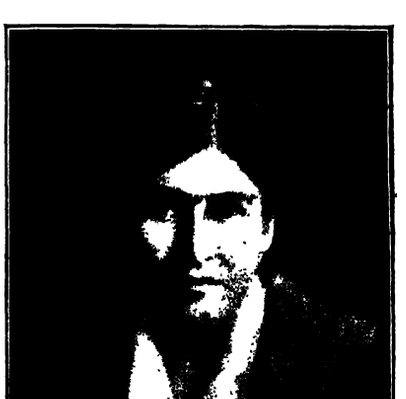


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Miss Willa Cather.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Zona Gale.**

be staged in London this autumn. Mr. O'Neill is generally regarded as the most gifted of American drama writers; he has done much towards creating a new dramatic form. In this respect "Emperor Jones" is amazing. He is the first discovery of the Provincetown Players, a most successful group of travelling actors founded in 1914 by Mr. Floyd Dell and the late John Reed. Mr. A. E. Thomas is a playwriter less in control of his moods, and in some of them he manages to raise the ire of Mr. George Jean Nathan, one of the cleverest of the critics to whom reference will presently be made. The novels of Miss Zona Gale, always a sincere artist, are more familiar than most to English readers; and Mr. Christopher Morley seems to be making a particular corner for himself with bright and irresponsible work like "The Haunted Bookshop," published last year by Chapman & Hall, and "Parnassus on Wheels," now issued by Heinemann (5s. net).

Mr. James Branch Cabell and Mr. H. L. Mencken are writers of a totally different kind. Mr. Cabell is an urbane, ironical romanticist who persists in treating sex as a matter for buffoonery, and with "Jurgen," his most ambitious work, he succeeded last year in disturbing the "Comstocks," a term of contempt for the official societies for the "suppression of vice." "Jurgen" is to be issued shortly by John Lane. It stands with "Figures of Earth" as the most characteristic of Cabell's half-dozen novels. Its theme is the reaction of Jurgen (a mediæval pawnbroker) from the shrewishness of his wife, Dame Lisa. With the aid of a ghostly grandfather, magic robes and potions, he performs various miraculous feats, such as this:



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Christopher Morley.**

"Jurgen floated round his bed once or twice, then to the ceiling for practice. Through inexperience he miscalculated the necessary force, and popped into the room above."

It is the adventurous and gallant sequels to such unexpected moves that surprise the general reader and have made it a legal offence for the present to sell the book in the United States. Mr. Hugh Walpole is, we believe, to introduce Mr. Cabell to English readers. In a recent essay in the *Yale Review* Mr. Walpole stated that "no writer new to us in the last ten years has revealed in English so arresting a personality."

A brave fight against this tyrannical and always unjustifiable censorship of literature in Mr. Cabell's country is being made by Mr. H. L. Mencken, whose personality is for some readers more arresting even than that of the author of "Jurgen." America is at the present moment particularly well off as regards literary criticism, in spite of the plaint made by the best critics themselves that it is in a woeful state. Certainly the state of English criticism is not very happy by comparison. We have none to compare in fearlessness and positive judgment with Mr. G. J. Nathan or Mr. Mencken, none to compare with Mr. Francis Hackett and Mr. Van Wyck Brooks for earnest brilliance. We look for an English edition of Mr. Brooks's "Letters and Leadership," and, perhaps, his "Ordeal of Mark Twain" (a thoroughgoing upset, this, of a literary idol), now that Mr. Jonathan Cape has issued Mr. Mencken's first series of essays called "Prejudices." That this particular volume should have been chosen of his dozen to introduce him here is a wise judgment, for his peculiar instinct for idol-smashing is roundly shown, even though he is dealing with such awe-inspiring personages as Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Bernard Shaw. The author has been likened to the late James Huneker in style and mind. But he is in more deadly earnest, less genial. On the other hand his judgments are far oftener artistically sound. His summing up of Mr. Bennett's qualities is excellently made; he gives literary credit to the late Jack London—always a test-case. He is ruthless with Sudermann as a dramatist:



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. H. L. Mencken.**

"He starts off furiously, let us say, as a Zola, and then dilutes Zolaism with romance, and then pulls himself up and begins to imitate Ibsen, and then trips himself up and falls headlong into the sugar-bowl of sentimentality."

And Mr. Bernard Shaw has made it his life-work to "announce the obvious in terms of the scandalous." America is fortunate in having one so stimulating and sincere as Mr. Mencken at a time when its literature is beginning to circulate in a general way beyond its own borders. He will, we feel confident, take good care that nothing is introduced over here without the hall-mark of genuine authorship or the dreaded label of those who, as he picturesquely puts it, are, "in spite of the pedagogical Prussianism of the Professors, *not* filled with the divine afflatus, nor nominated by the hierarchy of hell to enrich the literature of their fatherland." Enough has been said in the present essay to indicate how thoroughly genuine is much of American contemporary prose-writing that must pass under Mr. Mencken's examination, and, consequently, if our publishers continue in their present enterprising path, how welcome.

CLAUDE LOVAT FRASER.

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON.

THE death of Claude Lovat Fraser in his thirty-second year closes before it was fully opened to our view one of the most hopeful prospects of recent English art. But untimely as his death came in June last, and irreparable as his loss must be, he did something more than give us a glimpse of a happy, healthy realm of design and colour—he gave to us for an inheritance the right to enter his realm of fancy by many a bright and pleasing gateway.



C. Lovat Fraser.

His art touched life at many points, and although, whether it was painting or drawing, it fulfilled the demands of its own technique, he was not content that it should remain there. Lovat Fraser was something more than a painter of pictures, if indeed he ever was or could have been that for any length of time. His pictures were related to functions rather than frames. They were to be looked at, or better, to be *used* with something else—a book, a fabric, a costume, a play or a ballet. He was primarily and in the larger sense of the word a designer. Design in art is fitness to purpose. His short but full years of productivity were devoted entirely to fitting his art to any purpose that took his fancy or claimed his aid He had his own tastes and peculiar whims, but in spite of these, in spite of a very real tendency to linger in a particular period, a catholicity of sympathy encouraged him, when nothing more individual was pressing, to permit his tireless genius to serve any respectable purpose, whether it was the decoration of a book that was little more than trivial, the making of a toy, the designing of an advertisement, or, if there were nothing to do at all, the covering of the backs of envelopes or menu cards with caricatures of himself and his friends.

He could perform miracles likewise with the most unpretentious materials. With a steel nib or a quill pen and some twopenny bottles of red, green, violet and black writing inks he fashioned designs and pictures which bear the mark of immortality; with corrupt and out-moded types and printers' ornaments and packing papers so crude in colour as to be almost obscene, he called forth booklets which have entranced the fastidious bibliophile. He revelled in impossible materials and the results were always magical. I have known him to travel the bookshops of London for old MS. books for the sake of the hand-made paper golden with age; to hunt the East End for tattered broadsides and chap-books. He enjoyed and hoarded the crude designs on old-fashioned matchboxes and trade cards and the coloured sheets which formed the raw materials of toy theatres. He liked toys. Not modern mechanical toys; still less, gollywogs and teddy-bears; but the Dutch dolls, calico cats and wooden horses with impossible spots such as a Caleb Plummer might have created. And he would walk miles to see an inn sign of the genuine "Marquis of Granby" or "Blue Boar" class. The Punch and Judy show which used to appear like a ghost from the past on certain pre-war days in Charing Cross Road, near the National Portrait Gallery, was one of his great delights. He gloried in pirates and highwaymen, and knew the eighteenth century "literature" of these ruffians like an expert. One of his earliest drawings was a picture of Captain Macheath, and Lovat Fraser lived to design the scenery and costumes for the revival of "The Beggars' Opera."

But his taste was not confined to the art of the street folks. He knew better than anyone what was good, individual, characteristic, in the urbane plebeian; he knew also its affinities in patrician urbanities. I never heard him express enthusiasm for any of the pictures of the old masters, except Velasquez, Goya and Constable. He preferred their drawings, particularly their sketches. Watteau's sketches, and Rembrandt's, and Hogarth's, and more than all those of Rowlandson. He was always hunting for these and with a sort of instinct finding them, and once found not relinquishing his grip of his treasure if it cost him his last guinea—which it often did.

Costume also fascinated him. He chuckled with delight over the Regent and Beau Brummel and Beau Nash; knew as a boy of eighteen the difference between a "maccaroni" and a "buck"; hoarded old, coloured fashion engravings and military costume prints and even the costumes. He once invaded my room with a vast shako under his arm which he had tracked down in some old curiosity shop. He lived imaginatively in the period 1650–1800 with occasional excursions over the frontier of the early nineteenth century to do homage to Shelley and Keats. He loathed Harrogate and loved Bath.

When I first met him he was beginning to saturate himself in all these things; creating, as it afterwards appeared, an atmosphere, a locale, for his genius. I remember him first as a plump hobbledehoy from Charterhouse valiantly endeavouring to acquire law



From "The Lute of Love,"
An Anthology, with drawings and decorations by Lovat Fraser (Selwyn & Blount).

in his father's office and getting beaten handsomely every time. That was in 1909. Art won, and Lovat's gift for filling office note-paper, destined for legal formalities, with caricatures of himself and his friends, and portraits of pirates and dandies, was transferred to the studio of Walter Sickert. He enjoyed the change, as he enjoyed most things, but he did not let it interfere with his art. Lovat Fraser was not of the stuff out of which good students are made, whether law or art. He had his own way of working and stuck to it. He was self-taught. He did not resent criticism, at least he never showed resentment, but it had no effect upon him. At the back of his easy good nature and eloquent desire to please others, particularly his friends, there was firm conviction in his own mission and purpose and an utter determination to please himself. As a boy, with the spirit and playfulness of a boy, he was also a man—more than a man, he had the maturity of genius which is older than time. At the very outset he seemed to realise what was in him. He did not develop—he unfolded.



'Milk Below!"
From "A Collection of Nursery Rhymes." Illustrated by Lovat Fraser (Poetry Bookshop).

It was inevitable that he should have gravitated to the theatre. All the tastes and experiences which I have indicated were training for the setting of "The Beggars' Opera," "As You Like It," "If," and "Mary Stuart." The world was a stage for him and the men and women not *merely*, in Shakespeare's belittling phrase, but always and most appropriately, players. Lovat Fraser would not have had them otherwise. He played also, but not with them; except with his friends he was shy and remote. He played at watching them and drawing them or using them as the media of his art. But he played seriously—with the earnestness of a child. Which is only a roundabout way of saying that he lived in and for his work. He never stopped working except to sleep. His prodigality was startling. Every scrap of paper which came his way left him with distinction. His pen and pencil never rested. He would draw on the backs of envelopes before putting them in the post-box, and added a little floral decoration, sometimes in colour, or a miniature caricature of himself to his signature on post cards. His inscriptions in gift-books were nearly always pictorial. He was always on the look-out for models or subjects and always ready to talk about his work.



By C. Lovat Fraser. **Wrapper Design.**
From "Strange Meetings" by Harold Monro (Poetry Bookshop), reviewed in this Number.



Drawn by C. Lovat Fraser. **The Town.**
From "Town," an Essay. By Holbrook Jackson. (At the Sign of the Flying Fame).

In this spirit of play or joyful work he lived. Thus were the "Flying Fame" chapbooks and broadsides produced, and "Pirates with a Foreword and Sundry Decorations" and anthologies such as "The Lute of Love" and books of verse such as "Helicon Hill." Thus also came forth the early caricatures, the massed colour schemes of his pictorial work, and finally the recent stage settings which in less than three years gave him a European reputation.



From "The Lute of Love," An Anthology with drawings and decorations by Lovat Fraser (Selwyn & Blount).

There was only one sad period in his life, only one period when he could not play his entrancing game. During the war his pens and brushes, inks and pigments were laid by for sterner implements and materials. Not entirely laid by, however, for even in the trenches under fire he found paper and crayons and bombarded his friends with the results in vivid war sketches which are among his best work. He bore the actual fighting better than the training, and although he set his teeth to see it through and even made gruesome incidents the subject of his delicious humour, this time with a grimness very foreign to him, it was with undisguised relief that he returned after the battle of Loos, shattered in nerves as he was, almost sole survivor after an explosion which annihilated his company. He never really



Cover Design
(reduced)
From "By Olive and Fir," a new novel by Anna de Bary (Daniel O'Connor).

recovered from those momentous experiences, and the fatal termination of his last illness was as surely due to the war as though he had died on the field. Had the latter happened, Lovat Fraser, the artist of the theatre, would have been unknown, but Lovat Fraser, the creator of a new design that was as old and as English as England, would not readily have been for gotten.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

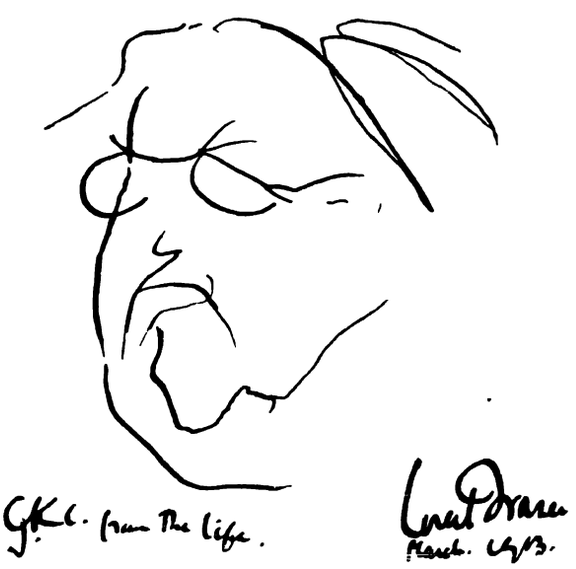
I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best design in colour or black-and-white for the Autumn Double Number of THE BOOKMAN. The design should suggest the bookish character of the magazine and, if possible, the season; but competitors are warned against being tempted by fancies of an old gentleman reading who, without this warning, would probably get into the drawings of too many of them.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.



Mr. G. K. Chesterton.
From a caricature by C. Lovat Fraser.
Lent by Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Rachael Bates, of The Orchard, Victoria Road, Great Crosby, Liverpool, for the following:

THE COAT OF MANY COLOURS.

I am the fool with raiment of gold,
I am the beggar with golden cloak;
This, though it shield not from the cold,
This, though it tarnish in the smoke
And rust in every whispering rain,
Dearer than all things else I hold
And may not loose again.

Under the hedges I lie at night,
The sharp wind biting, the cold rain falling—
But queens are riding in green and white
On steeds of silver, and kings are calling
Sweeter, clearer than common folk,
"Put on, put on your golden cloak,
Your cloak of gold most marvellous,
And ride with us!"

Under the hedges I wake at dawn,
Drenched with dew and faint with hunger;
I watch the gipsies flatter and fawn
And hear the needy ballad-monger
Selling the passionate words o' the dead
For bitter wine and mouldering bread.
But for myself I ever said
That I would liefer starve, or choke
On a wisp of straw, than sell my cloak.



Sir Hall Caine.
From a caricature by C. Lovat Fraser.
Lent by Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

The kings of Orient, did they guess
The worth of it, would surely come
With shrilling trumpet and rolling drum
To trade my banner of loveliness;
For this is the cloth the faeries drew
From sun and moon and the morning's light,
Whereof each fold is sewn with dew
And thick with stars on a starless night.

This is the cloth the faeries wove
Of laughter and many-coloured words—
Who wears it hears the hidden birds
And knows the speechless thought of love.
For this, when I go past the towns,
The maids come out in jest and joke
And pester me with silver crowns
To let them wear my golden cloak.

But in my heart I ever said
Such commerce brings no certain good,
And only one beloved head
Shall nest within the shining hood,
One slender body know the spread
Of crystal fringe and starry fold—
Wherefore I come by waste and wold
To wrap you in my cloak of gold!

We also select for printing:

"CHANSON TRISTE."

I cannot sleep to-night, because
Across the road a woman sings,
An ancient song of love and peace,
A haunting melody that clings.

Why should her singing make me sad
And drive me to the verge of tears?
Ah! there is foolishness in youth,
And bitter paying with the years

(R. Fortescue Doria, 6, Hatherly Place, St. Stephen's Road, Cheltenham.)

THE SINGER.

Little girl with the gift of song—
Bird-like song and burthen of joy,
Touch me now with your lyric voice
And I shall be once more a boy

And in a world of things grown old,
A dumb, grey world where is no ruth,
The sunrise days shall flaunt their gold
And my blood stir with laughing youth.

(S. G. August, Invercargill, New Zealand.)

THE WEAVER.

All the day long, and every day,
In fog or in sunlight, in gold or in grey,
I weave for my living, down Southwark way:
But at night I weave my dreams.

Cloth for the merchant, and cloth for the maid,
Broadcloth and taffeta, silk and brocade;—
Many have laboured ere one is arrayed:
But alone I weave my dreams.

Starlight and firelight, laughter and tears,
Gleaming desires and shadowy fears;
Words half remembered, from far-away years:
Of such I weave my dreams.

Now, when the darkness is kindly and deep,
Now, when the moon is atop Heaven's steep,
Some go to slumber, and some go to weep;—
But I go home to my dreams.

(Katharine I. Monro, St. Michael's Rectory, Lewes.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Lucy Malleson (West Kensington), C. A. Macartney (Vienna), Edward S. Burnham (Eastbourne), H. B. (Brussels), Agnes Dewar Scott (Woolwich), Gwendolyn Wilkinson (Kensington), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), Adelaide King (Zurich, Switzerland), Adrian Heard (Parkstone), Peter Milne (Glasgow), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Thomas E. Kinna (Port Elizabeth), Marjorie Crosby (Wolverhampton), E. R. Faraday (Orleton), Constance M. Parnell (Leeds), K. P. Avasia (Bombay), Rita Klein (Manchester), Una Malleson (Kensington), Kathleen Ida Noble (Walthamstow), A. A. M. B. (Hampstead), James Paton (Pietermaritzburg), E. G. M. (Wimbledon), W. A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Anita Burnett (London, W.), K. M. Harvey (Oundle), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Cecil Thomas (Quetta), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Ian Lauderdale (Cape Town), Margaret Brown (Putney), J. A. B. (Highgate), A. L. Pearce (Sydenham), J. O. Peek (Lafayette, U.S.A.), Maud Slessor (Rottingdean), G. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Eileen Newton (Whitby), C. P. Y. Dawe (Montreal), Rose Purchas (Victoria), Caroline Kershaw (Lincoln), James R. Bennett (Hull), W. Robertson (Glasgow), Helen de Veer (Strasburg, Alsace).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, of Rowlands Castle, Hants, for the following:

WAYFARERS IN ARCADY. By CHARLES VINCE. (Philip Allan.)
"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet."
SHAKESPEARE, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V, 1.

We also select for printing:

HOW TO GET MARRIED. By E. MONTALE. (The World Press.)
"Put up the banns."
"Sir Rupert the Fearless," Ingoldsby Legends.

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT PARIS. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he."
SOUTHEY, *The Battle of Blenheim*

(E. Theodora Herrington, The School House, Sacombe, Ware, Herts.)

MY THREE HUSBANDS. (Methuen)
"Come, let us four to dinner."
SHAKESPEARE, 1 *Henry VI*, *II*, 4.

(Grace Murby, 22, Arundel Gardens, W.11.)

THE GLORIOUS HOPE. By JANE BURR. (Duckworth.)
"I'm off at eight to-morrow morn
To bring *such* fishes back!"
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The South Wind.*

(A. S. Barnard, Monsall Lodge, Prestwich, Lancs.)

MOSTLY ABOUT TROUT. By SIR GEORGE ASTON. (Allen & Unwin.)
"I cannot say how the truth may be."
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best epigram on any public man is awarded to Charles H. Cuddy, of 8, Stanley Avenue, Birkdale, Lancs, for the following:

TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

Great source of all that journalistic light
Whose daily circulation ever climbs:
How hard to picture you a Carmelite,
Dwelling persistently behind *The Times!*



By C. Lovat Fraser. **Decoration.**
From "Rhyme Sheet." Second Series (Poetry Bookshop).

The results in this Competition have been satisfactory in quantity but not in quality. The best of the many other epigrams received are by S. M. Isaacson (London, W.), Victor S. Pritchett (Paris), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), R. B. Lawrence (Hendon), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Richard Tucker (Tavistock), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Mabel Westby-Nunn (Cheltenham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Frederick Willmer, of Rose Lea, Mayhill, Ramsey, Isle of Man, for the following

THE ROMANCE OF HIS LIFE, AND OTHER ROMANCES. By MARY CHOLMONDELEY (John Murray.)

A collection of eight short stories is given here, together with a delightful introduction, "In Praise of a Suffolk Cottage," which is by no means the least noteworthy contribution to the book. The plots are in romantic vein, and are remarkable for strength and originality. In one tale the reader is given an impression of prevailing social conditions in this country forty years hence, and in another Miss Cholmondeley writes, with humorous irony, on the status of the male in the year 2000. The book is in every way worthy of the author of "Red Pottage."

We also select for printing:

THE INCREDIBLE HONEYMOON. By E. NESBIT. (Hutchinson)

By herself using the term "incredible" the author forestalls—and disarms—the reader's inevitable criticism of this surprising honeymoon. The impossibility once admitted, one is free to enjoy the charming company of the open-handed Edward, his Princess, and that strenuous animal, Charles, in their delightfully aimless wanderings. This sort of book has been frequently done—if not overdone—lately, but E. Nesbit's light and humorous touch just saves the syrupy flavour from becoming too cloying. Perhaps the most "incredible" effect is that created by Edward's apparently unlimited supply of sovereigns: one wonders where he succeeded in obtaining them.

(B. Noel Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

THROUGH JOHN'S EYES. By HUNTLY ROBERTSON. (Grant Richards)

This is undoubtedly a masterly and intensely interesting psychological study. It begins with the chaotic thoughts of a child of three, and carries through to the more orderly and comprehensive mental processes of a boy in the early teens. We see the world as he sees it; and we are led tantalisingly near the truth about many interesting problems, only to be baulked by a child's limited capacity for solving them. Moreover, the author is guiltless of the common crime of schoolboy story-tellers, for there is no false sentimentality to spoil the book.

(A. Smith, 85B, Lexham Gardens, S.W.5.)

A PATRIOT OF FRANCE. By MICHAEL W. KAYE. (Stanley Paul.)

A thrilling tale of the French Revolution. Jacques de Marignan, an amiable aristocrat, becomes involved in plots to free the King. Neither Jacques nor his lady-love is clever; but both are good and innocent, and fall into the toils of an incredibly wicked and beautiful baronne who, finding her passion for Jacques unrequited, determines to destroy him and her rival. General Dumourier acts nobly throughout and ultimately, after many stirring exploits and hairbreadth escapes, Madame la Guillotine and the wicked baronne are cheated of their prey. We follow Jacques' fortunes in breathless haste until the exciting climax.

(J. C. Scott, "Braemar," Charlton Kings, Cheltenham.)

We specially commend the reviews by Violet E. Adcard (Upper Tooting), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), W. L. Werner (London, E.C.), Winifred M. Davies (Brynmawr), George Winter (Southend), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Sydney S. Wright (Bromley), Samuel Holt (Portsmouth), Edward K. Warren (Bedford), David Scales (Penge), R. B. Harris (Melbourne), L. Jones (Cardiff), Horace Petherick (Carlisle).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.

THE FORMULA OF THE WESTERN NOVEL.

From a Paper read before the American Library Association.

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE.

THE Western novel, one gathers from its critics, is in a parlous condition. It has become a thing of rule and rote, formula-built, a bit of carpenter work prepared from plans and specifications that have been standardised like Edison's concrete house.

This is a definite enough complaint, and it has its just weight. A writer in a recent magazine suggests that a certain very popular author—who by the way lives in the West—probably labels his characters courage, meanness, piety, suspicion, ignorance, etc., and gives them personal names only after his story is finished. Perhaps. I don't know his methods, but very likely he relies on the fact that most of us are alike as God's little apples. The great reading public is confused by subtleties and resents them.

The tremendous popularity of the formula-constructed novel is a source of continual surprise and sometimes despair to those of cultivated taste. It need not be a surprise. Writers who have had their work presented through the medium of the moving picture know how inevitably the fineness is worked out of the characters and the personality out of the story. The whole thing is standardised. For the motion picture producer has discovered that the public wants the commonplace.

It thrills to simple elemental emotions presented without refinement of motive. So the commonplace writer —*sans* style, taste, ideas, subtlety, or truth to life—dealing with elementals in an elemental way, appeals to the big reading audience.

Our eccentricities and our individualities are trifling compared with our conformities. The tendency of a highly complicated society is to iron out, on the surface, these differences. On certain occasions we all wear the same kind of clothes. The mediocre writer, slenderly equipped for his business, unable to probe far below the surface, often harks back to a more primitive society with its less specialised types. His alternative is to treat a highly synthesised social condition so superficially as to ignore its difficulties.



Mr. William MacLeod Raine.

To such writers the West is a tempting field. Its winning is one of the world's great epical themes. From all states and nations its builders poured, young, ardent, hopeful, strong. Round the Horn in clipper ships, across the fever-swept Isthmus, by the long, dusty Overland Trail, they came into the Golden West to seek fortune. They laughed at hardship. They wrote songs of defiance to bad luck and sang them while they toiled and starved and died. Self-contained and confident, they gutted mountains, made deserts leafy green, built cities that were the marvel of their generation. They tramped with audacious hope over new, dim trails to fell forests and drive the ploughshare through the sod of unbroken prairies. Into the Great American Desert, as the geographers called it, strode the pick of the world's adventurous youth and were swallowed up by it.

The building of the West is an absorbing subject, broad and elemental enough to capture the brave imagination of the young. The canvas is a big one. If the finished picture is tawdry, lacks depths, or fails to show an illusion of life, the artist must be to blame.

In the flood of Western novels there are some which contain a good deal of obvious carpenter work, a good many strained situations, much unreality. Some show characteristics rather than character in action. It may be confessed that the Western novel is usually more naïve, lacks brilliancy of style, often displays no deep insight, and has no background of culture. In the West we live too much in a concrete world. The importance of character study is undervalued.

But can we fairly localise these generalisations? Are feebleness of imagination, aridity of observation and lack of originality the peculiar defects of writers who deal with the West?

The writer of Western fiction offers one suggestion in his defence. There is a tradition of Western fiction from which it is hard to escape. He is not wholly his own master. If he were to write a story of how Hans Ukena raised peas and lettuce on a five-acre irrigated patch and thought of wooing Frieda Reincke with onions and cabbages instead of Cherokee roses and Lowney's chocolates, but decided after reflection to remain a bachelor, his audience would dwindle, his publishers might protest. Certainly his car would go gasless.

When all is said, art is not sectional. The standard of literary judgment lies in certain enduring principles that have come to common acceptance. These apply equally to all fiction, no matter where its setting. There is in all genuine fiction a sense of life, a human quality expressed in terms of the writer's personal philosophy. That which lifts a novel out of the commonplace is the personality of the writer. A novel is an individual impression of life, is the product of a man's reaction toward it. It is based upon ideas about life. If these run in a groove it is because the writer's thinking has become standardised. A writer may plough through his theme without learning or style or even good taste, but ideas of some sort he must have. To express the beautiful, to show the good: these are more important than technique. For life after all is bigger than art. The fit and striking work is all very well, but many a man has had a very pretty style with nothing of value to wrap up in it.

The most engaging quality in fiction is freshness. Those of us who are fencing with the encroaching years recall the tremendous sensation of Kipling's literary arrival, due more than to any other single factor to the new note he had struck. Now freshness must be born of a mind that gets new angles on life, of a man with bubbles in the brain, as some one has put it. His eyes must see and his pen interpret human experience in terms of his own personality. Most of us see only the obvious. We miss the significance of human action. A story is much more likely to touch us to tears than the lives about us. We lay stress on the wrong things and do not get right relations. It is, comparatively speaking, unimportant how we translate the material world, which is a more or less static thing, even though it may be a living stream issuing from the primal cosmic energy, even though it too struggles with nature and is affected by contingency. But human nature is dynamic. The ideas behind it express themselves subtly in motion, inflections, cadences of the voice, flashes of the eye.

It is a characteristic of the formula-built novel that of its very nature freshness must be lacking. For freshness is of the spirit. It springs from personality. The poor jerry-built Western novel, with its paraphernalia of chaps and cowboys and Indians and six-guns, with its dreadful humour of misspelt words and oaths and bad grammar, cannot by any chance have the freshness that comes from original observation, genuine insight, and feeling for truth. But you will find that freshness in the short stories of Peter Kyne and Manlove Rhodes. You will find it in Wister's "Virginian" and Stewart Edward White's "Arizona Nights." You will find it in Caroline Lockhart's "Me Smith" and in Frank Spearman's "Whispering Smith."

The principal change in the novel during recent years, as I find it, is that it relates itself closer to the social order, and in that respect has become more highly synthesised. George Eliot does not appear to have been moved by the modern spirit of unrest. She was Victorian completely. Her characters were in that condition of society in which it had pleased God to put them. If they reacted against this they were rebels. Even Thackeray, whose keen analytical mind must have given him many doubts of the social structure, shows us life on the whole as an individual struggle. Not so with the modern. The life of the community is no longer only a background for the characters. It is the thing that shapes them, drives them, dwarfs them, educates them, and swallows them up. The characters are merely expressions of this life. As we read of Mr. Polly, for instance, or of the Forsytes, we are impressed by the feeling that they are individuals struggling in the current of an environment altogether too strong. In the earlier novelists the framework of their philosophy was traditional. The moderns are idol smashers. If Thackeray was a novelist of manners and George Eliot of character, as has been said, then Wells, we may add, is a novelist of ideas. He is one of the originators of the novel of ideas, a new departure in the field.

One complaint of the critics is that the Western novel has no social consciousness. It has not a great deal. That is true. Neither had "the beautiful bare narrative of Robinson Crusoe," as Lamb calls it, yet to this day we devour it with delight. The novel of adventure and the novel of character are distinct achievements. It is easy to be rather scornful of the novel in which the characters move rapidly and with energy to their appointed destinies. Yet the tale of action is in itself as worthy as the story of ideas. It may just as truly reveal the springs that move to action, may just as finely show the characters betraying themselves in deeds as another type of fiction shows them betraying themselves in words. "The Sheriff of Badger" (Pattullo) is as true to life as "Mr. Polly" (Wells). Eugene Manlove Rhodes's Jeff Bransford is as much a product of his environment as Bennett's Denry and is much less a *jeu d'esprit.*

The insatiable demand for the Western story finds its spring in the imagination of the readers. The West is the home of romance. The clerk picks up a stirring tale of tangled trails and his own drab life vanishes. He too is walking the edge of that dangerous cliff, a target for the bullets of the rifles in the valley far below. He too gallops across the prairie with the heroine, the sun in his eyes and the wind in his face. It is the same with the schoolboy. His eyes are on the algebra in front of him, but his thoughts are far afield. He is creeping through Twin Buttes Notch with Yorky to see the rustlers drive the stolen herd south.

If I have seemed to talk a good deal about life in connection with the novel it is because life is of the very warp and woof of it. The novel must have the very colour of life. Nothing less will do to make of it a vital thing. Except in the case of a fantasy, a pure romance, or a mystery story, this illusion of life must be sustained. A factory-made novel, turned out by machinery, cannot possibly stand the acid test.

But in this the Western novel is not in a class by itself. It must be judged by the same standards as the novel of the East or of the South, of Paris, or Boston, or London. In so far as it is a true picture of life it succeeds. Where it misses truth it fails.

New Books.

MOLIÈRE.*

Those who like reading about French literature already know Mr. Tilley of King's as a guide, philosopher and friend. To many excellent volumes of history and criticism he has recently added a delightful anthology, "Cambridge Readings in French Literature" (in which I feel a brotherly interest), containing excellently chosen and subtly arranged passages, ranging from Villon and Rabelais to Péguy and Pétain, with pictures interspersed, the whole forming a perfect volume for the boat or the bedside, the chair or the hills, or wheresoever else one wants reading that is varied and "tasty" and not tyrannously continuous. This he has now followed with a volume on Molière, which seems to me just the very book English readers have been waiting for. I say "seems to me," because I take myself as the average sort of reader who likes French literature, but whose acquaintance with French literary history is small, and who is glad therefore of some one to place the works he reads in due relation to the author's life and the circumstances of his time. Tartuffe, like Pecksniff, is an eternal criticism of life; but his artistic effect is deepened when we learn that he is also a criticism of the seventeenth century society of prudes on the prowl known officially as La Compagnie du Saint-Sacrement and popularly as La Cabale des dévots.

Mr. Tilley's volume is arranged in a dozen chapters, the first and longest of which is a clear and adequate sketch of Molière's life. The second shows him at work upon experiments and struggling with the social and artistic difficulties that beset the stage of his day. Eight chapters are devoted to an elaborate discussion of the plays in detail, and the volume concludes with two essay-chapters on comedy and the general tendency of Molière's contribution to that humane activity. The reader will find it, as I said, the best possible companion to the plays, and its careful

* "Molière." By Arthur Tilley, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

documentation will enable him to pursue any topic that specially attracts him.

A book that helps to make more readers of Molière in England deserves commendation, for Molière is the one great dramatist of France whom English people can accept without reserve or difficulty. Indeed, he was soon acclimatised here, for our Restoration dramatists plundered him ruthlessly. A volume of Morley's excellent old Universal Library contains a number of plays adapted from Molière; but several volumes would be necessary to contain the plays suggested by him. His English imitators took from him all they could; but what they could not take is precisely that which makes him part of the radiant, universal comedy of the world. As well try to steal the spirit of Mozart as the spirit of Molière!

A comparison between, say, Wycherley's "The Plain Dealer" and "Le Misanthrope," from which it is adapted, is worth making, because it will show the reader the incomparable superiority of Molière to his imitators, not only in spirit, but technically as a dramatist. His perfect, effortless command of the art theatrical seems to me one of the miracles of literature. In England Shakespeare had the same great gift; but one wants to keep Shakespeare's name out of this story, because Shakespeare had so much else besides that his mighty spirit would only trouble us here. The one other great creative artist who occurs to me as a companion is the one already cited—Mozart. Turn to the sestet in "Don Giovanni" beginning "Sola, sola in bujo loco," or to the great finale of the first act and, having properly admired the exquisite, inexhaustibly delightful musical art of these great numbers, consider next how dramatically alive they are. The finale is the perfection of "situation" as well as the perfection of concerted music; the sestet is the perfection of stage comedy as well as the perfection of part-writing. Molière, like Mozart, is always going on.

Even in an early play like "L'Etourdi," thin stuff as it is—the mere diagram of a farce, one might call it—how the whole thing keeps moving! Perhaps one of the greatest tributes to Molière's perfect touch and sense of dramatic fitness is the fact, of which Mr. Tilley reminds us, that in 1877 the Comédie-Française gave a revival of "George Dandin"—that tragic farce of marriage—played seriously, with no less a man than Got as George Dandin. It was a complete failure and was withdrawn after the second night. The substance of the play seems tragic enough, and the unhappy husband's now proverbial cry of the heart is almost terrible in its universal application to our follies; but the simple fact is that Molière wrote the piece in the key of farcical comedy and in that key alone can it be played. George Dandin is the dupe of farce, not the sufferer of tragedy; and so exactly right is the master's touch that only in farce is Dandin moving. Taken seriously he is beneath contempt.

One of the consolations of middle age is that one can remember Coquelin in Molière. The most popular of his performances was the double bill of "Tartuffe" and "Les Précieuses Ridicules." Of the last-named gem of extravagant comedy I will say no more than that I still have a printed copy of the French and English text as sold at the St. James's Theatre where Coquelin and Jane Hading were playing together, and in that copy the title is translated "The Precious Ridiculous"! "Tartuffe" always seems to me consoling. Pecksniff might have made us think that we had in England a monopoly of that sort of thing; Tartuffe reminds us that the sanctimonious humbug is ubiquitous. The history of the play is interesting, but too long to relate here. One point, however, deserves notice. Molière's exposure of religious hypocrisy drew upon him the shocked indignation of the Church. The Archbishop of Paris denounced the piece as a dangerous play calculated to injure religion; and thereupon issued a decree forbidding, under pain of excommunication, all persons in his diocese to represent, read or hear read, either in public or in private, this pernicious comedy. But even the Archbishop was outdone by Pierre Roullé, one of the Paris clergy, who with delightful Christian and clerical charity denounced Molière as "un démon vêtu de chair et habillé en homme, un libertin, un impie digne d'un supplice exemplaire." So you see, as Harry Paulton used to say in a farcical comedy (not by Molière), "They were the same in the old days."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

G. B. S.*

Mr. Shaw has become an Institution. People have made up their minds about him, and you know beforehand what nearly all the critics will say of any new book he may write. Praise and censure are of no more importance to him than they are to the Nelson Column or the Albert Memorial. Neither praise nor censure adds anything to or takes anything from his reputation; for those who admire him continue to do so in spite of the one, and those who do not admire him are not to be converted by the other.

There are obvious advantages in becoming an Institution; and obvious disadvantages. Already "Back to Methuselah" has been eulogised by those whom we expected to eulogise it, and roughly handled by those whom we expected to handle it roughly. It has all happened as mechanically as if a usual result had been obtained by turning a handle. When things arrive at this pass criticism ceases to be of much value either to the reader or the author, and I have no doubt Mr. Shaw, being the shrewd humorist he is, laughs up his sleeve both at his worshippers and the ungodly.

On the whole it seemed worth while trying to read "Back to Methuselah" as if it were a new book by a new writer. It was impossible that such an experiment should be carried through quite successfully, especially by one who admires Mr. Shaw, this side idolatry, as much as do any of his admirers. But something might be gained by making the attempt, and anyhow I have made it.

I have always felt there must be something wrong with a play that needs a preface to explain it. "Back to Methuselah" fully explains itself, therefore the preface is an excrescence. Nevertheless it is an excellent preface as well as a long one. It discusses the virtue of education, Darwinianism, the Lamarckian philosophy, religion, socialism, the principle of heredity, and a number of things, as brilliantly as Mr. Shaw has discussed them and other matters in any preface he has written. I am not sure that the preface is not even cleverer than the play—or series of plays—that follows it; that it is not a too portentous portico for the witty, satirical fantasies, the mingling of quaint humour, ironic seriousness and broad farce upon which it opens.

This series of five plays, as Mr. Shaw suggests, is a dramatic parable of Creative Evolution; but the writer could have written it and the reader can read it understandingly without any exhaustive acquaintance with that science. The first play, "In the Beginning," lays its first scene in the Garden of Eden, with Adam and Eve and the Serpent, and retells that story of the fall of man which is not countenanced by any evolutionary theory. The second scene shows you Adam and Eve a few centuries later, exiled from the Garden, and introduces Cain shortly after he has murdered Abel. The next play, "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas," is of the present day. Franklyn Barnabas is an ex-churchman who has come to the conclusion that "life is too short for men to take it seriously," and his brother Conrad is a professor of biology. Franklyn believes in the Garden of Eden origin of life, and to that extent excuses the anomalous teaching of the first play; Conrad places that tale of the origin "outside Science," but both of them are convinced that longer life is necessary to the salvation of mankind, and that if men can once be made to feel the urge of that necessity and develop a will to live longer, there is nothing to prevent them from living for at least three hundred years. The entry of the present Premier and the ex-Premier, under thin disguises; their

* "Back to Methuselah: A Metabiological Pentateuch." By Bernard Shaw. 10s. (Constable.)

exposition of the modern political outlook, and the resolution of the more enterprising of the two to "work this stunt" and make a political war-cry of the doctrine of the Brothers Barnabas, is all done with masterly cunning in a delightfully burlesque spirit of satirical comedy.

In "The Thing Happens: A.D. 2170," there are two survivors who have put the Barnabas theory into practice. "Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman: A.D. 3000" is a less successful interlude which shows Great Britain inhabited by people who live through the centuries, and a visiting deputation from Mesopotamia, which is now the centre of the British Empire. And, to conclude, "As Far as Thought can Reach: A.D. 31,920," presents a world in which everybody lives to an incredible age, a sort of machine-made Arcadian life in which men and women seem to be about as mechanical in structure and conduct as things turned out by a factory.

If Mr. Shaw's aim was to drive home the moral that longer lives would not mean happier lives, he has done it. Better seventy years of present-day existence than a cycle or two of the ideal life he imagines for us in the future. It would bore most of us to extinction long before we had endured even the first hundred years of it. But the lesson does not matter; he is so seldom serious, so flippant, so whimsically, extravagantly irresponsible in some of his jesting that I doubt whether he intended to teach any. The idea of what an abnormal lengthening of life might mean to humanity appealed to him, and he has worked it out in these dramas with a skill, a devastating wit and cleverness that may not please the earnest disciple of Creative Evolution, but their laughing philosophy, their biting comment on human weaknesses, and their overflowing humour of character and dialogue will keep the average intelligent reader immensely entertained.

A.

ANDERS ZORN.*

The late Anders Zorn, who died last August at the age of sixty, is one of the few modern artists of whom it may be truly said that he had an international reputation. A Swede in nationality, his fame soon spread from Scandinavia through Northern Europe, and for the last decade his work has been eagerly collected not only in London, Paris and New York, but even in the nearer and Far East. Since the armistice a canny Scot, residing within a hundred miles of Glasgow, is reputed to have made considerable sums by buying Zorn etchings in Vienna and selling them in Japan. It would be difficult to name another modern artist whose work could successfully be made the subject of similar operations.

What is the quality in Zorn's work that has given him this amazing popularity that crosses all frontiers? It is always difficult to account for the vogue of a painter, and it is not always merit alone that makes a man a fashion. The secret perhaps is that Zorn succeeded, as Rubens succeeded, by reason of his exuberant vitality. There are no philosophical depths in the works either of the Old Master or the Modern, but there is a tremendous and consummate expression of the joy of life on the physical plane. Since philosophy is never really popular, but the joys of physical well-being are immediately appreciated, a Rubens always becomes popular much sooner than a Rembrandt.

Zorn was the most successful exploiter of the nude in modern times. He worked in many media—painting, etching, sculpture—but his favourite theme was always the same, the beauty unadorned of women, of women bathing, of women wandering like dryads through the woods, of women preparing for the intimacies of the toilet at home, but always of women whose iridescent flesh tints are illumined by gleams of sunlight. He did not treat the human figure in a romantic or idealist manner; he was essentially a realist who aimed at presenting the truth of appearances, and in his endeavour to be actual he sometimes shocked us by his lack of taste. Take, for example, his notorious painting, "Naked," of 1904, which Dr. Karl Asplund correctly describes as a picture in which



"The Letter" (1913).

From "Anders Zorn." (*Studio.*)

* "Anders Zorn: His Life and Work." By Dr. Karl Asplund. £3 3s. (*The Studio*, Ltd.)

"a grotesquely built, coarse, fat, red-haired woman is standing n a room in bright daylight, drying herself after her bath. It is a challenge of coarse realism, but seldom has such a *motif* been so ennobled in the execution."

Here we tread on controversial ground. Can noble execution ever justify an ignoble theme? We may admit that the end justifies the means, but who save a fanatic for pedantic technicalities will ever seriously maintain that the means justify the end? It is the preposterous assertion that fine drawing and beautiful colouring may be used for any mean and paltry purpose that has rightly brought modern painting into general contempt. However great his gifts may be, an artist who parades his drawing, his design, his brush-work and his sense of colour, not to express a noble emotion or a generous thought, but to impress beholders with his own cleverness, that man does not achieve a real work of art; he merely completes an exercise. It is the persistent exposure of these empty exercises that has wearied the public with exhibitions of modern art.

To some extent, it must be feared, Zorn was a virtuoso of art. He was at his best in portraiture, and it is on the portraits, whether painted or etched, in which he forgot himself in his reverence for his sitter, that his fame is most securely founded. His early oil portrait of Coquelin is one of his best paintings, and his etched portrait of Renan is his supreme masterpiece. It is a pleasure to find these two works (and many others) splendidly reproduced in the handsome volume just published by *The Studio*. The etching of Anatole France, though interesting, is less good than the Renan and curiously enough is less expressive than Chahine's etched portrait, though Chahine's powers as an etcher are vastly inferior to those of Zorn; and a comparison of the two plates helps us to realise that in the end it is what one does with one's powers that makes or mars the artist.

The numerous colour reproductions in this volume faithfully reproduce the attraction of Zorn's colour, which appeals to us by its dash and go rather than by its subtlety and exquisiteness. The palette and method of the great Swede were not unlike those of the French painter Besnard, by whom he was to some extent influenced and who also excelled in rendering the glint of sunlight on bare flesh. But though Zorn's paintings have been exhibited with success throughout Europe and in America, his pictures have not excited the unbounded enthusiasm displayed for his etchings. About these collectors have become infatuated—there is no other word—and the rarer examples are fought for in auctions with bids not unworthy of a Rembrandt.

Originally published at five guineas, like most of his other etchings, a copy of his "Ernest Renan" of 1892 was sold last year for £270, and his "Maja," a Gibsonish etching of a "Gibson girl," for £240. Nothing but the furore of fashion can explain these figures. Nobody disputes the fact that Zorn was a great draughtsman, a master in building up forms with firm, decisive lines, with brilliant yet simplified contrasts of light and shade. He was a great technician, but there are others equally great whose etchings do not command these high prices. The Frenchman Forain is certainly his equal if not his superior as a draughtsman and an etcher, and Forain has used his technical powers with more intellectuality and with a far higher moral purpose than Zorn ever possessed. The popularity and prestige of Zorn is a sign that materialism still predominates among the children of this world. There can be no question to-day of the value, as assets, of his etchings. But for all their brilliance, their exuberant vitality and masterly technique, one is not sure that their present estimation is firmly based and lasting. A new generation is growing up, a generation seared by the experience of war, a generation impatient of trivialities and demanding that the palace of art shall be something better than a doll's house. Zorn will no longer be the most prized of modern etchers, as he is this day, when at last the things of the spirit are preferred to the pomp of the flesh.

FRANK RUTTER.

WAYFARERS.*

The fashion in modern fiction of overtaking as it were complete and frequently aggressive strangers upon the high road of the imagination, directing their particular vices and abruptly deserting them without a farewell nod, is certainly both economical in preliminary detail and in most cases successful. There is in such encounters a breath of mystery and hazard that lends to the short story a fascination and dramatic quality difficult to maintain in the novel. One is left with the enlivening idea that were it not for the fog of commonplace occurrences which dull the sense of curiosity, life would be for the most ordinary a place of amazing adventure and Mr. Hugh Walpole's "Bombastes Furioso" quite a normal person.

Mr. Walpole has, I take it, some such notion in his "Thirteen Travellers," a series of studies dealing with the several occupants of a building of flats in the West End. The idea is not only admirable—it is workable. Varieties of character suit Mr. Walpole. He has always possessed a sympathetic curiosity respecting remote old ladies, fat young men of means, lonely domestics, persons sinister and persons simply comic. But in some of his novels he has smothered his characters in blankets of impressive but deadening fluency, and in that respect the short story is evidently sympathetic to Mr. Walpole's art. He gives to tragedy an atmosphere both intense and conserved, while in his lighter moments, as when the absurd toy dog is overwhelmed by a Rolls-Royce ("it started tottering across, uttering tiny snorts of sensual excitement") his gift for minute portrayal is not flung like a stone of price amongst a load of serviceable boulders.

There are certain respects where criticism might be made with advantage. For one thing Mr. Walpole is deficient in the supreme technique of the short story—the element of surprise. His stories conclude usually with death—but hardly ever with intensity. Absalom Jay is a memorable study (though, to any member of a club, even to-day by no means exceptional), but his end is not clearly indicated. Miss Morganhurst is almost on parallel lines. Secondly, as a series of studies based on the changes of the post-war period, the gallery is hardly representative. It deals too persistently with old ladies and the type of young man on whom Mr. Walpole would be the first to admit the war has made no impression at all. And there is one lamentable story called "Lizzie Rand" which, however suitable for family reading, is from Mr. Walpole rather a catastrophe.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan in "Pugs and Peacocks" is interested from quite another standpoint in the mental chaos produced by the war, and this is the first of a series devoted, I fear, to a lamentation over the criminality of all those persons who not only were involved in the conflict but had the effrontery to defend their (however ridiculous) principles. For them Mr. Cannan has apparently no patience at all. But his central character, Melian, will not allow it to disturb him: "I shall just retire into my work until the noise is over and the captains and the majors and the colonels depart."

The war being over, there is, alas, no star on the sky of universal depravity and dead quiet. "I live in dread," says this precious Melian, "of the moment when the present din and confusion shall cease and we shall begin to hear all over the world the coarse, destructive laughter of the triumphant proletariat, the apotheosis of ignorance, cruelty, greed, meanness and tyranny. . . ." By which one gathers Mr. Cannan only very occasionally indeed raises his voice in "Land of Hope and Glory."

Mrs. Canfield in "The Brimming Cup" is less personal and has a rational plot to occupy a normal reader's attention. But the amount of sheer talk, the burden of words, is almost intolerable. There is a capacity for abundance in the American novelist that is astonishing. At the same

* "The Thirteen Travellers." By Hugh Walpole. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)—"Pugs and Peacocks." By Gilbert Cannan. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)—"The Brimming Cup." By Dorothy Canfield. 8s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)—"A Marriage of Inconvenience." By Holloway Horn. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

time the book contains much that is sound and sincere and is original in one respect—it raises an insistent cry for the restoration and preservation of the quiet, controlled life. It is a fact of deepening significance that the most ominous heritage of the war is, for all those who cannot isolate themselves, the foundation of a condition of such mental stress and instability as to arouse serious anxiety and foreboding.

"A Marriage of Inconvenience," by Mr. Holloway Horn, is in another class from the other three novels. It is a conventional story, loosely strung together, of a girl who marries a middle-aged man, leaves him, works for the cinema, is an artist's model, assists a dramatist and thus encounters the wayfarers or travellers who might, under Mr. Walpole's method, have presented more compact and vital significance. But Mr. Horn still writes too like the promising author of one book. It is to be regretted the more as his sense of character is so unforced and entertaining.

FREDERICK WATSON.

IRELAND UNFREED.*

By birth, tradition, taste and temperament Sir William Watson is an Englishman. In all his poems there is not the least echo or reminiscence of the Celtic Renaissance; on the slopes of his Parnassus no "Celtic seed flowers like a flame"; and if his Muse ever crossed the Irish Channel she probably apostrophised it as St. George's Sea. Like the true Norman-Saxon, Sir William is not a democrat; one cannot imagine him crying, "All, whoever you are, come travel with me"; like the true Briton he is not an internationalist; he never beats the big drum of universal brotherhood. Yet he is not a "Little Englishman"; eclectic, nationalistic, Imperialistic though he be, his sympathies are not bounded by the white cliffs of Dover, or by the Barrier Reef of Australasia—they stretch even across the Irish Channel. In his magnificent "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward" Watson showed that his imperialism was the noble imperialism of a poet, not the imperialism of an imperious political bully, and even then he was able to focus and envisage the Irish situation in the memorable description of Ireland as "the lovely bride whom we have wedded but have never won." Since that date Sir William has married an Irish wife; since that date more black and bloody chapters have been added to the tragical history of Ireland "whom wedlock has the more estranged," and now the understanding sympathy shown in his great Imperial Ode has blossomed into a volume of poems—"Ireland Unfreed."

As a true old-fashioned Englishman, Sir William has ever been a champion of justice and liberty, and his championship of Ireland at once challenges comparison with his championship of Armenia some twenty years ago. But the challenge, though inevitable, is not quite fair, for the occasions are hardly comparable. No one, I think, would deny that his championship of Armenia was more passionate and more powerful than is his championship of Ireland. What else could we expect? In "The Purple East" the poet was scourging his country for tarrying to avenge wrong. In "Ireland Unfreed" he is scourging England for just such wrong as he called upon her to avenge, and one can guess that his tears are falling upon his scourge. "The Lord chasteneth whom He loveth," and no brave Englishman who loves England will fail to chasten England when England does a wrong; but it is not easy for an English poet to scourge St. George. Yet at times Sir William's wrath blazes up into passionate reproach and we can hear again the thunders of "The Purple East." His "Reprisal by Fire," which is perhaps the best poem in the little collection, quite reaches the highest level of dignified Watsonian invective:

> "These barbarous deeds that well may make our name
> A byeword, and a hissing, and a shame
> Throughout the Earth. This is the doom-paved way
> By which great Empires in august array
> March to their thunderous deaths mid rage and flame.
> These are the acts
> Make domination seem a maniac jest,
> Heard mid the flare of a distempered sun."

Bitterly and finely satirical too are his lines to Sir Hamar Greenwood, and the lines beginning:

> "Thee, wounded Ireland, thee I gratulate
> First on thy wounds,"

but, as a rule, the poems are more admonitory than comminatory, and indulge rather in exhortation than in invective. They lament the rusting, in Lloyd George's hand, of St. George's spear, while his "minions fierce and fell shatter doomed Ireland's homes"; they plead with Ireland "divinely to forgive," they exhort America to pledge her word that Ireland's freedom shall not "prove the bright mother of Dark Calamity," but they do not always attain to the height of his great argument—"Ireland Unfreed"—and sometimes they condescend to such expressions as "Captive Maiden," "Thralled One."

We do not think that "Ireland Unfreed" quite equals Watson's best work in "The Purple East," but nevertheless it is a noble and courageous volume, worthy both of the great poet's art and heart.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

* "Ireland Unfreed." By Sir William Watson. (John Lane.)

THE MASTER OF MAN.*



Sir Hall Caine.

You will look in vain among his English contemporaries for a novelist with whom Sir Hall Caine may be compared; he has more in common with the novelists of Scandinavia who in recent years have been coming over our horizon. No English novelist has a larger reputation in their countries, and it is possible they have to some extent fallen under his influence. These Scandinavians have his glowing sense of drama; his capacity for painting on broad canvases; his penchant for the big theme and his power of handling it Like him, too, they are too serious to make any use of humour; they deal frankly with the lure of sex, and are invariably concerned with poignant moral issues. There would seem to be also some affinity between the Manx and the Scandinavian character. Both have a good deal of raw nature about them. Men and women alike have a rugged, stubborn, primitive simplicity; a way of getting themselves into difficulties, or getting others into difficulties, sometimes by a perversity, sometimes by a naïve honesty of action of which more sophisticated people would be incapable, and by a slowness of thinking which prevents them from taking the right course promptly, so that they only take it, and then resolutely, when it is too late to save the situation.

When the schoolmaster in "The Master of Man" finds he has punished Victor Stowell for a fault of which he is innocent he writes to the boy's father, the Deemster:

> "I have not only punished an innocent boy but one who, in taking his punishment, was doing an act of divine unselfishness. I can never look into his face again. If I am to remain as head of your school you must take your boy away."

The father, without protest, does so, and the subsequent tragedy of Victor's life may be said to result from this queer injustice. Then, when it is too late to remedy matters, Victor's bosom friend, Gell, owns up manfully that the guilt was his and runs away from school and refuses to go back.

In due course the disasters into which this David and Jonathan stumble, after they arrive at manhood, may be traced to this same hesitancy of character. Victor is a noble idealist, but his mind works slowly; he fails to see clearly what he ought not to do until after he has done it, and then only sees clearly what he ought to do when he has

* "The Master of Man: The Story of a Sin." By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

let the right moment for doing it go by. Gell is a smaller nature and more timorous; in a manner of speaking, he covertly makes the slide and Victor slips on it. But if he has not Victor's implacable moral rectitude, he honours and looks up to his friend; and if he cannot equal him in the strength and sternness with which he makes atonement for his sin, he climbs high enough to forgive Victor for wronging him in a way that few friends could have forgiven.

But Sir Hall Caine's great gifts are that he knows how to imagine a story that takes sure hold upon his reader, and how to relate it with a dramatic and emotional intensity beside which the plotlessness and niggling, pretentious psychology of much of our highbrow modern fiction seems languid and bloodless. The story is the thing with him, as the play was with Shakespeare; there are no long waits, no dull patches; every chapter adds to its developments, and for its sheer human interest and dramatic power he has done nothing finer or more moving than "The Master of Man" since the great days of "The Deemster" and "The Scapegoat."

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

MAN AND HIS PAST.*

Archæology has its roots back in the remotest periods of Man's appearance upon earth; indeed, the author of this book seems inclined to trace it back to the time of the supposed arboreal ancestor of Man. From the earliest times of which we have any record there seem to have been individuals interested in studying the pre-history and ancient remains of their own race and of other folk with whom they were brought into contact. Nevertheless, archæology must be accounted the youngest of the sciences and has, in fact, only made good its claim to be reckoned a science, in this country at any rate, within the last half-century.

The author of the volume before us, an archæologist of the most up-to-date school, is equipped for practical work in the field by training and experience gained by excavation work in Egypt and the Sudan, as well as in this country. He is, moreover, in a position to do work whose value will be felt by all archæologists in the kingdom, having been recently appointed Archæological Officer of the Ordnance Survey Department, a post which shows that the Department at length realises the importance of making the archæological information given in its maps as complete and as correct as possible. Hitherto this has depended upon individual surveyors, aided by local informants, who might, or might not, be qualified, and might have theories of their own for which they were glad to get the support of an entry on an official map.

The book deals with the aims and methods of scientific archæology, and with its relation to history, anthropology and other sciences. In Mr Crawford's view, its aim should be to give as complete a picture as possible of the evolution of the human race and its civilisation in all lands and at all stages. It begins where history fails us, correcting and supplementing the meagre records of the Dark Ages, and is our only guide amid the utter darkness of the prehistoric period. Theoretically it is only a branch of anthropology, if the latter is regarded as "the whole study of Man. But in practice, anthropology . . . is mainly confined to the study of existing primitive races." The author goes on to point out that the gulf between anthropology and archæology is very much wider in this country than abroad, and the great advantage it would be if there were more co-operation between workers in the two fields. The same applies to other sciences, on which archæology is dependent for much of the detail it requires in order correctly to interpret facts discovered. For instance, it asks the geologist how land and water were distributed and what was the nature of the soil at various epochs of the past in order to know what areas were habitable or otherwise: it needs the botanist to map the vegetation of bygone periods and to determine the relative areas covered by forest, grassland and marsh in order to judge whether the inhabitants of a certain region at a certain time were in a hunting, pastoral or agricultural stage. The author pleads eloquently for co-operation in these matters and for a series of maps which shall display the result of the researches of various specialists for the benefit of workers in other fields, who cannot be specialists in all the sciences, though they must have a working acquaintance with others besides their own.

He will be glad to learn that one of his appeals is likely soon to find an answer. At the Congress of the South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies which met at Reading from the 8th to the 11th June last, Professor J. Percival, Professor of Agriculture at the University College, Reading, described the finding in Northern Syria of a wild wheat from which the most important species of wheat now in use have been developed. He also described how certain species of wheat have been found associated with certain early races of man, e.g., the Alpine race of Central Europe and the "beaker-man" of the late Neolithic and Bronze ages, and said that these same species are still extensively cultivated in those parts of Central Europe which these races are known to have occupied. These facts will, we understand, appear in a book on the races of wheat which Professor Percival has now in the press.

The author's points are illustrated by examples taken mostly from his own experience, which adds to their force, and mainly from the part of England with which he is most familiar. This he calls Wessex, but it is an arbitrary Wessex, comprising the counties of Berkshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire and Dorset. We are inclined to cavil at the growing practice of using the names of the ancient Saxon kingdoms for divisions of the country made to suit a particular purpose, though it is no doubt convenient. But if this is a blot, it is a trivial one on an admirable book, which should be in all libraries and in the hands of scientific societies in general, for the promotion of work on the lines it suggests. We should add that it contains some useful illustrations and valuable hints for field-workers, especially for the many who are interested in tracing Roman roads.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

* "Man and His Past." By O. G. S. Crawford. 10s 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)

THE PORT OF LONDON.*

How many of us, even those whose business prosperity is dependent upon it, know anything about the history of the Port of London? It is as little known as Milton is read; it is part of the greatness of London as he is of England, and the majority are contented to take them both for granted and are not curious or energetic enough to go behind their reputations and learn how they grew. There has been some excuse perhaps for this ignorance about the Port, for despite its importance not merely to London but to the Empire, there has been no adequate history of it until now; but now, with these two handsome volumes of Sir Joseph Broodbank's to turn to, that excuse no longer holds good.

Sir Joseph has not aimed at light and popular narrative; there are legal and indispensable business aspects of the subject and details of organisation that do not lend themselves to such treatment, and he has done his work thoroughly in all its branches. But there is so much of romance inherent to such a history that with all its invaluable wealth of information about dock regulations and dues, shipping, labour agreements and the outcome of various committees of inquiry, the book is not only a storehouse of all those matters that the practical man of affairs will find useful and interesting, but offers much that makes fascinating reading for all and sundry. There are careful, admirably presented accounts of the river and its traffic in Roman, Saxon and Norman times, the building of harbours and wharves during the Middle Ages, the increase of foreign trade and growth of the docks and warehouses along the river-side throughout the centuries until,

* "History of the Port of London." By Sir Joseph G. Broodbank. Two vols. Illustrated. £3 3s. (Daniel O'Connor.)

from almost idyllic beginnings, it has become the bewilderingly vast, intricate and busy organisation it is to-day. Special chapters are given in the second volume to a consideration of the Port of London Act and to a record of the work of the Port of London Authority from its establishment down to August, 1914. Later chapters deal with the miscellaneous multitude of labourers connected with the Port, the labour troubles with which it has had to contend, the effect of the war on its trade and the part it played in the war. An excellent closing chapter on the future of the Port indicates that as a result of the victorious war its extension will be quickened and that "the future of the greatest port in the world can be regarded with as much confidence as we look forward to the future of the Empire of which it is the capital." Sir Joseph Broodbank has been personally associated with the Port administration for forty-nine years and, in writing his story of its more recent developments, has had access to all its records of the last hundred and twenty years. His chronicle and survey has therefore a weight of authority and furnishes a wealth of detail that gives his book an altogether unique interest and value. The illustrations—there are over seventy of them, showing various phases of the life and business of the Port at all stages of its history—are beautifully reproduced in colour and black-and-white from ancient and modern paintings, etchings, drawings, prints and from photographs; and in the matter of printing and binding and general arrangement the publishers are to be congratulated on having given an important book an embodiment that is worthy of it

F H



Lieut.-Col. F. E. Whitton.

MOLTKE.*

The latest addition to Constable's "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series is Lieutenant-Colonel F.E. Whitton's "Moltke." Colonel Whitton is of course no novice. His "History of Poland" and "Marne Campaign" are familiar to the public, and certain confidential documents from his pen have been called blessed by those in high places. But I venture to say that even his admirers will be surprised by the magnitude of his latest book; to find the historian so admirably combined with the biographer is as rare as it is refreshing. With what must have been infinite pains Colonel Whitton has peered into the cupboards of history and produced an absorbing narrative, without at any time forgetting that his avowed task has been to present as faithful a picture as might be of *der grosse Schweiger*. He has constantly borne in mind the fact that, great man as Moltke was, he did not possess eyes in the back of his head, and consequently could only perceive the objects comprised within a normal field of vision; so that, in describing the battle of Sadowa, for instance, Colonel Whitton looks at the engagement through the eyes of Moltke himself—an enormously important procedure when one attempts to appreciate the great Prussian's methods.

The book is in fact divisible into two portions—the historical and the biographical. Both are in themselves valuable contributions to literature. So interesting is the historical aspect that one is tempted to be drawn away from one's task of considering Moltke's life, but, after all, one has to do here with the man rather than his world. For it may justly be said that this man influenced his world more than his world influenced him. It was no case, by the way, of the great soldier bound by the chains of the politician—though Moltke was fully alive to the importance of co-ordinating military operations and political objects—for (says the biographer) ". . . luckily for Germany he was the one man in the Fatherland whom Bismarck could neither frighten, humble, cajole nor ruin."

Moltke believed in war, though not in the "frightfulness" adopted by his successors in 1914–18, as witness his objection to the bombardment of Paris. "Perpetual peace," he wrote, "is a dream, and it is not even a beautiful dream. . . . Without war the world would stagnate and lose itself in materialism." Believing thus, he set himself to create a war machine that would, once set in motion, operate automatically, yet not so automatically as to be entirely dependent on its head. Rather he sought to encourage individualism to an extent that alarmed minds accustomed to adore the Napoleonic idol. That his methods were largely justified was proved by the success of the Prussian armies in circumstances that called for initiative on the part of junior officers and the ready assumption of grave responsibilities by higher commanders.

One is, however, tempted to argue one point with Colonel Whitton; in discussing the battle of Gravelotte he remarks that, considering the unfavourable character of the general situation, it is little short of amazing [*sic*] that in Moltke's initial orders (as Chief of the General Staff) there is not a single word with respect to cavalry reconnaissance or scouting. While it is undoubtedly astonishing that the commanders made so little use of their cavalry for these purposes, yet, in regard to Moltke's personal responsibility, Colonel Whitton remarks (p. 234) that it was Moltke's rule to issue orders distinguished by their brevity and simplicity, leaving it to army, corps, divisional and other commanders to issue in turn such detailed orders as were necessary to secure the objects indicated by Moltke in his general directives. Moltke believed that by this means he avoided cramping the action of his subordinates, relying on the care with which he had trained his commanders to act upon their own judgment while still broadly following the lines which he had himself laid down for them. One feels, therefore, that in the matter of reconnaissance Moltke may have felt justified in assuming that his commanders would themselves realise its importance.

To deal fully with this book would be to attempt something in the nature of a Coke upon Littleton; it would require a profound knowledge of strategy and a minute study of history. It is enough for me to say that it is a work of value to the historian, of deep interest to the student of warfare, and an absorbing narrative for the general reader. While Colonel Whitton has carefully kept his own personality in the background, his comments and deductions encourage one to hope that he may in the future enter the lists with Clausewitz himself "On War."

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON (Captain).

* "Moltke." By Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. Whitton, C.M.G. 14s. net. (Constable.)

BLINKERS.*

In the dedicatory note to this novel, the author confesses that when Mr. Leon M. Lion gave him the theme for his story—"The Romance of the Preconceived Idea"—he worked at it with joy. The joy has found its way into the book, for it is firm of texture, vigorous and well proportioned throughout, and is written with delightful humour. Miranda, daughter of a Sage who designs wallpapers too good for the obscure town of Moscombe, is the heroine. Her father has educated her. She is all that is charming, but she is poor. So she enters the service of the Merrytrees at a country vicarage as parlourmaid. Mrs. Merrytree talks to her occasionally, and is amazed:

"The Vicar says that this is an age of Unfaith, and young people especially have wandered from the Light. I should be happy to think it was not so with you. The faith of a young girl should be strong."

Adam Issell's daughter replied promptly:

"But we must not accept too blindly the faith of others. . . . The faith which we accept blindly from others may be fathered by fear, and mothered by desire."

No wonder that the vicar's lady begins to be suspicious about "M. Wensdy." She inspects her bedroom, and finds various signs of the gentlewoman—treed boots, and a copy of Blake's lyrics.

Now young Ralph Somervell, the squire's son, full of convention (otherwise the Preconceived Idea), falls in love with Miranda, and manfully holds out at first against the family opposition. Mr. Vachell gets a lot of fun out of the situation just here—for both the vicar's wife and Ralph's father swallow a paragraph in a society paper to the effect that a nobleman's daughter is masquerading as a parlourmaid in their district. This is all stage managed by Miles Purdie, an unorthodox and dashing journalist. Purdie is excellently sketched, though we might with advantage hear a little more of him towards the end of the tale. There is a big surprise for readers at the close of this entertaining history—a surprise it would be a shame to reveal here. Mr. Vachell displays an admirable economy of phrase, and an increasing efficiency in handling his material.

THE MAKING OF AN OPTIMIST.†

At first blush there may seem little enough in recent events or in our present circumstances to turn any man into an optimist; but Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has not stopped short at analysing the froth and noisy elements of modern life; he has probed deeper and looked for the soul of goodness in things evil and found it. He has seen chicanery, humbug and the worst human passions triumphant the world over, but though he has lost faith in men—a good many of them—he has not lost faith in man; and his optimism is grounded on this.

He makes it clear that before the war his ideas and ideals were those of the contented majority; they were ready-made for him and he accepted them without question—accepted our modern civilisation as the highest that had yet been achieved, and its evils as flaws inevitable in all human endeavour. But the war shook him out of these complacencies and opened his eyes to the truth. As war correspondent he saw a deal of the barbarous business on five fronts and much of what went on behind the scenes in the ruling circles of his own and of other countries; these things influenced him powerfully and wrought a drastic change in his opinions. It was borne in upon him that

"in all lands the people were deceived and driven, the politicians everywhere were corrupted by the love of power; that rulers everywhere, whether monarchs, presidents or prime ministers, strive either for their own interests or in the interest of a party, or to set up some system based on theory and wind."

Coming back from Russia to London in 1917, he found London, influenced by the Russian outbreak, talking loosely of revolution: "It was mostly vague and mostly foolish"; nevertheless, sick at heart with all he had seen of the ruin to which people had been led, he felt there must be a change:

"And there must be, too, I said to myself, a revolution of thought that would prevent the enjoyment by a small number of ease, comfort, luxury, while the mass were begrudged even the beginnings of a deliverance from their toilsome, ill-rewarded lot."

If the poor were selfish, he recognised that they were merely following the example set them by the rich, who have become rich by being so. Brought up against facts, seeing things thus for himself, he came to marvel at the patience of the Many everywhere and

"so, in my fiftieth year, I found that by the process which I have tried to describe, my outlook upon the world, my conceptions of life, my ideas about men and governments and all the multitudinous activities of human effort, had been turned completely round."

It needed some honesty and broadmindedness to arrive at that renunciation of old and settled convictions, and no little courage to make this outspoken confession of it. His experiences should have plunged him into pessimism, but he counts himself as an average man and believes that what has changed him will change others and that the world will yet be made safe for humanity by the new spirit of love and understanding and brotherhood that the War awoke among us and that the Peace cannot kill. It is the old hope of the ages, but he may be right in his conviction that it is in the way of being realised at last. His book will help towards that end; the profound sincerity and poignancy of feeling with which it is written should inspire not a few with his own belief in the practical potency of love as "a faith, a fellowship, a religion, a bond which can transform the world."

DOMESDAY BOOK.*

Since Edgar Lee Masters conquered the reading world with his "Spoon River Anthology" he has published little more than pale reflections of that brilliant book. And now come two volumes of character so diverse that, at any rate, they point his versatility. "Mitch Miller" is well of its kind. Of literary descent from "Tom Sawyer," though with the humour and the pathos far less appealing than in that parent book, it shows artistic conscience and the perpetual playing with the idea of the finalities of death which fills so much of the mind and heart of Mr. Masters. Carrying one away to Abraham Lincoln's home-village, amid the human hayseed antiques of American back-town life, its quietude brings refreshment and relief after the storm, struggle, force and shouting vanities of London or New York. Mr. Jonathan Cape (to whose enterprise in publishing, good fortune!) has produced the volume with delicate taste.

But the book which matters just now is Edgar Lee Masters's "Domesday Book." This has sprung from his own inspiration, and acknowledges no literary descent but the "Spoon River Anthology," although it is sufficiently certain that Walt Whitman and Robert Browning were among the godfathers or good fairies who visited this poet's cradle. The work reflects much the same view of life—the contemplation of this world-stage of passion and puppetry through eyes of love and a searching irony of vision that yet is more of the heart than of the head. To Mr. Masters's fine humanity even a "saintly hag," like Miriam Fay, is a spectacle for pity and regret, although we see her coming especially from her sacerdotal harbourage to damn the name of a dead girl with the cold spite of a virtuous cruelty. The poet, realising the truth that every one has a book in his life, tells of the tragedy of Elenor Murray, found dead beside the river, with no physical circumstance to show precisely the cause of her death. There is merely the fact of the poor corpse, already visited

* "Blinkers." By Horace Annesley Vachell. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

† "The Making of an Optimist." By Hamilton Fyfe. 12s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

* "Domesday Book." By Edgar Lee Masters. 20s. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"Mitch Miller." By Edgar Lee Masters. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

by the flies; with, sticking above the pocket's edge, a banner representing Joan of Arc kneeling in prayer, and in the banner a paper with the words, "To be brave and not to flinch."

The hunter who found the body telephoned to the coroner, Merivale; and he, though about to start on a holiday-jaunt, threw up the expedition—"The jig is up," said he, in the brisk American manner—and set to work, with six well-chosen jurymen, to solve the problem. Mr. Masters sets down for us the information these authorities gather. All sorts of men and women, far and near, strangers and familiars, and a few others whose evidence is only indirect, give their testimony to the life, character, hopes and despairs of Elenor Murray, until the truth is found; and the man, whose little soul had doubted the quality of her great giving, provides the answer. He had killed her love and standing pride with a word, and then when the shock of syncope had seized her, held her in his arms, and so ignorantly prevented her recovery.

In this story, as with all effective narratives of human life, it is the spirit that counts and not the framework, the physical. Mr. Lee Masters urges again, as he did in the famous "Anthology," the infinite vanity of earthly circumstance with the irony of the frequent fact, that it is generally the great true natures who boldly sin and willingly suffer; while it is the human flies and parrots, the goodily-good with their psalms and postures and unctuous uncharity, they who are remembered in the stained-glass windows and mentioned in the honours list, they who "make good" in the world and, it seems, also in heaven, having secured balances in both the reliable banks—it is they who are yet the moral, spiritual bankrupts, whose power for true giving is limited to a practised prayer. Elenor Murray gave herself generously—"a prodigal flower that never shut its petals"—and was "essential genius," whereas the man who had loved her and taken her love, to kill her with a word of loathsome accusation, was "just mechanism of conscious thought and strength." Edgar Lee Masters is a rebel against the hypocrisies grown to conventions which poison this life and soil the essentially clean. Every one who shares his revolt against the cruelties of the consecrate will rejoice in this brave poem, and feel with a kinder heart for those who are without the pale that has been built by the prosperous and the humbugs of piety:

"Let me tell you:
I know a worse thing than a German King:
It is the social scourge of poverty,
Which cripples, slays the husband and the wife,
And sends the children forth in life half formed.
I know a tyranny more insidious
Than any William had; it is the tyranny
Of superstition, customs, laws and rules;
The tyranny of the church, the tyranny
Of marriage, and the tyranny of beliefs
Concerning right and wrong, of good and evil;
The tyranny of taboos, the despotism
That rules our spirits with commands and threats:
Ghosts of dead faiths and creeds, ghosts of the past.
The tyranny, in short, that starves and chains,
Imprisons, scourges, crucifies the soul . . ."

Overleaping the necessities Mr. Masters incidentally refers to Elenor as symbolising America; but, at least, to an English mind, the parallel is unconvincing as well as unnecessary. It is enough to say that his "Domesday Book," while not fully equal to "Spoon River Anthology," is a strengthening, frank challenge to the conventionalists: it is packed with lucid wisdom, is rich with human sympathy, and has occasional passages of music which prove the poet.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

A RUSSIAN DIPLOMAT IN ENGLAND.*

M. Nabokoff has related in simple language the momentous course of events which attended his period at the Russian Embassy in London, first as Counsellor of the Embassy from December, 1915, to January, 1917, and then as Chargé d'Affaires until September, 1919.

The outbreak of war found him Russian Consul-General in India. He gives an interesting account of his experiences in that country, where by the courtesy of Sir George Keppel he was the first Russian diplomat to traverse the Khyber Pass, which is *terra prohibita* to foreigners and particularly so to "Russian spies." Under the escort of two sepoys with loaded rifles he walked from Landi-Kotal to Afghan territory. Incidentally M. Nabokoff pays a friendly tribute to Lord Hardinge, whose administration has come in for a good deal of criticism in other quarters. He says:

"No tribute could be too high for this . . . Viceroy whose personal influence resulted in uniting the Princes and the peoples of India in one patriotic impulse. It was a critical moment, and what was taken for granted at home was in reality a great triumph of wise statesmanship."

Nabokoff was in London when Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, died in January, 1917, and he took over the duties of the Embassy. At his first meeting with Mr. Lloyd George his reception was rather chilly; and he was never much liked at the English Foreign Office, as he was known to be opposed to Imperialism and in favour of the Republic. And so was Mr. George for that matter, for it was at this period he penned that telegram to Prince Lvov containing the words: "I believe that the Revolution whereby the Russian people have based their destinies on the sure foundation of freedom, is the greatest service they have yet made to the cause for which the Allied peoples have been fighting."

M. Nabokoff has but a poor opinion of the Makers of History at the Peace Conference:

"The 'Big Four' assembled in Paris and started to settle the destinies of the world. Instead of making peace with Germany, they produced litter upon litter of stillborn puppies of self-determination. . . . No mortal can be cinematographed, photographed, snapshotted fifty times a day, smiling, frowning, lifting his hat, walking down majestic staircases, or, if on flat ground, lifting his legs as for the goose-step . . . without imagining that he is the man destined to be immortal. So the 'Big Four' really believed in all sincerity that if, like Joshua, they said, 'Sun, stand thou still,' the sun would stand still in the midst of heaven. Victory came. But peace, liberty and plenty did not follow. . . . The supplies of bread, meat and coal did not increase by the magic of the fourteen points"

This book is an entertaining medley of history and personalities.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "The Ordeal of a Diplomat." By Constantin Nabokoff. 15s. net. (Duckworth.)

THREE COURSES.*

It is somewhat mixed fare that is provided by these three caterers of fiction for popular consumption. If we take Mr. George A. Birmingham's collection of short stories by way of *hors d'œuvres variees* we shall find much that may serve to aid the appetite of those already hungry for a read, but little to excite the interest of the literary gourmet. It is very much the same kind of assortment of dishes to which Mr. Birmingham has accustomed us. There are indeed two collections—one of various Irish recipes and the others of a more general character. "My Lady Bountiful" herself is perhaps the most piquant item; she, who had been his cook, married her employer, Sir Tony Corless, and found work in her establishment for sisters and other relations, and when the unemployment "dole" became available promptly dismissed them all to become dole-takers, while she engaged a new batch of friends and relations, dismissing them to the dole after a brief interval and engaging a further batch—until the whole district prospered exceedingly at the taxpayers' charge. The last item in the Irish section too is a notable contribution, but of an entirely different savour; it is a tragic episode founded in recent Irish history.

The *pièce de résistance* is, as might have been anticipated, that presented by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, unlike though his

* "Lady Bountiful." By George A. Birmingham. 6s. net. (Christophers.)—"Eudocia: a Comedy Royal." By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Educating Ernestine." By Florence Kilpatrick. 3s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

new book is to anything that he has put before us hitherto. Leaving the Dartmoor of to-day for the Byzantium of many yesterdays ago, he makes of "half a page from Gibbon" a capital story, full of action, of character and of colour. His prefatory reference to Gibbon will doubtless send many of his readers to that forty-eighth chapter of the great work wherein it is told how Constantine XI bound his widow not to remarry, and how in seven short months by strategy she became absolved by the Patriarch of her promise to the dead emperor. It used to be said of a German scientist that given a small bone he constructed a camel, or some other beast then unknown to him. So it would seem has Mr. Phillpotts taken the few lines of the historian and from them constructed not so much a story but that which is, we feel, *the* story of Eudocia. Here, we feel, is Byzantium as it was—gay, bright and intriguing and recking all too little of the enemy on the borders while statesmen and churchmen plotted together and the people were given "bread and circuses" to mollify them should there be any indication of their attempting to get troublesome. Though the novelist has drawn some of his characters with a firm, skilled hand, the succession of his scenes suggest that out of his materials might be drawn a scenario that would afford some telling pageantry if rendered on the "pictures." The visit of Eudocia to the captive general who has dared to show his admiration for her; the scene in the vineyards; the great occasion when the foppish Bardas thinks he is the one chosen to share the throne, and is dramatically supplanted by Romanus, seem almost to ask for rendering in the terms of modern pictorial drama. The comedy which he presents, if read in the light of to-day, is alive, at least in spirit, says Mr. Phillpotts, and again and again in the course of his story we feel that the words put in the mouths of his ancient folk were penned with a consciousness of modern instances. If "Eudocia" be not Mr. Phillpotts at his best, it is at any rate a thoroughly interesting example of the historical novel.

To revert to the conceit with which I set out to consider this trio of most diverse volumes, it may be said that Mrs. Kilpatrick contributes to our menu the sweet—and a pleasant sweet at that. With "Our Elizabeth" Mrs. Kilpatrick had proved that she possessed a very light hand in the producing of literary pastry, and with "Educating Ernestine" she gives us further evidence of it, for here we have something light even as a dish of flummery. The story concerns an Australian girl who, left an orphan, determines on spending her unexpectedly small patrimony in visiting titled (but by no means wealthy) relations in England. She was welcomed by her snobbish aunt, the Countess, on account of her supposititious riches, and snubbed—to put it mildly—by her uncle the Earl, who could not forgive his late brother, her father, for making a fortune out of pig breeding. There is a lively entanglement of interests among the broadly farcical characters and much flippant and amusing conversation among them, the whole being rendered by the author with a deft and delightfully amusing touch. WALTER JERROLD.

POESY AND POSTURING.*

Though the settling over London of a fog drives all but the most patient and even-tempered of us to mutter imprecations, we are prepared to admit there is something to be said for the claim that fogs are an artistic attraction to our great city. That any such admission will be only made on a nice bright day, and not when traffic is disorganised and eyes are smarting and bronchial-tubes agonised, does not matter. But granting everything that enthusiastic artists claim in admiration of the Turneresque effects to be seen when the light of day is completely obscured by a dense mass of poison-gas and soot from London's chimneys, what should we say in reply to a poet who, lost in mist and reverie, exclaimed: "Am I the god upon the face of the deep, deepless deepness in the Beginning?" We should politely beg his pardon, and request him to repeat the question in more intelligible form. The idea of a "deep, deepless deepness," either in the Beginning, the Present or the Future, would require some explanation, even though we had thoroughly mastered Einstein's theory —which we have not.

Since we should protest at a poet's use of such senseless language in conversation, why should we tolerate it in print? Surely poetry needs to be intelligible?

Some twenty-five years ago a Japanese youth lived with Joaquin Miller in California for four years. During that time he wrote "Seen and Unseen: or Monologues of a Homeless Snail." Considering he was writing in a language which was foreign to him (though he began to learn English in Japan at the age of ten, and from the first was an enthusiastic student), this book of verse was by way of being a remarkable achievement—but was it poetry? To-day Yone Noguchi himself describes "its wild fugitive words sounding almost like a child's babbles," but he is still proud of it because he succeeded in making himself "more naked and true"—whatever that may mean. If Mr. Noguchi wishes us to understand that in the writing of these verses he succeeded in giving literal expression to the thoughts and fancies which entered his head while musing on the hills behind San Francisco, we are doubly amazed—first at his pretence that the verses give intelligent expression to ideas, and secondly at his complacence in presenting such platitudes and posturings as a serious contribution to English literature.

Without rhyme, rhythm or reason, these extraordinary scribblings tax the patience of the reader anxious to learn how Noguchi "read the heart of Nature, and also my soul." Is it that the poet has a message, but is unable to give expression to his thoughts in the medium he has chosen? Or is it that the "intangible delicacy"—so one admirer describes the incomprehensibilities—"my meaningless but wisdom-wreathed syllables" are merely an elaborate pose? In other words, can Mr. Yone Noguchi write English in such a way that it is not necessary to "read between the lines and find the doorless entrance to his philosophy"—to quote the editor of *The Lark*, who must share the responsibility with Mr. Noguchi for bringing the muddle-headed musings of a homeless snail to the notice of a long-suffering and inoffensive public, a quarter of a century ago.

The fact is that Mr. Noguchi can and could express himself much more lucidly; then why did he take such pains to write in such a way that his lines "to many heedless ears shall be but the unintelligible frogs' rain-songs"? Whatever motive prompted him to adopt the style he did, the fact remains that his verses appealed to a certain section of readers, and a second edition of "Seen and Unseen" has been recently published in New York. About seven years ago Mr. Noguchi was in London, and waxed very indignant because there was such a small audience in the theatre where he went to see a Shakespearean play. "You English, gross in taste, most uneducated, do never know a real thing even when you see it," he wrote in one of the London papers. We fear the reader who passed the final proofs of the second edition of "Seen and Unseen" merits similar castigation, for there are misprints almost on every page. But it is so difficult to distinguish between a compositor's error and the poet's fine frenzy that we are inclined to commiserate with the unfortunate printer's reader who was compelled to read Mr. Noguchi's lines from beginning to end—and to read some of them twice!

D. J. E.

* "Seen and Unseen." By Yone Noguchi. (New York.)

THINGS JAPANESE.*

Were it only for its reproductions Mr. Noguchi's book on Hiroshige would be welcome; it is doubly so, when one remembers that Mr. Noguchi, of all Japanese who write English, is best qualified by his own art, to interpret the

* "Hiroshige." By Yone Noguchi. 25s. net. (Mathews.)—"The Noh Plays of Japan." By A. Waley. 18s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Tales of the Samurai." By A. Miyamori. 10s. net (Tokyo: Kyō-bun-Kwan.)

art of Hiroshige. For in Noguchi's best poems there is the same natural, sincere attitude to nature which he praises in Hiroshige. He finds in the great Japanese master "the individuality of Nature suddenly seen isolated from the entire." It is a good comment; but I cannot agree that Hiroshige here represents Eastern as opposed to Western ideals in nature-painting. This judgment of Noguchi seems highly disputable:

"The western landscape art, from that of Constable and Corot to that of the late Sir Alfred East, would be called the product of an environment, because of its lack of a certain dash in abstraction or quintessences However splendidly it is drawn, it will never escape from the details of incidental phenomena, since it is always too closely attached to reality The general landscape painting of the West, I dare say, follows usually after the path or so-called stock-in-trade (large well-balanced masses of trees in the undulating foreground, a long stretch of stream near by, and then a vista of sky and some disturbed clouds beyond, something of a view like that), which was justified for many years."

It would seem as if the author of these sentences had never seen an etching of Rembrandt's or a painting of Hobbema's; and indeed the whole of Mr. Noguchi's essay displays an acquaintance with nineteenth century European art rather than the older masters or the newer experiments. And he is too often comparing Hiroshige's colour-prints with the oil paintings of European masters—the proper contrast is with nature, with etching or with water-colour, which, except for Whistler, Mr Noguchi ignores.

The positive side of his essay is exceptionally good. He does not rail at Hokusai as, in reaction against excessive European adulation, some Oriental critics rail, but he rightly claims that Hiroshige is the more significant and vital artist. Hokusai, master as he is, is of the Titans rather than of the Gods, a Hugo of painting rather than a Turgenev or a Tolstoy. His astonishing fecundity, his excessive technical brilliance and his extreme versatility have rather blinded us to a stiffness and dullness of imagination when compared with the delicate truth of Hiroshige, or the passionate splendour of Utamaro; even in technique there are drawings of Toyokuni which make all but the best of Hokusai look rather over-emphatic. Hiroshige has that essential respect for his subject, that refusal to use or thwart or pervert nature for merely æsthetic effect which marks the etchings of Rembrandt: it is this honesty and sincerity which makes him so much greater an artist than Whistler, who owed him so much—a debt on which Mr Noguchi rather unnecessarily insists, at least for the English public who have long ago realised that Whistler was an artist with a great gift for borrowing, whether from Japan or from Belgium.

Mr. Noguchi remarks, by the way, in his essay that in the "Noh" plays Japan had anticipated the polyphonic prose of Miss Amy Lowell and her companions. It is not a thought that would occur to anyone familiar with the Noh plays in the English versions of Mrs. Stopes or Mr. Ezra Pound The mixed use of verse and prose in them seems parallel rather to the mixed manner of Elizabethan drama. In this volume in which Mr. Waley continues his work of bringing the treasures of the East to our knowledge, he upsets some preconceived theories about "Noh." The form which has generally been supposed to be an aristocratic form is shown to have been as popular in origin as any drama, and only to have become the fashion of the rich by a sort of accident. Recently there has been discovered a new manuscript containing many plays by Seami, one of the most important of Noh dramatists. Seami was a fourteenth-century author and a favourite of one of those Shoguns who disputed with the Mikado and one another the government of Japan. Mr. Waley gives us details of his life in an introduction which suffers rather from the author's familiarity with a subject and a period of which most of us know nothing. His style in definition is not so clear as in translation, and I am afraid that most readers will find it impossible to get properly acquainted with the mysteries of Zen or of the different "gates to Yugen." The ordinary reader may be recommended to turn from the introduction to the versions Mr. Waley gives of some twenty plays. These translations have all the felicities of his renderings from the Chinese, and the frequent lyrical passages give him the opportunity for that simplicity of language which is so strong a mark of his style. The most moving of the plays is, perhaps, "The Damask Drum," one of those strange symbolic things in which words seem to bear more than their meaning, and sentences are heavy with significances which they cannot interpret, and the very syllables carry passion which they cannot express. Here is a chorus from it:

"The watchman of the hours,—
'Wake from the sleep of the dawn!'
And batters on the drum
For if its sound be heard, soon shall he see
Her face, the damask of her dress . . .
Aye, damask! He does not know
That on a damask drum he beats,
Beats with all the strength of his hands, his aged hands,
But hears no sound.
'Am I grown deaf?' he cries, and listens, listens:
Rain on the windows, lapping of water on the pool—
Both these he hears, and silent only
The drum, the strange damask drum.
Oh, will it never sound?
I thought to beat the sorrow from my heart,
Wake music in a damask drum; an echo of love
From the voiceless fabric of pride!"

Apart from the æsthetic beauty of the work translated here, Mr. Waley's book is an important contribution to the study of the Japanese theatre, inaugurated in England by Mr. Edwards's admirable "Japanese Plays and Playfellows." The strong tradition of the Japanese theatre, its extreme adaptability combined with extreme rigidity, its singularly mobile use of immobile things, like the mask, are for us to-day of the very greatest interest. There are appended some letters of Mr. Oswald Sickert's describing the present-day acting of Noh plays which it is very illuminating to compare with Seami's accounts—given in Mr. Waley's preface—of the acting in his time and before theirs. No theatre in Europe has so old a tradition as this of Japan. In view of Mr. Gordon Craig's theories Mr. Sickert's description of the effect of masks will be read with interest:

"The masks are not wayward, not extravagant (even the devil's masks are realistic); but they are undoubtedly masks, tied on with a band, and they affect the purpose of achieving an impassive countenance of a cast suited to the character—impassive save that, with a good actor and a mask of a beautiful woman that just hits off the balance between too much and too little physiognomy, I'd swear that at the right moments the mask is affected, its expression intensifies, it lives"

The Russian actors of the Chauve Souris in Paris use Japanese masks occasionally, and certainly they contrive to produce an effect which excels that of any but the very greatest acting. The very immobility of the face seems to free the imagination of the audience.

Mr. Miyamori's book of stories is based on the old legends of Japan's Samurai. The tales are given in surprisingly good English, and the book should prove a useful introduction for boys and girls to the tradition of a chivalry far nearer that of the mediæval world than the military standards of Greece or Rome. Perhaps nothing educatively is more important than that the rising generation should learn properly to estimate the value of Oriental civilisations. Japan is not historically or essentially so significant as China or India; but there is something in its practical spirit which make it perhaps nearer to the average westerner than the intenser or more imaginative peoples of the greater nations And if any one with the ordinary spirit of curiosity comes across Japanese history, it is certain in time to arouse his interest in things Chinese.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

POETRY AND VERSE.

Mr. Harold Monro's "Strange Meetings"[1] must come first of this batch *longo intervallo*. He is a true poet. His imagination plays often over homely and familiar things as firelight might play. In this mood he is sheer delight.

1 "Strange Meetings." By Harold Monro. (Poetry Bookshop).

Some of our modern poets have discovered a more tender and intimate feeling in dealing with animals than their fathers knew; as witness Mr. Ralph Hodgson, Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. James Stephens, to take a few names at random. Mr. Monro knows the souls of the Trees, but he also half playfully, all sweetly, makes the little things that serve our daily needs, not only the live fire and water, but the pot and the kettle and the chair and the bed and the clock—"the large and gentle furniture"—live and speak. It is good that there is enough of a discriminating public in these dolorous days to send "Strange Meetings" into its thousands. Let me praise "Week-End" as one who was once a Londoner and knew the passionate pleasure of finding the country again. The poem captures it all again, it is no longer blurred memory. The poetry deals mainly or altogether with gentle things. Even in the lament for the friend killed in the war the poetry is poignant but never unbearable, as much recent poetry of the kind has been. Because the poet deals with the soul of things, with love and grief, but never with the breaking up and dissolution of mortality. It is a book to keep and love and return to.

"Poems by a Brother and Sister"[2] is pleasant reading. They reveal in each a sensitive appreciation of the beauty of earth and skies, a delicate sympathy and a happy vein of imagination. The Sister's is the happier art of the two, though one hesitates to distinguish where both have qualities. There is a real sense of vision in such a poem as "Hyde Park at Evening" and a very happy, clean, shining choice of words. If this is not poetry it very often approaches poetry. Inevitable poetry, that bears the unmistakable sign-manual, does not come to everybody, but at least this brother and sister are of the discipleship, the companionship.

"Terpsichore and Other Poems,"[3] by H. T. Wade-Gery, has a freakish and young air. It is dressed beautifully and amateurishly by the Golden Cockerel Press, which is in itself freakish. It suggests the privately-printed book and the young poet hailing the morning with a triumphant note. We shall hear of Mr. Wade-Gery again. Just at present he is perhaps too strongly influenced by Herrick. Indeed, the poetry is full of echoes, but that is only to say that the young poet lives by admiration. This is charming even though one knows its derivation:

PHŒBUS.

"The little birds do softly sing
To tell us it is evening.
And then—beloved, say not no—
Into the evening we go.

"Into the evening thou and I,
Where the fields do quiet lie,
Where the trees do stately stand,
Set about the lovely land.

"The dying sun from Western skies
Shall feed with golden light your eyes;
The birds' sweet singing we'll attend
Till all in trancèd silence end:

"Till day departing from the skies,
Leave us to our sweet surprise.
And in the starrèd vast of night
Thou and I do take delight."

"Unfinished Poems,"[4] by Elizabeth Paul, does not come within the category of ordinary reviewable books at all. It is a collection of the fragmentary thoughts of a poetic and delicate nature which were found after death and are published now by the simple piety of one who loved her. Suffice it to say that these unfinished and hardly-shaped fragments display a pensive and alluring delicacy of theme and thought, a real and intense love of beauty and very often a gift of beautiful words:

"The room was full of trembling thoughts,
So fleet, so delicate, they lived and died on wings
With each succeeding breath."

That might have expressed the hidden room which was the soul of the writer.

"Lyra Mutabilis"[5] is a book of simple songs, mainly inspired by Love and Death. They have dignity, and they sing themselves very well, but it cannot be said of them that they are inevitable poetry; doubtless they comforted the heart from which they came and doubtless they would please many who have also suffered love and loss. "The Companion" is imaginative, and if not a poem is very nearly one, and further on in the book "The Mother" has a simple charm and truth.

"Glimpses of the Passion"[6] is a tiny volume of religious poetry which has a solemnity and dignity worthy its great subject. It is a book of much accomplishment, of many devout thoughts expressed in language which does not fail of its purpose, but, like nearly all the books of this batch under review, it lacks *that*—just the inexpressible *that*—that gives life to words and sends them enchanted winging into the world to find a rest in human hearts. Religious poetry asks for the precious thing *unction*, and that is just the quality this book does not possess, though it is lofty and truly devout.

"The Statue and Other Poems"[7] is another of the books which display some feeling for poetry and some accomplishment, but unless one can say more for a volume that sets out to be poetry than this very faint praise, it is naught. The poetically-minded should be of the readers of poetry rather than the makers of verse.

"Poems,"[8] by David James Mackenzie, has a certain energy which makes for swinging ballads, in which form he is best, but although obviously sensitive to beauty, neither has he the transfiguring touch.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[2] "Poems by a Brother and Sister." 4s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)
[3] "Terpsichore and Other Poems." By H. T. Wade-Gery. 3s. 6d. net. (Golden Cockerel Press.)
[4] "Unfinished Poems." By Elizabeth Paul. 3s. 6d. net. (Fifield.)
[5] "Lyra Mutabilis." By Morley Roberts. 5s. net. (Blackwell.)
[6] "Glimpses of the Passion." By Richard Lytton Greaves. 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d. (Burns & Oates.)
[7] "The Statue and Other Poems." By Edwin Stanley James. (Erskine Macdonald.)
[8] "Poems." By David James Mackenzie. 5s. net. (Gowans & Gray.)

Novel Notes.

LITTLE PIERRE. By Anatole France. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

To the English translation of "The Works of Anatole France" a rendering of his "Little Pierre" has now been added, and lovers of the French humorist who have been subscribing to this edition will reckon its latest volume not the least among its treasures. For here we have the artist in letters, the master of irony and wit and wisdom, the veteran analyst, letting his thoughts stray back to the days of his nonage, recalling from a past now so distant the moods, the daydreams, the impressions of his childhood. It is said that the old, as they grow older, forget the middle years of their lives and remember with increasing vividness the earliest phases of their career, age in this way as in others betraying a special tenderness for what is young. Anatole France, if old in years, is still young in brain, but he certainly shows in this portrait of the lad whose adolescence he described in "Pierre Nozière" a disarming gentleness towards youth and all the associations of this example of youth, a gentleness that smiles indulgently over its naughtinesses and records faithfully and wistfully its vanities and its enthusiasms. Whether a piece of autobiography or fantasy in autobiographical form, there can be little doubt that "Little Pierre" gives us an insight into the mind of the town-bred child who was in manhood, decades later, to give us the savage satire of "Penguin Island" and the audacious comedy of "The Revolt of the Angels." Nor is it easy to think that even though Pierre's sweet mother and unworldly father may be inventions of art, there was not an actual counterpart for Mélanie, the old nurse, who is pictured here so affectionately. What may be welcome to readers accustomed to an Anatole

France who rips out the humbug from respectability and scoffs fearlessly at hypocrisy in all its forms is the sentiment which informs these recollections of earlier days, the kindliness which flashes light on every little secret corner of goodness in passing. And more familiar but equally welcome should be such confessions of experience casually dropped into the narrative as, "I have had as little commerce as possible with myself. . . . Know not thyself—that is the beginning of wisdom"; or, "All dead men are paupers"; or again, "Respect for old age does not come naturally to children." Whether this last apophthegm be true or not, Anatole France has shown a respect and something more for the childhood of Pierre Nozière; he has lavished the full battery of his genius on it, with the result, perhaps it is unnecessary to add, of a little masterpiece.

AN ENTHUSIAST. By E. Œ Somerville 8s. 6d net. (Longmans)

"The people in this story all view Ireland from different angles, and each speaks for him or herself, and not for me," says Miss E. Œ. Somerville in the preface to her new book. She has endeavoured, the preface explains, to keep a strict attitude of impartiality throughout, although she thinks that in impartiality there is "something arrogant, if not offensive. ". . . On one point only are we all agreed," Miss Somerville concludes, "in love for the country that bore us, that ardent country in which the cold virtue of impartiality is practically unknown." And so we get the story of the romance of Dan Palliser, an enthusiast and would-be reformer, told, if with impartiality, in such a manner as to grip one with an intensity, that makes his tragic ending give one a real pang of regret. It is a story full of laughter and tears and charm, in which every character is thoroughly alive. "Dan Palliser was of those whose opinions, once formed, were of disastrous tenacity—disastrous because his strong will held them with a force that limited their power of growth. He was of the fiery company of enthusiasts." The author's understanding of horses and dogs is no less than her understanding of human character: Peggy, a "cocker spaniel, fat and black," was "a coward, and afflicted—not without cause—by a chronic conviction of sin, as well as by a super-subtle perception of mood in those in authority over her." While Lizzie, the fox-terrier, is "small and misanthropic, with sore eyes and a bitter smile; a low-spirited yet indomitable little dog, who beyond the single stern passion that she cherished for Dan, hated human beings only a degree less than she loathed her fellows." It is one of the books it is a joy to linger over, and to remember long after it is read.

THREE LOVING LADIES. By the Hon. Mrs Dowdall. 9s. net. (Duckworth)

It is a pleasure to come across so fresh and strong a book as this. The reader is never in doubt that he is enjoying a clever transcript from real life and that the door is opened to him into the society of a typical present-day provincial town. Millport had an excellent idea of its own importance and self-sufficiency. It had a go-ahead, modern university and a most efficient municipal government. These were the centres of its life, and the town hall was the hub of the microcosm. The poor and intellectual studied political economy, and the rich and serious devoted themselves to "welfare" movements and the care of lunatics and destitute children. To this little Utopia came General Fulton, his wife and two daughters, and it is Mrs. Dowdall's business to tell us how this London household adapted itself to its new environment. Presently the two daughters had love affairs to distract them. Evangeline married her father's A.D.C., an efficient but priggish soldier who nearly broke his wife's heart by his views on the Spartan upbringing of his infant son. Captain Hatton, however, is punished and outwitted by the strategy of a misanthropic lady of the university. The story is a clever study of the subtleties of sex antagonism, lightly and very skilfully done and with an abundance of cynical humour. The characters are clearly and sharply presented, and cover a remarkable range—university professors, profiteers and their Cambridge sons, army men, amateur philanthropists, and social agitators. There is all the material for a capital comedy, and Mrs. Dowdall misses none of her chances. There is plenty of instructive criticism also in the book, which we commend to the reflection of the inhabitants of our numerous Millports.

CARROTY BROON. By A S Neill 7s 6d net (Herbert Jenkins)

Once a dominie always a dominie! Mr. Neill has written a capital book about lassies and laddies, their little larks and loves and scrapes, and the hard and simple lives of their elders. But over all broods the intimidating shadow of unimaginative and repressive teachers! The dominie may be in doubt, but there is no doubt about the dominie! We like Mr. Neill's present book more than its predecessor. There is less lecturing in it. He does not trouble us with complexes and neuroses and other terrors of psycho-analysis. He writes from the children's point of view, and if he is a little too insistent on the terrors of school we easily forgive him, for we know his heart is in the right place. Mr. Neill is a genuine humorist; but perhaps his most humorous passage is that in which he describes himself as a realist—he, the arch-sentimentalist! The thousands who liked Wee Macgregor will certainly like the brave, engaging Carroty Broon.

THE FORGE OF DEMOCRACY. By Gabrielle Vallings. 8s 6d net (Hutchinson)

Gabrielle Vallings is to be congratulated on her new book, "The Forge of Democracy." It is not so much a war book as a book of war—war of human passions, of good and evil. The pictures of Belgium, writhing in the grip of the German Beast, are almost painfully well done, but it is the characters of Ottilie van Eynden and Madelaine Gault that lift the book out of the ordinary. The precisian may say, with some truth, that the author has not revised her book with sufficient care before handing it to the publishers; there are some clumsy sentences and a few positive inaccuracies. But the impression one gets is that such flaws are due to her eagerness to cut the cackle and come to the 'osses—a very blessed thing and passing rare among novelists. It is a more than interesting book. Ottilie, with her bastard son, born through the violation of a drunken soldier; and Madelaine, daughter of an English baronet, engaged to be married to, and subsequent mistress of, the German Military Attaché, suffer such agonies as remind us that the Great War was more than an affair of treaties. The other characters are well drawn, and the book is never dull. I commend it to those who are not afraid to have a time of great horror recalled to them in *words* that hurt because they tell of *things* that hurt grievously.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAST. By E. M. Hull. 8s 6d. (Nash)

Readers will do well to get hold of the name of E. M. Hull. This writer is likely to come into prominence before long, for she knows how to tell a strong, engrossing, powerful tale in a Dell-like way. You may sneer at the old idea of the strong man with a bitter past falling in love with his innocent ward, but Miss Hull relates the poignant story of Barry Craven with sufficient passion and intensity to silence criticism. This is a real good story, packed with detail and incident. Whether the scene be Japan, or an English country house, or a burning desert, it is sketched in boldest colour. Barry felt he could not confess his sin; Gillian, his wife only in name, almost died of hunger in Paris—ah, yes, this is romance, sure enough; full-blooded, absorbing romance. "'But can you forgive—can you bear to come to me?' he faltered, still only half believing. 'I love you,' she said simply, 'and life without you is death,' and lifting her face to his she gave him the lips he had not dared to take."

THE SOULS OF POOR FOLK. By Dr. Alexander Irvine. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Dr. Alexander Irvine will not take it amiss when we tell him that his book of Ulster reminiscence reminded us more than once of "A Window in Thrums." Anna and Jamie are as lovable in their way as Hendry and Jess. Especially winsome is the account of the old man's present to his aged wife. "Jamie scraped together for weeks and months, enough money to furnish the one surprise of their later life. . . . Every market day he was seen around the second-hand furniture stall in the market-place. . . . It was a chair for Anna!" "The Candle in the Window" is also a fine piece of writing. It was lit for an absent son, who understood all too late the love that placed it there. This collection of sketches is slight and unambitious, but it is well worth reading. We pause with pleasure over the highly significant sentences:—"My old town still lingers in the rear of progress, but it has changed. Even the poorest of the poor have now enough to eat."

THREADS. By Frank Stayton. 8s. (Thornton Butterworth).

Mr. Frank Stayton has chosen a theme that has in it elements of both tragedy and comedy, but he has developed it with such deftness and ironic humour that the threatened tragedy loses itself in comedy and the comedy closes on a note of charming sentiment. John Osborne Wynn has been sentenced to death for a murder of which he was innocent, and the sentence is commuted to imprisonment for life. His wife, at his desire, drops his surname, passes as a widow, and never holds any communication with him, in order that she and her children may not remain under the shadow of his shame. Then at the end of fifteen years the real murderer confesses, and Wynn unexpectedly returns home. His children have no recollection of him; his wife, a delightfully attractive woman, has had more than one suitor, and is now keeping one at bay, not daring to explain why it is impossible for her to accept him. This sudden return of the husband and father disorganises everything; there is no place for him in the household, and it looks as if his return must end in disaster. But he accepts the position with an amused, worldly-wise cynicism, and presently realises that his only chance of happiness is to enter into rivalry with his wife's faithful suitor and win her from him. The whole thing is written lightly, with shrewd, epigrammatic touches of wit and humour, and the result—well, it is altogether worth while reading the book to find that out for yourself. The story is so essentially dramatic in conception that one is not surprised to learn it has already been translated into a play and will be produced this month at the St. James's Theatre by Mr. Lyn Harding.

PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. 7s. (Lippincott.)

A brilliant, highly-coloured bit of writing, which will appeal to those who care to read tales of Bible characters. It is a romance concerning the life of Stephen, and brings in the story of Christ and His sufferings. . . . "His face was not shining with the rain, but seemed to shine with something better than the rain. His purple-black hair and beard were made bright with the strange light in the face . . . in his twisted girdle hung a draw-knife; in his right hand he bore an adze, resting it upon his shoulder." Mr. Jenkins revels in the picturesque, the dramatic and the tragic, and gives us a lurid sketch of Judas Iscariot: "Nose and chin met, he was bent; red robe soiled and torn; clutched a purse." Stephen's martyrdom is also described in strong and glowing language.

The Bookman's Table.

STREETS. By Douglas Goldring. (Selwyn & Blount.)

In dedicating his poems to "Lovers of London," Mr. Goldring calls them a "ragged offering." The description is just, for his verses are for the most part rather roughly written. They lack the ultimate rightness of perfect art, but they have the quality of good sketches. Most of these poems are reprinted from volumes which have gone out of print. Some of them date back as far as 1908; nor is there any noticeable difference of temper or technique between earlier and later pieces. Mr. Goldring may be said to belong to the pre-Georgian era. He shows none of the characteristics of the latest school of poetry. The influences which appear in his work are those of Henley and Housman, Symons and the earlier Masefield. He does not mind being readily intelligible. He deals with the simple, obvious themes which have always, until just lately, been considered the worthiest for poetic treatment. He has not that horror of sentimentality which makes so much contemporary verse so arid. All this makes his poetry very refreshing. Mr. Goldring may not be so accomplished in his line as Miss Edith Sitwell is in hers; but he is far pleasanter company. To go from "Wheels" to "Streets" is like returning from Wyndham Lewis to Sickert. One experiences the same sense of relief. Of his vivid impressionism here is a happy example:

"At Jack Straw's Castle, streaks of yellow light
Pour from the bar upon a preacher's head
Who howls unheeded warnings to the night:
Two p'licemen say he ought to be in bed.

"Lovely young men walk, eager, to and fro
And search the passing faces—some find mates;
Against the railings lean a giggling row;
An amorous chauffeur puffs his horn and waits.

"The crowds move up and down, white dresses gleam;
Some strolling niggers play a tune that trips,
While couples meet and glance, then leave the stream,
And youths look plaintively at young girl's lips."

There are many such carelessly drawn but effective pictures in this book, which really do give one a sense of the real London. And sometimes the vision goes deeper—as in "Living-In (Brixton Rise)":

"Through the small window comes the roar
Of all the world of light outside;
It is not midnight, yet our door
Is shut on us, and we are tied.

"What is he doing now—my dear?
I left him all on fire for me:
Will he be true? Oh, God, I fear
He'll buy what I would give him free."

One quotes what is easily quotable; but the pieces here given are to be taken as representative specimens and not as the finest flowers of Mr. Goldring's work.

TEACHING THE MOTHER TONGUE. By Philip Boswood Ballard, M.A., D Lit. 4s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This book may be described without any reservation as the most sensible contribution to practical education that has appeared for many a day. Business men used to distinguish between "bankers' discount" and "schoolmasters' discount"—schoolmasters themselves, of course, called the latter sort "true discount." They would. So there has always been, since the beginning of compulsory education, what may be called "schoolmasters' English." Once it included much grammar; and then presently it included no grammar; but the more it changed the more it was the same old thing. Mr. Ballard, who writes with knowledge and experience, here attacks schoolmasters' English. He ridicules many school fads and fetishes and we think he is unchallengeably right. We are inclined to put our view of the volume in some such way as this: Here is a little book costing four-and-six. It is well written and excellent to read. Above all it is really, vitally practical. The sincerity of teachers in the work of education can be measured by the extent to which they buy it and apply it. That is a "mental test"; and we think mental tests are very fashionable just now in educational circles.

REVIEWS AND CRITICAL PAPERS. By Lionel Johnson. Edited with an Introduction by Robert Shafer. 6s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Lionel Johnson was not a great or even an important writer; but he was an interesting and attractive writer, and there will always be a public for his work. We have pleasure, therefore, in calling the attention of bookmen to this delightful volume of bookishness. It is a series of reviews contributed to *The Academy* and *The Outlook* in the nineties and it offers an excellent example of current journalism touched with grace and scholarship. The subjects are nearly all interesting to the present-day reader, some because they are alive and some because they were alive. There are three reviews of Kipling (all the articles are reviews of specific volumes), one of Stevenson, one of John Davidson, one of William Norris, one of Mrs. Humphry Ward, one of George Meredith, one of Austin Dobson, and one of Richard Le Gallienne. What the nineties thought of the nineties may therefore here be discovered with pleasure and profit to all. The volume should be not merely interesting but instructive to our *jeunes feroces*, one of whom the other day was denouncing Meredith's "Love in the Valley" as a vile product of the nineties, although it happens to belong to the fifties. But we must not expect too much of our *jeunes feroces*. They must live. However, those who sometimes tire of their hebdomadal hysterics will be glad to turn for a change to such a volume as this in which criticism, though keen, does not forget to be creative.

TOWN GARDENING. By Mary Hampden. (The Home Garden Books No. 2.) 6s (Thornton Butterworth.)

"A woman who yearns to cultivate flowers for the house," says Miss Hampden encouragingly, "can do it surprisingly well with no better aids than a sunny balcony, boxes, pots, and sheets of glass. . . . This book aims at giving such plain instructions and valuable hints that the ignoramus can start flower culture with every prospect of success." We speedily discover that our author has common sense: "If the Virginian creeper is a gorgeous drapery, for Heaven's sake let the tapestry hang, and do not plant puny wistarias and clematis instead." There are excellent sections on the different months of the year, a chapter on choosing the right plants, shrubs, bulbs, etc., on preparing garden soil, on planting and potting, on seeds and cuttings, etc. There are also scores of ingenious and valuable suggestions: such as how to make a flower table for a sunny window; how to deter cats of the vicinity from enjoying the garden; and so on. Miss Hampden recommends common thrift for an edging for suburban beds and borders. She is also a firm friend of the German iris. She says in her chapter on Perennials and Biennials, that a town garden all hollyhocks, daffodils and pinks would be attractive from spring till autumn. We agree. And we recommend readers who are timid and unambitious to read her paragraphs on window boxes. The charming illustrations will spur them on to fresh effort.

BOOKLAND. By W. H. King. 3s. 6d. net. (George Philip.)

"Bookland" is a volume in the New Era Library, edited by Mr. Ernest Young and designed for use in schools. In 250 pages Mr. King describes the general course of English literature with special reference to the outstanding figures who are landmarks in the great region of native song and story. It is admirably done. The descriptions are just of the kind to make the young pupil want to go on and read more, and that is precisely what such a book should do. Here and there Mr. King gives illustrative quotations—the limits of space prevent him from giving much—and what he gives is most felicitously chosen. We like his quotations from Chaucer (in the original) but we think he would have assisted the youthful reader had he marked the sounded "e's" and the unusual stresses in certain words; and we wish he had not utterly omitted Langland. Considered as what it is meant to be, a book for the young, it fulfils its purpose and can be recommended to all concerned.

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Music.

THREE MUSICAL INNOVATORS.

BY A. EAGLEFIELD HULL.

I. CYRIL SCOTT.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Cyril Scott.**

CYRIL SCOTT was born in Liverpool forty-three years ago. This means that he entered music at a time when it was necessary to study in Germany, if musical talents were to have an opportunity of realising their fullest possibilities. To Frankfort he went at the age of twelve, where in addition to hearing all kinds of music, he studied with a remarkable teacher of composition—Ivan Knorr, a Russian. These eight years at Frankfort were chiefly valuable for the artistic friendships then formed. Poets, musicians, artists and philosophers all reacted on one another, and new ideas seemed to drop as though out of the air. Then it was that he picked up a remark from a college friend, which has stuck in his mind ever since—"If you want to be a musical composer you must invent a style."

At twenty-one we find Scott back in Liverpool with a "Symphony" and a "Heroic Suite" to his credit, neither however showing promise of a remarkable individuality. The "Piano Quartet" which Kreisler and his party played at the Broadwood concerts was another matter, and so was the orchestral "Aubade" given at Darmstadt, Dresden and Berlin. All Scott's larger works, by the way, had to receive their baptism abroad.

It was about this time that Scott began to compose piano pieces, and the subjects ("Lotus Land," "Sphinx," "Two Eastern Songs," etc.) give indication of a new and enthralling interest—occultism and Eastern mysticism—which has continued to hold him, as strongly as music, ever since.

Everything created, says Emerson, has its painter or its poet. Like the enchanted princess of the fairy tales, it awaits its predestined liberator. The pianoforte has three souls or genii—that of the dulcimer, that of the harp and that of the clavichord. Bach discovered the latter; the Irishman, John Field, gave Chopin the key to the harp-soul; and it remained for Cyril Scott to reveal the genius of the dulcimer. No one of this trinity of qualities is before or after another. Cyril Scott's appeal to the dulcimer spirit of the "hammer-clavier" is more primitive perhaps than the others. The old-fashioned duet, playfully entitled "Chop-sticks," is only one remove from the gipsy's box of wires struck with a hammer in each hand. Simple as the recognition of this fact seems, it was sufficiently far-reaching in Scott's conception of piano music to exasperate all the critics, who piled accusations of posing and all kinds of vituperations on the head of the composer who dared to alter the piano style of Beethoven, Chopin and Mozart.

Let it be admitted once for all that the keyboard is not made on the system of the diatonic scale but on the semitonal one. Cyril Scott was the first to explore the full recognition of this principle and consequently produce a new style of melody, a different system of harmony, another touch and fingering and even a new notation, one which abolishes major and minor keys with all the sharps and flats resulting therefrom. Now this is not evolution but revolution, and it says much for the swift current of music during the last fifteen years that when Scott played his Piano Concerto at the British Music Society's Festival in June this year, whereas the first and last movements sounded as virile as ever, the middle movement dated badly, and felt mannered and threadbare. Nevertheless Cyril Scott led the Neo-British group of composers which arose in the nineties, and the beauty, originality and strength of much of his music will easily outlive the present generation. Even were it not so, it would nevertheless have left its impress and have formed a new school of British composers for "house-music," a form which has ever been as congenial to the British people as opera to our Continental brethren.

Whereas Debussy in France, and Diaghlieff with his Russian Ballet, did not lack followers in their challenge of the great German classics, Scott was in the nineties a solitary voice in the wilderness of British music crying for a re-valuation of Beethoven and a widening out of the musical territories. He occasionally became extravagant and, being made much of in society, indulged at times in mannerisms and a probably unconscious pose; but his art-principles were steady enough and his fastidious musical taste, applied as sternly to his own works as to others, caused him to be always finding new realms to conquer. "It is better to learn of something new than to be told of what we already know," he wrote.

Although the general public knows only one style of Cyril Scott's music, and that the most facile and least representative, his works have a greater variety than is the rule with creative composers. Thus the pieces most often heard are the "Danse Negre" (a little like Debussy), "Water Wagtail," "Vesperale," "Chansonette" and "Evening Idyll." Amongst the songs, "My Captain," "A Blackbird Song," "The Rondel of Rest" and "The Little Bells of Sevilla." His finer and larger pieces ought to appear regularly in the programmes of our concert recitalists, who will never have full houses again until they get out of the rut of the Bach-Beethoven-Chopin-Liszt rigmarole. Amongst Scott's best works the "Sonata," a work with no fixed tonality, stands pre-eminent. In the fast movement, the "Scherzo" is

raised to a superior power. It is a terpsichorean expression on some higher plane than the physical. Both Scriabin and Scott are successful here in achieving an adumbration of that phenomenon which Carpenter calls Cosmic Consciousness. Each attains it in his own way—Scriabin through his peculiar harmonies derived from colour, and Scott through his free use of a new scale—the dodecuple. The final fugue is a veritable *tour de force.*

Harmony is of prime importance with Scott. It is never cloying, but always vital, opalescent and varied in hue. Not only are his chords delicious in their sequential connection, but almost each one is a gem of euphony in itself. This use of harmony is best exemplified in the "Jungle Book Impressions," whilst a deeper, subtler harmonic use is felt in the suite called "Egypt" and in the lovely set of "Five Poems" (Schott). His love of arabesquing is heard at its best in "Paradise Birds," "Rainbow Trout," "Sea Marge," "Danse Languoreuse" and the "Diatonic Study," which by the way is not diatonic at all.

There is rare feeling in nearly all his songs. Suffice it to mention "Mirage" with its soothing, magnetic beauty, the lovely "My Lady Sleeps," the virile "A Song of Wine," the unspeakably touching "An Old Song Ended" and the entrancing "White Knight," with its pictorial suggestion of the galloping of horses. Deeply sincere and impressive are "A Gift of Silence," "Love's Aftermath" and the eloquent setting of Christina Rossetti's "For a Dream's Sake." In a more advanced style are the "Autumn Song," the "Villanelle of the Poet's Road" with its original harmonies, and "The Moon Maiden" with its bantering queries and answers. Amongst the very best of his songs are the two early poems, "Voices of Vision" and "Willows," written in 1903, both wonderfully daring in richness of texture and originality of setting. Entirely new modes of expression were opened up in the "Two Chinese Songs" ("Waiting" and "A Picnic") where the oriental feeling is delightfully reproduced. The first approaches the enharmonic system as nearly as possible with a twelve-note scale; the second with its rattling accompaniment of musical "chopsticks" is more favoured by singers.

There is however another type of song to which Cyril Scott occasionally turns, and this is the folk-song. To omit any mention of his activity in this direction would be to ignore some of his happiest inspirations. Nothing could be more truly pathetic than the musical atmosphere to his setting of that exquisitely tender lyric, "The Sands of Dee," so entirely unlike the way in which it has been set before. Solely through the means of a folk-song-like melody and varying harmony, Scott has brought forth the unspeakably simple pathos of Kingsley's poem. Nor has the simplicity suffered by a judicious use of modern harmonic device. The final cadence is new and yet retentive of an older world simplicity. Another example, but of a different nature, is the "Tyrolese Evensong." Here Scott has wandered into the folk element of another country and presented us with an undeniable Tyrolese Mazurka for the piano, with a sad, sustained song-melody woven into the texture of its prevalent gaiety.

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Cyril Scott's choice wanders over an immense field—from the "Scotch Lullaby" of Walter Scott to the Greek lays of W. R. Patten. The two poets who have the most impelled Scott's responsive muse to utterance are Ernest Dowson and Rosamund Marriott Watson. In Dowson's "Villanelle of the Poet's Road," "Love's Aftermath," "A Song of Arcady," "Pierrot and the Moonmaiden," and many others, Scott has indeed found himself moved to some of his finest expressions. Mrs. Watson makes a no less powerful appeal to him. "The Unforeseen," "Autumn's Lute," "Invocation," "Prelude" and "Nocturne"—too musical in themselves for many composers to attempt the task successfully—have found in Cyril Scott an interpreter of rare delight. Giles's translations from the Chinese have also caught the composer's mood, and in the "Two Chinese Songs" ("Waiting" and "A Picnic") we find the actual counterparts of the composer's moods of the "Piano Concerto," "Poppies," etc.

In all these poets it is as if Cyril Scott found his own soul-states faithfully mirrored. The delicate, sad grace of Dowson, the strong, rugged emotion of Walt Whitman, the quaint simplicity of older poets like George Darley, and the delicate other-world romance of Dante Gabriel Rossetti appeal almost equally to him. In his wide, eclectic choice of poems he reveals an unerring instinct, and he does not make the common mistake of thinking that every poem is equally good.

Scott's latest works, a "Concert Rondeau" and a "Ballade," both for piano solo, show a further increase of expression and invention.

Though he frequently writes for orchestra, Scott is not really a "large canvas" man. He is *par excellence* a musician for the smaller concert-room and the home music-room. The "large canvas" composers like Wagner and Strauss, Elgar and Stanford, are often in an awkward predicament when asked to "play a tune" on the piano, as Elgar and Bantock were at the opening of a music-room at Birmingham University. The younger composers are not so easily caught out. Scott is a remarkably fine pianist and his works are heard at their best only when the composer is at the piano. He is, too, a very interesting lecturer, who revels in epigrams in real G. B. S. style.

For the information of the reader, all Cyril Scott's music is published either by Messrs. Schott & Co. or by Messrs. Elkin & Son.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

The young and uninfluential composer with a potboiler to sell, voyaging round from publishing house to publishing house, discovers sooner or later that he is out of his bearings. His trouble is that he lacks a definition. He learns this from the smaller publishers, with whom he comes into personal contact. (The larger publishers of music for the million he does not see; they live in ancient strongholds, protected from new ideas by a thousand office boys.) The MS. under his arm is honest and competent. It is as sincere as work can be that is consciously honest and competent. It has a good tune, respectable words, an accompaniment that can be played by a reasonably accomplished child, and even, slyly concealed, certain modernisms that at least distinguish it harmonically from Hymns Ancient and Modern. In a word, it is not cynical. Probably the young composer prefers to set lyrics of futurist passion with accompaniment laid out for piccolo, bass tuba and eight side drums; but he recognises that modernisms will not satisfy the baker nor genius the milkman. Hence his potboiler, for which he feels neither more nor less contempt than would be felt by a cabinet-maker compelled by necessity to turn out a sound kitchen table. His difficulty is the publisher and his eternal advice, "You must study what the public wants, my boy." The implication is that the publisher knows what the public wants and that he can satisfy the demand if he will. The obvious retort is, "If you know what is wanted and have it, why don't you publish it?" For it is obvious that a good many months have passed since the publication of any song, good or bad, that has found its way into a hundred thousand homely music cabinets. And that is the goal of music for the million. The problem is not of the concert platform. The popular concert public will accept almost anything, good or bad, if it be well sung by popular favourites; but it will carry home only such things as it can itself perform to its own satisfaction.

The fact is that the publisher does not in the least know what the public wants. This is not particularly surprising since, as Edward Bok remarks in his Autobiography, "The public, while it knows what it wants when it sees it, cannot clearly express its wants, and never wants the thing it does ask for, although it thinks it does at the time." In the hope of correctly diagnosing the taste of the moment the publisher floods the market with crowds of so-called ballads, for the majority of which the practised singer, keenly on the alert for future favourites, knows that there is only one possibility—oblivion. Of the remainder some secure a brief quasi-popularity by advertisement and the pernicious royalty-singer system; and perhaps one achieves the success which ensures colossal sales. Either possible successes are not being written, or, if they are, the publisher will not look for them or cannot recognise them when he sees them. Presumably he has some selective principles, but, except for two rule-of-thumb standards, observation fails to discover what they are. These two, and probably all the others, if any, are founded in an intense conservatism. The first has about it a certain business sense. "So and so," observes the complacent man, "has made a success. Retain his services for ever. At least his name will sell." Probably it does; yet how many composers are there who, having hit the popular taste once, follow their one success with song after song, not one of which would even moderately succeed with an unknown name on the cover. The second obvious principle has also some sense, but apparently much less than the publisher dreams. He remembers what the public liked yesterday, he sees what the public likes to-day. He assumes that it will like the same thing to-morrow. Hence the dismal series of imitative failures that trail in the wake of every big success. The public may be an ass, but it is not a stationary ass. It walks—perhaps round and round, but it walks. And it appreciates a change of diet. The publishing failure arises from the mistake of this continual looking at yesterday and to-day instead of trying to get the focus of to-morrow. It is a failure that matters, for there is a demand for popular songs and there is no reason why the demand should not be worthily supplied. There is, particularly at the present distinctly transitional moment, a great opening for the

publisher who will produce to-morrow's songs to-day, who will attempt to get a step in front of the public taste instead of trailing behind, laden with the stale wares of yesterday and the day before.

These remarks are prompted by the dialogue at present to be heard in every concert-singer's room: "Have you come across anything good?" "No. Just the usual old stuff," and by a very miscellaneous bundle of songs from a variety of houses. These may be at once grouped into various classes. They are all ephemeral. None of them particularly matter. They differ in detail but are alike in their obvious attempt to catch the million. The first group might be called the blatant attempts. "My Love," by Churchill Sibley (The Musical Exchange), is thoroughly old-fashioned. All over it is the mark of the organist. It is characterised by its symphonies ending in descending staccato arpeggios, that remind one of the skip of a music-hall comedienne leaving the stage. "My Little Heart of May," by Geoffrey Gwyther (Chappell), is pretty enough but of an enervating sentimentality. "Dying Embers" (Augener), in spite of the name, Oscar Merikanto, and the standing of the publishers, is reminiscent in the melody, thickly emphasised in the left hand, and the trite harmonies, of ditties of the Christie Minstrel era. One wonders why it was necessary to do it into English and how Mischa Leon came to sing it. The second group, though undistinguished, are a welcome relief from these banalities. They attempt to get a little out of the rut. "Cargoes" (Chappell), a setting by Comngsby Clark of Masefield's well-known verses, a list of fifteen lines without a verb—realises their more obvious rhythms but makes no attempt to catch their atmosphere of exotic opulence. "The Lonely Flower," by W. H. Bowyer (Renaissance Publishing Co.), is a good example of a song with an ordinary enough tune fitted, very loosely, with a vaguely modernistic accompaniment which helps it little in its irrelevant wanderings. 'My Master Hath a Garden,' by Geoffrey Gwyther (Chappell), is melodious and has pretty seventeenth-century words. There is a curious effect, however, of a lack of any connection between the two. The tune asks for other and modern words, and the words for a setting more in period. The third group includes "The Ragman," George Buchanan (Leonard), "Yours Alone," May Brahe (Enoch), "The One White Rose," Breville Smith (Leonard), and "Moon-Daisies," Eric Coates (Chappell). They are all frank and competent repetitions, singable and modestly effective, which have at the least the merit of entire and naive frankness and a disarming honesty of purpose. Standing alone is "A Devon Idyll," by G. O'Connor-Morris (Enoch), more accomplished than any of the foregoing songs and dangerous in its accomplishment. The work of a clever musician, it is thoroughly insincere in its mixture of pretentiousness and banality. The phrases concluding each half-verse have all the cynicism of stale rhymes.

No. There is still room for the composer who will treat directly simple and direct words, set them honestly for what they are worth, and no more, and so make the real music for the million. It is worth doing.

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Mr. José Levy,
Managing Director of the Little Theatre

WHEN Miss Sybil Thorndike was passing through The Yellow Room on her way from Euripides to the Grand Guignol, the public attitude to the new venture was pathetically typical. We all knew just what it would be like: we had seen "Grand Giggle" parodies at the Theatrical Garden Party; or if not, our sound British instinct was enough to warn us what "these decadent French plays" were bound to be. Thus the more cultured critics, who had a genuine appreciation of Miss Thorndike's art, wrote jeremiads on its impending prostitution. The rest, like the Fat Boy whom they never tire of quoting (no doubt because his mentality is so much their own), gloated in smug anticipation of the horrible: they too appreciated Miss Thorndike—in their fashion; that is, they felt confident that her art could be relied on to wring the last drop of beastliness from the beastliest theme.

The mere wrongness of this public attitude mattered very little: its prematurity mattered a great deal. For theatrical managers ("needy and desperate men," as Shaw once called them) cannot wholly ignore their public's preconceived opinion; it is their fingerpost, if they would tread the beaten track; if they would innovate, it tends only to disturb them and confuse their aim. Some such confusion has been evident in the Grand Guignol's plays. As a rule they are robust enough to sustain a certain morbidity; here and there, however, morbidity has seemed superimposed for cheap effect, like afterthoughts thumbed into his main structure by an unskilful sculptor, too liable to fall away at the least touch. This fault, for the reason suggested above, was more noticeable in earlier programmes: from the third bill it was entirely eliminated: in the present series it peeps out again. Even so, a good deal of morbidity has been read into the plays by audiences themselves. Folk who are out for sensationalism will find all they can; some of them, one suspects, would scent purple passion in "As You Like It," and detect sordid reality (their pet phrase) in "Charley's Aunt." With such a public it is inevitable that the Grand Guignol should be praised as well as damned for the wrong reasons. But the new management is wiser than its friends; despite certain lapses, it has progressed steadily towards its own objective, and can now challenge criticism as a distinct essay in dramatic art.

Putting aside, then, as something transient and superficial the mere chamber-of-horrors critical attitude, we may discover the real significance of the Grand Guignol in the distinct school of craftsmanship which it evokes. Its principles, whether in comedy or tragedy, are the same. Its comedy is the sort of thing one might get in a music-hall in heaven (or if you take the other view of music-hall art, in hell: at all events, in whatever land of promise the ideal music-hall is ultimately to be found). It is realistic, racy, intimate to the life which we all live; Shaw's brilliant artificiality and the red-nosed egotism of Robey are alike remote from it; it has no stars, its characters contending equally, all against all. In its tragedy the same impartiality is no less evident; too often, "strong" drama tends to radiate from a central character—but real life is not like that, save in the callow imagination of romantic youth; nor is it so at the Grand Guignol. In "Seven Blind Men" the tragic sequel springs from mistakes and misunderstandings on both sides, not simply (as in melodrama) from the unredeemed harshness of a stage-tyrant on the one hand, nor from the unreasoning folly of a stage-socialist on the other. So in "The Kill" the issues are so nicely balanced that, given a good Count and a poor Catherine, our sympathies might sway to the Count's side. As it was, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland was so superlatively good as the Count that his big speech nearly won us: and then Miss Thorndike had her say—! Which brings one to the question of acting.

In this kind, the acting is of supreme importance. Poorly played, Grand Guignol comedy would be tame, its tragedy farcical. To call Miss Thorndike the best emotional actress in London is not only a truism: it is inadequate. Most London reputations perch themselves on the ability to play one narrow line of parts extremely well—to "be oneself," in short: an art which, in comparison with Miss Thorndike's, is not acting at all. For the Grand Guignol this is not enough: Miss Thorndike's work shews endless facets of imagination, by look and action no less than by the spoken word. The heartbreaking tenderness of her smile in "The Love Child," the soul-weariness of her Catherine, her chill, deadly wisdom as she rounds "The Triangle"—these things live in the memory long after the spoken word has passed away. After "The Kill," her performance as The Chemist's customer was almost an outrage; yet it was too good to wish away: half-witted, leering, cunning without intellect and self-confident without self-respect, it was as surely touched with greatness as the rest.

Yet she is in no sense a star. In the realistic type of play, sensationalism results no less inevitably from the star system than from the bad acting which at the Grand Guignol is so ruthlessly eliminated. The real "thrills" at the Little Theatre are those thrills of almost painful delight which the best acting, and the best only, can give. And they are there continually—in the rich mellow vitality of Mr. Bealby's

Césaire: the sodden huskiness of Mr. Maitland's Foxey: the malice of Mr. Pease's Knox, which revealed the almost visible workings of a mind lamed by physical disablement—the real tragedy of blindness. Yet, when all is said, the chief glory of the Grand Guignol Company is still its team-work—that rare fusion of writing, acting and production which remains the crowning excellence of drama as an art-form. In "Seven Blind Men" the crescendo of mob-panic was as fine a piece of concerted acting as one could wish to see; one of the most exquisite individual performances was that of Miss Oates as Mrs. Peacemeal, who throughout the length of "The Love Child" dominated its action without uttering a single word. After this, to grudge our best talent to the Grand Guignol, as recent critics have done, is to miss altogether its value as a school of acting; the high standard it demands cannot fail to reinvigorate the actor's art.

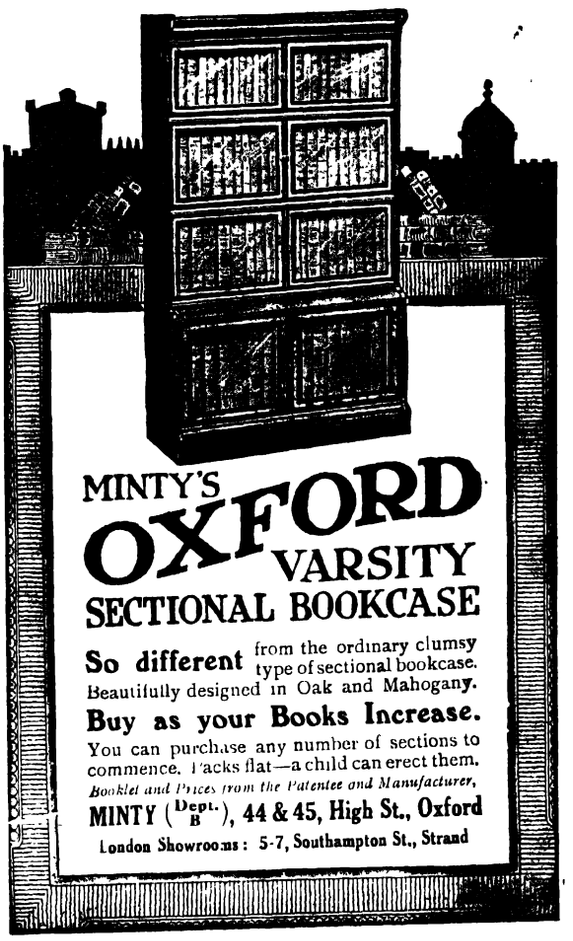
Two recent comedies, "Rounding the Triangle" and "Shepherd's Pie," are as good stuff as anything that Mr. Levy has given us. Yet I have drawn mainly on the third series of plays for illustration, because that series seems to me the highwater mark of the Grand Guignol's art so far. The first play of the present bill, "Latitude 15° South," suffers by comparison with "Seven Blind Men" because it relies on the same theme of cumulative terror, not quite so sharply done. The case of "The Old Women" is, technically speaking, more interesting: many critics damn it as too horrible, though it is no more gruesome than "The Kill"; may not the fault lie rather in the fact that it is not sufficiently dramatic to support the horror which it contains? The war taught us, willy-nilly, to become brutishly indifferent to mere horror; so that unless backed by high dramatic artistry, the play of horror tends nowadays to be simply tedious—as this is Mr. Levy contends, rightly, that he cannot over-horrify his audiences: but he may bore them. The point is interesting because it indicates the chief pitfall in the Grand Guignol's path; in "The Kill," as previously in "The Hand of Death," the new management has shewn how fine, with fine craftsmanship, the play of horror may be; but it must turn a resolutely deaf ear to certain of its friends; their fathers, within living memory, used to "improve" "Hamlet" by the addition of real blood; but the Grand Guignol is too good for them to turn into a penny gaff.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."



Mr. John Drinkwater.

THE fact that Mr. John Drinkwater's now famous play, which was originally written for the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, should after the lapse of three years find a home at the Lyceum, is not without significance. Lyceum audiences are used to a more highly-seasoned fare. And yet the discrepancies between the two classes



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THE CHAPBOOK (A Monthly Miscellany)

Many issues of this periodical were decorated by the late C. Lovat Fraser. (Price **1/6** net a copy. Post 2d) *A Detailed Prospectus* will be sent on application

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of entertainment are not perhaps so great as might at first be imagined. The central figure of melodrama is invariably that of some heroic man struggling successfully against overwhelming odds. That is the theme of "Abraham Lincoln." It ought not to detract from the dramatic value of the play that the author is a poet—that is to say one who is as equally concerned with the presentation of his theme as with the theme itself.

"Abraham Lincoln," it seems, has come to stay. There is every reason to believe that the success achieved at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, will be repeated at the Lyceum. There does exist, it appears, even in the heart of London, a real demand for intelligent drama. That may be reckoned as one of the discoveries of the Peace.

That the play has a strong appeal for the average theatre-goer is proved by the crowds who resort nightly to the Lyceum. For the student it has an added interest. It is a valuable experiment in a new type of drama—a type that will possess considerably more freedom and fluidity than the three- or four-act plays to which we have grown accustomed. Mr. Drinkwater has boldly broken with many of the old conventions. His play is frankly episodic, though the effect of continuity is partly secured by the intervention of the "messenger"—a personage who corresponds to the chorus in Greek tragedy—between the scenes. It is a novel method of theatrical presentation; but it is justified by its results, since it serves to focus the attention of the audience the more closely upon the central character.

And if "Abraham Lincoln" is very largely a series of episodes, what magnificent episodes they are! Where in modern drama will you find anything finer than that stirring scene in the farm-house near Appotomax or a situation more tense than that in which Lincoln, in the face of the opposition of his Cabinet, decides to reinforce the troops at Fort Sumter? I do not claim perfection for the play, but I do claim that it is one of the very few plays written during the last ten years that are likely to prove permanent acquisitions to our national drama.

The part of Lincoln is still played by Mr. William J. Rea. It is a fine study, full of force and character, though Mr. Rea occasionally lost some of his best effects by over-deliberation. Of the other players, some excellent work was done by Mr. Felix Aylmer, Mr. Harcourt Williams, Mr. William Armstrong, Miss Cathleen Orford, Miss Mary Raby, and Mr. Joseph A. Dodd. The last-named actor undertook a triple part with conspicuous success.

T. M. P.

JAMES THE LESS. A play in three acts. By C. A. Castell. Aldwych Theatre.

Although "James the Less" could not be described as a great play, I do not know that one always desires a great play—especially in weather that makes one's collar cling lovingly to one's neck. Be that as it may, I enjoyed Mr. C. A. Castell's play at the Aldwych. There was enough fun to keep one good humoured, and several times people said things that were quite pungent. The action of the play, moreover, called for some skill in stagecraft, and the actors came in and out like human beings instead of marionettes. For years I have watched Mr. Owen Nares with a good deal of interest. I think the first lead I saw him play was in "Old Heidelberg" and I thought then, as I think now, that there are big things ahead of him. In "James the Less" he had a part that did not fit him everywhere, but he just managed to avoid bathos at one or two points where another man would have overdone it. His whole performance was a very finished piece of acting, and I could have wished that Miss Joan Maclean (Rosamund) had been able to make a little more of the opportunities he gave her. Still, it is not easy to play a seventeen-year-old girl and a strong, silent woman at the same time, which was apparently what she was expected to do. She is very pretty and graceful, and should be allowed to make the most of those attributes. Miss Mary Rorke (Mary) was of course a joy, as she always is. Can one say more? Before this appears the play will be "off," but it was good enough to be worth a record.

F. D. G.

A DOLL'S HOUSE at Everyman's

"'A Doll's House'" (says that acute critic and humanist, Mr. Havelock Ellis) "contains Ibsen's most elaborate portrait of a woman, and is his chief contribution to the elucidation of the questions relating to the social functions and position of women in the modern world." This is surely an amazing judgment, for Ibsen's elucidation of these questions, as presented in this concrete instance, amounts to nothing more than this—to a belief that a woman who all her married life has been merely her husband's toy, in addition to being a flirt, a liar and a thief, can suddenly develop a sense of responsibility, awaken to a realisation of her higher instincts and become the standard-bearer of her sex's rights. Bewildered by such a conversion, the ordinary man borrows the phrase of another of Ibsen's characters and says, "Such things don't happen." He regards the final act of "A Doll's House" as an example of feminist propaganda rather than of naturalistic drama, or he conceives it as an undue concession to that element of surprise at any price which is the hall-mark of the well-made play. Certainly "A Doll's House" is as symmetrical as any drama from Sardou's pen. It gives the actors abundant opportunities, and of these the company of Everyman's Theatre took full advantage. The Krogstad of Mr. Brember Wills, the Mrs. Linde of Miss Margaret Carter and the Helmer of Mr. Douglas Jeffries were all admirable. But Mr. Harold Scott scarcely caught the half melancholy, half cynical irony of Dr. Rank. While Miss Muriel Pratt, powerful and convincing as she was in the passage in which Mrs. Helmer realises that she has been living with "a strange man," failed, where Miss Janet Achurch notably succeeded—failed, that is to say, in cheating the audience into a provisional belief that the kittenish Nora of the earlier acts could have developed into the insurgent Nora of the final scene. W. A. L. B.

PLAYS TO BE SEEN.

"Abraham Lincoln," by John Drinkwater. At the Lyceum.

"A Bill of Divorcement," by Clemence Dane. At the St. Martin's.

"A Safety Match," by Ian Hay. At the Strand.

"Bull-Dog Drummond," by "Sapper." At Wyndham's.

"M'Lady," by Edgar Wallace. At the Playhouse.

"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. At the Haymarket.

"The Knave of Diamonds," by Ethel M. Dell. At the Globe.

"If," by Lord Dunsany. At the Ambassadors.

"The Beggar's Opera," by John Gay. At the Lyric, Hammersmith.

"The Wandering Jew," by E. Temple Thurston. At the New.

"Threads," by Frank Stayton. To be produced at the St. James's in August.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E C 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

A new book by Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter, "Her Father's Daughter," will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray. It is of a kind to appeal both to those who admire her fiction and those who are taken with the fascination of her nature studies.

Under the title of "My Life of Song," Messrs Cassell will publish this month the life-story of Madame Tetrazzini, the great soprano.

The late Professor Moorman's "Tales," "Plays" and "Songs of the Yorkshire Ridings" are to be issued this autumn by Mr. Elkin Mathews in a single volume. If proof were needed that Mr. Moorman's work has achieved much more than local fame, we have it in the fact that Dr. Busse, of Berlin, has completed a translation of the plays into German. He lately read the first of them in public and it was so enthusiastically received that arrangements are being made for playing it in Berlin during the coming season.

Mr. B. W. Matz is on his native heath again in "The Inns and Taverns in Pickwick," which Mr. Cecil Palmer is about to publish. The book supplies fresh historical facts connected with the chief of the "Pickwick" hostelries, and will be fully illustrated.

The Labour Publishing Company has published a new edition of "The Tyranny of the Country-side," one of the best of Mr. F. E. Green's books about rural England.

Nothing is easier nowadays than to give a book a title that somebody has used before. Mr. Fisher Unwin recently published "Fifty Years of Golf: My Memories," by Andra Kirkaldy, of St. Andrews, told by Clyde Foster. He is now in sackcloth and ashes because he finds that in 1919 Messrs. Newnes published a book entitled "Fifty Years of Golf," by that great golfer Mr. Horace Hutchinson. The only way to render such errors innocuous is to follow the example offered on the wrappers of some recent novels and put the author's name in larger type in front of the title.

Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing shortly "A Gallery of Games," a book of drawings by "Fougasse," the *Punch* artist, who in private life is

Mr. Kenneth Bird, a civil engineer, and a soldier who was wounded at Gallipoli.

"If," the successful play by Lord Dunsany which is still running at the Ambassadors' Theatre, is to be published immediately in book form by Messrs. Putnams.

There is an interesting and significant article in a little Canadian magazine called *The Magnet* on the necessity for Canadian-made literature. It is anonymous, but if it is not by the distinguished Ottawa novelist Robert J. C. Stead, it is by somebody who has stolen his sentiments and is imitating his style. He insists that, owing to its geographical position, Canada is being snowed under with American newspapers, periodicals and books. "On our news-stands," he says, "I suppose fully ninety per cent. of the periodicals offered for sale were printed in the United States. They were intended essentially for the American people. They cater for American sentiment; they glorify qualities which are supposed to be typically American. But they crowd Canadian publications out of the field because they are big and attractive and beautifully produced; because their stories are written by the most famous authors and illustrated by the cleverest artists. Their publishers have a field of a hundred million people and so are able to produce on a scale which outstrips the Canadian publisher, whose possible field is only about five million, as the remainder of the population do not read English as their native tongue. The fact that these publications are read in almost every Canadian household is having the effect of gradually breaking down our Canadianism; it is propaganda of the most dangerous and insidious type." Those now adult may remain good Canadians in spite of this, but brought up on such reading how will it be, he asks, with their children and their grandchildren? This condition of things has driven many Canadian authors to go and settle in the States and write for American readers, and more will follow them, he thinks, unless Canada puts patriotism above economy and decides to retain her individuality and a literature distinctively her own by giving a more generous support to her native authors.

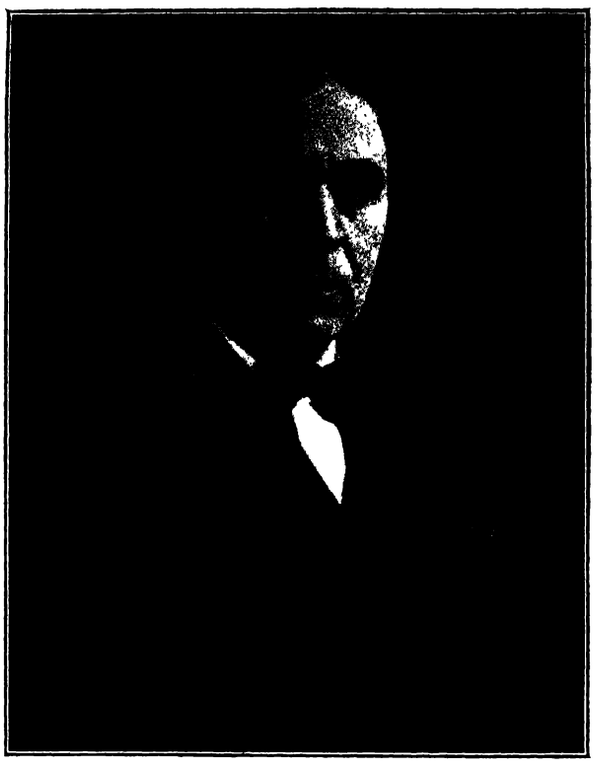


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. W. Lee-Hankey, R.I., R.E.,**

a collection of whose etchings, "The Etched Work of W. Lee-Hankey, R.E., from 1904 to 1920," by Martin Hardie, has been published by Messrs. L. H. Lefevre & Son.

Mr. Stanley Paul has added a second three volumes to his 2s. series of Cecil Adair's "Joy of Life" novels. The three new additions are "The Sails of Life," "Under the Incense Trees" and "The Dean's Daughter."



Photo by Whitfield, Cosser & Co., Bath. **"John Ayscough"**

(The Right Rev. Monsignor Count Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew),

whose "First Impressions in America" (John Long) is reviewed in this Number.

"The Book of the Grenvilles," by Sir Henry Newbolt, which Messrs. Longmans have in the press, tells stories from the history of the famous old English family of the Grenvilles, Greenfields, or Grenfells in the fourteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and twentieth centuries.

Messrs. Heinemann have issued "The Deemster," the first volume in their collected edition of Sir Hall Caine's novels. Well printed and tastefully bound, these books are a marvel of cheapness at 3s. 6d., especially nowadays.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Miss Romer Wilson,

whose latest novel, "The Death of Society" (Collins), recently reviewed in the BOOKMAN, has been awarded the Hawthornden Prize.

Foreign teachers and students of English will be amused and interested in "Write English," which Messrs. Heffer & Sons are publishing. It contains translations into English of a large number of essays included in the book, the translations being by pupils of various nationalities and various ages.



Miss Julia Wilber Tompkins,

the clever American novelist, whose new novel, "Joanna Builds a Nest," will be published here shortly by Messrs. Page & Co.

country journalist, has recently returned from Argentina, and in "A Visit to South America" has written a racy descriptive account of that country and the many places he visited en route. The book is to be published within the next week or two by Mr. Stanley Paul.

It looks as if we had found that rare bird a new humorist in Mr. John L. Carter, whose "Putting Mary Off" is published by Mr. John Long. It is described by its first reviewer as "one of the few humorous books which have been published in the last six years."

Mr. Halbert J. Boyd, whose book of short stories, "Men and Marvels," Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing, is a St. Leonards clergyman, who served as a chaplain in the war, and son of Sir John Boyd, some time Lord Lieutenant of Edinburgh. His first book, "Verses and Ballads of North and South," also published by Mr. Mathews, was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, and met with a very favourable reception alike from critics in general and the public.

Two volumes of "Humorous Ghost Stories" and "Famous Modern Ghost Stories," collected by Dorothy Scarborough, and to be published by Messrs. Putnams, are something new in the way of anthologies. They contain tales of the supernatural by many famous writers of the past and present, including Oscar Wilde, Eden Phillpotts, John Kendrick Bangs and Edgar Allan Poe.



Rev. H. J. Boyd,

whose book of short stories, "Men and Marvels," Mr. Elkin Mathews is about to publish

Mr. William J. McKenzie, a well-known south

After some years of silence, Miss Millicent Wedmore is publishing a new volume of poems, "In Many Keys," which Mr. Elkin Mathews has in the press. Miss Wedmore is the daughter of the late Sir Frederick Wedmore.

In the truest sense of the phrase Mr. Safroni-Middleton, whose new novel "An Island Wooing" has just been published by Messrs. John Long, may be described as a world-wanderer. At the age of fourteen he ran away to sea and shipped before the mast for Australia. His subsequent voyages took him to New Zealand, Japan, Borneo, San Francisco, Callao, New Guinea, etc. Studying the violin on the longer voyages, he was able to secure positions in the orchestras of most of the theatres of the seaboard cities down south. He joined in the great gold rush to Western Australia, and again went gold-seeking in the wilds of New Guinea. His most exciting period seems to have been when he settled for a time in the South Sea Islands. He fiddled his way from Fiji to the Solomon Isles and again to the remote Marquesas Group. He was with Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa in the Vailima days. Mr. Middleton feels that the highest success of his wandering career was attained when he held the position as

tribal violinist to the royal chiefs in Samoa and the Marquesas Isles, where he lived with the natives, became the musical adviser to the kings and queens of the old barbarian dynasties and received the Freedom of the Pagan City. He is still a wanderer. His first literary attempt was in the shape of verse when, through Messrs. John Long, he published his volume of Australian ballads, entitled " Bush Songs and Oversea Voices," which brought him high praise from Sir Henry Newbolt, William Michael Rossetti and Dr. Robert Bridges.

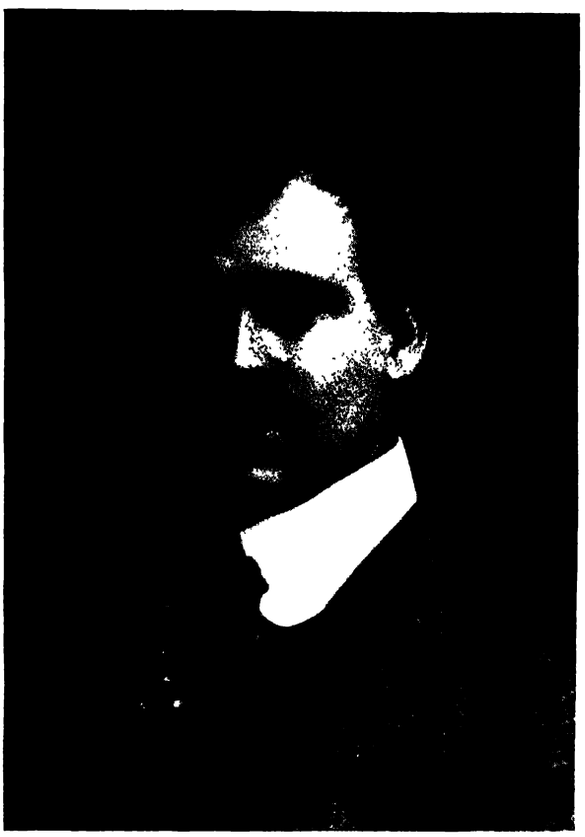


Photo by A. Cartwright. **Mr. Safroni-Middleton.**

Mr. Wallace B. Nichols, whose new book of verse, " Jericho Road, and Selected Poems," has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards, was born in Birmingham a little over thirty years ago. He was educated at Westminster School where, in 1904, he won the Gumbleton Prize for English Verse. He made his first appearance in print in 1906, while he was still a schoolboy, but his first mature work is in " The Song of Sharruk," which met with high praise from several distinguished critics when it was published in 1916. In collaboration with Mr. Edward Percy he wrote " Coleman," a play, for the late Laurence Irving, but the production of it was stopped by that actor's tragic death. The play was published in America in 1916. " Jericho Road " marks a notable advance on Mr. Nichols's other work, and we hope to give adequate attention to it at an early date.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

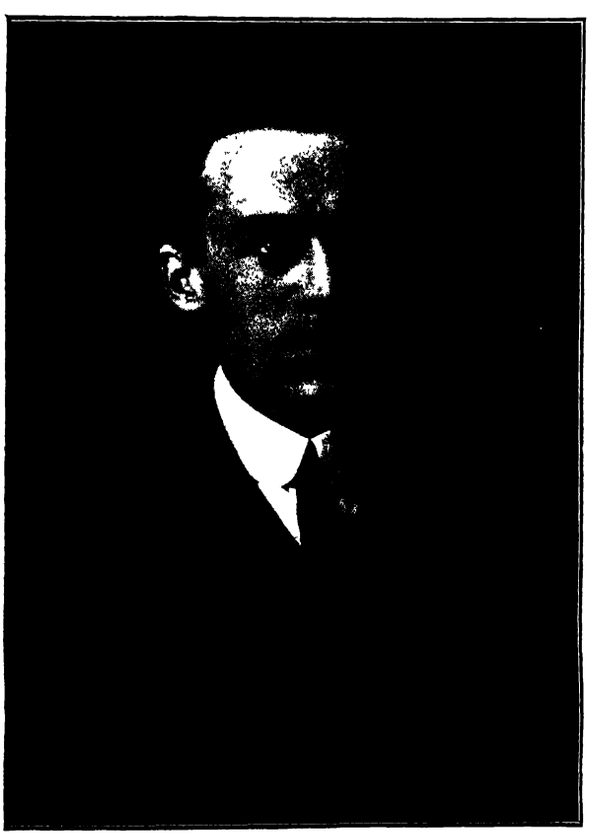
Messrs. J. H. Lefevre & Son have published in a limited edition (£4 4s., edition de luxe £10 10s.) a very handsomely produced catalogue of Mr. Lee-Hankey's work as an etcher—" a painter-etcher in the truest sense "—with a biographical and critical introduction by Martin Hardie. The one hundred and eighty-seven beautifully reproduced examples given in the book indicate the breadth and variety of his work and the feeling, the imagination, no less than the brilliant technical power he brings to its achievement. Mr. Hardie's judgments are restrained and discriminating; his enthusiasm for Mr. Lee-Hankey's art is never allowed to run away with him; and that is as it should be in so capable a guide, for it inclines a layman, looking through this series of plates, not only to echo his highest praise but to add to it. They are exquisite in craftsmanship, and alive with that vision without which no craftsmanship is of much avail.

Most of us knew in a general way that the South Sea Bubble was one of the most colossal and sensational swindles in all the romance of finance, and if we know no more we may be forgiven, for only now, two centuries after the event, is the full story told in all its detail for the first time in " The South Sea Bubble," by Lewis Melville (25s; Daniel O'Connor). It is impossible to compress all its ramifications and an account of its far-reaching consequences into any brief summary. Not even the boldest novelist would have dared to invent such a narrative and put it forward as fiction with any hope of being believed. Great men of Queen Anne's day figure in it, but apart from its historical significances it has an extraordinary human interest, as Mr. Melville says, " inasmuch as it is one of the most amazing instances of credulity, exhibited at one and the same time by all classes of society, in the history of the nation." The book is excellently illustrated with portraits and contemporary caricatures.

Some of us began by treating the Shakespeare heresy as a joke, but it has now become such a stale one that we cannot even laugh at it. One has lost count of how many books and pamphlets Sir George Greenwood has written in the pious hope of proving that Shakespeare's plays were not written by Shakespeare of Stratford, but by some man of the same name with another address or by unknown but aristocratic persons who deigned to use that name as a pseudonym. In " Ben Jonson and Shakespeare " (3s. 6d.; Cecil Palmer) he makes another contribution to that barren controversy. He now, by evidence that is nearly all conjectural, sets forth to discredit Ben Jonson. If he can only establish that Ben in writing the preface to the first folio wrote what he knew was untrue and showed himself unscrupulous in what he said, he feels he can justly assume that Ben was only writing with his tongue in his cheek when, in the famous eulogy, he described Shakespeare as " sweet swan of Avon," and so, to the confusion of unbelievers, definitely identified by his address the man who wrote the plays. It is all a sad waste of time. As a lawyer Sir George knows that he would reject his own evidence if it was offered by anyone else in a court of law. This insistence that the plays must needs have been written

by some high-browed aristocrat is the merest intellectual snobbery, and before he asks us to assume that Shakespeare's authorship is so incredible Sir George should explain away Keats. The son of the job-master was as marvellous in his way as was the son of the Stratford tradesman, and there was a finer Grammar School in Stratford than any that Keats ever went to, and no evidence that Shakespeare did not go to it. Sir George offers us nothing new, and solemnly trots out again the old yarn that members of the Elizabethan aristocracy were ashamed to be known as the authors of plays, in spite of the facts that the Earl of Dorset wrote the first English tragedy and did not hesitate to put his name to it, and that no shy peer has been shown to have written any play that mattered that he did not acknowledge in his lifetime. The whole thing is too ridiculous

"Ashton-Kirk, Criminologist," by John T. McIntyre (2s. 6d. net; Heath Robinson & Birch), is a mystery story as baffling as any of its kind published in recent years, with an explanation so delightfully simple that you wonder how you have been side-tracked by false clues, blaming first this person, then that, for the murder of Tom Burton, known as the "Bounder." Mr. McIntyre successfully throws suspicion on some half a dozen of his characters, giving each plausible reasons for wiping out a man who has bullied his son and daughter, blackmailed his second wife, and generally led a life that cannot bear the light of day Bat Scanlon, in love with the second wife—an actress of no small repute—undertakes to look into the case for her, and works in conjunction with the criminologist, Ashton-Kirk. If Scanlon blunders now and then it is no great wonder with such a tangle of evidence as he sets himself to unravel. The reader who follows him on his thrilling quest must be prepared to read the book at a sitting, for there is no putting it down till the real culprit has been discovered



Mr. Wallace B. Nichols,

whose new book, "Jericho Street and Selected Poems," has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards.



Mrs. Emmeline Morrison,

author of "Good Grain," the prize novel in Mr. John Long's £500 best First Novel Competition.

Mr. Humphrey Milford has added to his Oxford Edition of the poets, "Poems of William Edmonstoune Aytoun" (5s.). Aytoun haunts one's memory as an interesting literary figure. He wrote some admirable verse; some that was deft though commonplace, and those "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" that are as gallant, thrilling, trumpet-tongued ballads of battle as any that were ever written, and the general judgment, which usually knows what it is about, has long since singled them out from the large body of his work for immortality. One particularly interesting inclusion in this collected edition is the burlesque "Firmilian," now reprinted for the first time—the merciless satire that every one has heard of but hardly anyone of this day has read. It pricked the bubble of poor Alexander Smith's fame so effectively that his later, finer poetry never received a tithe of the recognition that was given to that "Life Drama" which moved Aytoun to this riotous laughter.

That large public which is giving such a vogue to the breezy, picturesque romance of the outlands will find "The Gun Brand," by James B Hendryx (2s.; Jarrolds), one of the ablest and most alluring stories of its kind. It is a rugged tale of the 60's in the frozen North—a tale of hard living, the lust for money and the desperate rivalry of two men of widely different calibre for the love of a woman.

"Richard Richard," by Hugh Mearns (Constable), modestly claims to be "just a good story," but it is more than that—it is an uncommonly good story, breezy with a spirit of adventure, its dialogue sparkling, its characters original, and a pleasant little mystery piquing our curiosity

all the way through. Of course one could pick holes in it; one could say that the psychology of the book is weak; that a man who had scruples about accepting inherited money because he hadn't earned it would likewise have scruples about borrowing without definite intentions of paying back, and also about "sponging" on his friends; one could say that it is unlikely a boy should take to drink because he could not go to sea, and be promptly cured, after he had become a mental degenerate, by obtaining a boat of his own and the confidence of a good woman—but the charm of the book lies in the fact that one doesn't want to pick holes in it. One catches something of "Richard Richard's" enthusiasm for life, his blatant individualism, his glorious appetite for freedom, and feels, perhaps, a wiser, clearer-headed person for having made his acquaintance. Decidedly a book to give to pessimists.

Good nonsense verse is not so easy to write as it seems; that is probably why it is as scarce as good epics; but Mr. A. P. Herbert has the trick, and his new rhymes for old children in "The Wherefore and the Why" (3s. 6d., Methuen) are a genuine and delightful addition to that little stock of perfect nonsense verse that so few know how to write. His publisher says that the rhymes are in nearly every case based "on little-known scientific facts"; but that doesn't matter—you wouldn't be allowed to use such a joyous book as a textbook in schools, anyhow; what does matter is that, as the publishers truthfully add, "for all their absurdity they are equally good reading for old and young." And Mr. George Morrow's pictures are a separate joy in themselves. You don't want to know whether the smile on his grasshopper's face, or the rapturous expression of his earwig are true to scientific fact; or whether an expert would pass his terrifying flea and his homely spider; it is enough that he puts as much quaintness and humour into his lines as Mr. Herbert does into his, and the result is a book that would cost you more if you had to pay for it at the rate of a halfpenny a laugh.

"Love Is Enough," by Margaret Peterson (8s. 6d.; Hurst & Blackett), is a poignant and brilliantly written story of love and hate, despair and renunciation. Miss Peterson writes powerfully and poignantly of the great drama of human life as enacted in the sun-baked territory of Uganda. Fred Broadwood, a District Commissioner in Africa, and his wife April, together with Timothy, her child by another man, are the main characters in this vivid story of the battle between the love of self and the love of others. Miss Peterson, through the medium of her art, shows how understanding and sympathy are only matured in the crucible of anguish, and how the devastating effect of hate can only be overcome by pain and love—the great transformers of the raw materials of life. Love, if it really be love, learns to forgive the greatest evils one mortal can inflict upon another. The local colour is particularly good in "Love Is Enough," due no doubt to Miss Peterson's intimate acquaintance with the country and people she describes.

Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. have published a new edition of Sale's translation of "The Koran" (10s.) with explanatory notes, his admirable preliminary discourse, and an introduction by Sir Edward Denison Ross. The importance of a knowledge of the Koran as a key to many vital Islamic problems cannot be overrated, and Sale's discourse is the most informing and interesting commentary that has been written on it.

On re-reading "Josiah's Wife," by Norma Lorimer (8s. 6d.; Stanley Paul), in the new and revised edition, we are not surprised that it should still sell, for it is fresh, always interesting, unpretentious work. The husband and wife do not get on; petulant Camela is a beautiful savage, with a good dressmaker; Josiah is merely a stodgy, bearded, middle-class seller of "ready-made pants and imported tweed-suitings." He had the sense to allow his discontented and adored one to take a year in Europe without him, and here we come on the most enchanting descriptions of Sicily. "Every beggar in Sicily walks as if he were a king. The poorest Sicilian peasant has in his life and before his eyes all day long the beauty and poetry of living . . . the wonderful blue . . . the aloes with their blue-green leaves." In Sicily Camela meets handsome Walter Norreys, and he follows her back to America. Meanwhile Josiah has a certain demure, housewifely Mamie to look after *him*. But Josiah goes to Europe himself, imbibes good manners, shaves off his beard . . . and husband and wife fall in love all over again! Not very likely, but what of that?

Anyone who has seen "The Call of the Road," by Herbert Allingham and A. E. Coleby (2s. 6d.; Heath Robinson & Birch), on the film will be glad to have it in story form. Of course it is a moot point whether a novel should be dramatised for film purposes, and whether a film can be converted into a good novel. We can only say that Mr. Allingham has unquestionably achieved success with Mr. Coleby's play. Altogether an excellent adaption of a first-rate "movie" plot

"Fanny the Fibber," by Mrs Horace Tremlett (8s 6d; Hutchinson), tells how Fanny Allender, very much down on her luck, gets a glimpse of prosperity through the window of her employer's dining-room, and suddenly devises a scheme for gaining an entrance to that higher plane of society from which she is debarred. She obtains an audience of Mr. Warren and presents him with a "fib" which strikes a blow at the foundations of his married bliss and his respectable reputation. Thrown into a dilemma, Warren makes the disastrous mistake of not telling his wife, who appears at an inopportune moment and takes pity on the girl. She wants to befriend her, not guessing that Warren's sole anxiety is to get her out of the house and silence her untruthful tongue. The situation lends itself to a maze of amusing complications. And Fanny moves in the centre, a lively, lovable little wretch, in spite of her outrageous fibbing. She is ejected by gentle methods, only to secure a post with a relation of Warren; and he, poor man, terrified of her chatter, bribes her to go to Australia instead. Mrs. Warren finds his cheque-book, and Mrs. Tremlett is left with the task of extricating her characters from a terrible tangle and bringing about a happy ending. "Fanny the Fibber" is a story of sparkle and vivacity such as we have learned to expect from her.

THE READER.

DANTE.

By Eugene Mason.

On the 14th day of September 1921, men and women, in all parts of the civilised world, will recall with a common devotion the glorious memory of Dante Alighieri. Six hundred years ago, that very day, the most famous of mediæval poets ceased to eat the exile's bread he found so salt on his palate; and to be remembered for six long centuries with such a passion of reverence is indeed a foretaste of immortality. In the case of Dante the piety of remembrance will not be limited to the comparatively small number of persons interested in letters. His personality appeals to many different classes of men, for he touched life at many points, and always with the highest distinction. He was a great politician, a great layman, a great lover, as well as a supreme poet. He was concerned with all the arts, the knowledge, the emotions, that ennoble and dignify life, and casting his net so widely, he is secure of the attention of a large and various audience.



Dante.

From the portrait by Amico di Sandro.
(By permission of Mr John Glen)
From Dante, 1321-1921: Essays in Commemoration"
(London University Press)

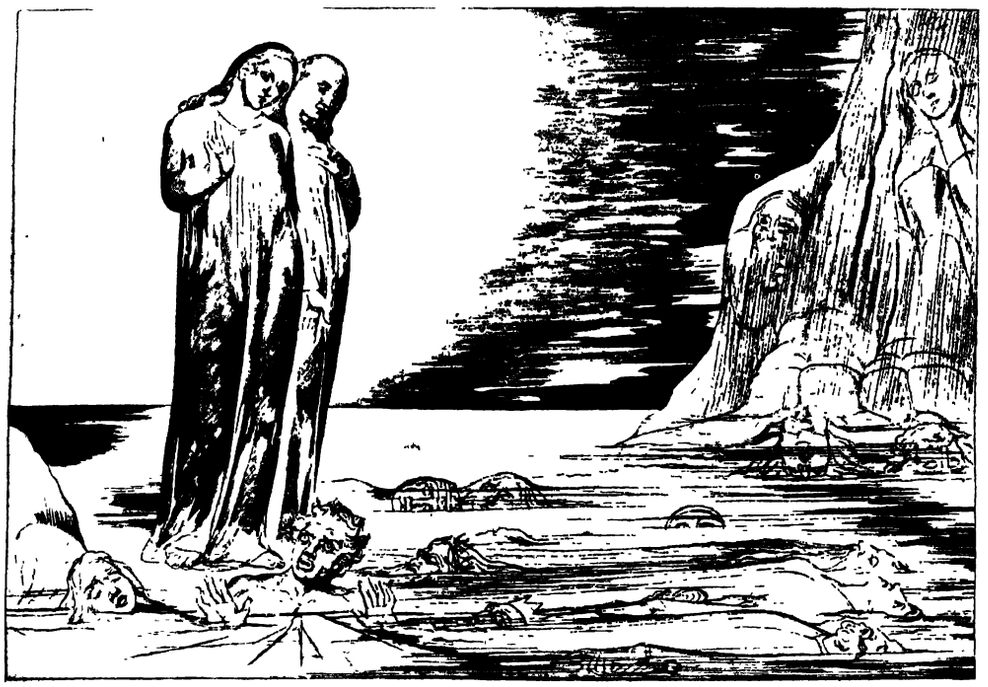
Moreover it is the fortune of Dante to be the most memorable and distinguished figure in that century which rises like a peak above its fellows. However regarded, the thirteenth century is of the utmost value to a student. It was the period in which the magnificent philosophy of the Middle Age—that is to say the ideas which governed its political and theological conceptions—burnt to a white flame. It was then that the classics were rediscovered, and stone cathedrals rose "like Gothic Queens at prayer, alone, silent and adorned." It was the century of Giotto, the father of modern painting; of Francis of Assisi, who reproduced with startling exactness the very life of Christ; of St. Louis the King, who carried holiness to the extreme limit permitted to man; of St. Thomas Aquinas, master of the Divine Science, and the angel of the schools. In its concerns and characters Dante was passionately absorbed, for of that century, beyond all other men, he was the true compendium and synthesis.

Dante was born in the famous town of Florence in the latter part of May, 1265. He was the son of a notary, and came of ancient stock, for he mentions with pardonable pride the exploits of an ancestor who took the Cross against the infidel. His family seems to have been of no political importance, although of some moderate fortune, for despite the temporary triumph of the Ghibellines, his father—who favoured the Guelfs—was permitted to remain unmolested in his native city.

Dante's parents died in his early youth, and the lad, of a sensitive and poetic temperament, fell early under the influence of love. This love was no idle fancy for Rosaline before the advent of Juliet, but, rather, a god of terrible aspect, who constrained his worshipper to cry, trembling, "Behold, a god stronger than I, who, coming, shall rule over me." The record of this radiant devotion of Dante for Beatrice is enshrined in the fragrant pages of the "Vita Nuova," the most delicate and exquisite of all romances dealing with love. It is the addition of "one burning drop of idealism" to the somewhat gross love poetry of the Middle Age. The book consists of a sequence of lyrics and sonnets with a prose gloss or commentary—like apples of gold in pictures of silver—and by the title, "The New Life," the poet probably meant to intimate the transfiguration of his days by his love of Beatrice. The incidents are of the simplest. Dante recalls his first vision of Beatrice as a girl of some nine years, "her dress of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age." After a lapse of nine years he sees her again, clothed all in pure white, walking between two gentle ladies older than she, and of her unspeakable courtesy she gives him her most sweet salutation, so that he beheld the very limits of blessedness. He wept at her wedding feast. With agony he set his foot upon and crushed the element of earthly passion in his love. He dreamed in anticipatory vision of her death, and when the vision became dreadful reality he condensed his grief into the exceeding bitter cry from Jeremiah, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people."

It is strange that so many commentators persist in regarding "the giver of blessings" as a mere abstraction. I regret that the authoress of "Dante's Mystic Love"* in her interesting volume perpetuates the heresy. Surely tradition and argument alike are right when they affirm

* "Dante, 1321–1921: Essays in Commemoration" 12s. 6d net. (University of London Press.)—"Dante's Mystic Love." By Marianne Kavanagh. 4s. 6d. net. (Sands & Co)—"Tophet and Eden." Translated from the Hebrew by Hermann Gollancz. 10s. 6d. net. (University of London Press, Ltd.)



William Blake. **Inferno, Cantos XXXII. and XXXIII.**

Reproduced by permission of the National Art Collections Fund.
From 'Dante: 1321-1921. Essays in Commemoration." (University of London Press.)

that Beatrice was no philosophic abstraction but a dearest reality. No pleading—however ingenious—overcomes the conviction that this lady was the daughter of Folco Portinari, and the wife of Simone dei Bardi. No personification of philosophy—crabbed or divine—suggested the concluding passages of the "Vita Nuova." Only a woman of breathing flesh and of running blood could have inspired that highly wrought and impassioned close:

"If it be His pleasure, through whom is the life of all things, that my life continue with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman. After the which, may it seem good unto Him who is the Master of Grace, that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its lady: to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance, who is blessed throughout all ages."

A noticeable change in the life of Dante ensued upon the death of Beatrice. There was always plenty of virility in the delicate dreamer of "The New Life" whose ultra-refined features are preserved to us on the wall of the Bargello. During the very composition of that languid masterpiece he had distinguished himself in arms by fighting valiantly on horseback in the front rank at the battle of Campaldino. His moral character became lax, and his choice of friends open to criticism. This was but a passing phase, and Dante took himself seriously to task. He devoted less time to the study of those Provençal troubadours whom he imitated so closely in youth, and the story of whose influence can be read by the curious in an informing article by Mr. Howell contained in "Essays in Commemoration."* Philosophy absorbed him, and he became a practical politician. He even found occasion to marry a lady, Gemma Donati, from whom he remained happily separated during the greater part of their wedded life. Politics were responsible for much of the misery that became Dante's portion. The politics of Florence were extremely confused. They began with the war of the Red and White Lilies, between Guelf and Ghibelline, between partisan of Pope and Emperor, and after the triumph of the former, continued in the faction fights and vulgar squabbles of the Black and White Guelfs. To enable him to become a professional politician, Dante was enrolled a member of the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, and entering on public life as an adherent of the Whites, presently rose to be one of the six priors of the city. All his misfortunes took their cause and origin from this unlucky Priorate. When the Whites were jockeyed and outmanœuvred by their adversaries, Dante as a prominent leader was fined, exiled and sentenced to be burnt to death on a trumped-up charge of malversation of public funds. The sentence was severer than that passed on his colleagues. Doubtless



Sandro Botticelli. **Inferno, Canto XV.**

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From 'Dante: 1321-1921. Essays in Commemoration." (University of London Press.)

Dante was not an easy person to live with. He went abroad scattering proud and bitter speeches, and, sowing the wind, he reaped the whirlwind. No wonder self-examination taught him that pride was the chiefest of the seven deadly sins. He was an uneasy bedfellow, and Gemma Donati and others could have sympathised with the Scottish mother who exclaimed, "God help the man who is chained to our Davy." Nature had dowered this poet with the hate of hate, and the scorn of scorn, as well as with the love of love.

And now began that climbing of steep stairs which was to occupy Dante's feet for the remainder of his days, and which makes a pilgrimage upon the Via Dolorosa of this austere spirit of such poignant interest to the wayfarer. Possibly Dante may be found as far afield as Paris and Oxford—Oxford even. Certainly he will be met with in Verona at the table of Can Grande; at Padua, probably in the Arena Chapel, watching Giotto at his business of painting; at Siena, absorbed over that Duomo pavement, presently to afford him one of the most striking pictures of his "Purgatory"; at Ravenna, where for some four short years he tasted a measure of peace in the company of his children—Ravenna, where at the age of fifty-seven he entered on eternal peace, and was laid to rest in that strange little chapel on the outskirts of that strange and derelict city.



Dante and Beatrice.

From the painting by Ary Scheffer.
The original is the property of A. M. Hemming, Utrecht.

During the nineteen years of his exile Dante was occupied chiefly with the composition of that wonderful Catholic masterpiece, "The Divine Comedy." It was shapen laboriously, canto by canto, over a long series of years, in many lodgings, and is the fulfilment of that great vow made upon the death of Beatrice to write concerning her what had not before been written of woman. The author entitled his epic, "The Comedy of Dante Alighieri," explaining that it dealt in the vulgar tongue with matters that rose from a base to a prosperous issue. Posterity has added a qualifying adjective, because of the Divine Science with which the poem is concerned, and also by reason of its astonishing beauties. The subject is the journey of Dante, described with an utmost realism, under the guidance of Virgil and Beatrice, through the regions of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. It rises from the crude and sickening tortures of the "Inferno," through the place of remedial suffering, to the presence of Beatrice and Mary, and to the Beatific Vision. In essence it is a parable of the soul sunk in sin, purified by repentance, brought to peace, made king and priest over itself, mitred and crowned. The actual dream on which the poem is founded is referred to in the "Vita Nuova," but for practical purposes the Vision is placed in 1300, when the poet was in his thirty-fifth year. The journey commenced at daybreak on the Good Friday of that year, and the pilgrimage lasted seven days, Easter itself being spent before the mountain of Purgatory. I do not think that "The Divine Comedy" is an easy book to read. Dante did not profess to feed his readers on sugar-plums, nor did he consider his poem on Hell a substitute for confectionery. He wrote to quicken and inflame the conscience, and to force attention to the overwhelming realities of the Four Last Things. In its cantos he poured his knowledge of Nature and of human nature; he developed his high conception of politics and religion—the Emperor and Pope considered respectively as guardians of men's temporal and spiritual concerns; he uttered his astoundingly candid and naked criticism of life. For the purposes of his art an exile's experiences must have proven invaluable. Neither do I think that the epic should be judged on single episodes, however searching. We may be shaken with pity or terror by the story of La Pia or Francesca, and intolerably moved at the meeting with Beatrice, but we should not dwell overmuch on these detachable beauties. The true greatness of the work (as Dean Church rightly insists) resides in the whole, in that vast intellectual conception which renders us blind and deaf and dumb to the faults of which it certainly has its share.

Dante began life as the delicate dreamer of the Bargello; he ended it lean, with the reek of Hell upon his beard. He wrote first the mystic love story of Beatrice, but that lovely melody was, as it were, played upon a scrannel pipe of straw compared with the cantos of "The Divine Comedy" in which, with a full orchestra, he perfected her praise. Dante was a great politician, a great layman, a glorious poet; perhaps, after all, his highest distinction is that he was a supreme lover.

To all interested in the subjects which this paper has but touched with the finger-tip I would heartily recommend "Dante: Essays in Commemoration." Attention has been drawn already to one of these essays, but others strike me as permanently valuable—Lord Bryce's contribution, and Canon Ragg's paper on "The Humour of Dante" being specially noteworthy. And I should not like to conclude without some reference—however necessarily slight—to Dr. Gollancz's curious "Tophet and Eden,"* translated in rhyme from the Hebrew of a contemporary of Dante, and modelled on "The Divine Comedy," which furnishes an interesting footnote to the influence of the great poet.

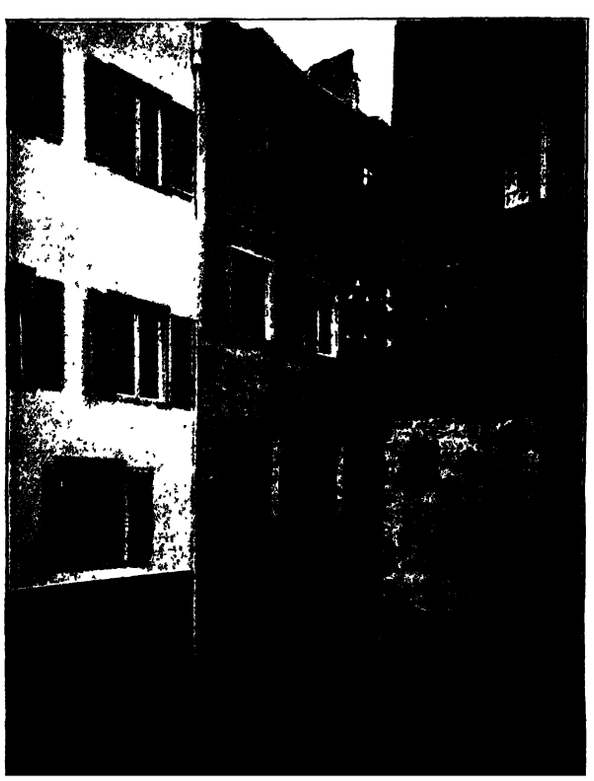
DANTE AND HIS PATRONS.

By Mary Bradford Whiting.

"BEFORE authors by profession had fallen into the hands of booksellers," says Isaac Disraeli in his "Calamities of Authors," "they were pitiable retainers of some great family." If it were not for the qualifying adjective, this description might be applied to the poet, the sixth centenary of whose death is being commemorated this year—but Dante Alighieri was never pitiable.

The division of Dante's life into three periods is a frequent one for purposes of study, and it is an interesting coincidence that each of the three closes with a death. His Dream Life may be said to have lasted from 1265 to 1290, when the death of Beatrice pierced his soul with sorrow; his Active Life from 1290 to 1313, when the death of the Emperor Henry shattered his hopes for the consolidation of Italy; his Contemplative Life from 1313 to 1321, when his own death closed his earthly pilgrimage. But in considering the conditions of his career and the effect of those conditions upon his writings, there is some advantage in dividing it into two sections—the period of Citizenship, in which from his birth to his exile he enjoyed the independence of a free agent, and the period from 1302 to 1321, during which he was obliged to accommodate himself to his patrons.

It has been said by some of the biographers of Dante that he would have better preserved his honour and his dignity if he had eschewed the benefits of patronage and submitted to privation and penury. But such an opinion can only be held by those who forget the state of Italy at the time of his exile; it was not only in Florence that the Guelfs and Ghibellines waged their battles, the whole country was torn by feud and faction, and it was therefore imperative for him to seek the protection of some ruler powerful enough to save him from the vengeance of his enemies.



Dante's birthplace, Florence.

Of these patrons there are two who stand out from all the rest—Can Grande della Scala and Count Guido Novello da Polenta—and no two characters conceived by the brain of novelist or dramatist could offer a more striking contrast. It was to Verona that Dante first turned his steps when the ungrateful city of Florence cast him forth from her gates under pain of death if he returned, and it was Bartolommeo della Scala, elder brother of Can Grande, who then ruled over the lovely city on the banks of the Adige; he was a wise and noble lord, but he is principally remembered now as the Prince Escalus of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," for it was during his reign that the feud between the rival families of Montecchi and Cappelletti led to the tragic result immortalised in the play. Bartolommeo died in 1303, and his two younger brothers, Alboine and Francesco, succeeded him, reigning jointly until the death of Alboine, when Francesco, or Can Grande, as he is generally called, was vested with the sole power. The scathing irony of Rossetti's poem, "Dante in Verona," has made his name known to many who might otherwise never have heard of him; but though Rossetti is doubtless right in saying that it is Dante's connection with him that has kept his name alive in men's minds, his is not a figure in the pages of history that can be brushed aside as of little account. The Scaligieri were a fine, full-blooded race, not only gallant in war, but keenly interested in art and learning of all kinds, and their generosity is proved by the fact that they were willing to shelter an exile who was under the ban of the rulers of his own city and whose political writings had roused the displeasure of the Church.

Can Grande was about twenty-five years old at the time of Dante's second sojourn in Verona; he was in the hey-day of life, prosperous, vigorous, joyous—surrounded by admirers and flatterers; the poet was about forty, stern, silent and sad, banished by the people for whom he had laboured, and separated from his family and friends. It was hardly possible that there should be much sympathy between the two, and though Can Grande received the wanderer kindly and treated him as a welcome guest, all evidence points to the fact that his patronage soon began to weigh heavily on the poet's sensitive soul. The unrefined taste of the age may excuse the young nobleman for his command to a page to collect the bones dropped by the feasters at the table round Dante's chair, so that he might have an opportunity of drawing attention to his alleged inordinate appetite; but that the jest was keenly felt is shown by his flashing retort, with its play upon the name of his host—"*Messere, non vedresti tanti ossi se cane io fossi!*" (You would not see so many bones if I were a dog!)



Dante presenting Giotto to the Signor of Ravenna.

From the painting by G. Mochi, in the Gallery of Modern Art, Florence.

A similar play upon words is found in the well-known passage in the seventeenth Canto of the "Paradiso":

> "Yea, thou shalt learn how salt his food who fares
> Upon another's bread, how steep his path
> Who treadeth up and down another's stairs";

where *scale* (stairs) is an evident allusion to the name of della Scala.

But here we come to a difficult point. If this was really Dante's feeling, how is it that he wrote in such glowing terms of Can Grande after he had left his court? The letter in which he dedicates the "Paradiso" to his former patron—a letter generally accepted as genuine—speaks of his kindness as well as of his magnificence, and claims that this kindness was that of friend to friend:

> "Nor do I think that by assuming the name of friend I am presumptuous, as some may suppose, for the sacred chain of friendship links together those who are unequal in rank as well as those who are each other's peers, and between the former may be seen delightful and useful friendships."

Nor is this all, for in that very Canto of the "Paradiso" in which he laments the steepness of the *scale* on which his feet were forced to climb, he says of della Scala that the fame of his bounty shall be spread abroad so widely

> "As not to let the tongue, e'en of his foes,
> Be idle in its praise."

Is there any way of reconciling these two states of feeling? Surely it may be found in the noble nature of the poet himself; the burden of ungracious patronage weighed him to the dust, but even so would he utter no word against the patron, nor could the indignities that he had suffered at his hands make him unmindful of the benefits that he had received; the stairs of the palace had been steep, but its roof had sheltered him; the bread had been bitter, but having eaten it he was bound in honour to respect him who had doled it out to him.

Can Grande's eager, vivid personality is immortalised for us in the sculptured figure on his tomb in Verona; he sits there upon his horse, his face defiant, his lips parted, as though his battle cry of "Viva Cane" was issuing from them as on many a battle-field. But if it were not for that splendid monument and for the allusions to him in the "Divina Commedia," how little thought would now be bestowed upon the illustrious young ruler who, as Rossetti says, resented the fact that Dante would not fawn upon him as if he were the sole arbiter of life and death:

> "Eat and wash hands, Can Grande, scarce
> We know their deeds now, hands which fed
> Our Dante with that bitter bread,
> And thou the watch-dog of those stairs
> Which of all paths his feet knew well,
> Were steeper found than Heaven or Hell."

But when we turn to Dante's last patron, Count Guido Novello da Polenta, we find ourselves in the presence of a man of entirely opposite character and temperament. Can Grande was a born soldier, Guido was a scholar and a poet—his MS. copy of the "Iliad" is still preserved at Milan, one, at least, of his poems has been traced in a collection published in Naples in the year 1661, and others have been collected by Professor Ricci. This contrast is enough in itself to show that Dante had a far better chance of being understood by his new patron than by the Prince who set the Seer of the unseen world to collect tolls and dues. But there was another contrast between the two rulers. Can Grande, though lavish with his gifts, was careless of the feelings of the recipients, but Guido from the first treated his guest with the utmost respect and reverence, as Boccaccio makes abundantly clear in his life of the poet:

> "A noble knight, named Guido Novello da Polenta, was at that time lord of Ravenna, the oldest and most famous town in the Romagna. He was a master in all the liberal arts and delighted to honour great men who surpassed all

others in attainment. When he learned that Dante Alighieri was an exile in Romagna, being aware already of his great fame, and knowing his worth, he hastened to invite him to his house and pay him every honour. . . . Reflecting what shame good men must feel in begging for benefits, he generously made offers to Dante, asking as a favour that which he knew Dante must be in time obliged to ask from him, namely, that Dante would be pleased to come and make his abode with him."

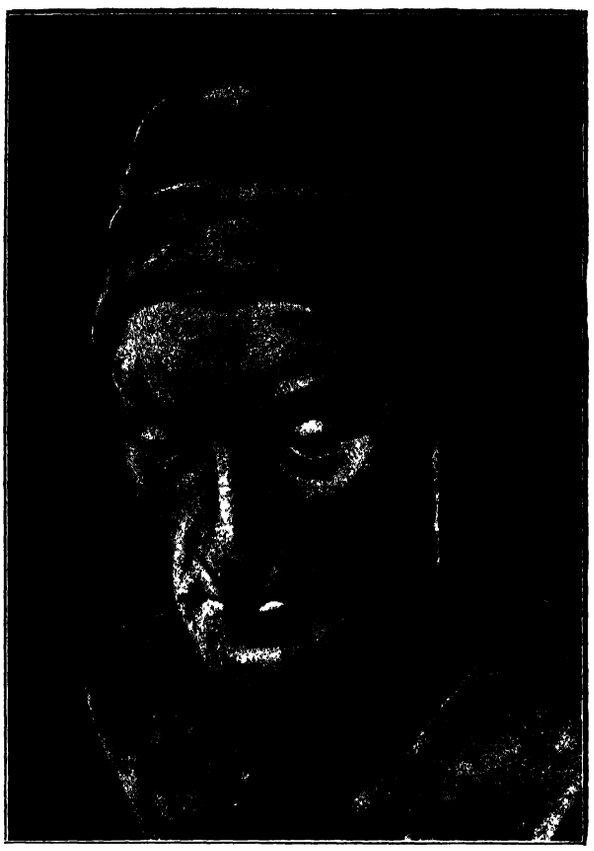
It is evident from this account that Guido was not only a man of great cultivation of mind, but of rare delicacy of spirit.

The sympathy that he showed Dante may have also partly arisen from the fact that he came of a family that had suffered many vicissitudes, while Can Grande's life had been one of unbroken prosperity, since he was not only heir to rulers who had followed each other in unbroken succession, but occupied an exceptionally strong personal position as the head of the Ghibelline League. The Polenta family, unlike the Scaligieri, had had to fight for their throne and they had suffered defeat and exile as lately as the year 1295. That they soon returned to the city seems to be indicated by the passage in the "Inferno" (Canto 27) in which Dante replies to the question of Guido da Montefeltro:

> "Ravenna sta, come stata e molti anni:
> L'aquila da Polenta la si cova."
> ("The state
> Ravenna hath maintained this many a year
> Is steadfast. There Polenta's eagle broods.")

But their tenure was but an insecure one, as after-events were to prove, and Guido was doubtless far better fitted to sympathise with the feelings of a victim of civil strife than the prosperous young lord who had never experienced the buffets of fortune.

There is another point of interest in connection with Dante's host in Ravenna. The unhappy Francesca di Rimini was a member of the Polenta family, and the tragedy of her fate was one that we might well have thought that Dante would have passed over in silence. But it must be remembered that the "Inferno" was written before he went to Ravenna, for we are told by Boccaccio that while he was still in Verona the women whispered to one another as he passed that this man with the dark face and the crisp, curled beard and hair had been scorched by the fires of hell.



Dante.

From the death mask taken at Ravenna, and now in the National Museum, Florence.

And is it not a proof of the noble nature of Guido, as well as of the delicate handling of the story by Dante, that the fact that he had placed Francesca in the "Inferno" did not interfere with their friendship? It was in no censorious spirit that the poet wrote — the tale of hapless love so pierced his heart that as he listened to it, he says, he fell to the ground as one dead, and it was in no resentful spirit that Guido received the description given by Dante of the love-betrayed Francesca driven ceaselessly before the blast.

If the poet had lived but one year longer he would once more have been cast out of his shelter and forced to seek another patron, for in 1322 Guido's power was again overthrown and he fled to Bologna, where he died a few months later. But having been sent to Venice on an embassy, Dante contracted fever on his return journey and died on September 14th, 1321, "to the intense grief of Guido and of all the citizens of Ravenna," says Boccaccio, who gives an account of the splendid funeral ordered by the Count for the friend he had loved so well. His promise of erecting a "noble monument" to his memory would no doubt have been fulfilled if misfortune had not overtaken him; but as it was, only a few months elapsed before the exiled ruler followed the exiled poet to the grave.

All lovers of Dante find consolation in feeling that the weary feet that had wandered so far did at last find rest, and that the bread which he ate in his latter days was devoid of bitterness, and as Guido's reverential love is contrasted with Can Grande's graceless benefits, it cannot but be felt that instead of condemning patrons in the mass as Disraeli did, Tickell had more reason on his side when he concluded his essay in the *Spectator* (November 5th, 1711) by saying:

> "Worthy patrons are like Plato's guardian angels, who are always doing good to their wards; but negligent patrons are like Epicurus' gods, that lie lolling on the clouds, and instead of blessings pour out storms and tempests on the heads of those who are offering incense to them."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses: the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief quotation from English literature applicable to the Washington Disarmament Conference.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to V. D. Chapman, of The British Embassy, Paris, and G. Lawrence Groom, of 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's Park, N.W.1, for the following:

MOTIVE.

No pipes of pleasure could beguile
My feet to stray down primrose-ways,
If once you thought it worth your while
To look at me in hurt amaze
That I should fall so far below
The ideal that you held of me;
But no one cares to blame or praise—
What matter what the end may be?

Because of me none ever made
A dream to worship and revere,
Because I never felt afraid
Of hurting hopes you might hold dear,
What matter now the fading lights?
What matter what the end may be?
Yet I had risen to Life's heights
If once you felt the need of me!

V. D. CHAPMAN.

BANISHMENT.

Haste away, oh, haste away!
All the magic hours are done.
Lips have no more words to say,
All the gold has left the sun,
All the silver sands are run.

Tears? Ah, no! Bend down your head;
Take my hands. . . . The air is chill,
Silent as the shrouded dead
The world is laid. Beyond the hill,
For you the loved adventure still.
The lighted casement dims, the dawn
Steals up the barren road. I see
No glory in a world new-born;
But all heaven's choiréd minstrelsy
Sings with your silent voice to me.

G. LAWRENCE GROOM.

We also select for printing:

WE WENT TO SEA.

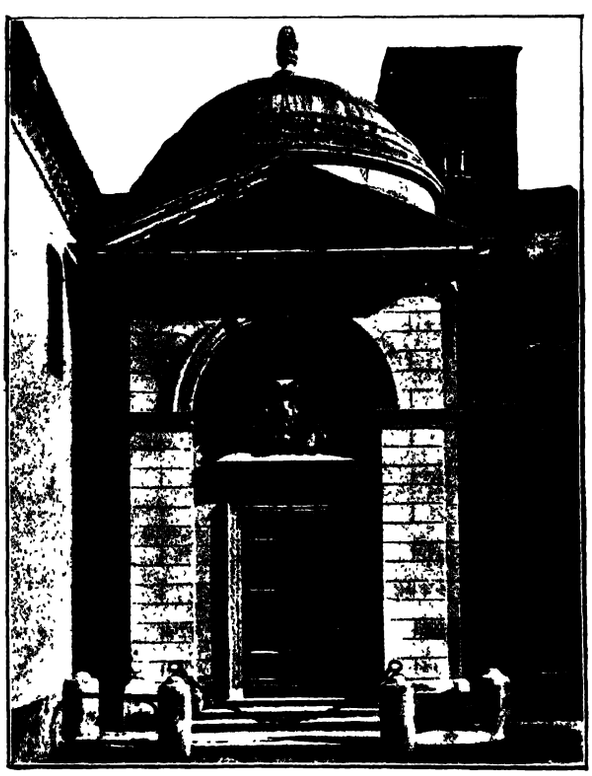
We went to sea one summer night—
You, and my boat, and I;
And the fog came down and hid the land,
But the moon shone still and high.
So we laughed youth's laugh and sought afar
Out where the lone waves sigh;
And I sometimes wish we'd never returned—
You and my boat and I.

(Arthur C. Inman, Garrison Hall, Garrison Street, Boston, U.S.A.)

HAWTHORNE LANE.

As I came home by Hawthorne Lane,
As I came home last night,
Methought musk roses bloomed again
All lit with fairy light;
And goblins then on tiptoe came,
And crowned each bud with glowing flame
And lit the hedges with the same,
As I came home last night.

As I go forth by Hawthorne Lane,
As I go forth to-day,
The roses all are gone again,
Unscented is the way;



Dante's Sepulchre at Ravenna.

The goblins are no longer there,
The hedges are all stripped and bare,
There are no fairies anywhere,
As I go forth to-day.

(Edgar Owen, 47, Church Crescent, Muswell Hill, N.10.)

We specially commend the lyrics by John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), L. M. Priest (Norwich), H. Ross (Hove), Vivien Ford (Bristol), M. A. Coppinger (Cork), G. Gwyn (Bruges), Mary E. McDonough (Liverpool), Freda Isobel Noble (Walthamstow), C. A. Macartney (Vienna), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Vivian Brett-Smith (Boscombe), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, U.S.A.), Mabel Westby-Nunn (Cheltenham), Helen Mitcnam (Earlsfield), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), Una Malleson (West Kensington), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.W.), Anne Richardson (Minehead), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), M. E. McCartney (Bexhill), B. E. Todd (Kirk Sardel), Rachael Bates (Liverpool), Margaret Brown (Harrow), Dorothy Bowers (Monmouth), H. A. Dudgeon (Musselburgh), Helen Lawrence (Bath), H. Drury (Streatham), G. Seccombe (Woolwich), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), Cecil Thomas (Quetta), May W. Hamson (Lincoln), K. M. Harvey (Oundle), S. Marguerite Goode (Croydon), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), W. A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), John Arthur Lloyd (Ferndale), V. Walker (Whitehaven), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Claude Berry (Shepherd's Bush), B. M. Board (Bexleyheath), Minna Browning (Cheltenham), Ethel E. Manning (Merton Park), Rex Hinton (Clevedon), James Paton (Natal), G. Winifred Savery (Birmingham), Beatrice Cleland (Sydenham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to May Foster, of Parassalla, Travancore, South India, for the following:

IT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU.
By CONINGSBY DAWSON (John Lane)

"Jenny kissed me when we met"
LEIGH HUNT, *Rondeau.*

We also select for printing:

IF WINTER COMES. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Marian's nose looks red and raw."
SHAKESPEARE, *Spring and Winter*

(Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester.)

THE MASTER OF MAN. By HALL CAINE (Heinemann)

"Woman, lovely woman"
THOMAS OTWAY, *Venice Preserved.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

THE LADY IN WAITING. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Ward, Lock)

"That woman's asked me fifty times,
And yet I never send an answer."
BARHAM, "*My Letters,*" *The Ingoldsby Legends.*

(H. Gordon Walker, 44, Cawdor Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.)

THE FORGE OF DEMOCRACY. By GABRIELLE VALLINGS. (Hutchinson)

"The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who hunts and shoots,
The Aristocrat who cleans our boots—
They all shall equal be!"
GILBERT, *The Gondoliers, Finale, Act I.*

(Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.)

THE FORMULA OF THE WESTERN NOVEL.
By W. MACLEAN RAINE.

"There was a little man
And he had a little gun."
Nursery Rhyme.

(B. Noël Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best cover design for the Autumn Double Number of THE BOOKMAN is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to V. D. Goodwin, of Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent, and Beatrice Helena Woods, of 43, Victoria Avenue, Surbiton.

None of the many designs received is suitable for use, but the work of these two prize-winners is quite exceptionally good. Miss Goodwin's three pictures show her to be an artist of very considerable gifts, but her three autumn scenes, beautiful as they are, would not make characteristic covers for THE BOOKMAN, though the one in which a girl sits reading is something in the right direction. Miss Woods' drawing, in a very different style of art, is better as a cover design; it has boldness, but wants some touch of life in it to make it effective. We specially commend the designs by Bertha R. Beal (Poole), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Gunnersbury), F. M. Campling (Tunbridge Wells), Joyce C. Woodrow (Worcester), Winifred P. Jessop (Highbury), Gladys Bass (Surbiton), C. Irene Carpenter (London, S.W.), Roland W. Pask (Darlington).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to C. M. Young, of 15, Albert Bridge Road, Battersea Park, S.W.11, for the following:

REVOLUTION. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins.)

This is a remarkable novel in that it contains no love interest, comparatively few characters and little plot, and yet it arrests and holds the attention. The conception of the state to which the country would be reduced by a general strike is interesting from its bearing on current conditions, but the main point of the book is that the analysis of Paul's character and actions so ably represents the dilemma of the average citizen, anxious to hold the mean between industrial and political extremes, but completely bewildered by the apparent impossibility of discovering a practical working basis.

We also select for printing:

LANTERN LANE. By WARWICK DEEPING. (Cassell.)

Perhaps the greatest compliment one can pay to an historical novel is to say that, shorn of their picturesque seventeenth century trappings, the characters might well be living to-day. So intensely human and sympathetic is John Fairfax that the undeserved ignominy which closes his first visit to London and subsequently clouds his life seems almost too cruel. The all too brief glimpse which we are given of the melancholy Merry Monarch is both original and interesting: it sets one wondering. And what a rare treat to meet with a Charles II who neither exclaims "Odd's fish!" nor "Zounds!"

(Christine Mary Pocock, Clevedon House, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARGOT. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Ward, Lock.)

This is a story, not of a marriage as the title implies, but of a pretence at marriage; in which a young and attractive dancing mistress acts the part of wife to a rich man (and would-be member of Parliament) whose real wife is a hopeless inebriate. Needless to say occasions arise that have to be dealt with diplomatically, and the girl Margot shows herself to be mistress of several difficult situations. The unhappy wife dies at the right moment and the rich man wins his election and a second wife, making a dramatic ending to quite a good yarn.

(Kathleen Rice, The Warren, Devonshire Road, Harpenden, Herts.)

We specially commend the reviews by Winifred M. Davies (Brynmawr), Stanley Stokes (Heavitree), Dora Kennedy (Belfast), W. G. Galletly (Ealing), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Frederick Wilhelmy (Finsbury

Park), Barbara E. Todd (Doncaster), Joan Colborne (Newport), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), B. Noël Saxelby (Manchester), Minna Browning (Cheltenham), Mrs. John G. Scott (Oklahoma, U.S.A.), Kenneth Christopher Bruce (Sheffield), H. Taylor (Haywards Heath), Malcom Hemphrey (Farnborough), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Mabel Etchells (Wallasey), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), J. A. Jackson (Liverpool), D. West (Hull), Roger Hankin (Carlisle).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mary E. McDonough, of 12, Portrush Street, Liverpool.

A FRIEND OF CHARLES LAMB.

BY ROGER INGPEN.

IN a letter of Charles Lamb to William Hazlitt, dated November 10th, 1805, he mentions among various scraps of gossip "beneath the dignity of epistolary communication," "Some things about Monkey, which can't so well be written—how it set up for a fine lady, and thought it had got lovers, and was obliged to be convinc'd of its age from the parish register, where it was proved to be only twelve; and an edict issued that it should not give itself airs yet these four years; and how it got leave to be called Miss, by grace. . . ." Monkey was, of course, Louisa Martin, in whose companionship when she was a child Lamb had delighted. During the following year (1806) he commemorated her transformation from an apish child to a beautiful maid with some verses called "The Ape," in which with wistful humour he says:

"I have known the power of two fair eyes,
In smile, or else of glance,
And how (for I a lover was)
They make the spirits dance;

"But I would give two hundred smiles
Of them that fairest be,
For one look of my staring Ape,
That used to stare on me.

"This beast, this Ape, it had a face—
If face it might be styl'd—
Sometimes it was a staring Ape,
Sometimes a beauteous child—

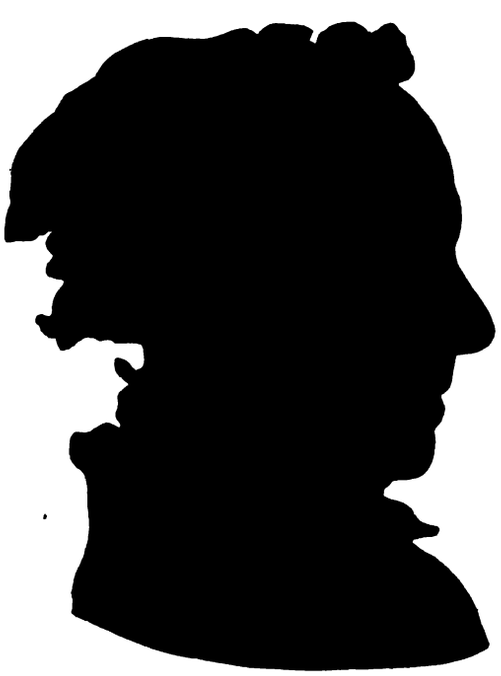
"A Negro flat—a Pagod squat,
Cast in a Chinese mold—
And then it was a Cherub's face,
Made of that beaten gold!

"But Time, that's muddling, muddling still
And always altering things—
And, what's already at the best,
To alteration brings—

"That turns the sweetest buds to flower,
And chops and changes toys—
That breaks up dreams, and parts old friends,
And still commutes our joys—

"Has changed away my Ape at last
And in its place convey'd,
Thinking therewith to cheat my sight,
A fresh and blooming maid!

"And fair to sight is she—and still
Each day doth sightlier grow
Upon the ruins of the Ape
My ancient play-fellow!"



Louisa Martin (1850).

He also addressed in the same vein another set of verses a little later (they were published in 1831) to Louisa Martin, "whom I used to call Monkey":

"Louisa, serious grown and mild,
I knew you once a romping child,
Obstreperous much and very wild.
Then you would clamber up my knees,
And strive with every art to tease,
When every art of yours could please.
These things would scarce be proper now."

Practically all that is known about Louisa is from the few references in Lamb's correspondence. Two letters to her from Lamb are known—one in part by his sister. Louisa appears to have been staying with the Lambs in 1806 as Charles records in a letter to Manning of that date that "at twelve o'clock came home Mary and Monkey Louisa from the play." Mrs. Fulton, who can still remember Louisa Martin, is a daughter-in-law of Louisa's sister Sarah, and very kindly related to me recently the following particulars. Louisa was governess, for many years, in the Devonshire household of Sir Thomas Acland by whom she was much esteemed. On the death of Sir Thomas she received a legacy under his will and went to Carlisle, where she kept a school.

This must have been in 1834, for on February 22nd of that year Lamb addressed a letter to Wordsworth which shows how highly he regarded Louisa Martin and her sister. He says:

"I write from a house of mourning. The oldest and best friends I have left are in trouble. A branch of them (and they of the best stock of God's creatures, I believe) is establishing a school at Carlisle. Her name is Louisa Martin, her address 75, Castle Street, Carlisle, her qualities (and her motives for this exertion) are the most amiable and upright. For thirty years she has been tried by me and on her behaviour I would stake my soul. O, if you can recommend her, how I would love you, if I could love you better. Pray, pray recommend her. She is as good a human creature—next to my sister, perhaps the most exemplary female I ever knew. . . . If you want references the Bishop of Carlisle may be one. Louisa's sister (as good as she, she cannot be better tho' she tries) educated the daughter of the late Earl of Carnarvon, and he settled a handsome annuity on her for life. In short, all the family are as sound as a rock."

Some years later Louisa Martin set up a school in

Kensington High Street. She moved to Maidenhead in 1844, returning to London about 1850, and died at Maida Vale in 1858.

There is an interesting story with regard to Sarah Martin, who on one occasion was going to Scotland, when Charles Lamb took her to the coach to see her off. He scrutinised the passengers who were already seated and, liking the appearance of Mr. Fulton, asked him if he would look after Miss Martin during the journey. On arriving at their destination and taking leave of his charge, whom he admired, Mr. Fulton requested that he might be allowed to call on her. She granted his request, and not long afterwards they were married.

Mrs. Fulton has kindly allowed me to reproduce the accompanying silhouette portrait which has been prepared from a life-size profile in her possession cut out of pasteboard.

CHARLES MARRIOTT

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

MR. MARRIOTT'S new novel — "The Grave Impertinence" (Hutchinson)—is an essay on an old theme, a theme which has occupied him often before. Tenaciously, at times impatiently and with a touch of cynicism, he has endeavoured, since his first book, "The Column," to insist on the dangers of pretence, of sham freedom, of easy rebellion, while he is equally eager to denounce those who would reduce a world of spontaneous beauty to a thing of little order and artificial regulations. In a comparatively early book, "The Lapse of Vivien Eady," the conflict was put sharply, with less subtlety, perhaps, than in such tales as "The Dewpond" and "The Catfish," but with a clearness which made his intention unmistakable. In that story Mr. Marriott for once neglected to be elusive. In the plain contrast between Selwyn Harpur and Humphry Stott he gave us his philosophy almost in the terms of a creed: generally he is content to give it in terms of art, as a question of values rather than of doctrine, of taste rather than theology. Yet what marks Mr. Marriott off from his contemporaries is his awareness of dogma: he may at times try to evade it. There are moments when I suspect he wishes, like other dogmatists, that there were other ways of having your cake than by eating it; but he never allows his desires or his emotions to cloud his intellectual apprehension. He knows you must have dogmas, must have rules, that the whole battle of life consists in not allowing your rules to become prejudices. It is here he contrasts with the sentimental liberalism of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Wells. Long ago Mr. Shaw said: "The golden rule is that there is no golden rule," and so set up with one hand what he destroyed with his other. In "The Lapse of Vivien Eady" Mr. Marriott states a creed which seems to differ little, but yet is worlds away; Hugh Stott says to Harpur and Vivien:

> "My father says that in fishing, like everything else, the first rule is that there is no rule."

That statement is the key to all Mr. Marriott's philosophy. It has guided him as much in his criticism of art as in his criticism of life; and if it betrays him into a certain impatience with the people who always act and speak before they think, it is the impatience of a man who hates to see things wasted, who is convinced that everything should subserve life; that method is a deadening master; that "literature and art are not things apart from life; they are the flower, the fine finish of life itself. If they are not that, then they are mere lumber."

In England we do not expect our novelists to have a philosophy. Only a few people noticed Mr. Marriott's until the publication of "Now!" "Now!" is not a favourite of mine. In spite of its excellent comedy, and the beauty of much of the Cornish chapters, the satire is a trifle too deliberate and flatters too much an essentially unimportant part of English society. Mr. Marriott is too good an artist to be wasted on South Kensington. He is not a Londoner born; and I think he is sometimes too apt to exaggerate London's prominence. The capital is grossly overrated; and is never more ridiculous than when it attempts to keep on an intellectual level with Manchester, a city which can safely be left to the enjoyment of its inhabitants. After all places are of value for their exports: and all that is best in London leaves it, and what it gets from other countries belongs not to it but to them. It is a great exchange. Now Mr. Marriott is suspicious of exchange centres. He is liable to worry overmuch about them. The great social exchanges, governed by convention through the by-laws of etiquette, disturb him. He is too ready to believe that to give a thing a social value is to destroy its real character. For instance, in many of his books he deals with marriage. On the doctrine of marriage he evidently holds the Catholic view; and he dislikes the way in which the world has turned marriage into a convention, or a convenience, or a protest. He is, in such a story as "The Kiss of Helen," in danger of exaggerating the extent to which conventional labels really affect the simple facts of ordinary life. Life gets back on those who pretend: and many who wed for convenience find themselves let in for marriage at its most extreme. Joan Keverne's refusal to marry Paul is near being a tribute to the conventions she despises; she takes insufficient account of the reality which no amount of regularising can kill: truth can survive even the efforts of the theologians, and a violet will smell sweet in spite of all the teachings of the botanists.

Yet there remains a bar. Naaman may bow himself in the house of Rimmon: but he must not neglect the devotions of his own faith, nor deny the God of his allegiance. That is the theme of "The Grave Impertinence," as it was of "The Dewpond," "The Catfish," "Subsoil," and, in a sense, of "Davenport." Not that Mr. Marriott repeats himself. Few novelists are more various, more successful at inventing new characters, and at seeing new facets of old characters. It is that

he is acutely aware of the great struggle not imminent, but actually now in being between the new world of order and organisation, of commerce and business, of truth and convention. He is the most prophetic of modern novelists. "Now!" preceded by some years the gradual disgust of the ordinary citizen at political and parliamentary machinery: it was predictive as well as prophetic. "The Grave Impertinence" in the same way sums up the vague dislike and distrust which many of us feel for the activities of people who use life's essentials for selfish means, who think of money not as a convenient symbol of business, but of business as a convenience for the acquirement of money.

III

It may be said that there is a division of interest in "The Grave Impertinence." The early chapters are concerned with Gilbert Sadler who, after the war, became a draughtsman with a passion for outline, clear vision. Sadler is one of those men, whom Mr. Marriott is fond of drawing, who determinedly limits himself. He shrinks from the personal touch: he cannot de-emotionalise personal relations, and so avoids them. "If he had an ambition it was to commit himself to nothing beyond his reach or outside his immediate control." How far Mr. Marriott believes such an ambition to be possible of realisation I am not sure. In "Now!" he seemed to think such a plan could succeed. It is, of course, only a lack of imagination which permits a man to think anything is within his reach. To Sadler comes Penkevil, who is engaged in a big business concern, the British Light Metal Syndicate, and also is a landowner in Somerset. He owns most of Hinton Causeway, where his neighbour is General Dunsterville, an anti-militarist soldier. Penkevil wishes to build a model village at Hinton Causeway: the Syndicate, represented in the book by Mendoza, encourages his scheme as an advertisement. The book is concerned with the struggle between the two Penkevils—the man who loves the country village, longs for its good, and the man who would not be ashamed to use his village to boom his business. It is the old problem of prostitution against love. Penkevil's position is really analogous to that of a man who will use his wife's social charm and beauty in order to get on in his profession. Something in his soul gives him pause. He cannot be quite certain why Dunsterville and Rose, his daughter, who like him, distrust his association with business: or why they tolerate in Mendoza what they will not in him. Sadler, who finds himself drawn unwillingly into the controversy, goes to visit Penkevil at Hinton House and sees the Dunstervilles at Hinton Court, puts the difference in a sentence: "Hinton House lived by the clock; Hinton Court lived by the sun"—and that brief statement of the quarrel between life and machinery puts the thesis of this novel. It is solved as successfully as it is stated. Mr. Marriott has never excelled the handling of character here shown in the conflicts between Rose and Penkevil; between Penkevil and the Mendozas.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Charles Marriott.**

No novelist now alive has a greater power of making ordinary things significant. You may dislike some of his characters—I cannot bear his big, creamy, stupid women with blonde souls and blonde minds—but he never wastes his time or yours in mere photography. When the historian of the twentieth century turns to his documents, few will yield him more material than Mr. Marriott's novels. Not only for themselves, but for their influence—frequently unacknowledged and unrecognised—on such younger authors as E. M. Forster, Gilbert Cannan, G. B. Stern and J. D. Beresford, they are full of instruction for the student of life. For the history of movements the historian will consult Mr. Wells; but for the history of the lives of the middle-class, for the history of those impulses and instincts which feed movements, for those dim, disturbing desires which are the unknown source of opinion and conviction Mr. Marriott's novels are invaluable. He has founded no school, and has no disciples: but his work has coloured the less subtle and more popular fiction which is acclaimed as modern. There is not space here to speak of his extreme modernity in form: of his consummate skill in giving the reader a character almost entirely through its reactions on other characters; on his steady refusal to be betrayed into the easier paths of realism or of fantasy. It is not for nothing that he, like Keats and Ibsen, has been an apothecary, a dispensing chemist: the study of science has made him see that nothing is quite so foolish as the "practical" man's philosophy. He writes indignantly yet whimsically here of "that unflinching arithmetical justice, which makes the good accountant waste profitable hours over the unbalanced ha'penny—a justice which, in itself, emphasises the separation of business from life." There you have the key to his philosophy. He resents vehemently anything—business, art, convention, respectability, religion—which separates men from life. That resentment makes him the most optimistic of our modern novelists.

New Books.

SCHOLAR AND POET.*

Perhaps A. H. Bullen's loving editor claims more for these *reliquiæ* than they possess. Perhaps the literary lights who wrote extravagant praise to him saw the things he had written through a medium of their love and admiration for the man. I doubt very much that any one of these "rimes"—to keep his own name for them—would have exactly satisfied the most fastidious of critics, with his great standards. I can remember this beloved man at a table in a Soho restaurant some fifteen years ago, in a characteristic moment. The fourth of the square party—of whom, alas, only one survives—was an Irish-American poet of rare distinction—Louise Imogen Guiney. She was not as good a critic as she was a poet—her enthusiasms got in the way—and as she praised this one and that one's poetic work, Bullen, his splendid head flung back, kept murmuring dissent, too gracious and kindly to prove himself wiser than she, who being deaf was hardly aware of the murmured dissent. All the same the book is extraordinarily interesting—because Bullen is behind it. No one who loved and admired the man can read it without what the eighteenth century diarists called *un serrement du cœur*. It is as though the heart was not so much wrung as shaken. Of course there are many felicities; with such a man anything else would be impossible. "Weeping Cross" may stand by itself; it is a cameo. A Greek poet might have written it as "The Willow":

"With bold heart, high-aspiring aim,
Forth fared he in the morning grey,
To storm the Citadel of Fame
And win a crown of fadeless bay.
Ungarlanded at day's decline,
Ruefully weighing gain with loss,
When neither moon nor stars did shine,
Homeward he stole by Weeping Cross."

But on the whole the little book is hardly representative of a mind as receptive and as richly stored as Bullen's. It would be a wrong to him, I think, to count it as in any way an adequate representation. Bullen was a man in the sense that his beloved Elizabethans were men. There was nothing of freakishness about his mind or character. Thinking of him and of the Elizabethans, from whom he was a stray, one is persuaded that literature should be served by men of action. She is too often served by the unwholesome, the abnormal, the anæmic, who find inspiration in close and ill-smelling rooms instead of under the sun and moon and stars. His melancholy in his latter years has something poignant about it in a nature so robust and so generous. I am convinced that it was primarily due to the fact that he was born a man of action as well as a scholar and poet. But though he knew and loved the country green and was at home and happy in all sorts of village inns and such places, with the odd country characters, he was still too much under roofs and in towns. He should have carried a sword and been a great adventurer, and ruffled it with gallants like himself, instead of having to think of bread for himself and others. He belonged to the elect few. It is only when such as he die that we recognise the magnitude of the loss. There were two Bullens—one the Bullen who loved great libraries and colleges and the classics and the Fathers—cultivated beauty, in fact. There was the other Bullen who could have tramped the country roads with a pack on his back, delighting in what strange company he met, what adventures might befall him. He belonged to the adventuring men, but he belonged also to the scholar, and his nature might well be a battle-ground between the two. I can see him now on a wet February after-midnight in London—during those years of jolly adventure when Laurence and Bullen brought out books after his heart, and the devil take the best sellers! I can see him lifting his hat and letting the wet wind ruffle his hair. "Ah, it is the west wind!" he said. "The Spring comes to London."

Well, since such as he were never made for time or to end, one still thinks of him stepping westward, with the wind in his mane of hair and the cool moisture of the wet, fructifying night on his cheeks and eyes.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

* "Weeping Cross, and Other Rimes." By A. H. Bullen. 5s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

A PLAYGROUND OF WORDS.*

After second-hand book catalogues, dictionaries are the most delightful of reading. The best novelists sometimes nod; the best lexicographers never fail. They are not diffuse, and their etymologies are like detective stories—my own favourite form of fiction. Professor Weekley has already given us two volumes of etymological romance, and here discharges upon us all the rest of his material. I wonder he doesn't work some of it up into a thrilling series of stories. "My dear Watson," I can hear him saying, "with the simplicity that has endeared you to a generation of readers and made me by comparison seem brilliant, you naturally think that *petronel*, a horse-pistol or carbine, has some connection with *poitrine*. That, if you will forgive me, indicates the defects of a professional bias. You think that if a petronel could speak it would say 'ninety-nine.' I will admit that the archaic French *poitrinal* seems to offer a clue; but we must always look, my dear Watson, beyond the rough guesses of folk etymology. Lestrade, now—a promising young etymologist, but too much a creature of the Yard—attaches great importance to *poitrinal*. But here is a small monograph I have written in the intervals of morphia-taking and violin-playing, which tracks down a very clear form *petrinal* in sixteenth century French. By careful investigation I have also detected *petrinale* and *pietronella* in Italian, and—this, my dear Watson, I will confess, is a long shot—I have discovered the existence of *pedreñal* in the delightful and sonorous language of Cervantes. Now I imagine that even you, my dear Watson, cannot fail to see the obvious connection with the Latin *petra*, a stone—a word, which you will doubtless remember, is the occasion of the world's most famous pun, as you may see for yourself in the dome of St. Peter's." "Really, Weeklock," I exclaimed, "this is indeed marvellous." "You exaggerate," he replied, with one of his rare smiles, as he waved the hypodermic syringe lightly in the air, "you habitually exaggerate; but I am obliged to you for that charming idiosyncrasy. Well, then, what is the inference? Obviously, that *petronel* has nothing to do with *poitrine*, and does not indicate a weapon slung or fired from the breast, but signifies a flint-lock piece, such as superseded the old matchlock."

I venture to ask Professor Weekley if he sees no possibilities in this method. But I do not wish anyone to infer that the present, more sober embodiment of his material is lacking in interest. On the contrary, it is almost the nicest dictionary I have ever read, and it is printed in such charmingly large type that I can read it at meals. What more can anyone ask of a book? Here, for instance, is one of the entries:

"*facetiae*. In booksellers' catalogues now usud of obscene books, a long way removed from 'merie wordes or deedes without dishonestie; merie conceites with a pleasant grace' (Coop), from *facetus*, graceful, urbane, whence obs. *facete*, now replaced by *facetious*
"Cheerful, facete, jovial ('Tristram Shandy')."

Professor Weekley has made a special feature of recent slang words and is almost incredibly up to date. I notice, however, that the use of *immense* as a word of approval is not given. A striking person was "immense" without any reference to size. "Slosh," the game that seems as

* "An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English. By Ernest Weekley, M.A. £2 2s. net. (John Murray.)

likely to supersede billiards as bridge superseded whist, does not seem to have come Mr. Weekley's way. Perhaps he doubts its endurance; but it can scarcely be less long-lived than *rhondda* as a verb, which he does record.

Well, here are nearly 1,700 pages of wonderful words, delightfully described. It is a dictionary with humour and it is worthy of the glorious language it seeks to honour. No praise can be higher than that.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

G. B. B. LOOKS BACKWARD.*

There are several ways of writing your reminiscences, when you have lived long enough to have any; two ways in particular. You can be frank and flippant and say as many indiscreet, uncomplimentary things as you can think of about the people you have known, and if you do it smartly enough you will be called brilliant. Or you can practise self-denial, leave a lot of your best stories unwritten, because they could not be told without wounding somebody's feelings, tell only such as are amusing or poignant without being scandalous, and be called genial

Mr. Burgin has adopted the second course, and this might have counted for virtue in him, only he has such an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes that he could well afford to pick and choose and throw away the sour ones and still have enough of the other sort left to fill his book to overflowing. The result is a gossipy, pleasant, wholly attractive volume that even all the persons he mentions in it may read with enjoyment. If he pulls some of their legs occasionally, he pulls without malice; if he tells any tales against them, he does it with a humour and good-humour that take all sting from his laughter.

Only once does he let you suspect he has a cloven hoof, if he cared to exhibit it, and that is when he prefaces a whimsical account of a lunch he had with Swinburne by describing Watts Dunton as "a remarkable man who by dint of reclaiming great men from their vices, and living with them, had persuaded himself that he also was a great man." It serves to show you that he could do that sort of thing quite neatly if he wanted to, but he doesn't do it again

All his lively anecdotes are strung on the story of his own career, and he has had a more varied and interesting career than falls to the lot of most writers. He was taken early with the craze (if it is a craze) for writing; his father sent him for a year to Canada, and from that and many a later Canadian experience came, in due course, some of the most successful of his books. Then he went to Egypt as secretary to Baker Pasha; and novels were presently to come of that; returning home, after a spell of office work, he fell in with Robert Barr, and with Jerome, and became sub-editor of the *Idler*. He left that to be a publisher's reader; and combining with Douglas Sladen to start the New Vagabonds Club had before long made acquaintance with most of the leading literary lights of the day, and counted many of them among his friends. All this, and more such, has given him a very cornucopia of material to draw upon, so that he could hardly have written a dull book if he had tried to; as a matter of fact, apparently almost without effort, in the easiest, happiest vein, he has written one of the most entertaining personal memoirs that have lightened our darkness for years past. The only complaint one might make is that he talks of only about two of those sixty-two novels that are going around with his name on their title pages, but he discourses interestingly on his methods of work and the methods followed by other authors, on women writers, on lecturing, and deals faithfully with critics and criticism, and in so many other ways makes atonement for this reticence that you are left with nothing to do but congratulate him and yourself on a book that, despite his occasional hints at disappointments, he must have enjoyed writing, for it makes enjoyable reading.

F. H.

* "Memoirs of a Clubman." By G. B. Burgin. 16s. (Hutchinson.)



G. B. Burgin's Whole-time Hobby.

From a drawing by Thomas Downey.

RUSSIA'S GREATEST STATESMAN.*

This book is an important contribution to recent Russian history. Witte served his country under the two last Tsars. By Alexander III he was liked and trusted; but by Nicholas II and the Empress Alexandra, according to his own account, he was disliked and distrusted. His estimates of the sovereigns were naturally biased by these personal considerations, but throughout his public career Witte ever served his country faithfully, and he was one of the few Russian statesmen of whom it could be said he was a patriot and free from any suspicion of veniality. His memoirs show him to have been egotistical, arrogant, and strong in the belief of his own powers But these are very human failings and essential for the making of a strong character.

Very typical is his account of the way he conducted the peace negotiations with Japan after that country had certainly worsted the great Russian empire:

"My tone and manner were such that on one occasion Komura exclaimed, 'You talk as if you represented the victor.' To which I retorted: 'There are no victors here, and, therefore, no defeated.'"

Witte was born at Tiflis in 1849. His father was of Baltic origin, but his mother was of the best Russian nationality, her mother being Princess Yelena Pavlovna Dolgoruki. One of Witte's first cousins on the maternal side was the notorious Madame Blavatski. He gives an amusing account of her amazing career. Yelena Hahn at a very early age married Blavatski, Vice-Governor of Erivan, but she soon left him, and some time later travelled as a stowaway on an English ship to Constantinople. There she became an equestrienne in a circus, and having met Mitrovich, a famous opera-singer of the period, she accompanied him to the various European capitals where he was engaged to sing. She next threw in her lot with an Englishman, and went with him to America. Then she reappeared in Europe with the medium Home. For a time she returned

* "The Memoirs of Count Witte." Translated from the original Russian manuscript and edited by Abraham Yarmolinsky. 21s. net. (Heinemann.)

to Tiflis, but meeting again her old lover, Mitrovich, she once more roamed the world with him. Witte says :

" By that time they presented a rather sorry sight, he a toothless lion, perennially at the feet of his mistress, an aged lady, stout and slovenly. . . . Her face, apparently once of great beauty, bore all the traces of a tempestuous and passionate life. . . . But her eyes were extraordinary. She had enormous azure-coloured eyes, and when she spoke with animation, they sparkled in a fashion which is altogether indescribable."

Mitrovich was drowned when the pair were shipwrecked off Africa, and the lady entered Cairo very wet and penniless. But she reappeared in England, and travelled to India. This was her Theosophic period of fame, and of her spiritualistic qualities her cousin candidly says, " There was something demoniac in that extraordinary woman."

Witte fully relates his own career, first in the railway service and then in politics. He became Minister of Finances in 1892, and he was Premier for a short time in 1905–6. It is impossible to deal in a brief article such as this with his account of the causes and the course of the Russian-Japanese war. He does not hesitate to blame his country when necessary, particularly in its dealings at an earlier date with China, in the days of Li Hung Chang. He seems to have been something of a prophet, for at the outset of the late great European war he said it would end with a catastrophe for Russia, and that it would ruin Europe for a century.

With his own unfortunate sovereign, Nicholas II, Witte was never in sympathy, and he draws an unfavourable estimate of his character :

" He is incapable of playing fair and he always seeks underhand means and underground ways. . . . The Emperor's character may be said to be essentially feminine. Someone has observed that Nature granted him masculine attributes by mistake."

He also states what is not generally known—that before his marriage Nicholas had a liaison with the ballet dancer, Kszesinska. It is now the custom to attribute the ruin of the Imperial Family to the Empress and, as he disliked her, Witte is no exception to the rule :

" Nicholas fell permanently under the spell of his wife, a woman hysterical and unbalanced, yet possessed of a sufficient strong character to master him completely and infect him with her own morbidity."

The publishers of this book contribute their quota to the Imperial indictment by asserting that " the late Tsar tried desperately to gain possession of these papers of his former premier, knowing that they would bear perpetual testimony against him at the bar of history." That is rather a flammivomous statement and hardly justified by the revelations of the book, interesting and valuable as it is. And the errors of the Tsar and his wife have surely been expiated by their cruel deaths and those of their innocent children.

S. M. ELLIS.

LONDON KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.*

The interest of London is inexhaustible ; you can never come to the end of it :

" When thou hast done, thou hast not done,"

as Donne says, in a different connection, for there is still more to be seen if you knew where to look for it.

There are many authorities on London, and they can (and usually do) point out each other's deficiencies, for each of them knows something that is not known to the rest. In his " Unknown London " (to say nothing of that masterly book of his, " The Great Fire of London "), Mr. Walter George Bell proved himself wise in the topography of the great city and its historic associations, and in " More About Unknown London " he takes you wandering again into its lesser known by-ways. You may say Gog and Magog in the Guildhall are not unknown to you, but do you know any more of them than that the two figures are there ? Who wrote the earliest British naval dispatch in existence, and where is it ? This and many another of London's treasures Mr. Bell opens to you in his fascinating volume. Stories about the Tower ; of an old printing house in Crane Court ; of Goldsmith's Brick Court rooms from the inside ; of the old Carmelite Vault in Britton Court, Whitefriars—he gossips of such-like out-of-the-way and more or less forgotten survivals of old London with a delightful discursiveness, taking you into odd nooks and corners on the way to wherever he is going and revealing something fresh and interesting about them. An excellent book, and one that the London tourist should take with him if he wants to get off the beaten track and learn of things that, old as they are, will often be new to him.

Mr. Will Owen takes the town as he finds it, and does not mind so much whether it is known or unknown, so long as it is picturesque. He begins at the Roman Bath in the Strand and finishes up with a glance at Strand-on-the-Green, and in the interval has personally conducted you to the Tower, the Charterhouse, the Inns of Court, the Temple, some old churches, several old taverns, houses where famous people lived, quaint courts and alleys, the Bank of England, and other places, of all of which he gives you a brief account in " Old London Town," and sixty of which he illustrates. If you remember the charming backgrounds he has been in the habit of touching into his humorous book illustrations, the charm and delicacy of his drawings here of quaint or beautiful bits of old London will not at all surprise you.

Each of these books is a companionable guide to carry in the pocket, and a real acquisition to that corner of the library where every good bookman keeps his special books about London.



From a drawing by Hanslip Fletcher.

Goldsmith's rooms in Brick Court, Temple.

From " More About Unknown London." (John Lane.)

* " More About Unknown London." By Walter G. Bell. Illustrated. 6s. 6d. (John Lane.)—" Old London Town." Illustrated and described by Will Owen. 5s. (Arrowsmith.)

MANY INVENTIONS.*

Johan Bojer is an idealist: he has got the Vision Splendid. He is also a pessimist: his world is one of bitter disillusion. "God and the Woman" has not the power of "The Great Hunger." There is a sense of hopelessness in it which depresses one with the futility of life as the foremost Norwegian novelist of to-day sees it. This is a book of peasants; and the greed, the narrowness, the greyness of the Northern peasant are all over it. In the Latin countries the workers on the soil are as avaricious and as callous to suffering, but the brightness of the sunlight pierces the gloom of the soul. In England, too, there are memories and traditions of the kindly gods of the earth from sowing to reaping. Rustic life in Norway as Bojer depicts it is a sullen, bitter business.

The central theme is one of ancient tragedy—the barrenness of a woman whose pride is humbled and whose heart is hurt because she cannot bring a child into the world, but the subject is treated in such dull, grey tones that it loses its strength through sheer lack of contrast. Even Thomas Hardy in his most ironic hours was alive to the lighter tinges of the life of the country-side; he never entirely ignored gaiety or a placid content—at any rate in his minor characters. Johan Bojer's one fatal defect is that he is as humourless as Ibsen.

Martha Ersland had been educated as a "fine lady"; she had been engaged to a forester, and she lost him, as she lost her inheritance. These things grieved her, but the sneers of her neighbours grieved her still more. She gave the country-side more cause for derision when she married Hans Lia, a huckster who was a drunkard. Martha knew her man, and welded him to her own purpose. Hans becomes a successful man, losing honesty with each transaction he engages in. There is no one to inherit the big farm and all the possessions it represents. Martha implored Heaven without avail for an inheritor of the little kingdom, built up in sweat and pain. The couple took into their home the little lad, Knut Hamren, who worked on the land for them, and was entirely pleasant, but in an evil hour Martha adopted her sister's boy, Nils, who was crafty even as a child. As the years went by Nils asserted himself more and more and accumulated land and money of his own. In the upshot he evicted the helpless old people from their great farm-house of Dyrendal.

There is matter here for tragedy, but these old folk have small souls:

"They bought a little farm across the fjord. From there they could see Dyrendal as a little speck among the hills far away in another parish. It was a relief to work hard and become tired. After a hard day's work it was possible to sleep. The day came when they did not have the energy to rage and talk about their misfortune any more. But they did want to rise in the world again—not at one throw . . . but they could save and save, and add shilling to shilling—up, up."

There is something in humanity which is pleasurably thrilled by a sense of fear in literature. It is akin to the feeling of children who ask their old nurse to tell them of dragons and other horrific beasts. Miss Nina Toye, who has already written "The Death Rider," is even more effective in a ghostly way in "The Shadow of Fear," which recalls in the shudder it gives Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Richards, the butler, and his wife stealthily watching over The Friary are evil in the flesh; James's grim pair were evil shadows. Mrs. Elston, haunted by a brooding and hungry destiny, is a figure from Nathaniel Hawthorne. From the moment that Godfrey meets her she at once attracts and repels by her feverish, mad unrest. Miss Toye is wise in making Godfrey a scientist who is something of a sceptic. His slow conversion to belief in the Shadow which surrounds the old Friary on the edge of the marsh increases the sense of conviction that there are horrors beyond human view. Godfrey's helplessness against unseen influences is the most pathetic part of a tragedy of which his haunted wife is the victim. The quiet, cheerful, courageous figure of Anne illumines this weird story with gentle pity.



"The Old Curiosity Shop."
From "Old London Town." By Will Owen. (Arrowsmith.)

The romance of virile adventure on the high seas and the broad spaces of the earth will never fail of its appeal whatever the evolution of the race. Mr. E. L. Grant Watson's "The Mainland" is a rough-hewn novel with very few graces of writing, but the medium is admirable for the subject. Young John Sherwin, leading a primitive life in an island off the north coast of Australia, uneducated, illiterate, is strange stuff for a hero. His father will not leave the island because he has committed murder—one of those swift revenges which the law cannot overlook and pardon. As the boy grows in strength, disturbing desires arise in him. His father gives him reluctant release, warning him that the world has nothing better to give him than his home. His first patron, Cray, is an amateur sailor and adventurer after Robert Louis Stevenson's own heart. Mrs. Cray is a very modern figure, who enchants the primitive boy by her self-confident beauty and her chanting of magical verses. There is nothing of the poet about John Sherwin, however. His heart is set on more material delights. Mrs. Cray, coquetting with him, is almost swept off her feet, but the dilettante Cray with suave irony gives John his *congé*. Thereafter the boy takes his toll of life—or rather life takes its toll of him. He rises from utter degradation to material prosperity, has more refined sensual adventures, and finally marries a girl whose demure steadfastness keeps him constant.

Stefan Zweig is tainted with the morbid psychology of Freud. In "The Burning Secret" the boy Edgar, son of a beautiful erotic mother, is unpleasantly precocious. The author treats with considerable skill the episode of a mature woman, faithful to her husband and devoted to her son, tortured by an unworthy passion. Her admirer, too, is cleverly depicted. He is simply the "questing beast," well fed, vain, gorgeous in uniform, who has had many conquests and is utterly convinced of his own irresistible attractions. There is something extremely repugnant in the delicate small boy discovering by intuition his mother's folly and sensing the fulfilment of an intrigue. What can one say of a child who reasons in this wise:

"Even their manner towards each other is not what it was. They behave as though they had been naughty and didn't dare

* "God and the Woman." By Johan Bojer. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Shadow of Fear." By Nina Toye. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)—"The Mainland." By E. L. Grant Watson. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Capes.)—"The Burning Secret." By Stefan Zweig. 6s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

confess. They're embarrassed, they're concealing something. They've got a secret between them that they don't want to tell me. . . . I believe I know what it is. It is what books speak of, and it comes in operas when the men and women on the stage stand singing face to face with their arms spread out, and embrace, and shove each other away."

Little Edgar is no doubt clever, and he manages to kill the love-affair, but one cannot possibly imagine him growing into a decent man.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

AN ARCH-WANGLER AND OTHERS.*

The "arch-wangler"—quite a good new name for him—is Mr. Lloyd George; the others are President Wilson, M. Clemenceau and M. Briand; Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Hughes; Marshal Foch, Sir William Robertson and Sir Henry Wilson; and Lord Riddell, Sir Maurice Hankey and Mr. Philip Kerr: thirteen of them in all—"Makers of the New World."

One would like to be able to identify the "One who knows them." Not that he is a portrait painter of fascinating personality or transcendent talent but merely because the authorship of all such anonymous character-sketches intrigues one. A professional journalist, one feels sure he is, and in the camp of the Coalition. He has so selected and so dealt with his subjects as to throw the Prime Minister's qualities very ingeniously into the highest possible relief. He shows us Clemenceau "angry, stubborn and so obsessed with the wrong done to *la Patrie* that all vision for the vital need for allied unity was obscured"; President Wilson "vainglorious, tactless, pursuing uncompromisingly his own ideals of international relation"; Orlando, "hysterical and emotional." It needed all Mr. Lloyd George's magnetism, all "his genius as a tactician and conciliator," to keep such "conflicting elements in any sort of concurrence." Mr. Bonar Law, unlike these foreigners, was no hindrance but what a foil! With his drab temperament and depressed spirits! Mr. Balfour serves the same purpose almost equally well. A wonderful man in his way, Mr. Balfour: "To express a point of view, to bring an argument to bear upon any theme, at any time, is a delight to him. . . . But to feel strongly enough to be able to translate one side of an argument into action, and successful action, this he has never been able to do." And we are told how M. Clemenceau, after listening to him for twenty minutes on one occasion, inquired: "*C'est fini? Mais*—are you for or are you against?" As for Foch and Sir Henry Wilson and Lord Riddell and Mr. Philip Kerr, they are splendid fellows all, marvels of efficiency. But who discovered them and to whose credit must be brought the sum total of their many gifts? Why, Mr. Lloyd George!

The two most noteworthy sketches in the book are those of the oldest and youngest members of the thirteen, M. Clemenceau and Mr. Philip Kerr. Of the former some good stories are told. Of even greater interest is the description of the man himself:

"But they are not sympathetic, these piercing, sad brown eyes: they are the eyes of the cynic whose vision has pierced life to the quick, who has no illusions, no tender remembrances, who has ceased to rely upon mankind for help or sympathy; of one who, fighting all his life alone, against great odds, still finds himself at the end of it alone, and still fighting.

"'My wife was unfaithful to me; my children have left me; my friends have deserted me—but I have still got my teeth!'

"This savage outburst of his represents his attitude towards life and mankind. He lives alone on the meagre sum of 12,000 francs a year, in a tiny house, with one servant. He never entertains, never dines out, goes to bed at an early hour and rises equally early. When he was Prime Minister his colleagues were frequently roused from their slumbers in the early morning hours with messages from their Chief, who was already up and at work. When asked why he lived so, he said: 'I prefer to be alone. When I am by myself I can scold my servant if everything is not as I like it. I can grumble and be cross and she does not complain because she knows my ways.' There is something pathetic about this passionate love for solitude on the part of an aged man. It is as if he had tried everything life has to offer and found it wanting—the same instinct perhaps which would have driven a more religious man to a monastery. . . . One might even say that he has little use for friends and does not understand friendship. His colleagues in his Government did not escape his sarcasm. When they provoked him he would turn on them with all the tigerish ferocity which earned him his name and rend them until they cowered before him. Once, having been annoyed by the action of one of the members of his Cabinet who belonged to the Hebrew faith, '*Mon Dieu!*' he cried, 'there is only one Jew in France who does not understand finance and he is my Finance Minister!'"

In Mr. Philip Kerr, it would appear, Mr. Lloyd George had an absolutely ideal private secretary. After declaring that Mr. Kerr is a brilliant writer, too, and possessed of extraordinary knowledge of political affairs, our author proceeds:

"In appearance he is tall and thin, with a striking boyish face. He is loose-limbed and as to his clothes the less said about them the better, for he gives them very little thought. You get the straightest and most searching of glances from those deep and smiling blue eyes . . . His hair is brushed back from a wonderfully broad, high brow. It is an extraordinarily youthful face for one who holds so responsible a position and whose mind is such a store of experience. He is kept young perhaps by his philosophy and his creed, which do not allow him to meet troubles half-way . . but rather to give out to those around him help and joy and friendship, so that they instinctively turn to him when in trouble or need."

Mr. Kerr has no personal enemies, we are told, but there are people who distrust those smiling blue eyes of his and who see in him a sinister figure. To one set he is a crafty agent of the Church of Rome, to another the secret Head of the Bolsheviks in Western Europe.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

* "Makers of the New World." By "One Who Knows Them." 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

SOUTH-SEA MAGIC.*

What a book to read, seated perhaps in the familiar sameness of an English drawing-room, with a conventional caller expected, to partake of tea, and cakes bought at the perfectly correct confectioner's shop round the corner! These wonderfully picturesque recollections of strange people and strange food will waft the reader immediately into the land of enchantment. Such a curious voyage it was, from San Francisco, with the episode of the man like Christ, and the drowning Chinese! Then the approach to the island! Mr. O'Brien was already steeped in the ecstatic pictures painted of it by Bougainville, but here is the description of his own first hint of Tahiti:

"I drew a deep breath of the salt air, when there came to me a new and delicious odour. It seemed to steal from a secret garden under the sea, and I thought of mermaids, plucking the blossoms of their coral arbors, for the perfuming and adornment of their golden hair But sweeter and heavier it floated upon the slight breeze, and I knew it for the famed zephyr that carries to the voyager to Tahiti the scents of the flowers of that idyllic land"

Shortly after three o'clock the vision became reality, more marvellous, more exquisite, more unimaginable, than the conception of all the reveries of the author—a mass of towering green upon the blue water. Very fascinating is the account given of the hotel in which Mr. O'Brien stayed at Papeete. "What exotic life there was, beyond the clubs, the water-front, and the Asiatic quarter, revolved round the Taire, and entirely so, because of its proprietess, Lovaina. She was the best known and best liked woman in all these South Seas, remembered from Australia to the Paumotus." Perched on a camphor wood chest, the writer listened to the casual oral record of the spreading South Seas. On the same chest had sat many a churchgoing woman and dignified man of Europe and America, shuddering at what they heard; shuddering and listening to Rabelaisian passages of wit. Mr. O'Brien has much to say of the Tahiti women, who have the forwardness of boys, the boldness of huntresses, yet the softness and magnetism of the most virginal of their white sisters. Of the men, it is interesting to note in passing that they abhor beards, and their ghosts, the tupapau, have faces fringed with hair.

* "Mystic Isles of the South Seas." By Frederick O'Brien. 20s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We hear all about the men of different nationalities at the clubs—a queer lot; of the joyous scenes when a ship came in, of the trips here and there made by the author. The pages are full of clearly sketched impressions—one, particularly good, of a night walk by the lagoon, with a dozen island schooners swaying by the quay, scores of natives sleeping on verandas, and from the Chinese shop at the corner, the strains of a Canadian actor's falsetto, and above, the ripe moon dipping into the western sea. There are some delightful photographs. We have enjoyed the book; which is quite evidently written by a kindly, observant and tolerant man of the world.

A GOOD FIND.*

This is the prize-winner in the John Long £500 Prize Competition for the best first novel We had not read far before we discovered that Mrs. Morrison has the gift of being interesting. She deals in short, graphic paragraphs, and tells her tale without useless embroideries and reflections. This is much. Geoffrey Tremayne, the rich musical recluse, discovers Julian Cassillis down in Cornwall, leading the life of a fisherman; singing with his beautiful pure voice by the shore. Tremayne adopts Cassillis, and, in time, Julian meets young Iris Stapleton, "very demure, in a white dress, with a green bow tying up her thick plait of hair." She is a neighbour, whom Tremayne has decided to marry. But Iris is young and ignorant of Tremayne's scheme, and she likes Julian The writer has succeeded well in her portrait of the heroine, she is natural, inconsequent and feminine. Julian speedily loves Iris, a secret marriage is arranged; and she gives herself to him Owing to many unforeseen circumstances the marriage cannot take place, and Julian goes abroad. Then, after a time, Tremayne begins his wooing and Iris, unhappy and wretched in the knowledge of her past, yields to his persuasions and becomes his wife. A great love for Tremayne presently comes to her but she cannot bring herself to tell him her secret. The story is briskly and cleverly developed, and the scenes in Algiers are written ably and with careful attention to local colour. Obstacle after obstacle comes into the path of the unfortunate pair, but there is joy at last after full confession.

"He drew her into his arms, and Iris put hers round his neck, and clung tightly to him: and there, at last, was the peace she had craved, sought, and never until then found"

M.

AN ARMY CHAPLAIN AND A WAR ARTIST.†

Two authors, well known for their connection with the army, have recently published volumes of reminiscences—Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew the account of a nine months' lecturing tour in the United States and Canada, Mr Frederick Villiers the record of his half-century of adventure. Both are instructive and entertaining works, and in either case the entertainment enjoyed is derived as much from the attractive light the author sheds upon his own personality as from the number and excellence of his comments and good stories.

What a mine of good stories is Mr. Villiers's autobiography! A man who has received twelve medals and taken part in twenty-one campaigns, who has known Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, the Czar Nicholas of Russia, Lord Dufferin, Lord Kitchener and Cecil Rhodes; who can relate anecdotes of Lord Rowton, Sir Frederick Buxton, Prince Leopold, Lord Cromer, Sir Harry Johnstone and Forbes-Robertson, and who has watched the late Duke of Devonshire searching anxiously through his dispatch-boxes and finally producing for his reading *The Sporting Times*, has obviously all the material for producing a remarkable book. And with what skill, what good humour, what real zest Mr. Villiers has utilised his material! There is not a dull or a spiteful page in the two volumes.

The one outstanding fact that confronts one in Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew's impressions of America—a fact that will startle the man in the street and disconcert all good Protestants, is the extraordinary ramification of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. Wherever the Senior Chaplain to the Forces went, east or west, north or south, he found the cathedrals, the churches, the convents and the colleges of his communion. He claims that its adherents outnumber those of any other Christian body; and in a final chapter he ventures to prophesy that, inasmuch as Modernism threatens to desiccate the religion of all the Protestant sects, the Roman Catholic Church will eventually incorporate the great majority of those Americans who hold the faith once delivered to the saints. In other words the New World has been called in to redress the balance of the Old; the spiritual power which the Pope has lost in France, Italy and Spain he has gained among the English-speaking peoples of North America; and these peoples, united with those of Latin America in devotion to the Curia, will soon present the striking spectacle of an entire continent surrendered to the priests. It is a piquant forecast Whether it will materialise is a question which I have neither the space nor the inclination to discuss in these columns What I am concerned with is not so much "John Ayscough's" impressions of the religious conditions in the United States as his view of the social characteristics

His opinion of the American interviewer is not lofty:

"What I did say," he declares, "was never put down, and what was put down I had never said and never would say. Opinions directly opposite to those I had confessed were not only ascribed to me, but put as verbatim into my mouth in long screeds of inverted commas"

The general talk in America, he found, was of money, and that because, as Sir Robert Walpole said of another topic, in that all could join.

"They seem to make it," says the Americans' latest critic, "the life-test and the life-standard, to meditate upon it day and night, as if they could not stand up against it I doubt if they could believe in the sincerity of any other attitude. Imagination is not their strong point Of their National Civilisation they are proud; and they mean by it their National Wealth. They are given to think in terms of money A city is said to contain a million dollar Public Picture Gallery Every public building in the U S A is marked in plain figures."

Celebrities who are not celebrated seem to be as common in the America of the twentieth century as they were in that of Dickens:

"Americans," says John Ayscough, "have one unusual privilege—they are prophets in their own country. Martin Chuzzlewit suffered from this, and it is a peculiarity still remarkable The prodigies are not obsolete. Every neighbourhood is illustrated by their presence; every city has its school of prophets, and presentation to them is not difficult but inevitable. Americans are touchingly willing to admit the [super]eminence of people no more eminent than themselves"

It is of course distinction of some kind, or the reputation for distinction, that attracts Americans to strangers and that accounts for their extreme eagerness to know what strangers think of them, a trait half modesty, half vanity. But this distinction must be personal and not inherited:

"Americans as a people," one reads, "dislike royalty and nobility to the point of prejudice and bigotry. An aristocracy they appear sincerely to regard as one of the worst evils of a monarchy. Personal loyalty to a Sovereign is quite incomprehensible to them, and they seem to disbelieve in the possibility of its existence. The survival of royalty at all they regard as a bad joke."

In other words the American habit of mind in regard to a great many important questions is radically different from the English habit of mind. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew renders real service to the Anglo-American *entente* by emphasising this point and by insisting that as a race the British are no more popular in the United States than any other Europeans.

LEWIS BETTANY.

* "Good Grain." By Emmeline Morrison. 8s 6d. (John Long.)

† "Villiers: His Five Decades of Adventure." By Frederick Villiers, War Artist and Correspondent. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)—"First Impressions in America" By John Ayscough (The Right Rev. Monsignor Count Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew). 16s. net. (John Long.)

SOME SHORT STORIES AND A LONG ONE.*

The short story in England has never really come into its own. It is written under difficulties. Publishers discourage it; magazine editors emasculate it; most authors find their efforts better rewarded in the leisurely and lengthy novel than by exercise of that resolute concentration, dexterous construction, and felicity of phrase which are indispensable to a successful short story. Moreover, whilst writing, a man is harassed by the conviction that "they do these things better in France"—a theory which has been rubbed into him so continuously that it cannot fail of a subconscious effect.

Yet, when all's said and done, what an astonishing variety one finds in the British short story! "There are," said Schumann, "only seven notes in an octave"; but of these all music is begotten. From the reiteration, rearrangement, and sequence of these mere seven notes, mankind is endowed with creations as pole-wide apart as, shall we say? the Ninth Symphony and "Bubbles." In like manner, out of that limited range of possibilities which constitutes the gamut of human life (and it is a narrow range at its widest), out of re-arrangements and re-shufflings of personality and event, are evolved short stories so amazingly various that they may be said to have nothing in common.

Here, for instance, is "The Wolves of God," by Algernon Blackwood and Wilfred Wilson. In these "fey stories," as they are labelled, Mr. Blackwood is not quite at his best. One is bound to measure him against himself; and it is a matter of query why a writer naturally so abundant in ideas, so prolific of expression, should require the aid of a collaborator. His favourite supernatural black cat figures in the gruesome "Empty Sleeve"; his hankering after the old gods crops up again in "Vengeance is Mine." As a peculiarly creepy, if peculiar unconvincing tale, "The Decoy" should be avoided at bedtime. Of these fifteen compositions, "The Man Who Found Out" is the most impressively memorable—partly because it offers an insoluble enigma. Yet all are well told, unusual, effective; and each differs entirely from its fourteen companions in plot, in detail, in development. That is where the cleverness of the short-story writer comes in—the cleverness which I desire to extol.

In complete and utter contrast to the above is Miss Findlater's "A Green Grass Widow," whose title distinctly echoes her "Green Graves of Balgowrie." Four simple, reticent, sympathetic little stories of vagrant Scottish tinker-folk. Miss Findlater deals with these obscure, poverty-stricken people as though she loved them. She can invest harsh or squalid incidents with quiet fun and pathos, softening their crudities with a veil of tender tolerance. Behind the dry humour of these war-time incidents—never far behind—lies the sense of mortal tears. The distinction and quality which Miss Findlater can always give to portrayal of inconspicuous events are here plentifully manifest. And not one of these episodes bears the slightest resemblance to the fifteen "thrillers" in "The Wolves of God."

Next on the list is the achievement of that practised hand, Richard Dehan, who has produced so many volumes of similar calibre that one loses all count of them. "The Villa of the Peacock" is distinguished by "a certain liveliness," a marked if rather metallic brilliance, which notably differentiates these chronicles from those of Messrs. Blackwood and Wilson. They are so unlike Miss Findlater's *aquarelles* that no parallel is possible. The name-story reveals how a beautiful Polish anarchist, Ilona Levinsky, by a dramatic *coup* saved Aldobrando II of Spain, at the eleventh hour, from his would-be assassins. It is all very tricky and glittering and artificial. Exactly the same words apply to "The Formula of Brantin," to "Dorotéa et Cie," and indeed to the whole contents of this book. They are skilful, undeniably—skilful and adroit. But they ring hard and hollow; their mirth, like their pathos, is high-pitched, unmusical—emphatically of the stage, stagey. In "The Extraordinary Adventures of an Automobile," on p. 218, the Honourable Captain [*sic*] Yule-Multon has a "silky" moustache; on p. 230 he has a "waxed" one. Neither of these decorations is at all up to date. Why didn't he sport the popular "toothbrush"? This volume will serve to pass an idle evening, but will hardly do much to enhance the prestige of Richard Dehan.

"The House of Rest," by B. M. Croker, is pervaded by a curiously old-fashioned flavour. Nominally, it is about two pretty sisters of twenty-one and eighteen, who ran a select boarding establishment in their old-world village residence, with the result of exhausting their resources and constitutions. But there are so many middle-aged and elderly persons in the narrative that poor youth-and-beauty comes off a bad second. And although a curate and a captain are severally provided for the damsels, their love affairs are so impeccably correct, conventional, and tepid, that one sighs for an outburst, an outbreak, an outlawing, to ginger things up. As it is, the more turbulent emotions are confined to the elderly paying guests. The novel is pleasantly written; its rural tittle-tattle and small-beer chronicles will be enjoyed by those who have forgone the wild freshness of morning. But such sartorial items as "lilac dress," "pink silk sunshade," "black gauze," "gay evening gown," etc., are not quite in touch with modern terminology; indeed, they are more suggestive of George Robey's "good old has-been," and of the aforesaid elderly P. G.'s. However, the staunch adherents of B. M. Croker will welcome "The House of Rest" as readable and congenial. A cheerful domestic atmosphere surrounds the dramatis personæ, even when the heroines are at their most penniless; and one feels certain that the lovely creatures will not be allowed to perish of old-ladyism. No blush will be brought to the most sensitive cheek; no sleepless hour caused to the most neurasthenic. A comfortable chair in a country vicarage garden is the ideal spot for perusal of this amiable romance.

MAY BYRON.

* "The Wolves of God." By Algernon Blackwood and Wilfred Wilson. 8s 6d. net. (Cassell.)—"A Green Grass Widow." By Jane H. Findlater. 7s. 6d. net. (Murray.)—"The Villa of the Peacock." By Richard Dehan. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"The House of Rest." By B. M. Croker. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

A MODERN SATIRE.*

Last year, in "Tod MacMammon Sees His Soul," Mr. Adcock showed that satire was not, after all, a lost art; and now in his new poem he gives a still more eloquent proof of the fact. "Exit Homo" is dedicated to the memory of Edward W. Roper who, as the early pages of the poem itself serve to tell us, was an old man who, holding no conventional religious faith and no belief in a world to come, exemplified in his character and conduct, even when stricken with a mortal disease, something of the true spirit of Christianity which is unfortunately so seldom found in those who most fervently protest their allegiance to Christ. Dwelling upon the memory of this brave and happy old stoic, Mr. Adcock is stung into indignation by the contrast between the profession and the practice of most Christians, by the hypocrisy, dishonesty and selfishness that, because of that fundamental insincerity, characterises all "departments" of our present-day society. Is it any wonder, he argues, that the best of men should turn from the Christian teachings when it is observed how those who hold them habitually act?

> "Who could believe, when he had clearly seen
> What such beliefs to those who have them mean?
> What do they mean in our own Christian land? . . .
> Here Church and State walk closely hand in hand;
> Even atheist Premiers, prompted from on high,
> Create new Bishops when the old ones die, . . .

* "Exit Homo." By A. St. John Adcock. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

The bishops and clergy fare very badly at Mr. Adcock's hand; and who, when allowance is made for honourable exceptions, shall say they do not deserve it? But it is not only against them that the author inveighs. Modern business, politics, art and literature, all come under his scathing scrutiny, and he is particularly forceful when he turns to consider the dual rôle which science is so ready to fill:

> "Descending from her studious shrine apart,
> She stands and touts for bidders in the mart
> And, prostitute to high or low desire,
> Offers herself for hire;
> Once the sworn foe of suffering and disease
> She turns, for larger fees,
> From deeds beneficent and, proud to prank
> In uniform and military rank,
> Devotes herself to slaughter, and is paid
> For healing wounds that she herself has made,
> Doing for Death, in that insensate strife,
> As much as she has ever done for life. . . .
> How should she find that any soul is shown
> In man or nature—having lost her own?"

Space, however, is lacking for adequate quotation. It must be enough to say that Mr. Adcock's satire is at once impressively powerful and deliciously subtle, while frequently it sparkles with epigram. He has written a Tract for the Times that is much needed, and it is to be hoped that his rapier will pierce many thousands of too complacent bosoms.

Towards the end of the poem the author reveals his own faith in a future life that must redress the balance of inequality in this; and, returning at last to the friend in whose memory the book is written, he sets forth, by means of a very beautiful analogy, his reasons for believing that all is well with him. The closing pages of the poem are full of a deep tenderness, and the whole volume breathes the warm spirit of humanity that characterises all Mr. Adcock's work.

GILBERT THOMAS.

OUT-OF-DOORS.*

The Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen has written two entertaining volumes, which will be appreciated especially by young folk. He believes heartily that "people who do not at least nibble at the endless brain-stretching but not vexatious problems which their surroundings present, are missing a good deal, both of the meaning and the fun of life." "Nature all the Year Round" is a series of Nature talks—one for each week in the year. It makes a very attractive book in its green cover; it is full of clear illustrations, and the method of splitting up into paragraphs with titles is admirable. It takes the place of the author's "Natural History of the Year," but it has a much larger scope. We looked up at once the section entitled "A Wasps' Nest," and learned quite an array of facts that made us less impatient with the troublesome things. They are carnivorous, and destroy large numbers of injurious insects. Follows a description of their wonderful nests—hanging houses of paper. Professor Thomson goes on to chat brightly of the charms of autumn, and to discourse of the gossamer threads we often see at that time floating in the air—spun by restless spiders who, parachuting along, are borne on the wings of the wind from one parish to the other. The passage on "Autumn Fruits" is full of information which the average man will never have heard of. This is a book of books, and we turned with anticipation to its less ambitious neighbour. "Mountain and Moorland" is meant to interest intelligent people, holiday-makers included, in what is to be seen and enjoyed, inquired into and understood, in the wonderful Aladdin's Cave of the Hills. You must get it if you are going to Scotland. You must get it if you are going to Wales. You must get it if you are staying at home, sighing in a stuffy London sitting-room over past memories of the heather. You will be able to trace many things when you next go out on the moorland, to find strange plants in the bogs, to look with a new eye on lakes and tarns, and the birds of the heights—you, who are no naturalist.

We are grateful to Professor Thomson for his work; grateful particularly for its clear simplicity.

* "Nature All the Year Round." By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D. 12s. 6d. (Pilgrim Press.)—"Mountain and Moorland." By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D. 6s. (S.P.C.K.)

TWO AMERICAN NOVELS.*



Miss Carolyn Wells.

It is only proper that at the present moment, while we are being introduced to America's most distinctive contemporaries, we should have an opportunity of acquainting ourselves with the work of some of those other novelists who, with every new volume, are gaining more and more favour for their reliable and unassuming competence. Among such writers are Mrs. Cora Harris and Miss Carolyn Wells. Entirely different in their methods, they are certain to find a response on this side also, for in "My Son" Mrs. Harris has written a personal document as the wife of a "circuit rider" in the Methodist ministry, and a profoundly moving and human document it is. She tells of their son during his growth to the man he became; she confesses, "in spite of me," to the time when mother, son and daughter-in-law "all laughed together and love abounded." The various incidents and vicissitudes are tenderly recorded. The author's gift of sly humour, by which she pokes gentle fun even at her own Methodism, serves to make her narrative a thing of colour and homely beauty. When the child was born his father desired to name him after one of the apostles, preferably John. But the boy's mother would not have it. Her husband had himself been too much of a John in meekness and long-suffering. "If there was to be this kind of apostolic succession in the family I wanted one who could refer back to a military precedent, and who could and would cut off somebody's ears under proper provocation."

Miss Wells's book is of a different type. While the author of "My Son" is not only concerned about telling something, but about choosing her words with extreme care, the purpose of Miss Wells in "The Come Back" has been mainly to work out a very sprightly and fascinating detective tale. The intricacies of a plot that is set in the creepy environment of spiritualistic séances, a puzzling murder case and the inevitable detectives, are deftly unravelled, providing some thrilling moments. The Come Back himself, the young hero Peter Crane, is so called because though he was given up for dead in the Labrador Wilds, the faith persists that sooner or later he will return. The expressions of that faith are different with every one of his people. His parents find satisfaction in his "psychic" presence, while his fiancée believes that he will return in body—which he does in the end, welcomed by everybody except two—the spiritualistic medium, and another for whom his return is the worst possible tragedy.



Mrs. Cora Harris.

THOMAS MOULT.

* "My Son." By Cora Harris. 8s 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) — "The Come Back." By Carolyn Wells. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A LITTLE MASTER.*

The little masters are a very noble company—less awe-inspiring, perhaps, but often so much more companionable than the great gods. Who can feel for Dürer or Holbein the affection he feels for Altdorfer? What emotions do Milton or Wordsworth evoke at all comparable to those ever at the call of Cowley or Lamb? A few of the gods—Shakespeare, Blake, even Dante—have little moods; they allow you to unbend, not unbend themselves as Milton in his disastrous moments of fun; and one English genius, Christina Rossetti, has made the little so fragrant and heartrending that her devotees put her up beside the thrones of the great ones. One English genius—or must we not now say two? It were cowardice to deny to this book of Mr. de la Mare's the ascription, masterpiece; it has no parallel in our literature for its mixture of wisdom, fancy and caprice, except a few things of Christina Rossetti's, the "Tom o' Bedlam" which Mr. de la Mare quotes once more, and a few of his own poems. It is the life-story of a midget—a little lady rather more than twice as high as the china figures from Dresden or Chelsea which smile satisfaction from collectors' chimney-pieces Midgetine is no dwarf. She has not, that is, any deformity of body or mind. She is just a woman in miniature, but with a mind, a soul, a spirit more adult than those which usually inhabit common-size bodies. In a sense "Memoirs of a Midget" is a symbolic book, a fairy version of those prophetic books with which Blake thundered at the dull ear of a dense generation. We are an insensitive and susceptible people—very quick to take offence and very prone to give it, very easily on our own dignity and astonishingly careless of others Well, says Mr. de la Mare, would you ill-treat a midget? Imagine a perfect, complete woman, so small that a table can make her a house, and a flower serve for a parasol, would you laugh at her, geek at her, mock vulgarly at her—or would you be capable of treating her plight, her difference imaginatively? We all shriek, "Of course we'd be decent"; and Mr. de la Mare doesn't contradict us; he merely gives us Midgetine's life-story, and leaves the moral to us. Alas! it rings loud and plain enough. We judge, all of us, sinfully and harshly by appearances, and only walk delicately and discreetly when we approach those great mysteries our own selves and their painful and precious secrets.

The book is not, however, primarily prophetic. It is, as a piece of imaginative fiction, as rare as anything in English since Gulliver went a-voyaging. I will not pretend that Mr. de la Mare has Swift's vehement, fierce, intellectual passion; that were as foolish as to pretend that Francis of Assisi could have written the "De Civitate Dei," or Fra Angelico painted Michael Angelo's frescoes. There are gardens, however, open to Mr. de la Mare, secrets known to him, scents that blow for him which were unnoticed by Swift. If Dickens had really gone to fairyland he might have written some chapters of this book; but it comes nearest in spirit perhaps to Lamb, the Lamb who might have developed had he never seen his mother smitten by pain, or himself passed under the shadow of insanity. Mr. de la Mare is astonishingly, wisely sane. Mrs. Bowater, Pollie, even the rough Adam Waggett, are never caricatured; you are never allowed to forget that God made them, and that if He did not exactly make Percy Maudlin, He at any rate connives at his existence, and has for him, as for the scorpion and the "jigger," some use. It is not easy to give any specimens of the beautiful quality of the story. The book, written by Midgetine, has a unity unusual in prose and almost unknown in fiction. Here is a passage in which Mr. Anon, Midgetine's deformed, dwarfish lover, gives his version of a golden earth:

"He told me, whether in time or space I know not, of a country whose people were of my stature and slenderness. This was a land, he said, walled in by enormous, ice-capped mountains, touching the furnace of the rising sun, and yet set at the ocean's edge. Its sand-dunes ring like dulcimers in the heat. Its valleys of swift rivers were of a green so pale and vivid and so flower-encrusted that an English—even a Kentish—spring is but a coarse and rustic prettiness by comparison. . . . And such was the lowliness and simplicity of the people's habitations that the most powerful sea-glass, turned upon and searching their secret haunts from a ship becalmed on the ocean, would spy out nothing—nothing there, only wild-wilderness of snow-dazzling mountain-top and green valley, ravine and combes, and what might just be Nature's small ingenuities—mounds and traceries. Yet within all was quiet loveliness, feet light as goldfinches', silks fine as gossamer, vision as of a watery beading of silence."

There is no space to tell of the humour of the book, of its rare handling of Fanny Bowater, who bruises and almost breaks the Midget's heart against the steel of her vanity; nor of the startling power of the dreadful yet sublime episodes at the end when the Midget sells herself for a time to a circus that she may gain a greater freedom. Nowhere does Mr. de la Mare's imagination fail him, nowhere does he allow his fancy too great licence, or permit the beauty in the world to become a thing of mere sentiment. It is a sincere, serene book, written in a style which compares to many modern "powerful" styles as does the smooth flow of a great river to the violent, metallic gush of water from air-locked pipes.

R. E. R.

* "Memoirs of a Midget." By Walter de la Mare. 8s. 6d. (Collins.)

OTHER TIMES AND MANNERS.*

Here is a delightful book. It tells what the middle-class homes of England were from the Norman to the Georgian age. You have an inspired antiquary writing. Mr. Helm looks at the relics of our nation's past to see what the life has been, not merely to appraise the market value or the art value of old furniture. He is a connoisseur because he is a humanist The best kind of patriotism glows in these pages like a fireside warmth and ease. It has given us something novel, and makes a most persuasive plea to the piety of good Englishmen, namely, that certain typical houses which have escaped time's ravages should be now preserved and each of them furnished as an example of its own age. They are all within an afternoon's journey of London. Why should we not be able to visit them, and even to take a simple meal in them, served in character? Mr. Helm's imagination and love of country breathe so much life into dry bones that it will be strange if a beginning is not made with his amiable project.

As a mere reader I have to thank him for very rare and special pleasure. "Homes of the Past" is more to my quiet taste than "Puck of Pook's Hill," and has the same effect of making old times vivid, though it attempts no flights of fancy. It is written at a good time, just when "the physical fight to save a partly civilised world from reversion to utter barbarism is over," and when we are looking wistfully to the future of the great race cradled in England. If this charming project were made known in the Dominions and in America, whence at this time so many lovers of the Motherland have come to admire her modesties and beauties, I think it would find friends. Some of our visitors have warmer hearts for the cradle than we keep who have never left the hearthstone far. It is, perhaps, the daughter nations that are to teach the Motherland a decent pride. But no one can read this book without a new sense of his heritage, and a new kindness for the folk who come to life again unprescient of our times and homely.

It is surprising that so much remains of theirs. It is certain that nothing will remain long unless our piety desires it. But Mr. Helm has found these typical homes, not famous houses of the nobility and larger gentry, and in imagination has furnished them again with the household effects and manners they owned, of which his book is rich with chosen illustrations. They belong to the age of the Great Charter, at Boothby Pagnell, in Lincolnshire; the thirteenth century, Little Wenham Hall, near Ipswich; the age of Chaucer, at Alfriston, in Sussex; the time of the

* "Homes of the Past." By W. H. Helm. With 59 illustrations from pen and ink drawings by A. C. Chappelow. £2 2s. net. (John Lane.)

Roses, Ockwells Manor, in Berkshire; the Tudor period, Hall's Croft, at Stratford-on-Avon; the Restoration, No. 10, Neville's Court, Fetter Lane; the eighteenth century, No. 80, Pall Mall and No. 16, Queen Anne's Gate. Each house is typical, and some of these houses have personal associations that had invested them with romance already. Seen as they now are in a literary setting that revives the doings of their respective periods, all of them become important. As to their preservation, it is only an anxious matter in the case of two, which have ceased to be homes; and the proposal to secure them, or any of them, for such a body as the National Trust or the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, is naturally subject to the willingness of their owners to part with them. If this is found wanting, there may be others elsewhere. The proposal could not have been more gently made, or more attractively commended to public spirit

Incidentally Mr. Helm has much to tell of the losses due to neglect and vandalism, as well as to those enterprises and "improvements" which one generation undertakes at the cost of another with small concern for what is worth treasuring. His stories to this effect are disquieting; and in an appendix he prints the French law on the subject, which is in some respects better than ours. The book is admirable in design and get-up, a handsome addition to the good library. Its purpose apart, "Homes of the Past" must be welcomed alike by students of history and manners and by lovers of those kinds of good reading which derive their appeal from culture, taste and individual charm.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.*

Mr Fletcher is not one of those novelists—very brilliant men, some of them—whose art is a one-stringed instrument. He turned from writing the most charming idylls of Yorkshire life to give us some of the cleverest sensational novels of recent years, and he passes from these to starkly realistic stories whose comedy and tragedy are deep rooted in the characters of his north country men and women. Such a story was "The Valley of Headstrong Men," and it is not too much to say that "The Root of All Evil" is an abler and even more powerful study in the same genre. Jeckie Farnish is drawn cleverly, and without compromise, to the life. She has beauty and a certain charm, but circumstances have made her as hard and practical and sordid in her ideals as the dourest Yorkshireman that ever lived. At twenty-five, her mother being dead, she is managing the Farnish farm and household, and has her drunken, shiftless father and her younger sister, Rushie, very much under subjection. "I know what money's meant to me," she says harshly, "and what it's going to mean, and I'll take good care none goes by me so long as I've ten fingers to lay hold on it with." Her lover, under paternal influence, jilts her when her father is ruined, and he is no sooner married to his wealthy cousin that she starts breach of promise proceedings, and with the handsome sum they pay to placate her she opens a rival grocery business opposite to theirs and by her enterprise and shrewd management draws most of their trade away from them, with results that lead to estrangement between the father and son.

The story of her rapid rise to fortune and the unscrupulous ruthlessness with which she overreaches herself, is plunged into irretrievable disaster and loses everything, is unfolded with a convincing air of reality and holds the reader with a strong and cumulative interest. Yet so subtly is the strange charm of her personality conveyed that, for all her masculine hardness and stern common sense, she keeps the reader's sympathy throughout. She remains a very woman in spite of it all, and the whole story—well imagined and developed with a masterly sureness of touch—grows naturally out of the greatness and force of her character.

* "The Root of All Evil." By J. S. Fletcher. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)

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PROPHETS OF EVIL.*

Although the ordinary man continues to shrug his shoulders and somewhat impatiently turn the conversation to more cheerful subjects when the prophet of evil holds forth on the desperate state of the nations to-day, he no longer regards the prophet as being incurably mad. There is, he admits, "something in it." Really, it is much worse than he had imagined! But he does not yet believe that it need worry him except in so far as he suffers individually by it. The serious business of life—football, dead certs, the decline of England in sport—these must still engross his attention. And then so many of these prophets, as is the way of prophets, seem to be more interested in turning out true prophets than in considering the nature of their prophecies or in trying to ward off the truly terrible things they prophesy. For example, Mr. Robert Williams writes that "the Old Order is visibly breaking up," and he is all the more convinced because he wants it to break up. "To the Social Revolution," he says, "peacefully, if possible, but—the Social Revolution." And the ordinary man, vaguely uneasy but determined to be an optimist, snorts "Bolshevik!" and spots another—winner. Isn't Robert Williams an extremist? Well . . . ?

But Mr. Williams is not alone in his view of the present position. Another writer on economic problems, a writer much more thoughtful and thorough, expresses the same conviction in almost the same terms. "The present order," writes Mr. A J. Penty, "is doomed," and he gives reasons, deep and formidable reasons which cannot be ignored or smothered in the abusive epithet of "Bolshevik'" especially as Mr. Penty himself is one of the most vigorous anti-Bolsheviks in the country. The present order is doomed, Mr. Penty would inform the ordinary man—if the ordinary man were not too busy to listen to him—because it is based on the vicious principle of compound interest:

"In demanding that all money shall bear compound interest, finance is committed to an absolutely impossible principle, as must be apparent to anyone who reflects on the famous arithmetical calculation that a halfpenny put out at five per cent. compound interest on the first day of the Christian era would by now amount to more money than the earth could contain."

Now, is Mr. Penty right? A glance at the foreign exchanges in the financial columns of any newspaper, exchanges which preclude the nations, no matter what their politics or policies may be, from trading fully and freely with each other, and a careful study of the Budgets of the various countries of Europe will be almost enough to convince one that he is. What, then, is to be done? The first thing, Mr. Penty suggests, is the inauguration of the "fixed price" as a step in the direction of a "just price." This would check gambling—we call it speculation—in the things that ultimately control our very existence, and bring back money to its proper function as a medium of exchange. Money would cease to be an instrument of credit and exploitation.

The present system of unfixed prices leads to unrest all round. No Act of Parliament is going to have much effect on profiteers under a system of "selling in the dearest market" or charging "what the traffic will bear." Similarly in the industrial field. We have Labour fighting on questions of wage increases or decreases when, owing to present price fixing, as a matter of fact Labour never knows from one day to another what is the actual value of the wage it receives. But the question that next arises is: How are prices to be fixed? Parliament cannot be depended upon; its bureaucratic method is too clumsy for Mr. Penty. The only competent price-fixing instrument would be the Guild. The restoration of the Guild system is the key to the economic problem:

"When membership of a trade organisation is confined to employers it exhibits the vices of a trust. But when it includes every worker by hand or brain it will display the virtues of a Guild. For honesty and fair dealing will always find the support of the majority."

Another point insisted upon by Mr. Penty is that, as the present system decays, it becomes more and more imperative that we should grow our own food; and we can only do this by a revival of agriculture based on Guild principles. He has no views on the question of large or small holdings; he would leave that matter to the Guild to determine. On this point we get more definite statements from Mr. F. E. Green who, though a smallholder himself, is opposed to the development of small holdings. "The tractor has come to stay," and Mr. Green wants the large farm run on Guild principles, "where all are co-partners working in the interests of the whole community." He is as emphatic as Mr. Penty on the necessity for a *national* revival of agriculture, and his revelations of the scandalous misuse of land in this country are appalling. "If there is one industry which cannot be left to the tender mercies of private enterprise," says Mr. Green, "surely it is agriculture"—which will come as a surprise to many who had regarded collective effort as only possible in big centralised industries.

In his survey of the wage problem, Mr. Graham also is—moderately—eulogistic of the Guild idea, but that is about the only similarity between his book and most of the others now before us. So far from regarding the present system as being doomed, to use Mr. Penty's word, he seems to regard the rebuilding of society, more or less according to Guild ideas, as being possible within the existing order. A catastrophic change of any kind seems to him as impossible as undesirable. For the rest, for a man regarded as one of the coming leaders of political Labourism, Mr. Graham is woefully disappointing. Mr. Cole, on the other hand, as might be expected, puts forward a competent statement. He also is confidently looking forward to a definite breakdown of the present capitalist machine; and he is preparing plans for immediate use as occasion arises. For he clearly states that no "capitalist government" is likely to effect the changes in local government which he desires. By virtue of its composition and of its other duties, the State, he says, is a bad administrator, and, in any future desirable form of society, the huge mass of administrative duties that have grown up around the State must be transferred to other regional forms of social organisation. In every area—local, regional or national—Mr. Cole desires

"a body which I will call the 'Commune,' in which all these groups of elected persons (guilds, co-operative societies and local functional organisations) will be brought together for the common determination and discussion of vital questions of policy in which they are all concerned."

All of which would be very stimulating and helpful if all of us were convinced that the present system was breaking up, and we were determined to rear some sane structure upon its ruins. But all the evidence we have seems to indicate that the people with the power to initiate vast changes are convinced that these changes are not required. The others, to be quite frank, are almost in despair. What, for example, could be more frantically hopeless than Mr. Penty's conclusion? He sums up his case by stating that, finally, only one thing in the universe is capable of supplying the necessary new principle, and that is religion. . . . ! Perhaps he is right; but, if so, at our present rate of increasing *irreligion*, the future seems likely to be worse than even the worst of us had imagined!

ROWLAND KENNEY.

* "Guilds, Trade and Agriculture." By A. J. Penty. 5s. (Allen & Unwin)—"A New Agricultural Policy." By F. E. Green. 4s. 6d. (Parsons.)—"The Future of Local Government." By G. D. H. Cole. 5s. (Cassell.)—"The Wages of Labour." By William Graham, M.P., M.A., LL.B. 5s. (Cassell.)—"The New Labour Outlook." By Robert Williams. 4s. 6d. (Parsons.)

Novel Notes.

SCARAMOUCHE. By Raphael Sabatini. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

By far the best chapters in this novel of Mr. Sabatini's are those which deal with André-Louis Moreau's adventures with the Binet company of players. There is something of the rascally gaiety and scoundrelism of Scarron's

romance ; the life of the strolling players, their spasmodic generosities and heroisms, their servitude and baseness is very vividly rendered. André-Louis is the bastard son of a great Breton nobleman, who takes a leading part in the anti-revolutionary movement in those stirring, early days when Mirabeau was the lion of the reformers. His conflict with the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr is one of those vendettas which is apt to weary the reader. Mr. Sabatini makes it more tolerable by his device of making Moreau revengeful not for his own sake, but for that of his friend whom d'Azyr has murdered. There are many scenes of rhetoric : Mr. Sabatini has great skill in the picturing of crowds and the rendering of crowd-psychology ; and his account of the early days of revolutionary fervour at Nantes and Rennes are full of life and colour The love-story is a thought incidental, and we seem to have met Aline's rather tiresome, mannered type a hundred times before : she never once surprises, never is startled into natural behaviour. One turns gladly from the brief pages of love-making to those in which Mr. Sabatini writes well and sanely about the revolutionary ardour which travelled so quickly through France, like a fire which, at times misdirected, did, at any rate, burn on its journeys a great deal of very noisome rubbish.

GETTING RID OF ANNE. By Thomas Cobb. 7s. 6d net. (Nash)

Anne Strickland had a passion for the cinema and tried to introduce its romance and sensation into her quiet country life. Being also radiantly pretty and only nineteen she captured young men as easily as a flypaper catches flies. Always on the look-out for sentimental adventures, she throws herself into Gervase Emery's path by sinking down at the roadside just as he is approaching on his motor-cycle and pretending that she has sprained her ankle. Gervase falls into the trap immediately, and narrowly escapes making a fool of himself He is thankful that he does escape, though, when he meets Fenella Lawson, whom he has not seen for a number of years, and realises that she is the one girl in the world for him. Everard Newland, a friend of Gervase's and Fenella's, happens to have been chums with Anne's father out at the front and, Strickland being dead, Everard wishes to see " Miss Strickland " to tell her what he knew of her relative Fenella, like a good pal, offers to go and interview the girl in advance—not suspecting that Gervase has previously made her acquaintance—and impetuously invites Anne to stay in her London flat while looking for a job. When Anne and Gervase meet face to face there are amusing complications and Anne's yearning for romance becomes a source of great anxiety. It is altogether a delightful comedy written in Mr. Cobb's usual light, happy vein, with Anne in the centre, a lovable minx, despite her many failings

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The outbreak and first days of the Russian Revolution have provided Mr. Punshon with a dramatic background for his latest novel. His knowledge of Russian rural life and Russian characteristics lend the book a strong note of realism. Boris Markovich Vicker, with his insincerities and aimless existence, stands in sharp contrast to the keen, hard-working Englishman, Michael Welton, who is in charge of a Russian munition factory. Although revolution is in the air, few suspect that the country is on the verge of it, and it breaks suddenly, like a thunderstorm, sweeping into ruin the great families who have dominated the peasantry for generations. Michael has developed an infatuation for the beautiful daughter of Count Uskov, while Boris openly confesses his admiration for an English governess. Each man in turn has the chance of saving one girl from death, leaving the other, as he believes, to a tragic fate How each acts in the circumstances, how each emerges from the difficult test, forms the conclusion of a thrilling and

SIGNS AND WONDERS. By J. D. Beresford. 5s 0d net. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

There is a renaissance of the short story—that form of a great art which has been vulgarised by the facile writers of the fiction magazines J. D. Beresford is a faithful craftsman who never descends to the stereotyped. "Signs and Wonders" is not an impeccable collection of tales and episodes; but one feels, with the least satisfactory of them, that there is an impelling idea, something significant and momentous. The mystery of the Universe and the freakishness of humanity give to Beresford's completer creations something elemental which goes back to the vague and chaotic fears of men in the first twilight of the world. Such suggestions would be morbid but for Beresford's ironic and compassionate humour. "The Appearance of Man: A Play out of Time and Space," in which two men and a woman indulge in the most casual small-talk while the marvels of creation and the slow dawn of history are unrolled before them, is a triumph in contrast between immensities and nonentities. The subject is treated with a shudder of terror in "The Hidden Beast." In a little village a strange and surly man is asked by a curious visitor what impels him to the closest solitude and what to the occasional company of the tavern, while he is shunned by the village and by the very animals in it: "His face pleaded with me. 'There are times when a man is glad of company,' he said. 'I live between two worlds, the wild and . . .'—he paused before he rejected the obvious antithesis, and concluded—'the restrained.'" The man is an atavist, recognising that he is too wild and dangerous for the common life. Between the dusk and the dawn he indulges in primitive cruelties. He cannot restrain the savagery that is latent in the heart of the tamest civilisation.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SYCAMORE. By Carolyn Wells. 7s. 6d. net. (Lippincott)

A detective story in which no less than three people "confess" to having murdered the same man. The reader is led to believe that each of the three is trying to shield one of the other two, but the mystery remains unsolved until Fleming Stone, the detective, takes up the case. The circumstances under which the murder is committed are most improbable, and indeed the whole scheme of the story strains the credulity of the reader to breaking point. The book is packed with dramatic incidents, but one rather loses heart in following the adventures of people who behave always in the manner best calculated to further the plot, and not as they would do in real life.

The Bookman's Table.

THE PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT. By Michael MacDonagh. Two vols. 36s net. (Fisher Unwin)

It is well for Westminster that Ireland, in breaking away from its benches, has not broken with its gallery. That calamity would have robbed us of a useful leaven in the debate reports served up in the papers day by day, and might easily have deprived Parliament of its gayest annalist. Mr. MacDonagh has written freely and often of Parliament before, and the previous volumes to his credit on this theme alone are testimony that though its speeches are a nuisance, the British legislature remains one of the most fertile and entertaining topics in the world. This fact, of course, is capable of concealment at the hands of a dull chronicler, and it would be fair to say that of many descriptive writers who handle it to-day, either in the London or the provincial papers, there are not more than half a dozen who are read for anything but the news they have to convey or the party case they have to put. For one thing, there are not many departments of news where the conditions and the etiquette are so stringent, from the rules of privilege to the party or sectional interest a particular paper has to bear in mind Reading Mr. MacDonagh you forget that there are any limitations whatever. Accuracy is so natural to him, and he is so willing to make the best of everything, even in a discredited world like party politics, that he puts upon things a rosy complexion to which they had long been a stranger, and this without the slightest strain upon our sense of probabilities. His chapter upon the Speakership brings to bear around the subject an atmosphere of dignity and history which might easily disappear in the course of a full-sized treatise, and there is no doubt that he excels in the vignette or rounded sketch which is one of the finest arts of journalism. He is brimful of anecdote without allowing his stories to burden him or the reader, and he has a masterly sense of variety, proportion and arrangement.

PURE THOUGHT AND THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE. By Francis Sedlak. 18s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Schopenhauer, it will be remembered, was very rude about the Hegelians. He called them the most impudent of mortals and he declared that unintelligibility was introduced by Schelling, perfected by Fichte, and carried to transcendent heights by Hegel—very profitably. Mr. Francis Sedlak here presents, not so much a digest as a re-integration of the Hegelian logic, and it must be confessed that he is as obscure as his master; but at least he knows that profits will not accrue. The treatise, which is described as Volume I, has for its sub-title, "The Creation of Heaven and Earth." A second volume called "The Creation of Man on Earth" is to follow. In the first section of the present volume Mr. Sedlak discusses Quality, from Origin to "The infinitised finite and the finitised infinite." The next part deals with Quantity, and plunges us into Hegelian mathematics till we reach the fundamental Unity of

Quality and Quantity as transitory aspects of Measurableness. An elaborate discussion of measurableness and its application to the solar universe fills the concluding two hundred pages. It is impossible to discuss such a work in a short space. Students of philosophy, and especially of the mathematical philosophy we now associate with the name of Bertrand Russell, will not fail to make themselves acquainted with Mr Sedlak's elaborate treatise.

MOODS OF LIFE. By Arthur Lynch. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Arthur Lynch is a surprisingly attractive writer. Without many of the graces of the literary artist, his essays appeal by straight, kindly sayings. His new book, "Moods of Life," is the very salt and savour of modern journalism. Here are fifty-two essays on nearly every aspect of the mind of modern America and England, and all of them such as a man might read with pleasure and no great effort in the train from suburb to city. Mr. Lynch, the essayist, is not exactly a Stevenson in style or a Bacon in depth. His is the muse of common sense rather than of philosophy. Yet with him common sense is never that creed of the dull and vulgar that so often passes by the name; he has a finer sense of the value and nobility of life. "Politeness is an aid to efficiency," he quotes, and then goes on to show that it is something far more than that—some radiant covering to the inner splendour of man's soul. His book ends not on the note of worldly success, but in praise and defence of poetry. "All that is worth living for is the poetry of life" is a fine creed for the champion of common sense Mr. Lynch looks life straight in the face, and seems very well pleased with what he sees. More important, he gives the same impression to the reader He fully realises that man is a puny creature whirled through space in a minute world. What a splendid adventure, is his comment. One word more—for the raconteur. The book contains a most excellent collection of well-told stories.

A BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE ON INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD. Chosen by L. S. Wood 3s 6d. net (Macmillan)

An anthology of English verse on childhood should fill a long-felt want on the shelves of those book-lovers who are lovers of children as well "Poems on childhood are comparatively few in number and many of them are little known," says Mr L. S Wood, the compiler, in his preface to this anthology, just added by Messrs Macmillan to their Golden Treasury series. "They are scattered in many volumes by many writers, and the light they throw on the most beautiful period of human life is thus lost to persons who are interested in children but who are not regular readers of poetry." It is not a book for children, but a book about children which covers a wide range of time and ideas. It is too difficult to pick out for special mention any one poem from a book that is packed from cover to cover with freshness and charm

PLAYTIME GAMES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Emma C. Dowd. 5s. (Harrap.)

Parents, you must really endeavour to raise five shillings to purchase this most thrilling and happy book. In story form we are told all about many delightful games that are quite unknown to the average family, games that will engross your small folk on sunny afternoons, and games that will keep them gaily occupied on the disappointing wet days that chain them up indoors. There is a pretty young Aunt Ruth in these pages who really thinks of the most ingenious ways of amusing bored little boys and girls. "Hop and Hold" is a fine sporting game, which can be played outside or in an empty garret, providing you can raise a bit of chalk and a bit of stone to hold. There is a fascinating play called "Little Bo-peep," with sheep, wolf and mastiff, to be tried when guests come to tea, not to speak of descriptions of writing games and games of mental calculation.

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ASTARTE. By Ralph Earl of Lovelace. New Edition, with many additional letters. 18s. (Christophers)

A new edition of the late Lord Lovelace's uncommon book entitled "Astarte" (which first appeared in a limited issue sixteen years ago) has revived the ancient controversy concerning the relations which existed between Byron and his half-sister. It is a curious and unpleasant topic to have occupied the public mind on and off for over a hundred years, but when the accusation involved attaches to a distinguished literary man, who is also a peer, it is not altogether surprising that the subject remains one of perennial speculation and interest. It furnishes too a good battle-ground for those who like controversy. The evidence for the prosecution is not altogether conclusive—it would be difficult to adduce evidence in any case of the kind except an actual confession signed and witnessed. But when Byron's grandson, the late Lord Lovelace, felt it his duty (in the interests of the reputation of his grandmother, Lady Byron) to prove the charge, there can be little room to doubt its accuracy, especially in view of the documentary evidence that has been published in the new edition of "Astarte." Nevertheless there are still those who remain unconvinced, among them Lord Ernle, whose views will be found in a current review.

WHITE HORSES, AND OTHER POEMS. By L. A. Hurst Shorter. 5s. net. (Humphreys.)

Mr. Shorter's pen is very facile and too often runs away with him; and he is always a little too ready to adorn his tale with a moral:

> "How better can a man devote his life
> Than to the service of humanity,
> By using every energy to try
> To lessen all the suffering that's rife?"

These are typical lines—from a poem entitled "The Doctor." And here is the last verse of a poem in praise of "The Covenant":

> "Which covenant is named the League of Nations
> And, if fulfilled, will change the face of earth;
> Bless and enrich those future generations,
> Recipients of the firstfruits of its birth.
> O brother men, in divers lands and stations,
> Of willing converts let there be no dearth!
> Allow no *if* to prove inimical,
> But let your watchword ever be '*it shall!*'"

That is excellent propaganda, and we heartily subscribe to it. But is it poetry?

Music.

THREE MUSICAL INNOVATORS.

By A. EAGLEFIELD HULL.

II. ALEXANDER SCRIABIN.



Photo by E. N. A. **M. Alexander Scriabin.**

ALEXANDER NICOLAS SCRIABIN was born on Christmas Day, 1871, in Moscow, in his grandfather's house. The father, a young lawyer from Saratoff, and the mother, a piano medallist of the Petrograd Conservatoire, did not number forty years between them. When the baby was two years old the mother died of consumption, and the child was reared by its grandparents.

The boy revealed extraordinary talents at an early age. At five he could play from memory the smaller classics after having heard them once.* At eight he composed pieces, wrote poems, and manufactured miniature pianofortes, thus manifesting a precocious sense of form and accuracy, two qualities which characterise all his work. From nine to sixteen he was able to study music along with the ordinary curriculum at the cadet school for officers' children. Apart from Arensky, who refused to see any remarkable musical gifts in the young man, Scriabin was particularly fortunate in his music tutors: Conus, Zverieff, Safonoff and Taneieff.

Conus was one of the greatest teachers of orchestration who ever lived. Zverieff had many famous pupils, including Rachmaninoff. Tancieff's reputation as a teacher of counterpoint and polyphony is immense, and Safonoff's broad musicianship and knowledge of piano effect has a world-wide recognition.

Scriabin was fortunate also in his patron, Michael Belaieff, the millionaire merchant who founded a great music publishing house. He placed Scriabin in such circumstances of financial ease as allowed him to do his best work from the outset, and this practical friendship only ended thirteen years later with the death of Belaieff in January, 1904.

His compositions up to this date include the lovely Piano Concerto, the Reverie for Orchestra, the first three symphonies, the first four sonatas, and scores of preludes, nocturnes, mazurkas and other pieces for the piano.

This year marks the division between his first and more characteristic periods. In 1903 he left his tutorial post at the Moscow Conservatoire, the duties of which were not congenial to him, and abandoned (a particularly good word in his case) himself to composition. He lived for a time in Switzerland (at lovely Beattenberg), and then domiciled in Brussels, where he married again, and became a keen theosophist. His circle included Delville, Schure, Verhaeren and Mahrhofer. He played and conducted in New York, London, Paris and Moscow, and travelled up and down the Volga with the great and generous conductor, Kussevitscky, in pursuance of his mission for taking the finest of orchestras with the finest of music to the great cities of the Russian provinces. It was just before a repetition of this great enterprise that Scriabin died suddenly from blood-poisoning.

Between 1904 and the year of his death (1915) he had created his orchestral masterpieces, "The Poem of

* This easily superseding the marvellous cases of recording memory given by Bernard Shaw on p. xxix of his "Back to Methuselah."

Ecstasy" and "Prometheus," the Piano Sonatas, Nos. 5 to 10, and eighty-five other pieces in every conceivable style, form and colour.

Scriabin was born in 1871 and died in 1915: forty-four years. Debussy was born in 1862 and died in 1918: fifty-six years. It is instructive to compare the French master's contribution with that of the younger Russian.

After we have discussed the special qualities of Scriabin's music, we shall be bound to ask the question, Why is Debussy's music so widely known, and why is Scriabin's so little known? Comparisons may perhaps be odious; they are often helpful in arriving at a true appraisement in an art where true standards of criticism are so rare.

* * * * *

Although the 108 pieces up to Opus 30 cannot be too highly praised (and ignorance of them is a great loss to the true music-lover), in deference to my title I only propose here to make a few passing comments on such features as point forward to his finer creations.

I will first refer to what may be called his "harmony of rhythm," his polyphony of time-groups. Brahms has juggled with combined rhythms; so too have Reger, Arensky and Debussy; but no master of music has ever achieved the wonders of Scriabin in this direction. We find the prophecy of his great rhythmic powers already in the Concert "Allegro Appassionata," Opus 4, and we see it again in the spirited combination of the quintuplets of the right hand with the triplets of the left, in the second of the 12 Etudes, Opus 8, and in the odd rhythms of the third study in the same set. Here, by rhythmic means alone, the composer obtains that curious vibrational flickering which he achieves by polychromatic harmony in the later works, such as Opus 67, No. 2 (Preludes). In the 7th Etude of Opus 8 we already find the curious overdriving of the bass triplets; and long ere this we meet the downward drive of the bass arpeggio. The 8 Etudes of Opus 42 are all highly interesting in rhythm—nines against fives, threes against overdriven fives, nines and threes, threes against twos, and so on.

His harmonic achievements are suggested in innumerable passages in these early works, where one hears him continually experimenting with the natural overtones, pushing forward a note here and a note there, towards his new chord formations. Right from the very beginning we feel that whereas with Debussy we have merely a manner, with Scriabin we have a deep spiritual message. "Wings, wings, always wings, with Scriabin," Miss Heyman writes in her new book,* and Scriabin is already in etheric regions in that lovely little prelude, Opus 2, No. 2, written during the cadet period. There too can be found his wealth of tenor melodies in perfect freedom yet closest accord with the treble melodic line; for Scriabin is always the polyphonic composer. How could a pupil of Taneieff's be otherwise?

* * * * *

Scriabin's harmony is an altogether new element in music. Whether he achieved it through his scientific experiments, through the esoteric channels of his own

* "The Relation of Ultra-modern to Archaic Music": Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

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ideas on mysticism, or through an accident in his search for a union between sound and colour, matters little to us who are content to revel in the beautiful realm which he added to the world of sound. His harmonies have "a strange force and sweetness and eloquence, a new colour that seems to be compounded of the rarer vibrations of the ether."* This is because he concerned himself more with the *after*-tones than with the actual chords struck. He thus gives the piano a new singing quality never imagined before, supplying to a large extent the deficiency of sustaining power inherent in the nature of all percussion instruments.

With each work he focuses the cosmos anew. Notwithstanding the perfection of form and the fineness of meaning in his music, his singleness of aim—a higher consciousness—leaves nothing for the interpreter to feed his vanity upon. There is no ornamentation, no superfluity in his music, complex though it looks. He had to advance against opposition and discouragements, even ridicule; but he never wavered in his belief in the religion of art. He concludes his First Symphony (written at the age of 18) with a choral epilogue which is a Hymn of Glory to Art. In the Second (about 1900) we see the significant rhythmic ideas of the "Ecstasy" and "Poem of Fire" (Prometheus). The third, entitled "The Divine Poem" (1903), has a Prologue containing motives of Divine Grandeur, the Summons to Man, the Fear to approach, and three movements—"Luttes," "Voluptés" and "Jeu divin," representing various stages of spiritual evolution, the liberation of the spirit from fetters, and the self-affirmation of personality. The Fourth Piano Sonata (of the same year) has a similar cosmic view. The prologue contains two musical mottoes—the striving towards the ideal and the languor resulting from the struggle. We then have a movement of divine rhythmic play, and the ecstacy of the free, untrammelled spirit.

Five years intervene between this Symphony and the "Poem of Ecstasy" and the Fifth Sonata, both founded on a poem by Scriabin himself, from which he quotes:

> *"Je vous appelle à la vie, ô forces mystérieuses!*
> *Noyées dans les obscures profondeurs*
> *De l'esprit créateur, craintives*
> *Ébauches de vie, à vous j'apporte l'audace."*

The Sonata is in advance of the orchestral "Poem of Ecstasy," just as Sonatas 6 to 10 go immensely forward from the orchestral "Poem of Fire" (1909-10). The Sixth and Seventh Sonatas belong to 1911, and the last three to 1913. The "Ecstasy" represents a series of continually baffled spiritual struggles, each however one stage nearer its goal. "Prometheus" is a nutshell-cosmic philosophy portraying the evolution of the Ego from embryonic life to perfect realisation.

Each of the later sonatas would require an article to itself. Sufficient has been said to indicate the strange spiritual content of Scriabin's music, a content which is seldom grasped by the numerous piano "recitalists" who play his music merely for the sake of being in the swim.

* * * * *

In a lecture given early this year I asked how it was that Debussy's music was so widely known and the far finer and more important music of Scriabin was comparatively little known. One answer was given: "French music has been exploited by publishers, performers and teachers in a very practical way. The Russians have always, in these things, been the most unpractical, unworldly people on earth." Another answer I received in June when, in the space of two days, four recitals were devoted entirely to Scriabin, without the recitalists having any knowledge of one another's intentions.

* E. Newman.

THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC. By Arthur W. Pollitt. With an Introduction by E. T. Campagnac. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

This agreeable volume is meant for the untrained hearer—the kind of man who rather likes the sort of noise he hears at a symphony concert, but doesn't understand anything about music, and wishes he did. He will find here a great deal to enlighten him. He will find, chief of all, a fiercely sincere author, who contends firmly and grimly for what may be called the intellectual aspect of music. Music to him is not merely a collection of sounds producing (or preventing) slumber after dinner, but a great emotional art, built upon strong and sure intellectual foundations. And so he takes the reader through the main forms in which music is written. Some, like the sonata, he explains very elaborately; some, like the fugue, a little inadequately. The chapter on fugue begins excellently, but it leaves off much too soon, and our supposed unmusical hearer won't get a great deal from it. We think the author's manner a little lacking in persuasiveness, but on the whole he has done well. The beginner needs to be told something very definitely and clearly. Mr. Pollitt is very clear and his book is therefore very helpful.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

MIDSUMMER. By Michael Felton (Schott)

Full of movement, these are indeed "six bright pieces," though we wish the cover had not announced this fact before we found it out for ourselves.

TWO STUDIES OF BELGIUM. By John C. Holliday. (Renaissance Music Co.)

Though none too easy for the average player these pieces are to be recommended for their descriptive qualities, and the feeling and sense of atmosphere they convey.

POETICAL STUDIES. By Alec Rowley. (Edwin Ashdown.)

Dainty and tuneful, these five descriptive pieces could be rendered effectively by those who, while lacking great technical efficiency, yet have moderate skill and imagination.

FOUR HUMORESQUES. By John R. Heath (Enoch)

Variety and originality distinguish these four Humoresques. They are of medium difficulty to play, and will repay careful study.

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A medley of Old English nursery rhymes is worked into this sparkling overture by Roger Quilter. It is a delightful and refreshing piece of work which should be a great favourite with children of all ages.

"ONCE UPON A TIME——" By Herbert Howells (Stainer & Bell)

An expressive suite for piano, "Once Upon a Time——" includes such fascinating subjects for children as "A Lonely Princess," "The Dark Forest," "An Angry King," "Shepherd Boy," "Good Fairy," "And They Lived Happy Ever After." The themes are well conceived, attractive and full of imagination.

FOUR MINIATURES. By Reginald Thatcher. (Augener.)

These four Miniatures by Reginald Thatcher are all short, simple and effective. An admirable quartet for those who desire the not-too-difficult picturesque.

The Drama.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

BY ANTHONY CLYNE.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé **Mlle. Anna Pavlova.**

THE philosophy of dancing, from the æsthetic and all other aspects, has not yet been thoroughly explored, though Plato, Diderot, and Herbert Spencer have all made partial examinations of the subject. The lack of any comprehensive treatment of it is brought to our consciousness now as never before by the Russian Ballet. For this is a wonderfully beautiful creation, surely the most beautiful that has ever appeared on the stage. Many volumes have been filled with the results of patient investigation into the principles which underlie, for example, the art of music. There is no real difference in the subtlety of any of the arts, only in our degrees of insight into their fundamental laws. Consider the histories of music, the careful studies of its phases, the analyses of individual composers. Had dancing evolved in the same manner, as it might in other conditions have done, it would have achieved as much for the human spirit, and as much thought might have been devoted to its study.

One feels this especially now, because in the Russian Ballet dancing manifests itself in the most perfect form it has yet attained, and it does so by amalgamating itself with the other arts. Painting, dancing, and music are combined as never before, and by their amalgamation a new and tremendously effective art-form is brought to birth. At the end of last century the idea of appealing to the spirit through all possible artistic channels at once, of fusing the arts to weld them into one instrument with multiplied force and delicacy, was a favourite dream of a few French enthusiasts. The Russian Ballet is the nearest approach to their ideal yet made.

Dancing is as ancient as any art, but this is the entry on a new stage, when the possibilities of movement and gesture are made manifest as were those of music by the invention or discovery, for both words are accurate from different aspects, of the scale. The Russian Ballet is not so much the latest and finest exposition of an old art as the first and inspiring beginning of a new one. The old ballet was discredited and lifeless. It was discredited as a crude music-hall display, popular only with the type of audience whom an exhibition of female legs and busts attracts, the more or less skilful movements of the dancers being a mere excuse for the introduction of this exhibition. It was lifeless as a feeble survival in certain operas. Its movements became conventionalised. It was content to copy preceding models, until all vital inspiration

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faded. It was accompanied by music, but it was not indissolubly wedded to music. The music was ballet music, but the relationship was not much closer than that between the words and the music of the countless ballads to which suburban drawing-rooms resound. "The Good-Humoured Ladies," for example, has Scarlatti's "pattern" music, music very lovely in itself, designed with dainty fascination. But for the comedy of Goldoni any other might have been substituted, so long as it had daintiness, exquisite, sentimental, pretty allurement. There was no marriage of the spectacle and movements on the stage with the music, merely a pleasant adjustment. One might have fitted another plot to the same music, or other music of the same period and nature to the same plot. Their parallel appeals were cleverly joined. In the Russian Ballet the appeals are not parallel; there is no fitting together. There is only one appeal: the ballet as a whole, music, dancing, and decoration making one indivisible art-form.

The decay of the old ballet was largely caused by its association with opera, in the more attenuated of which it survived as an antiquated nuisance. In the "Huguenots," an excellent example of the preposterous, irrational pre-Wagnerian opera, in which, as George Sampson candidly expresses it, "what was too stupid to say was sung," it was an incident endured patiently as in keeping with the senselessness of the rest of the opera. In "Carmen" most of the audience were more resentful, deeming it an illogical intrusion into the action. In "Faust" it ceased to be tolerated as a boring interruption, and was discarded. The reason it survived even in a feeble fashion was that the operas themselves were built on such ridiculous foundations, that an irrelevant diversion in a conglomeration of irrelevancies was allowed. But Wagner rationalised opera. The generations that succeeded him have learnt to demand a marriage of words and music, not merely a parallel movement, an artistically symmetrical and rational plot intimately related to the music. Ballet in such music-dramas became an excrescence no longer to be tolerated. Imagine a ballet in "Fédora"! It is unthinkable. A hero in Norfolk tweed suit and plaid stockings dancing in a ballet! Operatic ballet died. It had come into existence only as the union of two things utterly conventional, artificial, irrational, ridiculous, one supporting the intellectual and æsthetic feebleness of the other. When one emerged into genuine artistic power, it discarded the other.

Only when ballet was ousted from opera could it come into its own. Freed from the bonds of dramatic singing, it began to exhibit a vitality of its own. Even Wagner and his school have not entirely subdued the tremendous difficulties of wedding words and music, a combination which is condemned to travel near the verge of the absurd, and by one false step, so easily taken, enter the ridiculous and be plunged to destruction. Only in a brief lyric can words and music possibly be free from this danger, simply because of its shortness. In any longer action, in any love-making or despairing or dying or revenging or envying, duets and solos are imperfect modes of expression. Words are too definite to amalgamate with the perfect fluidity of music. But dancing itself is perfectly fluid. When emancipated from the intellectualism which opera demands, because of its verbal form, it becomes possible to amalgamate it absolutely with music and painting as an expression of emotionalism.

This was accomplished in Russia by a fortunate concatenation of circumstances. The clearest exposition of the reasons for the Russian origin is to be found in Ellen Terry's "The Russian Ballet," published some six or seven years ago. At the same time there happened to exist in Russia all the ingredients of success—a people in whom enthusiasm for its peculiar qualities could be evoked, owing to their racial temperament, the essential patronage of the Imperial Court and the wealthy nobility, a school of highly-trained expert dancers to interpret the ballet, brilliant artists of precisely the required nature of talent to provide its decoration, composers of precisely the required nature of genius to supply the music, maestros of unrivalled skill to arrange the themes.

Ballet of the type of "The Good-Humoured Ladies" was but dainty, fascinating, graceful, like a fine lady in silks and satins. Any deeper, darker emotions were impossible. They would have fractured the delicate cup of sparkling champagne. The Russian Ballet became capable of expressing other things—fear, revenge, horror, the abandonment of passion and its painful ecstasy. It was at times terrible and majestic as a warrior armed and fighting bloodily for life. Into it was poured draughts of greater potency, intoxicating, viscid, dark, as well as merely effervescent and exhilarating.

This is the significance of the Russian Ballet and its immense artistic importance. Pavlova, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Lopokova, and the others are not successors of Taglioni, Grahn, and Cerito. They are exponents of a new art-form, in which there is an overpowering amalgamation of arts, and the music of Rimsky Korsakov, Stravinsky, and the rest is no longer the accompaniment of the old ballet, but an organic part of the whole. The whole difference may be realised by comparing "The Good-Humoured Ladies" with "Petroushka," in which colour, movement and sound are blended to bring a flow of impressions—a crowd at festival time, now of pity for these half-human dancing dolls, now of the grotesque and bitter irony of their fate, of love and folly, luxury and human sadness. Better still is comparison with "Scheherazade," passionately barbaric, grimly humorous, gorgeously ghastly. Words might partially crystallise these fleeting impressions, but they would destroy their peculiar power. The wild passion of abandonment in that scene where the white women of the harem let in their dark-skinned lovers and the whole stage is riotous with colour and rhythmic movement—what have words to do with this?

THE CRAFT OF "QUALITY STREET."

A rather dangerous experiment, the revival after a tale of years of Sir J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street" at the Haymarket—but an amazing success. One had expected that the emancipated girls of to-day would have had nothing but contempt for Miss Susan Throssel and her sister, "Phœbe of the Ringlets," trembling with fear and delight in the presence of "dashing Valentine Brown"—

a simple, harmless creature enough—but the women in the audience enjoy those quaint old tremors of the Peninsular and Waterloo days immensely, and every one laughs heartily while Barrie is laughing at himself.

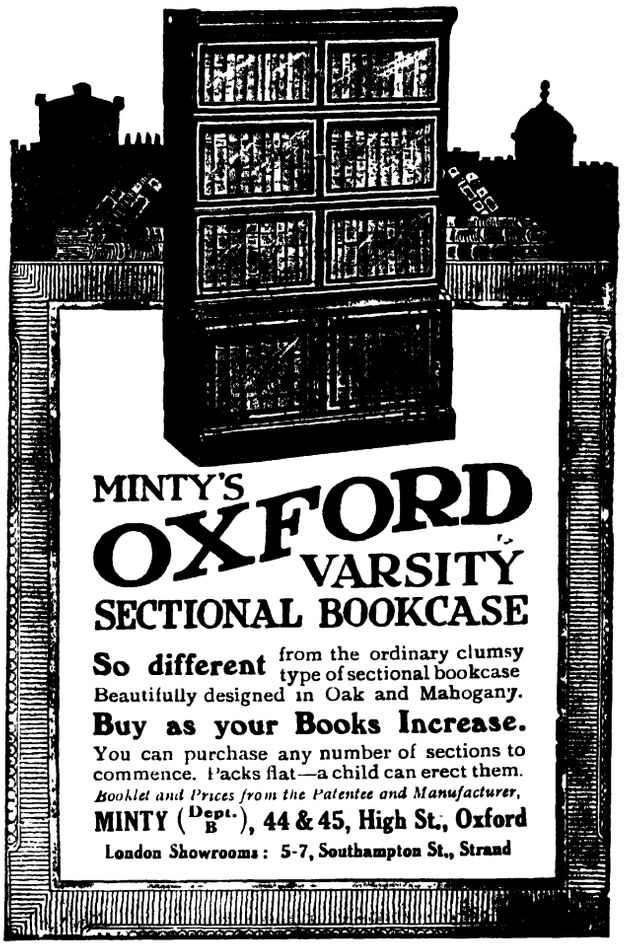
Barrie has been always, to his own infinite disgust, an inveterate sentimentalist, and even went to the length of killing himself in the person of "Sentimental Tommy." The subject of "Quality Street," with its air of decorum, its potpourri and spinet music, must have been a tremendous temptation to him to revel in sentiment, and he did. That period of utterly helpless women whose lives were corroded if they did not marry before twenty-five at latest, appealed to Barrie's sensitive heart, and then when he had got the sighs and the tears exactly, he escaped mawkishness by a gentle ridicule of the airs and graces of an epoch as artificial as the age of Anne. We love Phœbe, not because of her silly misunderstanding of Valentine Brown's intentions, but because of her vivacious malice in tricking Captain Brown when he returns from the wars, majestical and lacking an arm, into the belief that she is her own niece, Livvy—a niece who does not exist We admire Miss Susan not because she is a hopeless failure as a school teacher, but because she is more than a match in artfulness for the inquisitive Misses Willoughby and all the other Quality Street gentlewomen

I noted with surprise that several of the critics of the daily Press commented on the old-fashionedness of "Quality Street," and were most superior about its out-of-dateness. As a matter of course, this is a play that will not age. It is one of those comedies of manners which marks the characteristics and hits off the foibles of a period In the days when people in England talked with bated breath of the Corsican Ogre's appetite for babies, many impossible things were believed in. To us the idea of middle-aged Phœbe so successfully disguising herself as the girlish Olivia that she deceives all sharp-eyed Quality Street as well as alert Captain Brown, is absurd, but such a device was one of the permitted ruses of the age One might as well blame Oliver Goldsmith for turning Kate Hardcastle into a barmaid in "She Stoops to Conquer." "Quality Street," if it had its full complement of Barrie wit, would take rank with Sheridan's and Goldsmith's comedies; but Barrie elected to throw in his lot with the unhumorous charm of Susan and Phœbe, and has given us a couple of prose cameos better than Fanny Burney's and equal to Jane Austen's.

Miss Fay Compton was altogether fascinating as Phœbe, but had scarcely enough vivacity and fragility for the earlier scenes. Miss Mary Jerrold's Miss Susan was an unforgettable piece of exquisite acting. She was an adorable elderly spinster. Leon Quartermaine's Captain Valentine Brown—"so dashing"—was a manly performance. He spoke the most sentimental lines as if he actually meant them. Hilda Trevelyan's Patty is the triumph of great art in a small part

HOW SYNGE WROTE "THE PLAYBOY."

The revival of J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World" was a happy inspiration of Mr. J. B. Fagan's. Put on at the Court Theatre for a month, this masterpiece of our modern day still draws intellectual London, and will run well into the autumn while inept comedies, vulgar farces and brainless revues are falling like shrivelled autumn leaves. Maire O'Neill as Pegeen Mike, Fred O'Donovan as Christie Mahon ("The Playboy"), Sara Allgood as the Widow Quinn, and Arthur Sinclair as Michael James, Pegeen's father, are a marvellous band of players, displaying that splendid unconsciousness of an audience and implicit attention to the business of the play which is the essence of true dramatic art. Looking at them one was not aware that the four walls of a theatre existed. It seemed as though the playgoers were transported to the rich life of a little country where romance and realism walk hand in hand.



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Changes have been made in the cast to provide for the production of the play in America, but the level of acting at the Court has not diminished a jot.

"The Playboy of the Western World" is made of the fantastic stuff of "Don Quixote" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," but it has an elemental rustic simplicity that Cervantes and Rostand did not reveal, though the former's Sancho Panza has the peasant's craft and jollity. "The Playboy of the Western World" has an appeal to the whole world, though its characters centre round a rough-and-ready public-house in a small village in Mayo. The play owes nothing to scenery and less to costume. The whole wonder of it is in its language. There are parts of Ireland still where Elizabethan English is spoken with the idiom of the Gael. It is quite certain, however, that in no corner of the sister island is such dialogue spoken as Synge puts into the mouths of his characters. Like all great artists, he sifted the gold from the sand. The Aran Islands, where he spent his last years, were his treasure ground, and he extracted from the racy, poetic talk of the dwellers there the wonderful fabric of the most virile play that Europe has known for generations. As his most defiant admirer, Mr. Ernest Boyd, suggested, he so completely identified himself with the life of the people, and so thoroughly coloured his vision with the Gaelic spirit of his original conception, that he could create where others reported.

Synge was the interpreter for whom Ireland waited. He was a linguist, a critic, a traveller, and in all his roamings he studied speech as painters study colour; but he admitted that nowhere except in Ireland had he the material of his dreams to his hand. "In countries," he wrote, "where the imagination of the people, and the language they use, is rich and living, it is possible for a writer to be rich and copious in his words, and at the same time to give the reality, which is the root of all poetry, in a comprehensive and natural form."

That is Synge's golden secret, but its application will remain a mystery to all but those who have the genius to transmute scattered sayings into dialogue tense, yet easy.

Half a dozen unlettered peasants, including a would-be parricide, a shrew, an evil woman, a weakling and a drunkard—these are difficult figures to write a great play round. Synge, the magician, did it, and fashioned Ireland's greatest poetic farce.

L. J. McQ.

THE EDGE O' BEYOND. Garrick Theatre. Adapted by Roy Horniman and Ruby Miller from the novel of the same name by Gertrude Page.

I have never been to Rhodesia, and after seeing this play I have no desire to go there. Apparently the air of that country has something in it that causes nice young Englishmen to smoke cigars during tea; to take semicircular bites out of enormous pieces of cake and then talk with their mouths full; to utter cheap cynicisms and melting sentimentalities alternately; and generally to behave themselves in a manner that I have never seen equalled—even in a subaltern appointed Assistant Provost-Marshal in a rural area. This dreadful atmosphere casts its blighting influence also on a woman ("Dinah"), arousing in the audience a wild desire to spank her and put her to bed—if only to stop her breathless enthusiasm. One woman, however, is proof against the poison—Miss Doris Lloyd, whose Joyce is like rain on a parched plain. From the beginning she remembers that she is impersonating a human being, and at the end of the second act she rises to a painful situation with real power. The other members of a large cast are "easy victims" to the disease; one feels that they are struggling more or less gallantly against influences too strong for them. The agony of the "rollicking fun" is only exceeded by the torture of the solemn crises which occur at almost regular intervals. The play should run for quite a long time, for it contains a lot of extraordinarily dull dialogue of the explanatory type and a vast number of utterly improbable situations.

F. D. G.

SECOND PLAYS. By A. A. Milne. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

> "Mr. Hilaire Belloc
> Is a case for legislation ad hoc.
> He seems to think nobody minds
> His books being all of different kinds."

Thus Mr. Chesterton: the same genial compliment (for in these days of popular writers, each exploiting some commercial "stunt" *ad nauseam*, it *is* a compliment), is due to Mr. A. A. Milne, whose new book contains a children's play, two widely different types of fantastic comedy, and two little studies of a grimmer kind: each quite distinct, yet all shot with that delicate unmistakable personality of authorship which, as Mr. Milne suggests wisely in his preface, is inseparable from genuine creative art.

In the same preface (which it is a shame to quote: if you want to know why, read it!) Mr. Milne complains that "the difficulty in the way of writing a children's play is that Barrie was born too soon." Yet his art has little in common with that of Barrie; Barrie's strength lies mainly in the born dramatist's gift of visualisation, in little telling touches of stage "business" and position, on which Mr. Milne relies hardly at all. His "Make-Believe" is a delightful story, rather than a play; but it is a story of real children, seen with a child's eyes, not through the spectacles of a grown-up and (dare we say it?) slightly cynical uncle.

Of the more serious plays, "The Camberley Triangle" is "How He Lied to Her Husband" brought up to date. But it is finer stuff than Mr. Shaw's; what it loses in hard brilliancy it gains in sincerity—that kind of vital simplicity which looks so easy till one comes to do it. It has some brilliant dialogue too, as when the returning war-husband surprises a lover with his wife: he suggests that each shall have five minutes alone with her to state his case. . . . *The Lover:* "Five minutes in which to tell her lies about me, eh?" *The Husband:* "Damn it, *you've* had a whole year in which to tell her lies about yourself; you oughtn't to grudge me five minutes." From a dramatic standpoint, "The Camberley Triangle" is the best thing in the collection.

The two fantastic comedies, "The Romantic Age" and "Mr. Pim Passes By," will be, to playgoing readers, the most familiar section of the book. Here again Mr. Milne's realism is the dominant note. Now "realism," like "bigamy" in "Mr. Pim," is "an ugly word, isn't it?"—suggesting slum life, sordid passions and the like. But Mr. Milne's is not that kind; it is the mellow fruit of loving observation, the romance that lurks in little well-known daily things—swindlers and stockbrokers, bread-sauce and bacon-fat and bull's eyes, old gentlemen whose idiotic absentmindedness leads very nearly to disaster—but not quite. For the sunny temperament of Mr. Milne shines through his work, outbluffing melancholy. Ever loath "that Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close," he prolongs make-believe to the full prime of adolescence. He is the apologist of youth.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

PLAYS TO BE SEEN.

"Quality Street," by Sir J. M. Barrie. At the Haymarket.

"Abraham Lincoln," by John Drinkwater. At the Lyceum.

"If," by Lord Dunsany. At the Ambassadors'.

"The Playboy of the Western World," by J. M. Synge. At the Court.

"The Knave of Diamonds," by Ethel M. Dell. At the Globe.

"The Beggar's Opera," by John Gay. At the Lyric, Hammersmith.

"Threads," by Frank Stayton. At the St. James's.

"A Bill of Divorcement," by Clemence Dane. At the St. Martin's.

"Bull-Dog Drummond," by "Sapper." At Wyndham's.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C 4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The literary contents of the November Bookman will include articles on "Lord Rosebery as Essayist," by the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell; on "The Poetry of W. H. Davies," by Thomas Moult; "Portraits of the Nineties," by R. Ellis Roberts; "Rabelais," by C. E. Lawrence; "The Craft of the Short Story," by Douglas Newton; "Stravinsky," by Dr. Eaglefield Hull, etc.

The "Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury," by Lady Gwendolen Cecil, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. John Masefield's new poem, "King Cole of England," a short story in verse, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Heinemann. It is to be illustrated with pen and ink sketches by Judith Masefield.

In "From Private to Field-Marshal," which Messrs. Constable have just published, Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson has told the story of his own life—a frank and delightfully intimate account of a romantic and brilliantly successful career.

Mr. Frank Mumby is following his history of "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart" with "The Fall of Mary Stuart: A Narrative in Contemporary Letters." The book will be published by Messrs. Constable, who are also publishing "Crowding Memories," by Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, wife of the American poet, who has recollections and anecdotes of Dickens, Mark Twain, Lowell, Oscar Wilde, and many another.

"Oliver Cromwell," Mr. John Drinkwater's new play, is to be published this month by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, who are publishing also his new book of poems, "Seeds of Time."

Most men before they write their reminiscences wait until they grow old, and so, forgetting some things and having lost touch with others, get everything out of perspective. Mr. Stephen

McKenna has taken Time by the forelock and in "While I Remember," which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing, has written down his recollections before the bloom has gone from them. In particular, he gives a view from the standpoint of youth, by a man still young, of the social, political and literary aspects of the time we have just come through

With the death of Mr. Austin Dobson, in his eighty-second year, we lose one of the most charming and distinctive of the lesser Victorian poets and essayists. The eighteenth century was his province; his "Horace Walpole" and "Henry Fielding" are little masterpieces in biography, the Fielding especially, which drew an enthusiastic eulogium from James Russell Lowell; his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," "Old Kensington Palace," "At Prior Park," and other essays in eighteenth century life and literature have the familiar ease and graciousness that belong to Goldsmith and Addison; but it is as a poet perhaps that he will remain, at last, in the world's remembrance. And in his verse, too, he has caught the finer spirit of the eighteenth century—its airy wit without its coarseness, its grace, its courtesy, its delightful artifices of manner and style, and to these he added a tenderness and delicacy of feeling that are all his own. He is of the line of Prior, but with a more exquisite fancy, a daintier touch. He did not aspire to tread the higher walks of poetry; he knew the measure of his gift and was contented to cultivate his own fragrant garden on the lower slopes of Parnassus, and has made of it a thing of beauty that in its quiet fashion will remain a joy for ever.

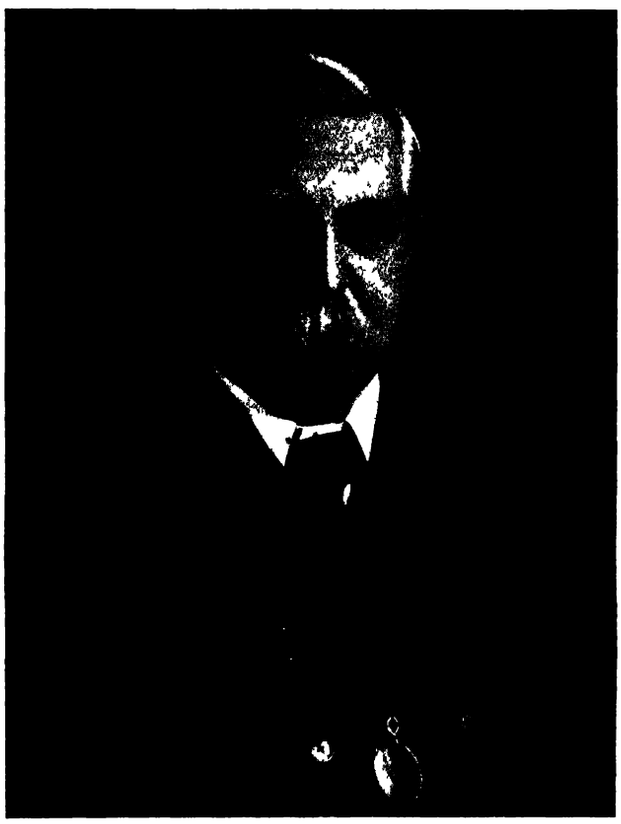


Photo by Elliott & Fry

Mr. Austin Dobson.

An anecdotal and descriptive account of Algeria is given in "Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East," by A. MacCallum Scott, M.P., which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is to publish this month.

The Oxford Press published last week "Minor Poets of the Caroline Period." Professor Saintsbury explains how fifteen years have passed since the last volume appeared, and that he has been obliged to exclude some poets on whom he has bestowed more or less labour. As it is, this final instalment includes John Cleveland, Thomas Stanley, Henry King, Thomas Flatman, and Nathaniel Whiting

The next addition to the Clarendon English series will be "Cowper: Poetry and Prose," including essays by Hazlitt and Bagehot. Mr. Humphrey S. Milford, who publishes the series, has written an introduction and annotated the book. "Cowper" in the Oxford Poets was edited by Mr. Milford

"The Fruit of the Tree," a new novel by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, dealing acutely and humorously with the growing distaste of the intellectual woman for the burdens of motherhood and the disturbing consequences of that revolt, will be published this autumn by Mr. Leonard Parsons, who is publishing also "Socialism and Personal Liberty," by Robert Dell, author of "My Second Country."

"A Letter Book," by George Saintsbury, D. Litt., LL.D, which Messrs. G. Bell & Sons are publishing forthwith, contains a selection of letters ranging from Synesius to Stevenson, with biographical and critical notes and an Introductory Essay on the History and Art of Letter Writing.

Messrs. Heinemann are publishing this month an edition of Milton's "Comus," with twenty-four colour plates and black-and-white decorations by Arthur Rackham. They are adding to their collected edition of Fiona Macleod's works, "The Hills of Ruhl, and Other Stories," illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Marjory Lawrence.

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The same firm, in addition to the collected edition of the Works of Max Beerbohm, are publishing this autumn 'A Survey Fifty-one Cartoons by Max Beerbohm' these being the drawings recently exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, with "Max's" comments on them. They are also publishing "Max Beerbohm in Perspective," by Bohun Lynch a critical study of Mr Beerbohm's work from his first appearance in the *Yellow Book* to the present day, the illustrations including ten of his caricatures that have never before been published



Photo by L O Hoppé

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith

whose new novel "Isabel Carnaby" (Cassell) is reviewed in this Number

More than a third of 'An Anthology of Verse' which Sir Henry Newbolt has compiled and edited for Messrs George Bell & Sons consists of poems by modern writers

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Mr John Lane has just published The Return, and Other Poems, a new book by Mrs Margaret L Woods

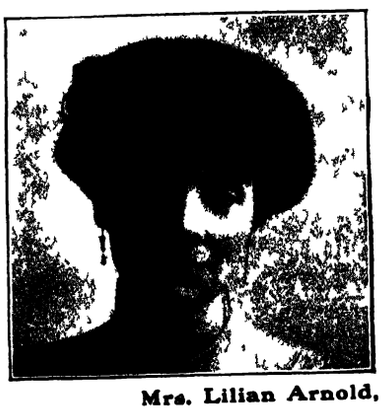
'Poems 1916 1920' by John Middleton Murry which Mr R Cobden Sanderson published last week, is the first collection Mr Murry has made of his verses, which have hitherto appeared only in small private editions and in various periodicals

— —

The sixth and last volume of Karl Mantzius's "History of Theatrical Art," which Messrs Duckworth have published deals with the stage under the Kembles and Kean in England, Talma in France and Goethe in Germany

— —

"Smoke," by Thomas Burke which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing, is a series of vividly impressionistic sketches of the great industrial towns of the Midlands and the North



Mrs. Lilian Arnold,

whose new novel 'The Something Better,' Mr John Long is publishing
Mrs Arnold is editor of *The Ladies Field*

Mr. Oliver Onions's new novel, "The Tower of Oblivion," which Messrs Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately, is a powerful, fantastically imaginative story of how Derwent Rose at forty-five, instead of continuing to grow older, started to grow younger, mentally and physically

—

"Weird Islands," which Messrs Chapman & Hall are to publish this month, is a fantastic fairy tale which M Jean de Bosschère has written and illustrated with a hundred and twenty black and white drawings in his own characteristically fanciful and grotesque manner

—

"Literature and Life," a collection of essays by L B Osborn, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen

—

'The Island of Youth," a new volume of verse by Edward Shanks, will be published presently by Messrs Collins

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Mr Eveleigh Nash is to be congratulated on the excellent start he has made with his new half-crown series of popular novels The first volumes include "Rodney Stone" "Instram of Blent," "Red Pottage" "The Four Feathers," "Almayer's Folly," and 'In Kedar's Tents' Well printed and well bound, the books are especially in these times, a marvel of cheapness

A war novel, which Messrs Putnams are publishing this autumn, is "The Way of Revelation," by Wilfrid Ewart, whose work is said to challenge comparison with Tolstoy

A new edition of the perennial Omar Khayyam will be published this autumn by Mr. Leopold Hill, with a series of very striking illustrations in colour by Doris M. Palmer, the wife of Mr Cecil Palmer, the well-known publisher.



Mr. Frederic Chamberlin,

who is "Private Character of Queen Elizabeth" Mr. John Lane is publishing

Mrs. Palmer has done admirable work in book illustration and decorative design, and in these Omar pictures, so far her most ambitious work, she shows originality and imaginative power; they have beauty as well as that touch of bizarre that are inherent in the poem.

Mr. Frederic Chamberlin has distilled many years of careful and disinterested study into his "Private Character of Queen Elizabeth," and when Mr. John Lane issues his book early in October it is certain of a brisk and controversial reception at least. But it bids fair to present a mass of carefully collected evidence, sifted by a man who has spent years in the study and practice of the law, and done notable service in American and European journalism, and issued some vivid books of travel. Mr. Chamberlin lives in the Balearic Isles, and this has given him access to those Spanish archives which bid fair more and more to be the happy hunting-ground for the English historian, especially of Tudor times. But he says there is no spot in the world, of the many he has dwelt in, that attracts him like a certain patch of London that lies between Hyde Park and Temple Bar.

"The Old House," which Mr. Philip Allan publishes, will introduce to the British public an author who has already met with an extraordinarily successful reception on the Continent. Miss Cécile Tormay is an aristocrat, of a very ancient Hungarian line. During the recent upheavals she was arrested by the Bolsheviks, tried, and sentenced to be hanged in front of the Parliament House in Budapest, but happily circumstances intervened to prevent the sentence from being carried out. She is connected with most of the one-time ruling families of her country. Counts Julius Andrassy and Albert Apponyi are among her friends and she was well acquainted with the late Count Tisza, of whose assassination she gives a detailed account in her Diary. This Diary, which Mr. Allan hopes to publish next year, recounts her experiences during the late debacle of Hungary, following the armistice, and is described as one of the most human documents that have appeared for many years. "The Old House," Miss Tormay's first book, sold 26,000 copies within a year of its appearance; a German translation ran through six editions; and it has already been translated into Norwegian, Swedish and Dutch. Her second book, "Men Between Stones," which Mr. Allan will publish next spring, sold over 30,000 copies within two and a half months of its appearance, and has already been translated into almost all the literary languages of Europe, the French version being done by the famous novelist, Marcelle Tinayre



Miss Cécile Tormay.



Mr. Percy Moore Turner,

author of "The Appreciation of Painting (Selwyn & Blount), reviewed in this Number.

"The Second Person Singular," a volume of reprinted literary essays by Mrs. Meynell, will be published almost immediately by Mr. Humphrey Milford.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell has written and illustrated an Introduction to "Practical Things with Simple Tools," a book for boy mechanics which Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing shortly.

Mr. R. James Minney, whose first novel, "Maki," Mr. John Lane is publishing, was born at

Calcutta in 1895 a few days after the arrival of his parents in India. His father worked for many years as a medical practitioner in Calcutta and Darjeeling, and the son was sent to school in Darjeeling, and later home to England where he continued his studies, ultimately entering the University of London and joining King's College. It was at first intended that he should study for the Indian Civil Service, but his bent was towards a literary career as shown by sundry contributions to his school and college periodicals, and abandoning the idea of studying for the Civil Service, he returned to India and took to journalism. He worked for a few years on the editorial staff of the *Pioneer* at Allahabad, and later joined the Calcutta *Englishman*. Mr. Minney wrote a good deal for this paper. His earliest collection of articles on the night life of the city of Calcutta were put together between covers by a local publisher, and the book had a very brisk sale. His next book was descriptive of a ride to the passes to Tibet, a book that revealed an excellent narrative style. Next some skits and sketches on Indian life, social and political, were issued in book form by Kipling's first publisher, Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co. of Allahabad. Mr. Minney's next book dealt with his flight from Calcutta to Bombay the first time the journey was undertaken aerially. It was entitled "Across India by Air." Then followed "Maki," his first venture in fiction, though he had written a number of short stories that were published in India. Not a bad record for a writer who is still well under thirty.



Mrs. Florence Barclay,
whose biography, by her daughter, Messrs. Putnams are publishing this autumn

No one who knows Mr. James Bowden would guess he has reached the seventy-third year of his age, but he says that he has, and for this reason and because his health has failed a little lately he has decided to resign the position he has held for the last twenty-three years as Lay Secretary and General Manager of the Religious Tract Society. Those who have the best means of knowing bear testimony to the fine idealism and unassuming organising ability with which he has conducted and developed the business of the R.T.S. for nearly a quarter of a century past. It is good to read of his relations with his staff, and the numerous authors with whom he has had dealings, in the articles by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Miss Flora Klickmann and Dr. Grinton Berry in the current numbers of the *Girl's Own Paper* and the *Sunday at Home*. Always a strenuous worker, Mr. Bowden began his career at the age of sixteen in the publishing firm of Messrs. S. O. Beeton; later he became managing partner of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, and withdrew from that firm to start a publishing business of his own, which he gave up in order to devote himself entirely to the work



The late Mr. Claud Lovat Fraser,
whose illustrated edition of Gay "Beggar's Opera" (Heinemann) is reviewed in this Number



Mr. James Bowden

of the R.T.S. Also for a time, whilst he was conducting his own publishing business, he was managing director of Messrs. George Routledge's affairs. He takes with him into his retirement the affection and good wishes of a multitude of friends, these including all who have worked with him and, as he will find it difficult to be idle in the spare time he has from those religious activities in which he has always been engaged, it is to be hoped he will write his recollections, for he has known many famous authors and, as Miss Klickmann says, "his experiences have been of unusual interest, and cover years that have seen wonderful changes in everything appertaining to Fleet Street."

In "Labour," which Messrs. Collins announce, Mr. Shaw Desmond makes a critical analysis of the Labour Movement from the inside, and gives character sketches of some of the leading Labour figures of the last generation.

Mr. W. L. George has written a book of satirical sketches of London people and places which Messrs. Collins are to publish. It is illustrated by Mr. P. Forbes-Robertson.

Messrs. Harrap are publishing immediately, in two volumes, "A Textbook of Geology," by Professor Amadeus W. Grabau, with over two thousand illustrations and maps

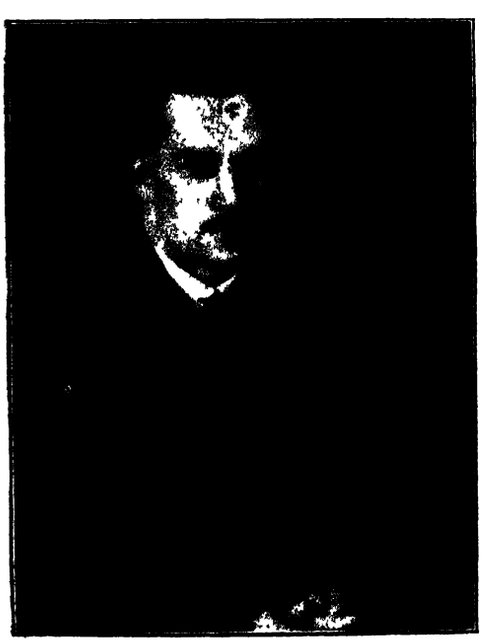


Photo by Millar & Scott.

"Fougasse"
(Mr. Kenneth Bird),
well known as a contributor to *Punch* and other periodicals. A collection of his delightfully humorous drawings, "A Gallery of Games," has just been published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

Mr. M. C. Wyeth has done eight colour illustrations and many line drawings for a charming edition of Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which Messrs. Harrap have just published.

"Jewels in the Dust," a new novel with a Welsh setting, by Edith Nepean, is announced by Mr. Stanley Paul.



Mr. Dornford Yates,
whose new novel, "Anthony Lyveden, has just been published by Messrs Ward, Lock & Co.

Who is Allan Dare? He is said to have written some popular books under another name, and in "Killigrew," which Mr. Herbert Jenkins publishes, he unfolds a romance of a new Admirable Crichton who gets, and does not fail to take, the chance to prove himself when he and his party are wrecked on an uninhabited island.

We have received the September Number of "T. B. R." (1s.), which means Travel by Road, and is the monthly motor omnibus guide and charabanc directory published by Messrs. Rieu, Wiley & Co., of Pall Mall. It is a most exhaustive and well-arranged compendium, and the separate large map with precise directions for travel about London is a particularly helpful guide to the intricate methods of getting quickly from one part of our overgrown metropolis to another.

"A Singular People," a novel of Jewish life by Mr. Sidney A. Moseley, will be published shortly by Mr. Stanley Paul.

Many strictures have been passed—usually quite deserved—on the lack of taste and suitability of many of the war memorials and monuments recently erected. It is a relief to turn to an age when monumental art was usually dignified and gracious, and frequently ventured to be elaborate without being pretentious. This is apparent as we

look at the succession of Mediæval Tombs and Effigies which figure in Mr. F. H. Crossley's "English Church Monuments of the Gothic Period," shortly to be published by Messrs. B. T. Batsford Ltd. This book promises to be as illuminating as its predecessor, the first of the Church Craft series, which dealt with English Church Woodwork between 1250 and 1550.

The Birmingham Public Library has issued a special "Catalogue of the War Poetry Collection" presented to the Library by an anonymous donor in memory of Private William John Billington, successively of the South Midland Field Ambulance and the Queen's London Regiment, who fell in Palestine in 1918. The collection includes the work of French, Italian and other poets and anthologists, but is mainly devoted to poets, anthologists, historians and critics of English poetry concerned with the late war. We are unable to detect any omissions from the English section; no doubt, as Mr. Walter Powell, the chief Librarian, suggests in his preface, there are omissions from the Colonial and especially the Foreign sections, but it is hoped in time to make these complete.



Mr. C. L. Graves. Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. George Morrow.

Mr E V. Lucas's new novel, "Rose Rose," has just been published by Messrs Methuen, and Mr. George Morrow's new book of Drawings, "More Morrow (Methuen) and "Mr Punch's History of Modern England,' by Charles L. Graves (Cassell) are reviewed in this Number.

Looking Forward is a new two-shilling monthly which will appear on October 6th. It will be edited by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, who will contribute to each number notes on the events of the month and their bearing on the New Order of which the League of Nations is the most hopeful sign. The history of the moment will be fully and divertingly illustrated by reproductions of cartoons and caricatures by artists of all nations. *Looking Forward* will approach all questions with a generous desire to abate national animosities and smooth away misunderstandings, and eminent writers from all countries will contribute articles on topics of international importance. Thus in the first number Lord Meston will write on the Indian question; Sir Geoffrey Butler, the great Cambridge jurist, will review the International Law Congress recently held at The Hague; the Belgian scholar, Dr. J. O. de Gruyter, describes "The Flemish Movement in Belgium." Character-studies of prominent world-figures will be a feature, and to the October issue Lord Weardale contributes a fascinating study of "Dr. Nansen: The Man and His Work." The magazine also contains stories, poetry and critical essays. Other important contributions to the October number are the first part of a new long narrative poem of present-day life, "The Divine Tragedy," by A. St. John Adcock; a "post-war story" by Captain Reginald Berkeley (author of "French Leave"); and "A Defence of Films," by Frank Rutter.

In "Martin Conisby's Vengeance," which Messrs. Sampson Low have just published, Mr. Jeffery Farnol continues the story of "Black Bartelmy's Treasure," and from a first glance we do not hesitate to say it is to the full as gallant and striking a romance of adventure as was that glamorous first tale of Black Bartelmy.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Quite a good many cultured readers seem unable to realise that, as there are many sorts of birds and flowers, so there are many sorts of poets. There are other birds beside nightingales and larks; other flowers beside roses and lilies; and other poets beside Shelleys and Keatses, to say nothing of Shakespeares. The failure to recognise this has led, for some while past, to the depreciation of Bryon, and one is glad to find Professor H. J. C. Grierson in "Lord Byron: Arnold and Swinburne" (2s.; Oxford Press) taking the right broad view, and not afraid to give the name of poetry to more than one kind of verse. He does not think Tennyson, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne "represent all the qualities that make poetry great and satisfying"; much of their beauty seems to him "a beauty of things somewhat remote from life"; much of their art, and of Keats's and Shelley's, seems touched with decadence, "and some of the qualities they want I seem to rediscover in the less finished, more obviously faulty poetry of Byron—life and strength, passion and virility, wit and humour." Probably Byron suffers, as Hood does, because he mixed humour with his poetry. This is one of the things that is not done in the best poetical circles. Scarcely any poets since Chaucer, except Byron and Hood, and occasionally Browning, have had any humour, or if they have, for some inscrutable reason they have kept it out of their verse, and so perhaps have brought the general reader to the erroneous conclusion that there must be no humour in poetry because there is no poetry in humour. If Professor Grierson's brilliant and discriminating defence

of Byron sends our too-serious, too-niggling lovers of verse to a reading of him, they will have reason to be grateful, for it is true that "in the house of poetry there are many mansions; and if Byron has been overestimated and underestimated, English poetry would be greatly the poorer without his passionate, humorous, in all its register, essentially human voice."

"The Book-plate Annual for 1921," edited by Alfred Fowler, and issued by him at 17, Board of Trade Building, Kansas City, U.S.A., may be strongly recommended to all who are interested in book-plates and the reviving art of the woodcut. The book-plates reproduced have a wide range in style and idea; several are very beautiful examples of the skill of both artist and engraver. The literary features of the Annual include an article on "The Book-plates of Frank Brangwyn," by Haldane Macfall; an essay on the recent discovery of what is apparently the earliest book-plate used in America; a history of the American Book-plate Society from its inception in 1913. The Annual, which has an admirable etched frontispiece by Stanley Harrod, is large quarto in size, printed in large type on Old Stratford paper, well bound in artistic boards, and sells at five dollars a copy.

"With the Quakers in France," by D. Owen Stephens (21s.; Daniel), is the journal that was kept by an American Quaker who served behind the lines in France from September, 1917, till March, 1919. He gives a very interesting account of the work he and his party did in building shelters and supplying food for the French peasants who were rendered homeless by the war; of his experiences among soldiers of divers nationalities in the different places to which his duties took him. He tells some capital anecdotes and has a shrewd sense of humour.

"The Wrong Twin," by Harry Leon Wilson (8s. 6d. net; The Bodley Head), is a typically American book, alive with typically American humour. The twins are first introduced to the reader as youngsters of nine, starting out on a blackberrying expedition. The expedition terminates in an adventure which tears them asunder—sending one to be adopted by the Whipples, the *noblesse* of the neighbourhood, and leaving the other to be brought up in his own inferior station. But it is the wrong twin the Whipples have chosen, as time proves. Merle evolves into a vapouring, rather contemptible young man; Wilbur, though inarticulate and less intellectual, has enough sterling qualities for both of them. The earlier is decidedly the better portion of the novel; when the war comes, with its magical effects on the little town, the merit of the story falls off. Perhaps over here we have had so much of the real thing we are finding it now a little wearisome in fiction, and the transformation is, in one case, too drastic to carry conviction. Nevertheless, the book is one to be read; it is extremely well written and full of quaintly whimsical, shrewd little human touches. Those who enjoyed "Ma Pettengill," "Bunker Bean" and the author's other novels, will find "The Wrong Twin" on the whole a worthy successor to those delightful books.

There has been in the last year or two a revived interest in wild birds among people who do not claim to be nature students in the ordinary way. For these "Our Resident Birds," by E. F. M. Elms (6s. net; Thornton Butterworth), supplies a real want. It aims to help the uninitiated to identify the resident birds of England at sight, by means of a very simple method of Tables, classifying the various birds to be found in (1) garden, orchard and cultivated districts; (2) woods and well-wooded districts; (3) commons, downs, moorland and mountainous districts; (4) streams, rivers, lakes and marshy districts; (5) birds of the sea, seashore and cliffs. Anyone engaged in an elementary study of bird-life should carry this book about with him and refer to it if he sees a bird he is unable to recognise. He will find, in its proper Table, a very clear and complete description of every bird he is likely to see. Numerous excellently reproduced photographs from nature add considerably to the attraction and helpfulness of the volume.

"A. E." offers a temperate, unequivocal, suggestive contribution towards settlement of the Irish problem in "The Inner and the Outer Ireland" (2s. 6d.; Fisher Unwin). Briefly, he contends that the question of what form of government should be set up in Ireland is a question for Irishmen to decide. If England does not deserve all the harsh things he says of her, she deserves too many of them to be able to complain; in the main, he is serenely just, and is not blind to the sins of Sinn Fein, though he most eloquently interprets and justifies its ideals.

"Mediæval Heresy and the Inquisition." By A. S. Turberville, M C, M A., etc. (10s. 6d. net; Crosby Lockwood). The nature of his undertaking, its motives and conclusions are summarised with all clearness by Mr. Turberville in his brief preface. The work is concerned with doctrine rather than history; it was undertaken "with no other object in view than honest enquiry"; while the lesson drawn from the study and enforced thereby is opposed alike (1) to "ultra-Protestant conceptions" and (2) to certain tendencies of recent Catholic apologists. Ecclesiastical intolerance did not force "a policy of persecution on an unwilling or indifferent laity in the Middle Ages," while the power and influence of the Church, in this as in other directions, must not be underestimated, and the modern humanitarian sense cannot be read into that period of the Christian Dispensation. The chapters which lead up to these conclusions are most informing, disabusing and therefore valuable. The consideration of penalties imposed by the Inquisition is beyond praise, for the manner in which facts are marshalled and a reasonable mean reached between conflicting views. The result is an exoneration of the Church where that course is possible—chiefly over distortions of fact—and a definite sentence pronounced on the ecclesiastical institution in which such a scheme of things was possible. Yet the reader rather than the author is led to find the verdict. For Mr. Turberville it is modern apologists for the Church, inspired by modern humanitarianism, and not Inquisitorial authorities who seek to disclaim "moral responsibility for the stake." That is a clear issue, and it is also a ground of judgment. In the chapters devoted to doctrinal studies, not unconnected with history, there are excellent accounts of the Everlasting Gospel problems, Averrhoïst influence and fourteenth century movements.

THE READER.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL.

By Sidney Dark.

THE more we realise the power of literature to widen, illuminate and explain life, the more eager we must surely be to enlarge the area of appreciation and add to the number of readers of real books. The man, therefore, who succeeds in introducing the wayfarer to the quickeners of imagination and the inspirers of hope is performing social service of supreme importance. There is to-day (on this subject I can speak with some authority) an ever-increasing number of men and women, most of them necessarily concerned during the greater part of their days with the material affairs of this world, eager to read the best and, at the same time, gifted with a certain untrained, critical appreciation that enables them at least to recognise the best when they find it. The existence of this army of the curious is, I suggest, a happy portent in a world where the Jeremiahs and the Cassandras can easily find a very wilderness of texts for their lamentations.



Sir W. Robertson Nicoll C.H., D.D., LL.D.
From a photograph taken December 30th, 1920.

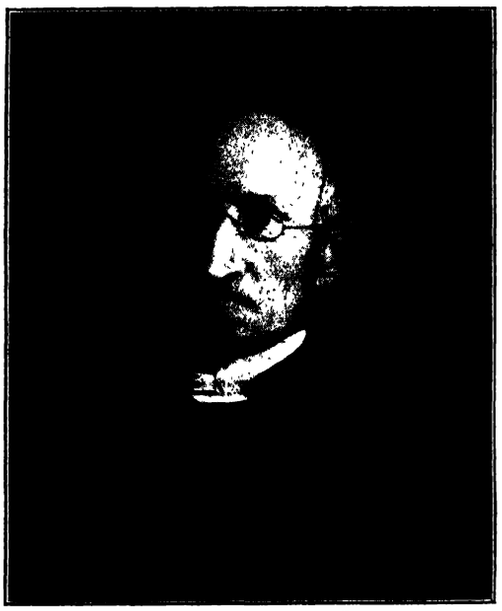
No one man has done more to quicken the desire to read, to popularise the best and to guide the inexperienced than Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who created The Bookman thirty years ago and who is celebrating his seventieth birthday on October 10th. Literary criticism in the past was generally destructive. We remember the critic for his denunciations. Who would ever think of Croker had he not assailed Keats? The general attitude of the critic resembled that of *Punch's* famous navvy—"'Ere's a man wot calls hisself a poet. Let's 'eave 'arf a brick at him." The atmosphere of such criticism was essentially aristocratic. Literature existed for itself—and for the critic. From the beginning Sir William Robertson Nicoll had an acute realisation that the public also existed; that there were men and women in the street, in the shops and in the offices, and in the back parlours to whom the imaginative writer might have something to say that would brighten lives and make it easier to solve problems. With this in his mind, he has always approached the literary artist, not with the idea of putting him through a sort of literary trial, not with the sardonic hope of putting him in his place, but with an inquiry. He has always been eager to discover whether the writer has something to say which it would do the world good to hear. The old aristocratic conventions have been brushed aside. A new democratic conception of the mission of the literary artist has been created and, while other men have had their part in the creation, as I have said, no man has done more than Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

As all the world knows, Sir William is a Scotsman. He was born at Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, and was educated at the Grammar School, Aberdeen, and at the Aberdeen University. His father was a Presbyterian minister and, after graduating, he himself entered the ministry and for eleven years held livings at Dufftown and Kelso. Sir William was always a delicate man, and a severe attack of pneumonia with the subsequent physical weakness convinced him that he would never again be able to bear the strain of constant public speaking and that he must find a new vocation. While he was still in the ministry he had done occasional writing for Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who were then mainly religious publishers, and in 1884 he was appointed editor of the *Expositor*, a periodical which he has directed ever since. His illness occurred in 1885. A stay in Switzerland considerably benefited his health, and in 1886 he came to London and started the *British Weekly*. Five years afterwards, in 1891, he started The Bookman.

In addition to his work as editor and writer, Sir William Robertson Nicoll has been intimately concerned with the development of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's business, which has greatly benefited from his keen judgment and business ability, for, as his intimate friend, Lord Riddell, has pointed out, Sir William is almost unique in the possession of poetic and commercial qualities. He has not been content merely to add to the popularity of established writers, he has been a discoverer of talent. Years ago he was fascinated by the conversation of the Rev. John Watson, a Presbyterian minister at Liverpool, with a genius for telling Scottish stories. Sir William felt that a man who could talk so well must also be able to write, and he persuaded Mr. Watson to try his hand at a novel. The novel was written and was published under the title of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and the Rev. John Watson became the well-known novelist "Ian Maclaren." Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler was another of Sir William's finds. She was the daughter of Lord Wolverhampton, a member of the Gladstone cabinets, and she had the rather unusual experience of being a Wesleyan Methodist and also inside the rails of

London society. Sir William felt that there was a considerable demand for a novel that should deal truthfully with Nonconformist life, and he was persuaded that Miss Fowler was one of the few persons who could write such a novel. The result was "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," which was published in 1898 and achieved a great popular success. This incident is an example of Sir William's sensitiveness to the literary market, his understanding of what the public wants.

Many of his fellow Scotsmen have received from Sir William invaluable help in their literary careers. The late S. R. Crockett was one of them, Sir James Barrie is another, Colonel John Buchan is a third. Sir William is particularly proud that he was able to be of some use to Sir James Barrie at the beginning of his life in the south. Barrie had written for some time for a Nottingham paper before he settled in London and Sir William first came into contact with him through reading some humorous Scottish sketches which he was writing for the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. He asked him to do some similar work for the *British Weekly*, and it was in the columns of that paper that the whole of "When a Man's Single" and parts of the "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums" first appeared.



Rev. Harry Nicoll,
Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's father.



W. R. N.
at the age of nine.

First, foremost and always Sir William Robertson Nicoll is Scottish. He has lived in London for thirty-five years but he still speaks English with a strong Scottish accent. He spends his holidays in the old manse in Aberdeenshire where he was born, and where he preserves with pious care the great library of over 17,000 books bequeathed him by his father and bought out of the savings of an income which never at any time was more than £200 a year. Sir William has a splendid library of his own in his house at Hampstead, but these books in the old Scottish manse, every one of them representing a sacrifice, have a value to him which no other books can possibly ever have. No man has more completely made his own life. In the hey-day of his manhood he was faced with the threat of physical disability to fight the battle of life. He has carefully harboured his strength and evolved a method of life which enables him at seventy to do more work than most men are able to do at fifty.



Photo by Wilson, Aberdeer. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll at about twenty.**

Sir William Robertson Nicoll is a wise guide in the world of letters because his interests are not confined to books and because he keeps himself in constant touch, not only with religion and philosophy, but with the great world of affairs. He is a born journalist. No man has a keener ear for information or an acuter nose for news. He loves to gossip, but he never wishes to monopolise all the talk and, indeed, he likes to encourage the other man to talk, ever and again interpolating his own comments and putting his own questions. Sir William's friendship with Mr. Lloyd George has enabled him on more than one occasion to make most important political announcements in the columns of the *British Weekly*, and he has come to be regarded as a political as well as a literary authority.



Photo by Mackintosh, Kelso. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in 1877.**

He is an optimist, and not in the least appalled by the difficulties of the times or by the lowering clouds on the horizon. He will tell you that he finds the world better and kinder than it was, and he declares that he feels that he is eminently justified in being cheerful, and that he regards it as his chief business to try and make other people cheerful too.

His literary tastes are eclectic. He does not confine

himself to one brand or to one vintage, and he has a particular faculty for appreciating the artistic value of writers often sneered at by the highbrow pundits. Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, for example, has no greater admirer than the editor of the *British Weekly*, who declares that his novels are genuine literary art and who regards their popularity as a significant proof of the existence of a critical public taste. There is no greater folly possible than to denounce popularity as necessarily the outward and visible sign of cheapness and banality. There is of course a great mass of popular fiction that is mere sentimental drivel without any kind of literary significance. On the other hand it may be fairly said that there is no considerable writer of our time without a large popular following, and it may be reasonably suggested that if George Meredith had lived a generation later (in the generation, that is to say, that knows Sir William Robertson Nicoll) that, "difficult" as his novels may be, his genius would have had a far wider reputation.



Photo by Mendelssohn. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in 1896.**

Sir William Robertson Nicoll is the author of many books, some of them religious, some of them biographical, some of them literary. It is regretted by some of his friends that his time has been so fully occupied that he has never written the *magnum opus* which he might have written and would have written had he ever had any real leisure. I do not take this view. I feel that no man of letters could possibly have done more splendid work than Sir William Robertson Nicoll has done in opening the window to the light and guiding so many to the threshold of great things. Those of us who, in our own way, are trying to carry on the great work he has begun will always cherish his long, brave career as encouragement and inspiration.

"THE BOOKMAN": A THIRTY YEARS' RECORD.

(*October*, 1891—*October*, 1921.)

BY W. M PARKER.

WHEN the centenary of Keats's death was celebrated recently the Press and periodicals freely quoted the poet's well-known epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." It would be difficult for the most confirmed optimist to blink the fact that these words might be taken quite literally as symbolic of the fate of many journalists. Journalism, by its very function, can rarely be considered as other than work of fleeting significance. It draws its nurture so largely from topical affairs that its bloom but flowers to-day and fades to-morrow. Confined within a limited cycle of time its nature is ephemeral, burgeoning in the hour of heated interest and dying when that interest has passed away.

Fortunately there are exceptions to this apparently pessimistic and not infrequent observation of the journalist's fate, and one notable exception is the work of the distinguished journalist, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who this month celebrates his seventieth birthday. That the occasion coincides with the thirtieth anniversary in the existence of THE BOOKMAN, one of Sir William's happiest ventures, gives it an additional lustre. My interest in Sir William's journalistic work has extended over a good many years, and I have followed his career with avidity.* Since the inception of the *British Weekly* in 1886, that journal has provided reading matter on literature, books, bookmen, journalists, publishers, and printers such as few other weeklies provide. As the late Dixon Scott wrote, referring to the Claudius Clear articles and the Rambling Remarks of a Man of Kent, "What Claudius Clear reads on Wednesday, half Scotland and much of England will be reading before the end of the week." In short, Sir William is one of the most widely read and widely influential of modern bookmen. If I had not been forbidden to go into such details, I should have liked to mention the many authors who owe something of their first success to Sir William's early and prompt recognition of their gifts. As it is, I pass over those matters here, but in due time and place they cannot be forgotten.



Photo by Mendelssohn. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in 1896.**

How amidst his multifarious activities Sir William has found time to write some score of books of his own, and edit at least as many, perhaps no one unacquainted

* Four years ago I had the opportunity of dealing more fully with this work in an essay on Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in my book, "Modern Scottish Writers" (W. Hodge).

with his methodical habits and the rapidity with which he works can understand. His "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century" appeared in 1895, and that I believe was his first book. Of the striking and deeply suggestive books on religious subjects that have come from his pen, I think I would rank first, "The Key of the Grave"; of biographies, "My Father," though I do not forget "James Macdonell," nor "Ian Maclaren." Then there are three volumes of literary essays, and no essayist of recent years has done work that more deftly and attractively combines true scholarship, a sensitive appreciation of the fine things in literature with the lucid ease and charm of a style that unaffectedly reveals the personality of the writer. No lover of what is best in the modern



Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's Library at Hampstead.
From a drawing by Harold Oakley.



Bay Tree Lodge,
Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's home in Frognal, Hampstead.
From a drawing by Harold Oakley.

essay should fail to read "Letters on Life" and "A Bookman's Letters." But to discuss Sir William's books would need a separate article, and here my chief concern is with the story of THE BOOKMAN.

World Literature, the now defunct journal of the Reading Guild and Kindred Societies, edited by William Marwick, published the following note in Vol. I, (September 15th, 1891):

"In the *British Weekly* of September 10th a new literary journal is announced, viz., the *Bookman*. It will be edited by Mr. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., one of the most accomplished and able of London editors. . . . We wish the magazine all success."

Constant readers of THE BOOKMAN scarcely require to be informed of the later years of a literary monthly, which maintains, with unabated freshness and

vigour, its appeal to book-readers, book-buyers and booksellers I am the proud possessor of the first number, dated October, 1891. It is only necessary to compare that number with the latest issue to realise the steady advance and development in its general format.

While, at first, each number had only a frontispiece portrait and occasionally other illustrations, the increased use of illustrations, chiefly portraits of authors, seems to have met with such appreciation that long before the war the variety of photographs and reproductions of paintings and drawings had become an acknowledged feature. To give an idea of what THE BOOKMAN was doing thirty years ago, among the prominent features were a frontispiece portrait of Tennyson, the announcement of Hall Caine's "The Scapegoat," and a review of William Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems," as well as articles on the Carlyles, Burton at Damascus, Thomas Hardy's Wessex (with map), and on the work of Rudyard Kipling. All these items are contained in the first number. In the News Notes occur the names of three literary celebrities, at that time active in their various spheres—Henry Drummond, Andrew Lang and George Meredith—the last of them to pass from our midst only nine years ago. These News Notes are written in that pithy style which still characterises them.



Photo by Lafayette. **Lady Robertson Nicoll.**

Looking back through the files of THE BOOKMAN it is matter of surprise to find not only how many of the most famous men of letters of the last thirty years have been, and still are, among its contributors, but how many now distinguished found an outlet for their abilities in its pages when they were still scarcely known to the general public. To mention fully all this brilliant company of men and women contributors would require far more space than is at my disposal, so I shall assume that its later history is sufficiently familiar to most readers and content myself with enumerating a few of the names I come across as I turn over the volumes of the first ten years. There are articles, reviews, or poems by Thomas Hardy, Mark Rutherford, W. B. Yeats, G. K. Chesterton, William Watson, Neil Munro, I. Zangwill, Professor Minto, T. J. Wise, Richard Le Gallienne, T. E. Page, A. C. Benson, Robert Buchanan, Professor Marcus Dods, Philip James Bailey, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Dr. Fleming, James Ashcroft Noble, Jane Barlow, R. M. Bradley, Sir George Douglas, Barry Pain, Walter Pater, W. E. H. Lecky, J. A. Spender, Professor Tyndall, Francis Hindes Groome, Professor Herford, Professor Ramsay, L. F. Austin, William Canton, Dr. William Barry, E. K. Chambers, Beatrice Harraden, Katharine Tynan, Coulson Kernahan, R. Ashe King, Andrew Lang, Dr. R. C. Macfie, Ernest Rhys, Pett Ridge, Arthur Symons, J. St. Loe Strachey, Frederick Wedmore, Professor W. P. Ker, Gerald Massey, Benjamin Swift, Clement K. Shorter, Professor Edward Dowden, Richard Garnett, Dora Sigerson, Walter Raymond, Harold Frederic, Frederick Greenwood, Fiona Macleod, Alice Meynell, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Baring Gould, Mrs. Craigie, Dr. George Smith, Walter Besant, S. R. Crockett, Marriott Watson, J. M. Barrie, Oscar Browning, Conan Doyle, William Archer, A. E. W. Mason, Rev. J. G. Adderley, Mary Cholmondeley, Professor Max Muller, E. V. Lucas, May Sinclair, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Gertrude Atherton, Elizabeth Robins, Theodore Watts-Dunton, A. C. Swinburne, Ian Maclaren, Stephen Gwynne, James Douglas, Lionel Johnson, Thomas Seccombe, Professor George Saintsbury—one must make an end, and leaving it at that, I shall but add that it is doubtful whether any other literary magazine of our day could bring forward so long and catholic a list of remarkable contributors. Many of these have passed hence, but many of them still remain among THE BOOKMAN'S ablest and most valued critics, and with the passage of time the new

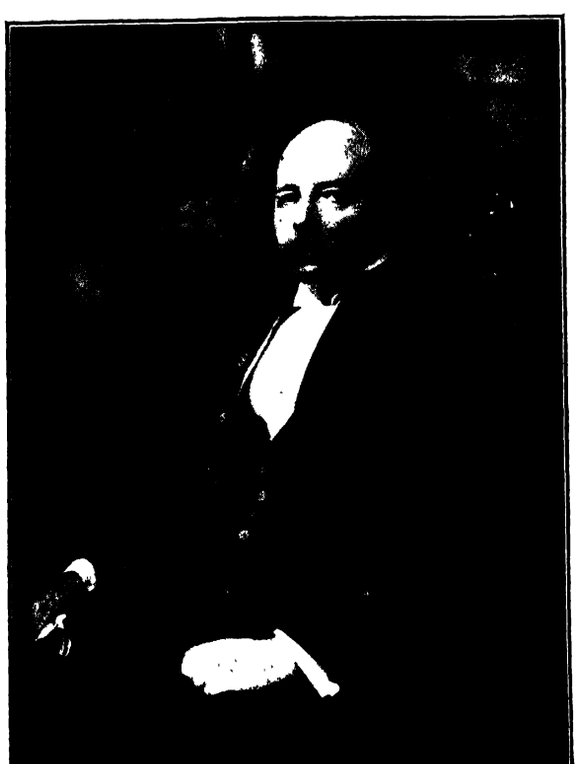


Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll,** at the time he was knighted



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Dr. Maurice Nicoll,**
son of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, and author of "Dream Psychology."

early volumes is a lesson in the transitory nature of many literary reputations. There are some whose names and works, once familiar to all readers, have had their day and are already almost forgotten. Again, it is gratifying to note how many who have been included in its gallery of new writers have since then taken their places among the foremost authors of our time. As a brief chronicle and summary of activities in the world of letters from 1891 to this its thirtieth birthday, these sixty volumes of THE BOOKMAN possess an unique value and interest. During the years of the war it inevitably underwent the hampering difficulties of the times—difficulties to which one or two other journals succumbed — but it overcame them in the right enterprising spirit, and has so completely survived them that it has never been more alive, writers who have succeeded to the old well maintain this record of its past.

THE BOOKMAN can claim to be among the readiest of literary periodicals to recognise and encourage new writers of promise, and it carries out this policy as consistently now as in former years. To scan its prosperous, and in vogue than it is to-day.

If I am debarred from praising Sir William as freely as I would, I may at least say that it is an irrefutable testimony to his foresight and editorial powers that THE BOOKMAN has departed very little in essentials from the scheme he originally laid down, and that on those lines it has grown, and still goes on growing, in popularity and influence. A word must be said on behalf of what may be termed its lighter side in the shape of prize competitions. To promote and encourage original talent among its readers all over the world, to stimulate curiosity and the taste for good reading, no happier means could have been devised. A recent innovation are the special sections devoted to Music and the Drama. Some years ago it became part of THE BOOKMAN'S regular programme to issue special and much enlarged Spring, Autumn and Christmas Numbers. Christmas would not be quite Christmas for many of us without the Yuletide BOOKMAN. This sumptuous and portly volume has developed in size and in literary and artistic scope until nowadays it is admittedly by far the most delectable and important of literary annuals.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Maurice Nicoll.**



Photo by Lafayette. **Mr. and Mrs. Grange Kirkaldy,**
Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's younger daughter and her husband.



Photo by Thomas Fall. **Mrs. Elystan Miles,**
Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's daughter and her two sons, Harry and Basil.



Photo by A. & N. Auxiliary Photo Studios. **Major Elystan Miles, R.G.A.**



From a drawing by R. J. Swan.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

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When THE BOOKMAN commemorated its twenty-first birthday in October, 1912, Sir William said in a reminiscent article that his plan in starting the magazine was to make it as popular as he could and at the same time to maintain its literary quality, and that THE BOOKMAN is still a living and live journal is the most practical evidence that this plan has been successfully carried out. "Twenty-one years," he wrote on that occasion, "is a long life for a literary journal." Well, thirty is a longer.

One wishes that THE BOOKMAN may continue its prosperous career for many years to come, and that when it celebrates its jubilee the time may be a more propitious and peaceful one than the present.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

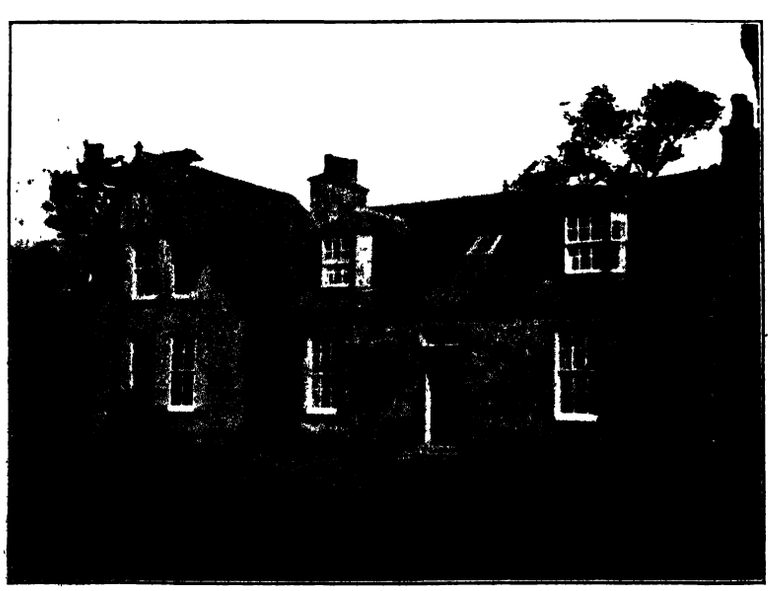
I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—It has recently been pointed out that there are few instances in literature in which the human nose has been adequately and elegantly mentioned. A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most becoming reference in English prose or verse to the human nose.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.



The Old Manse.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's home at Lumsden, Aberdeenshire.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Helen Mitcham, of 163, Earlsfield Road, S.W.18, for the following:

L'ENVOI: ON LEAVING LIMEHOUSE.

Let us go now, not bitterly,
But with full hearts and kind,
Knowing what merry things and wise,
Out of this maze of lust and lies,
Live in the quiet mind.

We may not look on Limehouse now,
Save with a stranger's face,
Empty of dreams we might not keep,
Though the heart's roots be twisted deep,
Round every stone of the place.

The street-names and the names of shops
Will be a song to me.
And faces lit with the sky's faint rose,
At an alley's end, at day's shrill close,
Like a lost melody.

Beauty we met in odorous glooms,
—And shall not meet again—
Where lamps like sombre jewels glow,
Where you and I no more may go
Light-hearted through the rain,

Or sick at heart for many things,
Stare at the sunset tide.
For now the lights and faces start
Only in highways of the heart
Whose streets are deep as wide.

Yet dearest, what if we had stayed;
—Who go with inward tears—
Till this young passion for the right
Were broken, and this fine delight
Grown foolish with the years?

Let us go now, not bitterly,
Though the old joy is dead.
Say "I learnt courage here, and laughter,
And loves that go with me hereafter,"
And the last word is said.

We also select for printing:

DEIRDRE COMFORTED.

Deirdre the beautiful, the beautiful—
Fairer than Helen, though she too was fair,
No man alive will ever guess how fair.
Where is she fled, Deirdre the beautiful?

She was the woman that the fairies sent
To show the world for once what beauty was.
A drifting flame from God's own fire she was;
To be the whole world's love-song was she sent.

For she was like the morning in the woods.
When the fresh dew hangs trembling on the leaves,
And the low sun strikes glinting on the leaves,
Casting long shafts into the quiet woods

Christ keep her spirit, for she was most lovely—
He will have charge of her, to comfort her,
And kiss the sorrows from the eyes of her
He surely loved her soul, she was so lovely.

And she will take her place with all great lovers
Who stand around the Throne beneath God's Eyes.
And worship Him in one another's eyes,
For ever, two and two, the immortal lovers

But what of that poor Third who loves in vain?
Must he be jealous even of heavenly love?
Ah, in the arms of God he finds his love,
And knows that none has ever loved in vain.

Conor, once thirsty for the face of youth,
Envies no more their joy—he sees them not.
Filled with the love he craved, he needs her not,
His soul being watered from the Springs of Youth.

O my lost love, for whom I cry to God,
Which shall be mine—which were the greater bliss,
The accepted, or the lonely lover's bliss,
To worship God in you, or you in God?

. . . —'Tis an old song, Deirdre the beautiful,
Deirdre the beautiful, the beautiful

(Molly Fogerty, Cartref, Parkstone Road, Poole)

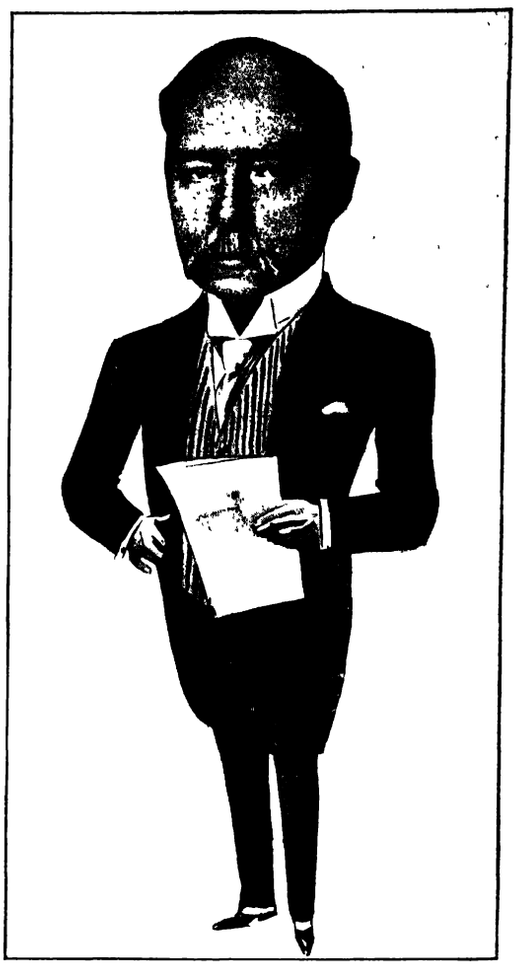
LOVE SONG.

There is no sun where you are not, nor any darkness where you dwell;
The stars of heaven shine in your eyes, and nightingales your praises tell;
And O belov'd, if you should die, the light would fade from shore to shore,
And Joy with drooping wings would hide her face from me for evermore.

Earth's beauty gleams but dimly now, since I have looked into your eyes;
Her hills, her vales, her woods and streams, that once I loved no more I prize;
I only crave with parchéd mouth your kiss that warms my blood like wine,
I only yearn to hear your voice and know that all your heart is mine. . . .

(Mary C. Mair, Howecroft, Sandy Lane, Guildford.)

We specially commend the lyrics by H. Ross (Hove), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport), A. W. Moore (Hothfield), Maurice S. (Exeter), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), T. Kew (Southampton), Joan Warry (Sherborne), Muriel E. Graham (Stirling), Una Malleson (London, W.), Gwendolyn Wilkinson (Kensington), Norris Alcock (Leek), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), C. M. Hodder (Nailsworth), Rev. Clement E. Newcomb (Kidderminster), Edward Percy (Nottingham), Margaret Brown (Harrow), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), G. Gwyn (Bruges), Hazel Fyffe (South Kensington), Teresa Bellamy Noble (Forest Rise), John Peterson (Shetland), C. Marguerite Goode (Croydon), Olive Hitchcock (King's Lynn), A. A. M. B. (Hampstead), R. Fortescue Doria (Cheltenham), Rev. Charles W. Limb (Huddersfield), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Lorna Keeling Collard (Wincanton), Laurie Pratt (San Francisco), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), James Paton (Natal), Louis Melton (London, E.C.), Doris Langley Levy (Ilkley), Winifred Mudie (Darlington), Maud Slessor (Rottingdean), Cecil Thomas (Quetta), Mary Bowers (Monmouth), "Moonstone" (Liverpool), Enid FitzHerbert (Dundrum), Mary Lorrimer (Los Angeles), Constance M. Shaw (Leeds), W. Nightingale Brown (Manchester), John Welsh (Motherwell), Adelaide King (Kanton Zurich), E. M. Dixon (Smallthorne), Olive Robinson (Gainsborough), Phyllis Howell (Carmarthen), Freda Isobel Noble (Walthamstow), Katharine I. Monro (Lewes), F. J. Weaver (Braintree), Ernest F. Row (Felixstowe), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), Constance Ernest (London, S.W.).



Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.
From a caricature.

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. L. N. Thomas, of 33, North Ham Road, Littlehampton, Sussex, for the following:

THE UNSEEN EAR. By N. S. LINCOLN. (Appleton)
"I listened at the key-hole in the door."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Story of Prince Agib.*

We also select for printing:

PUTTING MARY OFF. By JOHN L. CARTER. (John Long.)
"I'm not a single man."
THOMAS HOOD.

(J. Pearson, 50, Savile Park Road, Halifax.)

THE NEW LABOUR OUTLOOK. By ROBERT WILLIAMS. (Parsons.)

" Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."
SCOTT, *Marmion.*

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate Hill, N.19.)

MEN AND MARVELS. By HALBERT J. BOYD. (Elkin Mathews.)

" He thought he saw a banker's clerk
Descending from a bus.
He looked again and saw it was
A hippopotamus."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Sylvie and Bruno.*

(E. Theodora Herrington, The School House, Sacombe, Ware.)

RICHARD RICHARD. By HUGH MEARNS. (Constable.)

" Who's that a-calling ? "
(*Coon Song.*)

(Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.)

MEMOIRS OF A CLUBMAN. By G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson.)

" I came home late and tired last night."
RUPERT BROOKE, 1914 *and Other Poems.*

(R. G. Jermy, Bancroft's School, Woodford Wells, Essex.)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN AMERICA. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. (John Long)

" Water, water, everywhere "
COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner.*

(Violet H. Summers, The Birches, Union Road, Shirley, Birmingham, and Mariquita Gutierrez, 25, Paeso de la Coucha, San Sebastian, Spain.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best brief quotation applicable to the Washington Disarmament Conference is awarded to W. Bernard Livermore, of Holmwood, 52, Stapleton Hall Road, Stroud Green, N.4, for the following :

LINCOLN : " I believe that the world must come to wisdom slowly. It is for us who hate aggression to persuade men always and earnestly against it, and hope that, little by little, they will hear us. . . . Then we must act earnestly, praying always in our courage that never again will this thing happen. And then we must turn again, and again, and again to persuasion. This appeal to force is the misdeed of an imperfect world."

JOHN DRINKWATER, *Abraham Lincoln.*

We specially commend the replies from S. S. Wright (Bromley), Winifred Herrington (Ware), Kenneth C. Bruce (Sheffield), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Mrs. J. I. Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Edwin T. Giddens (Darlington), Joan T. Harris (Grange-over-Sands), George Harris (Scarborough), J. W. Craw (Northwich), D. E. Lambert (Guisborough), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), B. H. Beard (Bexleyheath), J. H. Hutchinson (Drumcondra), G. Evan Jones (Norfolk), A. P. Pearson (Halifax), E. Adams (Battersea), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), George Fawcett (Belfast), Miss Braddell (Bournemouth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Alan C. Fraser, of St. Edith, Albion Road, Ramsgate, for the following :

MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET. By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Collins.)

In this exquisite prose fantasy Mr. Walter de la Mare has achieved, not a mere novel, but a work of rare imaginative beauty. The life-story of the diminutive heroine is unfolded with an almost elfin delicacy of insight, revealing an unforgettable picture of the fantastic, sensitive, wistful soul lodged in the tiny body, moving in loneliness through a world of common-sized humans. Her intense love of Nature, and the continual solace and spiritual contentment which she draws from the great world of out-of-doors, form the *motif* running through the story, filling it with a haunting beauty.

We also select for printing :

MOVEMENTS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY.

By LAWRENCE H. DAVISON. (Humphrey Milford.)

To compress into 300 pages the history of Europe from Roman times to 1870, and yet to make the narrative as attractive and readable as a novel, is no easy task. But Mr. Davison has approached nearer to this ideal than any writer we have met. Steering a happy middle course between an arid chronicle of events and a mere collection of picturesque stories, he has produced what is a real history, but at the same time a vividly descriptive one, glowing with colour, and written in an easy and interesting style. The volume contains a dozen excellent maps.

(Ernest F. Row, Slernish, Orwell Road, Felixstowe.)

PAMELA POUNCE. By AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Those arch-wizards, the Castles, have given us another delightful romance in their old, intriguing style—a style in which they have no equal, though many imitators. As we read we smell the mingled odours of the assembly-rooms and the coffee-house, we hear the thunder of over-driven horses on cobble-stones, the clash of steel, and the rustle of silks and brocade, we see the passing show of fair dames and gallant gentlemen of a bygone day. The authors have never created a more alluring heroine than the pert, capable and always captivating little milliner, Pamela Pounce, who breaks so many masculine hearts.

(James A. Richards, M.I.P.S., 10, Park Road, Tenby, Pembrokeshire.)

THE SADHU. By B. H. STREETER AND A. J. APPASAMY. (Macmillan.)

More fascinating than any fiction is this study of an Indian Mystic—our own contemporary—who, having embraced Christianity with passionate conviction, has devoted his life to preaching the Gospel as a sadhu—or " holy man." With the " orthodox " sadhu India is familiar; but a *Christian* sadhu represents a daring innovation, and Sundar Singh's adventures, persecutions and deliverances read like a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles. The man and his message have been portrayed with fine fidelity by the joint authors of the book, which —as the Sadhu himself has said of a Greater—is as " a refreshing cool breeze " athwart our heated atmosphere of discord and dissension.

(Queenie Scott-Hopper, 25, The Crescent, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.)

We specially commend the reviews by G. Ralton Barnard (York), Frances M. Noel Tall (Harrogate), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), G. Bouverie Alleyne (Canterbury), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), R. A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), G. Pitt (London, N.), Ivy Ray (Surbiton), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Bertie van Thal (Swiss Cottage), Edith Pearson (Highgate), Tom Elliot (Edinburgh), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), Mrs. M. J. Eayres (Hornsey), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), M. K. Boothby (Newby), M. Waters (Cape Town), Anne Richardson (Minehead), Mrs. Cubitt (St. John's Wood), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), T. Morton (Blackburn).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. S. Purnell, of Holland House, Grafton Street, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

FROM HOMER TO DANTE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.



Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

Mr. George Saintsbury.

A CERTAIN misgiving has, on the part of the present reviewer, attended the reading of this in some ways very interesting and (as some say) "matterful" book. This is not due to any of the causes to which, in the old phrase, a vain people might think it to be due. Not even the fact that it is necessary to cut the pages not at top or side, as is usual, but at the bottom, though it is tremendous and soul-shaking, brings the misgiving about. Nor does the practice, almost as disquieting, of citing the titles of books without italics or "quotes"; though as one reads, without any typographical assistance, the words "Henry Adams's Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" one may be excused for a moment's wonder whether some most fortunate American gentleman has actually become possessed of the "guarded mount" and the storied cathedral. Nor, though the vulgar might specially think it to be so, is it connected with a very becoming, if in his own case quite unnecessary, initial remark of Professor Wendell's to the effect that the task he proposed to himself is "obviously beyond the power of any modern scholar" to achieve completely. As a matter of fact the knowledge it requires should not be "beyond the power" of any person who was fit to become a Professor of Literature and who has suitably employed the years of his incumbency. Putting that grim doubt aside, Professor Wendell himself has tackled it bravely. Let us see what the task itself is, and how it has been performed, before specifying the ugly thought which has accompanied the reading like the attendant fiend in Spenser and other tale-tellers.

The title of the book is perhaps not quite happy, though it is easier to cavil at it than to suggest a satisfactory substitute. It might be taken to mean—and to a small extent *does* mean—the traditions which *preceded* the various developments of literature itself; the sub-titles of the books—"Traditions of Greece," "Traditions of Rome," etc.—more particularly suggesting this. But what Professor Wendell has really undertaken to do is to deal with the things which Greece, Rome, the Dark Ages and the Middle as far as Dante, have themselves handed down to later times and especially to the present.

"Years of dealing with Harvard students" (he frankly says) "had shown me not only that Americans now know little of the literary traditions of our ancestral Europe, but also that they are seldom aware even of the little that they know."

Things may be a very little better than that in England, but they are certainly much worse with us than they were even a generation ago; and with the present trend of education they are likely to become worse still. To improve them a little in his own country Professor Wendell has written a book of more than six hundred pages (with a useful bibliographical appendix) in which he surveys most of the literature and some of the history which has been most prominent and effectual in the great torch-race of the life of Western literature, admitting also as an exception the Bible, because of what we may call its Occidentalisation by Christianity. His readers are, with rare exceptions, referred exclusively to translations; and it is not quite clear how far the author himself knows Greek literature in the original. His Homer may be first-hand, but there is a rather ambiguous sentence about the "Cyclops," and another which seems certainly to imply that he has *not* read Apollonius Rhodius. However this may be, there is nothing to which one can seriously object on this score, though it may be pointed out that ληκύθιον does not mean "a cake of soap" but "a bottle of oil," however closely the two things may approach each other in Greek and modern use respectively. As to Latin, on the other hand, the passages in regard to Lucretius, Tacitus and Juvenal, all of which are excellent, could hardly have been written by anyone not in actual touch with the originals, and that on Tacitus takes pains to show (rather humorously on the main scheme of the book) how utterly inadequate any possible translation is.

Anyhow, nobody but the most pedantic of martinets will find much fault with Professor Wendell from any such point of view. One may of course differ with him now and then. "Scott's conscious antiquarianism" is not a happy phrase, for it is exactly in Sir Walter's freedom from this that his superiority to most historical novelists consists. He had tried the trick early in his continuation of Strutt's "Queenhoo Hall," had found the mischief of it, and steadily avoided it afterwards. In speaking of English Pindaric our author seems to have forgotten even Gray, not to mention less judicious practitioners of the strict form. We sigh a little at finding that we have not even yet got rid of "Conflict" and "Environment," though surely they have had their time and might cease to be, like other fashionable critical conventions. It is also surely unnecessary to speak to novices (for whom alone the book is meant) about the "limitations" of Thucydides. It will take them most of their time to understand his greatness. "*Corked* champagne" is by no means necessarily or often "lifeless"; it would be less treacherously disgusting if it were. It is difficult to imagine Shakespeare losing his temper, but if he ever did so it would probably be at seeing himself accused of presenting Cleopatra as "an incarnation of *damning harlotry*." It is sad that a Professor of English, even in the—alas!—sere and withered condition of Emeritus-hood, should "forget"

* "The Traditions of European Literature from Homer to Dante." By Barrett Wendell, Emeritus Professor of English in Harvard University. (John Murray.)

where Coleridge enunciates the great principle of "suspension of disbelief." But we are all liable to such lapses, and the confession of them is generous and conciliating. Indeed, they are more than forgotten when he objects to the people who spell Virgil with an "e" and pronounce "Don Juan" "Hwân." But after much approval and little shaking of the head we own to a grieved surprise at Professor Wendell's admiration of two versions from Dante, one by the already mentioned "Henry Adams," the other by Professor Grandgent. To render

> Dame, merci! donez moi esperance
> De joie avoir,"

by

> Grace, lady! give me comfort to possess
> A hope one day,"

seems to us not so much an example of "marvellous skill in translation" as of marvellous unfaithfulness. "Comfort to possess a hope" and "hope of possessing a joy" are—God bless us all!—*quite* different gifts, though one *may* follow the other.

> "I wish that they should ne'er their coming rue
> As I believe that we should ne'er be sad,"

is no doubt not so unfaithful for

> "E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta
> Siccome io credo che sariamo noi,"

but it is marvellous ungainly, and one cannot conceive how anyone can speak of such work as "the best reproduction of this lyric of old Italian which has ever been made in our *unsinging English*," putting aside for a moment the two italicised words. *Not* putting them aside, one may indulge in an only faintly indignant chuckle over the memory of a thousand "unsinging" things from "Alisoun" to "Love laid his sleepless head."

This is, however, though not irrelevant, slightly digressive, and we must return to the general character of the book and the attendant doubt which was hinted in the beginning. On the main count, and making proper reserves, it may be very well spoken of. We have had no very serious faults of taste or knowledge to notice and there are few omissions or perfunctorinesses. Perhaps, on the strict specification of the book itself, the short notice accorded to Lucian, and the mere mention of Longinus, are the worst of its blots. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the "traditionary" influence of Lucian on the great department of satiric criticism of life. It is not merely that (as is duly noted here) particular works like Shakespeare's "Timon" and Swift's "Gulliver" proceed from him. He is the first voluminous exponent, in various directions, of the ironic and disillusionising attitude in Western literature. As for Longinus, his influence was of course more partial in extent, character and duration, but it was great.

Once more, this does not touch the "doubt" which may be thus put: "Is a book like this, very fairly exhaustive as it is on its own scheme and more than very fairly accurate, likely to do good to the class of persons whom it is intended to benefit?" Some considerable experience of that very class, and of their fellow-creatures at large, does not incline one to be sanguine about this, and may even incline one to fear that it will do mischief. The fear may be illustrated by an apologue-reminiscence of the ancient days—to be accurate, the latest fifties of the nineteenth century. Then, in a class-room not a hundred miles—or, for the matter of that, yards—off the Strand, might have been seen a not uncommon sight—a schoolmaster putting a "new boy" to moral torture. The schoolmaster was not at all a bad fellow, and besides his scholastic rank rather famous in the art world as a collector; the schoolboy was a numskull, though perhaps not *much* more so than the average. Interrogated as to what he had read, he named some of the ordinary school books and added one not so ordinary. But unfortunately he could not be sure whether it was Plato's "Phaedo" or Phaedo's "Plato." Now if this attitude of mind is not unknown (and nobody who has ever been a schoolmaster or a professor, hardly anyone who has ever been a schoolboy or an undergraduate, will say that it is even very rare) after actual study of actual texts, how much more common is it likely to be when, without any direct knowledge of them, names and contents of books, names and characters of authors, are cascaded on the patient to the extent of libraries of matter, battalions of writers, and millennia of time? The present reviewer would not be in the least surprised if some of Professor Wendell's readers were to go off with the idea that "Henry Adams" wrote the "Odyssey" and that Apollonius Rhodius was a composer of *chansons de geste*.

However, as Mr. Bennet says, let us not take such a gloomy view. The book is a creditable one to have written, and a pleasant—yea, and a profitable one to read when one is pretty well acquainted with its matter, grouping and focusing that matter as it does in an orderly fashion from a genuine if special point of view. And after all it is not impossible that *some* novices will be induced by it to go to the originals—in which case its author will be *at* once—and one hopes more than *for* once—justified.

WORDSWORTH'S ONE ROMANCE.*

BY MAJOR S. BUTTERWORTH.

SOME five years ago Professor Harper published his "Life of Wordsworth," in which was disclosed for the first time a most important fact—important, that is, from a psychological point of view—in the early life of Wordsworth, namely, his liaison with a young French lady during his stay in Orleans in 1791–2, which resulted in the birth of a daughter. The source of this information was a collection of unpublished letters written by Dorothy Wordsworth to her intimate friend, Mrs. Clarkson, the wife of the abolitionist, Thomas Clarkson; and also the unpublished portion of Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary. Professor Harper now gives

* "Wordsworth's French Daughter." By George McLean Harper, Professor of English in Princeton University. 4s. 6d. (Princeton University Press and Oxford University Press.)—"The Early Life of Wordsworth." By Émile Legouis. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

us in his booklet a few additional details as the result of further research, the most valuable of which are the certificate of the birth and baptism of the daughter, Anne Caroline, on December 15th, 1792 (the child was christened on the same day as she was born), and the certificate of her marriage on February 20th, 1816. While preparing his work for a new edition Professor Émile Legouis also continued the investigation, some of the results of which are given in an appendix, and we are promised a separate publication on the subject. He tells us that his discoveries have been many. This announcement is good news and it is greatly to be hoped—now that the question has been opened—that a full explanation if possible may be given of the reason why Wordsworth did not marry his first love. Professor Harper lays great stress on the fact that Marie-Anne Vallon belonged to a family notably Royalist and Catholic, whereas Wordsworth himself, under the influence and persuasion of Michel Beaupuy, the only revolutionary military officer among those with whom Wordsworth formed an acquaintance in Orleans and Blois, became a whole-hearted believer in the popular cause. Moreover, Wordsworth was nominally a Protestant. From the standpoint of the girl's family these two circumstances might be considered an objection to the marriage of the two lovers. But perhaps in themselves they would not have been sufficient to prove an insuperable bar, especially as the family disgrace might be to some extent mitigated and the honour of the family less tarnished by a legal alliance. Such an alliance, however, was a difficulty. On this point Professor Harper's comment is to the point:



William Wordsworth.

"Before the Revolution," he writes, "marriage was in the hands of the Church and was treated as a sacrament. By a decree of the National Assembly on July 12th, 1790, known as the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, all priests and prelates were declared functionaries of the State. Only a few bishops, and not quite half of the lower clergy, took the oath of office under this law, the rest choosing to remain faithful to Rome. It can readily be seen that each side would be reluctant to recognise the validity of marriages celebrated by the other. The ancient sanctity of Church marriages was further assailed in an article of the Constitution of September, 1791: 'The law considers marriage as only a civil contract.' . . . Marie-Anne Vallon belonged to a family which would have considered a merely civil marriage null and void, and marriage by a constitutional priest an insult to religion."

Is this religious difficulty really the explanation, and did Wordsworth or his family offer no opposition?

That is the question, at present unsolved, and it may be that it will remain insoluble unless Professor Legouis in his forthcoming monograph unriddles the puzzle. It should however be stated that Wordsworth honourably admitted his fault, subsequently corresponded with Marie-Anne and her daughter, approved of the latter's marriage in 1816, gave her a dowry and visited her mother, herself and husband, with all of whom he was on the best of terms. But—and this is an important point for us—why, after the publication of the Concordat, April 18th, 1802, when marriage by a non-juring priest would have been legal, did not Wordsworth regularise his connection with Marie-Anne, whom he visited in August of that year, about two months before he married Mary Hutchinson? Some condonation of his moral lapse may be granted on account of Wordsworth's youth and his imperfect knowledge of the world. Association, too, with a more vivacious, volatile and gay people than those of his own nation may have had no little influence on his outlook on life. And the revolutionary ferment must have had its effect. When he arrived in France ostensibly to learn the language, he was only in his twenty-second year; the young woman who fascinated him was the elder, being then in her twenty-sixth year. We know nothing of her personal attractions and we can only conjecture what she found in the young Wordsworth to engage her interest. If his sympathies had been with the Royalists that might have brought them together, but we know that "his heart was all given to the people." It was Beaupuy's burning zeal that fired the young Englishman's enthusiasm, and but for the "chain of harsh necessity," which dragged him home at a critical time, he would—as he tells us—have made common cause with those who perished, and haply perished too. When Wordsworth parted with this honoured and revered friend in the summer of 1792, Beaupuy was only a captain, but his promotion was rapid, for, in an unpublished official letter written by him to General Marceau in the second year of the *republique francaise unie et imperissable*, we find that he was then a Brigadier-General.

To those acquainted with Professor Legouis' fascinating "Early Life of Wordsworth" no recommendation will be necessary. Its first appearance in its English dress—it was translated by Mr. J. W. Matthews—was in 1897. It is an illuminating book and shows a wonderful knowledge not only of Wordsworth's poems and a thorough insight into his character both as a poet and as a man, but also of English literature in general. It is not, as the title shows, a complete biography; it deals only with the poet's life from birth to the year 1798, when the harmony between his mental and moral life, which was disturbed by the crisis through which he passed on the failure of hopes that were called into being

by the French Revolution—that heralded dawn of universal happiness—was once more restored. His early devotion to Nature returned, but without its aching joys and dizzy raptures, though for such loss he believed there had followed abundant recompense, and his feelings, too, were humanised. The debt he owed for this restoration was due more especially to his beloved sister Dorothy, but in other and important ways he was also indebted to that friend whom he met at the most critical period of his life—Coleridge. We now know that the moral crisis through which Wordsworth passed was not entirely caused by politics; the love-episode had, in all probability, no slight or trivial influence in its production.

AN AMERICAN TALKS WITH JOHN MASEFIELD.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

I HAD been at Oxford with some friends for several days, when suddenly I remembered that John Masefield lived at Boar's Hill, just a little way out in the country; and I wondered why I had not thought of this before. Robert Nichols used to speak to me in America of the little colony they had—Masefield, Bridges, Gilbert Murray, and a few others.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Masefield.**

With a young friend who happened along, I took a bus, and then walked at least a mile and a half, inquiring all the way if we were on the right road to the poet's house. Yes, we were—keep straight on; second house to your right beyond that hill. It was hot and dusty. No rain had fallen for days, and the panorama of the valley which spread at our feet when we reached the crest of the hill seemed burning up. The grass was like straw. The view in normal times must be enchanting. To-day it made my heart ache.

There was his house, at last! A simple enough dwelling, the grounds of which we entered through a little gate. It was not unlike many of our American suburban dwellings, with no pretence, no anxiety to be greatly different from other houses round about.

Yes, Mr. Masefield was at home; would we step in? the maid answered our query. We simply sent word by her that two American pilgrims, whose names did not matter, would like to say "Good day" to a writer they had long admired.

The message came back that Mr. Masefield would be happy to see us shortly; but he was at work. I wondered if we had interrupted the composition of a sonnet, and I was not pleased to be the blunt instrument which would thus cut off a magical line. "But he always comes down for tea," the maid explained; and made us comfortable in the dining-room. We looked about. The model of a ship first caught my attention. The author of "Dauber" would be certain to make one with his own hands. Then paintings of his boy and girl, as well as a portrait of himself. A few books, a littered desk, a hospitable fire-place and inviting chairs—these were enough to make the room cosy and habitable. Suddenly, through a French window behind us, Mrs. Masefield came in "from feeding the hens," she laughed. Her husband would be in soon. He was putting some nails in a box in the barn. So it was not a poem we had interrupted!

I told her how, on my first visit to England twelve years ago, I had read "The Everlasting Mercy" on a park bench in Chester, on my way to my steamer. The tattered copy of *The English Review* was passed from one end of the boat to the other; and when I got to New York I told a reporter who had come to interview Andrew Carnegie that I had a far more important piece of news for him: a new poet had arrived in England; and I gave him the torn magazine. In print, later, he agreed with me. And so did the whole world. Mrs. Masefield's eyes filled with tears as I told her this; and I recalled how I had, after a year, written myself to her husband to tell him of my joy in his poetry. "Did I answer?" said a deep voice behind me. And I turned to see Mr. Masefield smiling, his face sunburned, his tired eyes lighted by some divine inner fire.

"You did," I said. "I'm glad of that," he replied. And we all sat down and talked of America. I had heard Masefield lecture during the war; and he looked then as if the weight of the world were upon his shoulders. But now he looked rested and five years younger, and the resiliency had come back to his voice.

"I love America—those busy, teeming cities like Chicago and Kansas City. And New York is wonderful. It's so glorious to do as you do there—when you don't like a street you tear it down and build it over again! I have often wondered at Americans constantly coming over here to see our ancient, crumbling walls, our worn-out relics, when your youth and fire and fervour are so much more worth while."

My young friend, who had been "doing" Europe for a year, and doing it thoroughly, looked amazed. But of course, lover of young and growing cities that I am, Masefield's words were a lyric in my ears.

"It is true," he went on. "You have so much of energy to give, so much that is inspiring and new; and that plays its part in the world, you know."

He liked American audiences; but the long journeys tired him and interfered with his work of writing; and he was not sure when he would tour the States again. But when he does go Mrs. Masefield is going with him. She has never been. America will be as cordial to her as it has been to her husband.

They urged us to stay for tea; but a boom of thunder echoed far off, and the first rain of the summer began to sing in the garden, and we said we must run for our bus. Another guest had come in, so we hurried to the road, Masefield showing us to the gate and waving us good-bye. He looked like a ghost in his suit of white linen, but a healthy, normal ghost—as normal as those robust songs of the sea he has sung so well.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.*

BY LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

A NOVELIST is soon forgotten, but the six years that have elapsed since the publication of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's "The Clean Heart" but pave the way to a more eager welcome for "If Winter Comes," the most original achievement of 1921. This is the young writer who attracted a legion of friends by his first light-hearted effort, "Once Aboard the Lugger." There is no need—Heaven be praised!—to commend "The Happy Warrior" to the world. That beautiful and chivalrous creation gained the meed it deserved. As a romance of altruism nothing in modern fiction has excelled it. Hutchinson had his heart on the Holy Grail when he wrote it. The story of self-sacrifice has often something sickly in its texture, but the hero of "The Happy Warrior" was a genuine fighting man. There is a description of a boxing encounter in that brave book as good as Doyle's pugilistic *tour de force* in "Rodney Stone." "The Clean Heart" came out in the month that war was declared and, as may be imagined, it never had a fair chance. Readers of Mr. Hutchinson's most recent book, "If Winter Comes," will certainly go back to its predecessor.

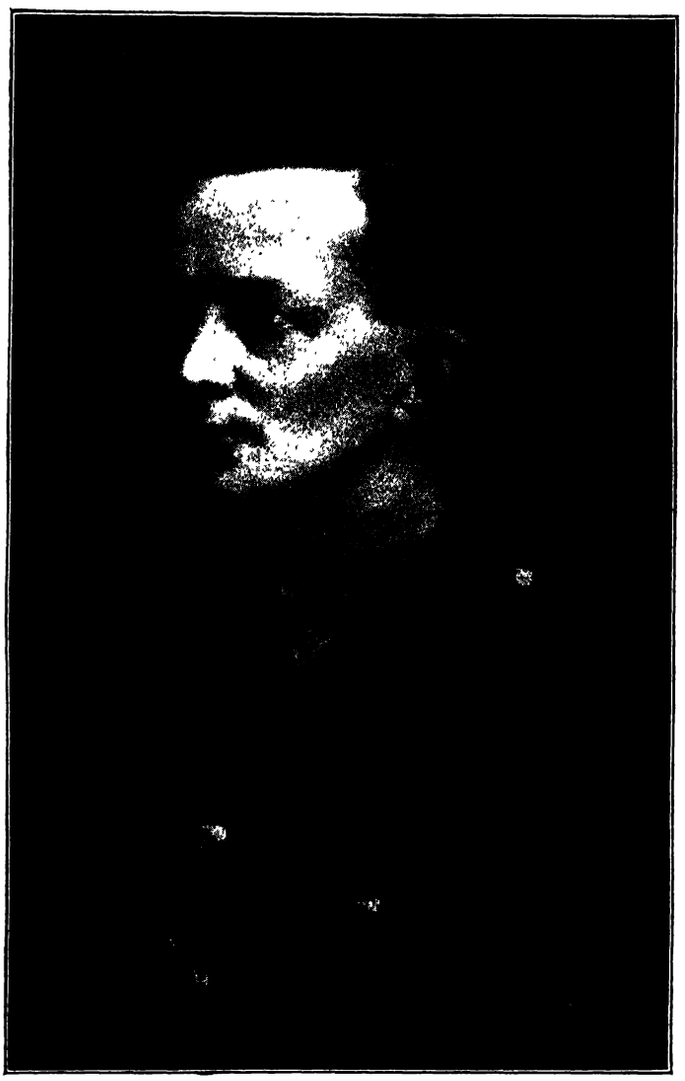


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **A. S. M. Hutchinson.**

Before dealing with this fascinating and at times bewildering novel, I would like to convey what kind of person Hutchinson is, as he is never likely to convey it for himself, being stricken by that rare disease which is called modesty. Well, then, the novelist-to-be began life as a student at St. Thomas's Hospital, but medicine and surgery had no fascination for him, and writing had an overwhelming enchantment for him. He wrote and wrote and continued to write, and steadfastly refrained from reading. In that feverish period Hutchinson earned his first guineas—it was thirty shillings—and he never got it. The magazine, *The Ludgate*, went smash after publishing his contribution—a poem—but cause and effect are not suggested.

When the unwilling student was two years behind with his exams. something had to be done, and he did it by renouncing parent-aided education and setting out to earn his own living with the pen.

"How I had the courage," Mr. Hutchinson whimsically confessed to me, "I can't (now) imagine. I wrote all day long every conceivable form of article and short story. I got a regular five shillings a week from *Scraps* for comic verse, and then began to get random acceptances here and there. I believe I was only a very few months at this way of life, and then, astoundingly, I attracted the attention of Mr. P. W. Everitt, of *Pearson's*. He asked me to call, and I told him my ambitions, and two weeks later came, most astonishingly, an offer to join the staff. I learned my trade at *Pearson's*, but I left *Pearson's* because I wanted to write a novel, and there is no room in a popular magazine for a young man who is obsessed with the idea of writing a novel."

In the process of writing it the struggling author was offered the opportunity of doing leaderettes for the *Daily Graphic*. That was in 1907. In 1908 he found himself, to his amazement sub-editor of the paper, and in 1912, to his increased wonder, he became editor, and remained in that position until 1916, when he joined the army, finishing his military experiences with the first Army of Occupation in Germany.

On demobilisation Hutchinson definitely did what he had determined on for years—broke with journalism and set up as a novelist without any other preoccupation. "If Winter Comes" is the first splendid fruit of that undivided interest.

"Once Aboard the Lugger" was rejected once, but was welcomed by Alston Rivers, who made a great success of it. "The Happy Warrior" was a greater. Of "The Clean Heart" Hutchinson says with his charming self-depreciation, "I think it has some not bad stuff in it."

From the manner of its telling and the evolution of its psychology, "If Winter Comes" is an extraordinarily difficult book to do justice to in review; and I was strangely interested in Mr. Hutchinson's account of his method of work when planning out and actually working on the novel.

"I write," he told me, "from character, not plot. All

* "If Winter Comes." By A. S. M. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

the characters in ' If Winter Comes,' except Effie, were in my head years before I wrote about them. They just moved about in my brain from 1915 to 1919, doing nothing ; and nothing I could think of would make them do anything. Then one day came observation of the fact that the convention which makes life grievously hard for an unmarried mother who will not be parted from her child, though superficially cruel in its application, is profoundly sound and just in its intention. I presented this to the obstinate characters. They simply jumped ! The rest was easy."

It is in accord with Hutchinson's vision of life that for him the best victory is in apparent defeat.

" . . . O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ? "

This eccentric novel is full of heartbreak, and yet the pulse of triumph predominates. Mark Sabre—called by his intimates " Old Sabre "—at thirty-four is married and apparently " done for." He is a member of a prosperous firm and promotion is indicated for him, but his life is not destined for security. His household is already disintegrating in the sway of its mistress. Mark's wife is one of those humourless, literal-minded Englishwomen who make such good housekeepers and such abominable companions. He knows that there is something logical behind all the conventions she obeys, but is troubled and chilled by her sheer want of humanity.

There is nothing on the surface romantic about Mark Sabre. He is just a good average man, fond of a joke and a frolic, holding women in respect, greeting children with a smile. He overtops the average man perhaps in his sympathy for the sufferings of others, in his desire that every one should be happy.

Lady Tybar, wife of a very cruel type of epicurean, turns to Mark from her callous husband; Nona and Mark have been sweethearts from childhood; when she finds her burden unbearable Mark consents to share it in exile; but one gathers that the opening gun of the war which reconciles Nona with Tybar is an instrument of relief for Mark, whose loyalty to Mabel survives all affection for her. The little love scenes, however, between Nona and " Marko " are quite beautiful in their simplicity and comradeship.

Mark is not an A1 life. He is refused time and again for the army, and finally, when the C3 men have a chance and he gets into Tommy's khaki, the well-bred Mabel thinks he looks rather a fool. The war experiences are told in a couple of admirable chapters.

However, I must speed on to Effie. Sabre has placed this young girl—" Bright Effie," as he called her, from her sunny radiance of spirit—as companion to old Mrs. Perch when her Freddie had left her to go to France. With the death of the old woman Mark asks Mabel to take the girl to gladden the house when he shall have left her. Mark has no feeling for Effie but admiration for her youth and spring and courage ; but Mabel is no believer in such abstract relationships. Her whole object when Mark is gone is to treat the girl in such wise as to compel her to leave the house. So when Mark is on the bidding of his country, Effie is driven from his roof-tree. She also seeks some kind of military service in France.

Mark is wounded, very badly wounded, and is sent back to hospital and then to his loveless home. There comes a letter from Effie to Mabel Sabre—a hopeless, pitiful appeal for shelter. Effie is in disgrace ; she has got a baby; and the baby has no father that Effie can boast of.

Clumsy, blundering Mark, now a cripple, persecuted by the men he had worked with, the Rev. Sebastian Fortune, the oily humbug, and Mr. Shearman Twyning, who hates Mark like poison simply because the mean detests the generous, puts it to Mabel that the girl must be protected. Mabel leaves the house and Mark remains on. The rumour of divorce proceedings stupefies him. The voice of scandal gets busy, and when Effie kills herself to rid Mark of the burden on him, the nervous, overwrought man is driven almost mad. Mark's visit to the mortuary, where the hapless girl and her child are left exposed to the eyes of the curious ; the long torture of the coroner's inquest which censures the broken Quixote, are almost intolerable in their agony. Mark finds a letter from Effie which absolves him of any share in her shame, but he cannot clear himself thus, as it will inculpate the son of his bitterest enemy—that enemy calling to God for the son that has been taken from him.

Mark Sabre collapses, and is only restored to life and sanity by the tireless care of Nona, now a widow. The end shows the approach of a belated spring in the stormy career of this simple Galahad. This is but a rough sketch of a living, breathing book, compact of the very essence of life. " If Winter Comes " is the noblest book of the year.

New Books.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES.

When two books on such different subjects as boy psychology and the teaching of English* have to be included in the same review one naturally looks around for common points. In this case the closest contact is found in the spirit of protest that is present in both. Some sixteen years ago Mr. Frank J. Adkins took for the title of a little book on the educational problems of the day the biblical " Tekel." This word might appropriately appear on the front page of at least a dozen books of the same kind that have since appeared, and nowhere would it be more in place than in the two books now under consideration. Whatever their differences they cordially agree in proclaiming our present system of elementary education as a failure. At first sight it might appear that Mr. Sampson is dealing with mere literary instruction, while Mr. Servanté specialises in moral training, but examination shows that " English for the English " is no mere treatise on method. Mr. Sampson has without doubt the wider scope of the two. He certainly keeps to his subject, but he treats it in the broadest way, and in particular develops its social and artistic aspects. His pages will gratify the drafters of the Labour Party's recent memorandum on education, in which they strongly condemn any vocational training

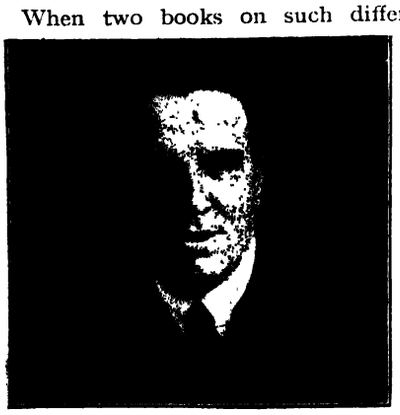


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. George Sampson.**

* " English for the English." By George Sampson. 5s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)—" The Psychology of the Boy." By F. A. Servanté. 1s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

before the age of sixteen. So far from seeking to prepare for the future vocation of the elementary school pupils, Mr. Sampson would prepare them *against* it. In other words he wants to make provision for the extra-vocational part of their future life. To this end English has to be taught so as to realise all its humanistic possibilities. The classical teachers' claims to a monopoly of humanism are contemptuously brushed aside; yet Mr. Sampson is no foe to the classics. He would indeed introduce Latin as the first language to be taught in school after the mother tongue. But English must occupy the first place.

Mr. Sampson is an iconoclast, but he realises the need for moderation in his destruction. He wants many revolutions, but he has the sense to see that he cannot have more than one at a time. The revolution that commands his immediate attention concerns the teaching of the mother tongue. He does not mince matters. He would sweep away most of our present methods. In particular he would abolish the specific teaching of composition as a separate subject, and the essay would go by the board as a ridiculously over-difficult subject for average pupils. At the first blush the ordinary teacher of English in the elementary schools may welcome all this as a happy release from responsibility, but those who are in search of an easy billet are ill-advised to come to this book for guidance. So far from the teaching of English taking a more subordinate place in our schools, it is to be raised to the place of first importance. It is no longer to be entrusted to the specialist alone. The teaching of English must be regarded in school as everybody's business. Every teacher *in* English is necessarily a teacher *of* English. This is sound doctrine; the intelligent public will have little sympathy with those teachers who decline all responsibility for anything but their special subjects. The teacher of domestic science who indignantly refuses to be troubled about such matters as spelling and correct construction is above her business, and should be released from her functions. We are beginning to understand the sting of Lavisso's criticism that in school we too frequently have merely a fragment of an educator addressing a fragment of a pupil—and, he might have added, about a fragment of a subject. Mr Sampson might well have quoted Mr H G Wells's claim that the first function of the school is to promote intercourse; all the other functions are subordinate to this.

Mr. Sampson rightly discriminates between composition as record and composition as creation. In the first aspect everybody can compose, and this form of composition can be taught. On the creative side only a very limited number of pupils should be called upon to produce. Here Mr. Sampson is perhaps too pessimistic. At any rate my experience seems to indicate that creative power is more widely distributed among elementary school pupils than he represents. He has, however, done a valuable service in emphasising the danger of neglecting this distinction, particularly in the higher forms of composition. His own work here suggests a good way of stimulating the creative impulse, for his method of *induction to literature*—the process of "getting it over" to the pupils—suggests a valuable training of the dormant creative powers. This section of the book is of first-rate importance.

It will be seen that Mr. Sampson rises far above mere technique. He is interested in the souls of his pupils, and is suspicious of psychology, for "In spite of its name, psychology has nothing to do with the soul." This must be regarded as a matter of opinion, and we cannot expect Mr. Servanté to agree. It is natural that a man who writes as a clergyman and as the chaplain of a Boy Scouts' Association should take a view different from that of an experienced and successful teacher. He wants, for example, to speak of *hormé* as a person, and uses *who* and *whom* when referring to it. But the two views are not antagonistic. Mr. Servanté writes (perhaps too timidly, certainly too apologetically) from the psycho-analytical standpoint to people who are novices; Mr. Sampson writes (perhaps too trenchantly, perhaps even truculently—though I hasten to add that I am on his side all the time) as an expert to experts who may or may not agree with him. We have something to learn from both; but professional teachers will naturally be specially grateful to Mr. Sampson.

JOHN ADAMS.



Photo by Isabel Harnell, Hull. **J. E. Buckrose (Mrs. Falconer Jameson).**

THE PRIVET HEDGE.*

The privet hedge which separated the dwelling of the two out-of-date ladies, who share the honours of heroine with two others in this story, was symbolical. It shut the world from them, but the world, in the shape of builders' men, pushed forward and invaded their seclusion. The hedge was at last dug up, and the constant lament of the two sisters that "things will never be the same" was justified. Those who are familiar with the author's work will know that any book from her pen is certain to "grip," and this charming novel is no exception. The scene is laid in Yorkshire, at a watering-place from which the Flamborough Light can be seen, and the four principal ladies of the story are most cleverly conceived temperamental studies. Caroline, the young girl of the domestic class who arrives at a higher social plane by constant striving and the defiance of her homely surroundings, is given a place in the ticket-office of the Thorhaven dancing hall. She has two romances, one with a quite impossible young "bounder" of the type which Mr. Pett Ridge loves to delineate, the other with a prosperous business man of the town who is engaged to a wealthy and independent girl. This second love-affair predominates, and the struggles of the two, caught in the net of mutual passion, to spare the feelings of the one who had the right of possession, are depicted with a delicacy that only this author can convey. Fate gives them to one another in the end, and in thus solving the problem we seem to touch a weak point in the story. We hardly feel convinced that Caroline was the suitable partner for a man of Godfrey

* "The Privet Hedge." By J. E. Buckrose. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton).

Wilson's character; nor do we see him so easily giving up the acquisition of the fortune that would have come to him through marriage with Laura Temple. However, after such an interesting tangle, compelled as we are to follow it without a break, no urgent ground of complaint is possible. In this class of story there are few who can captivate our imagination with more certainty than this delightful writer.

THICK OR CLEAR?*

Do you like Thick or Clear? Do you prefer the *purée* of Mr. Clutton-Brock or the *consommé* of Mr. Walkley? Both are good. Mr. Clutton-Brock appears to be more nourishing, Mr. Walkley appears to be more digestible; but we must not go entirely by appearance. The amount of nourishment in the thickest of Thick may be no greater than in the clearest of Clear, and the digestibility of both may be equal. If you are wise you will have both at hand, and take whichever the moment's need suggests. At least they make an excellent contrast.

Mr. Clutton-Brock's essays will be familiar to many as the first page articles in recent issues of *The Times Literary Supplement*; Mr. Walkley's will be equally familiar as the initialled columns contributed to the more frivolous daily issues of that paper. Mr. Clutton-Brock is above all things serious. He seems anxious that you should think him incapable of frivolity. Mr. Walkley, on the other hand, frisks very sedulously lest you should think him capable of pedantry. Each is perhaps a trifle excessive. Mr. Brock, in particular, might unbend a little. He has delivered so many lay sermons that his utterance has grown to suggest the pulpit; and the layman in the pulpit is apt to be *plus royaliste que le roi*. The late Father Stanton could crack jokes from the pulpit; the layman dare not. This is an example of what I mean. Mr. Clutton-Brock quotes Walt Whitman's familiar lines about animals:

"They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God—"

And so on. Upon this he observes with some severity, not merely that Saint Augustine and other great men have lain awake in the dark and wept for their sins, but that "we do not know enough about animals to say what Whitman says about them"! Now that, I think, is a solemnity born of the pulpit. In places where one is allowed to laugh it wouldn't be said. I hope Mr. Clutton-Brock will not think I am raising frivolous objections. On the contrary I admire his essays, and I cordially recommend them to all good readers; but I offer myself to him as a specimen of *l'homme moyen sensuel* tending to grow a little restless under the strain of protracted earnestness. In fact I give myself away as an Awful Warning. It is not often a reviewer will do as much—intentionally. I should add that Mr. Clutton-Brock's subjects in the present volume include George Herbert, George Meredith, Poe, Marvell, Vaughan and Tolstoy, and that the secret of his quietism in prose is to be found in a sentence that I take to embody his own aspirations:

"One dreams of a prose that has never yet been written in English, though the language is made for it, and there are minds not incapable of it, a prose dealing with the greatest things quietly and justly as men deal with them in their secret meditations, seeming perhaps to wander, but always advancing in an unbroken sequence of thought with a controlled ardour of discovery and the natural beauties of a religious mind."

Of Mr. Walkley's volume I will say that the first of it is not the best. His *pastiches*, his little attempts in the manner of Aristotle, Addison, Fielding, Boswell, Sterne, Jane Austen and Dickens are not bad, but they are not important. Most readers will prefer the natural sprouts and flourishes of Mr. Walkley's own wit to his imitation of the wit of others, and of those sprouts and flourishes there is an abundance in these pages. His subjects are precisely those on which we all prefer to hear him—matters of the theatre and aspects of criticism—and he discusses them with becoming gravity accompanied by redeeming levity. Having lectured Mr. Clutton-Brock on his besetting sin I don't see why I should let Mr. Walkley escape; so I ask him to consider whether he does not overdo the allusion in general and some allusions in particular—whether some of his cloud of witnesses are not dragged in a little violently. "But things," as Bishop Butler says, "are what they are"—is it really worth while citing Bishop Butler to testify so little? Is it worth while to call up twice within a few pages—even with apologies—the character in Molière who remarks, "*Le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire*"? Mr. Walkley, as we know, is addicted to French, and I am sure would believe anything told him in the French language. But he calmly writes this English sentence, "It was for him that I should have liked to have thought of it." He would blush with shame if it were proved that he had written a sentence like that in French. He cheerfully and engagingly confesses that he has never even heard of Mr. X, Mrs. Y and Miss Z, English coterie novelists of the moment. I suspect that he would lose his tongue rather than confess that he had never even heard of Monsieur X, Madame Y and Mademoiselle Z. But this is ungracious! What I should be telling Mr. Walkley is that his papers become the more delightful the more he lets himself go; and what I should be telling the reader is that the best pages of the volume combine wit, wisdom and the elegance of learning in a way that suggests the traditionally excellent table talk that no one ever hears.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "More Essays About Books." By A. Clutton-Brock. 6s. net. (Methuen.)—"Pastiche and Prejudice." By A. B. Walkley. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

THE TRIBAL GOD.*

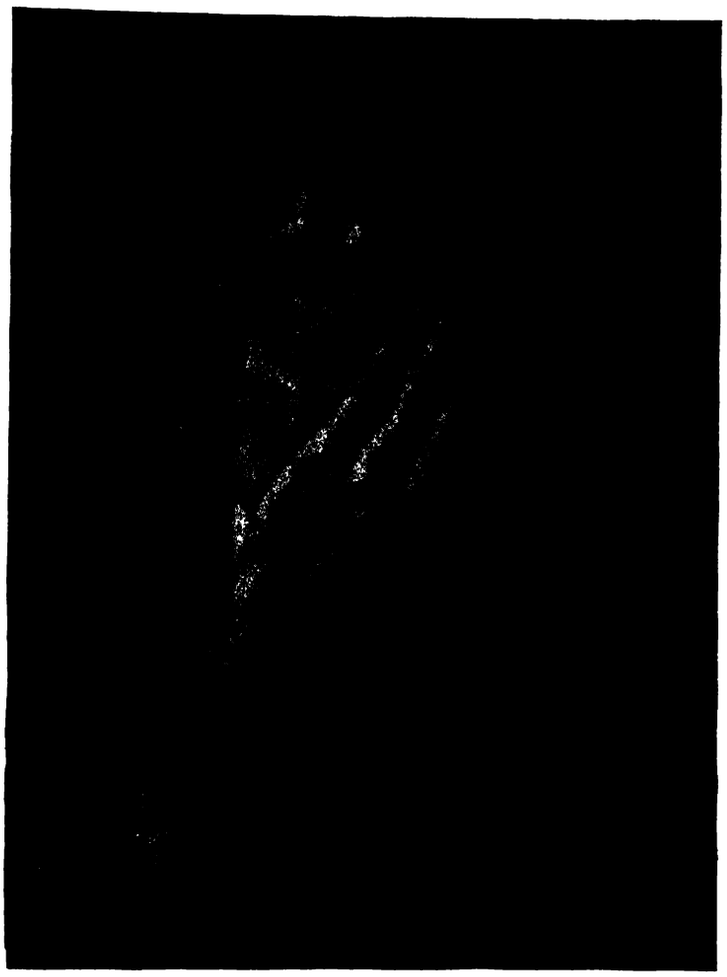
Mr. Tremaine—or should it, in spite of the masculine Herbert, be Miss?—has tried rather too much in this very readable novel. His main subject, the influence of family life, the snobbishness of certain English circles, was enough without his also attempting the more difficult task of portraying the devoted love between Bridget and Susan or Bridget's confusion between the claims of Susan, Kit Gates and Paul Casslen. The author is not equal to this last task: neither Paul nor Kit are sufficiently characterised, and though Susan is an admirable portrait of the independent girl, whose affections are for her friend, Mr. Tremaine shirks the problem involved in Bridget's affection for Susan. On the other hand, we have read no recent novel, nothing since Thackeray, which gives more realistically the thick, stupid, cruel and heavy atmosphere of a family at once ignorant and arrogant. The deep despondency induced by reading about the Casslens is as real as the impression such a family makes if one meets it. "The Tribal God" is a book of rare promise.

JOANNA GODDEN.†

A year ago, writing of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Green Apple Harvest," I said what so many reviewers have said and are still saying, namely, that her mind has been coloured, her philosophy strengthened and deepened, by a study of Mr. Thomas Hardy's work. I now believe that criticism to be at best superficial. What similarities exist in these two writers' methods of unfolding a story, and in their individual outlook upon life, are apparent rather than real. Mr. Hardy and Miss Kaye-Smith do not even share the same cast of mind. Reverent though most of us must be towards Mr. Hardy's genius, we cannot acquit him of

* "The Tribal God." By Herbert Tremaine. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

† "Joanna Godden." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)



Aubrey Beardsley.

From a photo by F. H. Evans

From "Portraits of the Nineties," by E. T. Raymond (Fisher Unwin).

Aubrey Beardsley.

perversely compelling all his multiform presentations of life to conform with his theory of life; his creatures are inevitably the victims of the deliberate malice of destiny; their unfulfilled lives meet with the crackling, ironic laughter of the gods. But in Miss Kaye-Smith's books no rigid theory of life lies implicit. Destiny may baulk her imperfect men and women of complete happiness, but she does not, either by inference or innuendo, lay the blame for their lives' futility upon a grinning all-malevolence. Mr. Hardy sees us all controlled and brought to nothingness by an elaborate machinery of blind accidents, by the wickedness of circumstance, by the miraculous "fitting in" of time, place and people; that is to say, the individual is controlled from without. In Miss Kaye-Smith's stories the destiny of most of her chief characters is evolved from within.

It is so with Joanna Godden. The reader may object that Joanna's meeting with Bertie Hill was an "accident"; but it was not so. Joanna issued from the Palace Hotel, Marlingate, that warm night in April, when the sea "was a deep, glamorous grey," for the purpose of finding Bertie or some one of Bertie's kind. True, she had no knowledge of Bertie Hill's existence; nevertheless she went out to seek him; went out to seek a man upon whom she could pour her humble, abundant love. It was her need of him that created him. Almost any outwardly decent man, that night, would have made for her a Bertie Hill. This quality of hers—the power to impose herself upon circumstance, to force circumstance to develop for her own undoing—makes her a human and a very credible creature. The good and the evil that befall her are the good and the evil of her own large, intolerant, loving, seemly yet showy nature.

The book is a patient yet inspired portrayal of a group of people who, during the first twenty years or so of this century, lived on Walland Marsh, three miles from Rye. It has no "plot" in the old-fashioned sense of the term. The people are everything. As in life, the big incidents evolve naturally and slowly from the minor issues of everyday existence. Miss Kaye-Smith gives us drama without being "dramatic" There is no strain. The story unfolds itself as deliberately as a bud that hour by hour curves itself outwards into blossom. The characters blend with their environment so closely that when the vulgar, cockney-souled Bertie comes from London to Ans-dore, he is an offence to the landscape. This unity of people and place, so constantly seen in life, is rarely encountered in fiction, for the imaginative writer is apt imperiously and disastrously to provide his setting not from a vast store of half-conscious observation, but by means of an easy inventiveness that is unreal because it has no substantial counterpart in nature. Miss Kaye-Smith's imagination is fed and nourished by her apprehensive and apprehending senses; the landscape she has observed—its colour, contour, smell—is transmuted into art, and by means of art gathers beauty and durability.

Joanna, even to her neighbours, is an oddity. At the death of her father she manages her farm and, after a failure or two, begins to prosper. She is independent, experimental, loud. Though she sends her young sister to a "select school at Folkestone," in order that Ellen may become "a lady," Joanna herself half falls in love with one of her humble employees, a man whose neck "was like the trunk of an oak with roots of firm, beautiful muscle in the field of his broad chest." But Sockernesh is ox-like in his slowness and sees not his mistress's yearning; when one night she totters into his arms he thinks she is ill and, holding her by her shoulders, stupidly inquires if she feels better now. Sockernesh is dismissed. Real love comes at the advent of Martin Trevor, the son of Sir Harry. Her courtship of him, rather brazen though it is, has the beauty of deep feeling. To him "she was like some sterling homespun piece, strong and sweet-smelling—she was like a plot of the marsh earth, soft and rich and alive." Their short engagement is terminated by Martin's death just before marriage. Joanna's maternal instinct is spent prodigally on her little sister and on her farm. But Ellen returns only a cold, inefficient love for Joanna's passion, and the farm, though fresh acres are added to it, is too narrow and dumb and unresponsive for its owner's generous nature. Ill and despondent, Joanna goes to Marlingate and spends herself royally on Bertie Hill, the London clerk. She gives him all—she who has been loved by fine, loyal men of the Marsh. "It's for my child's sake I won't marry Bertie Hill," she tells her "respectable" sister, to whom the statement is all the more incomprehensible, as the child is not yet born.

Many of us who try to write fiction can produce a beautiful page, an eager, living paragraph. But it is given to very few to create a big work of art, rounded and symmetrical, full of richness and the nobility of truth, and alive in its every part with the glow of genius. That work is here; if it is not a great novel, it comes within measurable distance of greatness.

GERALD CUMBERLAND.

THE TRAGEDY OF LORD KITCHENER.*

Vox populi, vox dei is the maxim upon which the world nowadays at least believes itself to be run, and fortunately the *vox populi* is generally cajoled into shouting the thing approximately necessary. But it is a curious commentary on the presumably more and more educated discernment of Democracy to reflect that whereas a century ago, when Democracy had little to say in the fashioning of its destinies, the great figures of the Napoleonic wars which the popular imagination adopted—Napoleon, Blucher and Wellington—did in point of fact actually equal if not surpass the popular conception of their genius, the popular heroes of the World War—Hindenburg, Kitchener and Joffre—were all three of them merely myth-incarnations of the national spirit. In all three cases the nation set up an idol whose taciturnity was believed to conceal the supernatural wisdom of which it had need—and in all three cases the unfortunate man shut up in the idol suffered in the reaction from the deification which had not produced the thunderbolts so earnestly prayed for. For not one of these three had that immense genius for war needed to control such a mighty conflict, that genius which waited, unconsidered until the eleventh hour, in Maréchal Foch alone. With Hindenburg and Joffre we have here nothing to do. But it is the tragedy of an honest and well-meaning man popularly accredited with a genius he did not possess and bidden to employ that genius under circumstances of enormous initial difficulty, in an undertaking vaster than the world had yet seen—and not that night of shipwreck in the North Sea—which is the theme of Lord Esher's "Tragedy of Lord Kitchener."

The key-note of that tragedy is struck at the outset. The British public, uneasily conscious in August, 1914, that its Government contained elements reluctant to fight Germany, clamoured for a strong man, about whom there could be no doubt, to express its will for war. It clamoured for Kitchener—and not unnaturally, for (except the aged Lord Roberts) Kitchener was the only soldier of tried and first-class reputation that England knew of. Was he not Kitchener of Khartoum, the avenger of Gordon, the conqueror of the Sudan, the patient victor of the Boer War? There would be no nonsense with Kitchener in the saddle! His taciturnity betrayed none of the legends of ruthless efficiency which had gathered about him. The whole of Britain knew him from his portrait—an incarnation of stern and dogged will-power backing an intellect cold as ice and penetrative as a sword. That was how the Empire saw him, but, says Lord Esher:

"No one knew better than Lord Kitchener his own limitations. . . . He was no longer the K. of K. of the Sudan and South Africa, and he only as yet was aware of the tragic fact. . . . The armour of his soul had rusted. . . ."

It is doubtful whether at any time in his career Kitchener, given the opportunity, could have proved himself the

* "The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener." By Lord Esher. 10s. 6d. (John Murray.)

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equal of such soldiers as, say, Wellington, Wolseley or Roberts. Here, in the heart of the greatest crisis that had ever convulsed the Empire, with such an opportunity for genius as no British soldier before him had ever had, he was merely the simulacrum of that superman the nation, from Prime Minister to ploughboy, believed him to be.

Nevertheless he was more clear-sighted, had a firmer grasp of reality, than any of the governing personalities of that flurried period; he had a juster conception of the nature of the war than, in the inevitable reaction from excessive hero-worship, he was subsequently allowed. He saw from the first that the war would last, not three months, but at the least three years. He saw from the first the vicious illusion in the original French plan of campaign which let such a flood of misery into France.

At the War Office, too, he commenced with a display of that energy which the country expected of him. The magic of his name called forth new armies whether or not he would have done better to have incorporated them in that Territorial organisation which notoriously he disliked. And he had the great asset of being intolerant of red-tape. To take an illuminative example mentioned by Lord Esher. At the time of the Battle of the Aisne the British army was utterly without any modern organisation for the transport or care of the wounded. There was not a British motor-ambulance in the fighting zone, and there was a ghastly shortage of hospitals. The British Red Cross had offered 200 ambulances and 1,000 trained nurses as well as any necessary hospitals. All were refused. "No Red Cross aid was required beyond Rouen. That was a decision from which apparently there was no appeal." The case was reported to Kitchener:

"Within a few moments of becoming acquainted of the facts he rang his bell . . and in short, sharp sentences, without question or comment, issued verbal instructions ordering the Red Cross hospitals to be freed, and granting every request which the British Red Cross had made."

Within a few hours there was a new head of the R.A.M.C. at the War Office. "He was on that day," comments Lord Esher, "the Kitchener of Khartoum."

But this decisive K. of K. was soon smothered in the immense amount of administrative work he took upon himself, and the higher conduct of the war was left to that Cabinet of twenty-three, "a vestry-meeting presided over by the vicar," which "thought about war as a blind man might think about colour" and which looked pitifully to Kitchener for a strong lead that never came.

"You walked away from Lord K.'s room," says Lord Esher, "feeling that although our system of conducting a great war was misguided and he knew it, he was no longer the K. of K. qualified to find a remedy."

Lord Kitchener has to answer at the bar of history, not only for the "Shells" scandal (of which Lord Esher, or anyone else, can only say that "he was unquestionably, in his loyal way, covering with his high authority the blind complacency of his subordinates at the War Office"), but for his failure to back up Winston Churchill (until it was too late, as Lord Esher omits to mention) at Antwerp, and on the other hand for allowing that "whimsical genius" (as Lord Esher calls him) to stampede the Cabinet into the mad adventure of the Dardanelles. He has to answer for allowing General French, whose incapacity was evident to him from the outset, to remain as C.-in-C. in France throughout 1915, and he has to answer for having, against his judgment, approved of the Salonika expedition when the time for it had gone by. (Kitchener believed in the flank attack from the Near East, but he did not believe in the Salonika venture at the end of 1915, which was merely an outcome of French parliamentary intrigue.) He has above all to answer for his obstinate resistance to conscription which cost Great Britain the best of her life-blood. Against all this must be set that without his heroic soul, sternly convinced of the inevitability of at least three years' war, the British Empire might not have made that stupendous effort which, throwing off the dismay of that first retreat from Mons, supported France until victory could be made certain.

Lord Esher says that Kitchener cannot be summed up in two words, but Lord Cromer's judgment of him, which he quotes, perhaps comes near to a synthesis—"while incapable of great initiative, he was a great agent." He was the agent through which the will-to-win of the British people, contemptuous of its politicians, first expressed itself.

Lord Esher's book is not only a brilliant study of his central personage, but it is filled with life-like, if kindly and discreet, character-sketches of all the important Allied actors in the great drama. It is a piece of fascinating literature, and at the same time it is an invaluable historical document.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

ENGLISH ASSOCIATION ESSAYS.*

Mr A. C. Bradley has brought together a remarkably entertaining volume of essays on subjects connected with literature, written by members of the English Association. It opens with a scholarly article on "The Cædmonian Genesis," containing the interesting speculation that by some means Milton became acquainted with the work of his unnamed predecessor, and that "Paradise Lost" is under obligation to the ninth-century poem, and it ends with a learned paper on "Dialects in Middle English." The volume is privileged also to include the address given by Mr W. P. Ker before the Association at Oxford, in 1919, on "The Humanist Ideal," with its luminous and contrasted aspects of study taken from Rabelais and Milton, set side by side in happy juxtaposition, of which some will be glad to preserve a permanent record. Readers of THE BOOKMAN, however, are likely to be more generally interested for various reasons in the three middle essays of the book—"On Playing the Sedulous Ape," by Mr George Sampson; "Trollope Revisited," by Mr. George Saintsbury; and "Conrad," by Mr. F. Melian Stawell; and to these three papers I wish particularly to invite attention in this notice.

Mr. Sampson deals with the sempiternal subject of style, taking Stevenson as a convenient jumping board. He is gravely concerned with Mr. Saintsbury's judgment that only towards the end of life did Stevenson acquire a style perfectly natural, free and his own. Mr. Sampson quotes the latter's famous confession as to having played the sedulous ape to many diverse authors, but he does not quite believe in these reputed monkey tricks, despite the novelist's habit of inviting the confidence of every mirror that he passed. He admits that Stevenson—with Lamb—had the gift of assimilation, but (impenitent to the last) defends his position with the joyous observation that Lamb wrote the "Essays of Elia," not because he admired the seventeenth century, but admired the seventeenth century because he composed the "Essays of Elia." Mr. Sampson is very brilliant and pungent, as is his wont. He remarks wittily that "style is the feather in the arrow, not the feather in the hat"; but I am not certain that he realises altogether the implication of his epigram, so far as Lamb and Stevenson are concerned. These modish writers are more manner than matter, more occupied about choiceness of phrase than with depth of judgment, and precisely beyond others wear the feather in the hat with an air. Possibly because the highest prose "has a certain quality of perfection almost independent of personal means," one esteems the prose of Newman above even that of these two delightful writers; and I grudge that Mr. Sampson should find space to speak of the "occasional lapses of 'Apologia.'" In this he but repeats the criticism of the purist author of "A Mummer's Wife"; and it seems but poor fun to point out some slight flaw in a diamond.

Anthony Trollope, the theme of Mr. Saintsbury's contribution, was a brisk popular novelist of the Victorian age, with no pretensions whatever to be considered as a stylist. Certainly he never distracted his reader's attention from

* "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association." (Vol. 6). Collected by A. C. Bradley. 6s. 6d. net. (Oxford Press.)



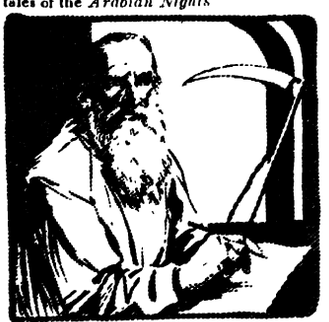
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the printed narrative to the feather in his hat. Trollope was a very competent journeyman of letters, turning out his task at the rate of one thousand words an hour, for so many hours a day. He produced more than Voltaire, and more than twice as much as Carlyle, though not perhaps of the same enduring quality. He was always a favourite of Mr. Saintsbury's, who in a previous work described him as the most interesting of all but the supreme novelists of his century. Mr. Saintsbury has re-read these novels recently, and in "Trollope Revisited" gives his revised estimate, written in his usual sturdy, forthright, and eminently enjoyable fashion. Trollope's modesty led him to consider that he was unlikely to be read in the twentieth century, but here, fortunately, he was mistaken. Some of his novels may be unreadable, but others Mr. Saintsbury ranks very high indeed, and these not confined altogether to the Barset cycle. In fact, Trollope is very much alive to-day, and were various of his books easier to procure it is conceivable there would be quite a little boom in his work.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, it is stated, was perusing Trollope the day he commenced to write "Almayer's Folly." Here, of a truth, is the modern miracle, that a man should use a foreign tongue with so perfect a sense of style. Mr. Conrad will not admit that he adopted our language, but rather that it adopted him, so that its idioms had a direct action on his temperament, and fashioned his still plastic character. He learned much also from Flaubert and Maupassant, both as literature, and in the conduct of narrative. Mr Stawell's essay is a very illuminating piece of criticism on a Polish landsman who became first a British sailor, and later an English classic. It includes also analyses of several of the more famous romances, of a distinctly helpful order.

This sixth series of "Essays and Studies" can be recommended heartily to any student with a taste for what is excellent and varied in literature.

EUGENE MASON.

THE APPROACH TO ART.

As one guilty of authorship in this particular I am always comforted when booksellers assure me that there is still a demand for books on art, but at the same time I am ever a little surprised at the genial tolerance of a public willing to pick up by ear what should be learnt with the eye. Time was when I also took books upon art very seriously and diligently applied myself to their reading for instruction and self-improvement. I thought I learned a lot from R. A. M. Stevenson's "Velasquez"—and I did. I learnt among other things that "Technique is art," and it took me nearly ten years to unlearn that dangerous fallacy.

Mr. Percy Moore Turner has escaped that pitfall, the confusion of art with craftsmanship, and though he does not give Tolstoy all the credit that he should, he accepts the doctrine laid down in "What is Art?" and defines a work of art as a vehicle that transmits emotion. In his zeal for painting Mr. Turner allows himself to be carried to lengths where I cannot honestly follow. I cannot agree that the "emotional appeal" of a Corot is "more spontaneous and, as a consequence, immeasurably greater" than a story by Dickens. There are very, very few pictures which, for their emotional appeal, could fitly be compared with "David Copperfield"; Millet's "Sower" could be, Ghirlandajo's "Old Man with His Grandchild" at the Louvre, and there are a dozen others one might think of: surely if any sort of parallel be permissible the comparison should be between Corot and "Cranford."

But this excess of enthusiasm is a positive virtue in a writer whose avowed business it is to develop the emotions of his readers, and I willingly concede that no recent book is better calculated to heighten the interest of the unlearned in pictures and to improve their taste than "The Appreciation of Painting."*

Mr. Turner's book is valuable because it is in the first part (which is also the better part) largely auto-psychological. The reader is beguiled to take an interest in painting by hearing how the author became interested in painting. Happily placed in Norfolk during his boyhood, Mr. Turner grew to love the work of Old Crome because the artist depicted the country he knew and loved. Familiarity with the work of Crome led to study of the work of Stark and Vincent, with comparisons not to the advantage of the two latter. Next came a natural reference to painters by whom Crome himself had been influenced, to Richard Wilson, Ruisdael, Hobbema and Cuyp. From these it was but a step to Rubens and Rembrandt, and so we learn, as indeed is the truth, that if you are keenly interested in one painter this interest will gradually lead you to the study of other painters, and by the process of comparison you will in time find out for yourself who are the best and the greatest.

Unquestionably Mr. Turner's method is the right one. In art the line of least resistance must be followed for any good to result Begin by finding an artist who arouses your sympathy. That is the first step, and all experience confirms Mr. Turner in his belief that it really does not much matter with whom you start The essential is that you should be genuinely and keenly interested. Having found your man, then compare his works with works akin by his contemporaries, his predecessors and his successors. Go on comparing all the time, keep it up, form your own judgments—they may be wrong, but they will be sincere—revise your judgments in the light of later experience, and in the end all painting will be known to you.

It is perfectly true that one painter leads to another, and progress is not the less effective even when it is unconscious. By extraordinary good luck I managed to pick up a couple of colour-prints by Hiroshigi for eighteenpence each when I was a schoolboy. I have lived with them ever since, and though no doubt I appreciate them more to-day than I did when they were first purchased, still I liked them then And because I liked them, later on I liked Whistler (much to the scandal of Ruskin-worshipping relatives), and because I liked Whistler I soon got to like Velasquez (who was much more respectable)—and so, like Mr. Turner, I got entangled in a chain that has no end and will have no end while pictures are still painted.

Nobody who is keenly interested in one picture or one painter need despair of properly appreciating one day the world's masterpieces if he will follow the line indicated by Mr. Turner. But to progress there is one precept he must never forget:

"*The method of comparison must be unremittingly practised.*"

These golden words should be graved over the entrance to every art gallery.

I very much doubt if anybody who disliked sculpture could be got to like it by reading Mr. Kineton Parkes's "Sculpture of To-day."* But to the person who is already interested in the subject it is a mine of information as to the birth, upbringing and achievements of contemporary sculptors. Herein you will discover when Sir Thomas Brock and Sir Hamo Thornycroft were born and when they entered the Royal Academy; what Mr. Drury and Mr. Frank Lynn-Jenkins have done; who was the father of Paul Montford; what classes Jean Milne attended; and an enormous quantity of equally stimulating and fascinating instruction. The work is nobly planned. It is to be in two volumes, and in this first volume the sculptors of Great Britain and Ireland, of America and the Dominions, of Japan and South America are exhaustively treated. Everybody you can think of is here; even Epstein and Eric Gill are mentioned, though the author appears unable to perceive the significance of the former's "Rock Drill."

Both books are illustrated, and by unremitting practice of the method of comparison, even more can be learnt from the illustrations in Mr. Kineton Parkes's first volume, than from those in Mr. Turner's work.

FRANK RUTTER.

* "The Appreciation of Painting." By Percy Moore Turner. 15s. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"Sculpture of To-Day." Vol. I. By Kineton Parkes. 25s. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. GAY.*

With something of Goldsmith's humour; much of his simple, attractive, appealing personality, and apparently all his carelessness in business matters, Gay nevertheless died leaving a respectable sum of money behind him He was a lesser man, as he was a lesser genius. He lacked the sturdy independence of character with which Goldsmith toiled for the booksellers and fought for his own hand in Grub Street; he wanted an easy life and was always touting for the patronage of the great and relying on the support of his more successful friends All the same, as Mr. Melville says in this admirable "Life and Letters of John Gay," the devotion that Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and others showed to him after he was dead no less than while he lived would seem to put it beyond question that he must have been "a very lovable creature."

And Fame has been as kind to him, as unfailingly assiduous in his interests, as his friends were. None but the literary student reads his poems now. "Trivia" survives after a fashion, not by virtue of any poetical qualities, but because it so vividly preserves something of the outdoor life of the London of his day. But what does the public at large know of his "Rural Sports," "The Shepherd's Week" and the rest of his verse—even of the "Fables"? His plays were either unsuccessful or had a very ephemeral vogue, with the exception of "The Beggar's Opera," which scored a phenomenal success on its first production, was successfully revived at intervals afterwards, but seemed at last to have passed into the limbo of things that are talked of occasionally but no more seen, when it was revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, over a year ago and is having a far longer run than it ever enjoyed before The political allusions in it that helped towards its first popularity count for nothing now; the types of highwaymen, thieves and thief-takers who serve as its characters have ceased to exist, the Newgate Prison that supplies its background and atmosphere has been demolished and rebuilt, but as a prison no longer remains; all the topical interest that counted for so much has gone out of it; yet in spite of these disadvantages the play is no sooner put on the stage again than it proves as fresh as ever and reasserts all its first charm over an audience. Fortunately for Gay, whatever else has changed, human nature has remained the same, and his gibes at the dishonesty, hypocrisy, artificiality, injustice of our social manners, customs and laws are as true as ever, and again and again hit the state of affairs prevailing among us at this hour with surprising accuracy.

As Mr. Melville reminds us, it was Swift who suggested to Gay that he should try his hand at a sort of Newgate pastoral, and so it was one of his friends who helped him to immortality, as all his friends were always ready and willing to help him in his everyday concerns. For the moment he is again more in the public eye than either of his greater contemporaries Swift and Pope, and it has been found worth while to publish his biography and to issue a beautifully produced new edition of his opera, with eight colour plates and numerous decorations by Claud Lovat Fraser, who designed the scenes and costumes for the Hammersmith production.

In spite of his weaknesses, perhaps because of them, it is abundantly clear from Mr. Lewis Melville's "Life" that Gay was an interesting as well as a likeable person. Mr. Melville has done his work carefully and well: he has not concerned himself so much with criticism as with telling the story of Gay's career and, from his letters, the letters of his friends, from a narration of his doings and anecdotes about him, recreating the character of the man. Its timeliness is the least of its merits; it is a capable and satisfying biography, and tells us all we are ever likely to know of Gay, and all we need to know.

The new edition of "The Beggar's Opera" is prefaced with a finely sympathetic essay on Claud Lovat Fraser and

*"Life and Letters of John Gay." By Lewis Melville. 8s. 6d. (Daniel O'Connor.)—"The Beggar's Opera." Written by Mr. Gay. With illustrations in colour and decorations by Claud Lovat Fraser. 15s. (Heinemann.)



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his art by Mr. John Drinkwater; seldom has any man been so happy as to call from one who knew him so lofty and so moving a tribute. I have other editions of "The Beggar's Opera," but none which can compare artistically or has the completeness of this, which supplies the music to each song, and in its binding and in the beauty and quaintness of its illustration and decoration is in such exquisite harmony with the bygone age to which it belongs.

F. H.

MR. WADDINGTON OF WYCK.*

In "Mr. Waddington of Wyck" Miss Sinclair has given us a study of a country gentleman who did his best according to his lights, but whose lights were of the farthing dip sort—an isle of radiance in an ocean of night. He is, indeed, one of those whose development has been checked by the conditions resulting from the inheritance of money, and at over fifty is still a youth hardly out of his teens. The poor fellow has the feelings and also the energy of youth, but cannot find appropriate outlets for either. An average sensual man, dull-witted but well-meaning, he would in other circumstances have made good; but being Mr. Waddington of the Manor House, with nothing particular to do and all day to do it in, he cuts a pitiable figure. What makes our feeling for him more acute is the fact that while he is of an old-fashioned type—a type that is passing—he is surrounded by people of a more modern kind. His wife Fanny, her cousin Ralph Bevan, the young secretary-companion Barbara Madden, even that lively lady Elise Levitt, are far cleverer than he. They serve indeed to show up the simplicity of his mind and nature.

Mr. Waddington is the sort of man who makes love indiscriminately to every attractive woman that he meets. Dissatisfied with his home life—for his wife had married him because he was the only man "available . . . and her people were badly off"—he seeks distraction in the society of an extravagant woman, who tolerates him for the sake of the money it brings her. The scene with her, in which after a little playing at cross-purposes, he makes plain the condition on which alone he will advance the five hundred pounds of which she stands in need, is the best in the book. Mr. Waddington's hopes and their dashing, the recovery of his dignity, his final lapse into childish fear and childish behaviour, is a piece of excellent work. So is the scene in which Barbara routs this same lady when she tries to blackmail him; but it is difficult to believe Waddington would not have realised that Barbara was in love with Bevan. His heart was comfortably large and no doubt he was tired of the egregious Fanny, but he could hardly have missed the fact that the young people were always together and on terms of considerable intimacy.

Mrs. Waddington has "a merry devil" somewhere in her which is amused "at her husband's expense." She is aware of the secretary-companion's "amusement and condones it." Her son draws "other people's attention" to the fact that his father is "making a fool of himself," and these are the people with whom poor Waddington has to live. No wonder that in the end he takes refuge from them with his handsome old mother:

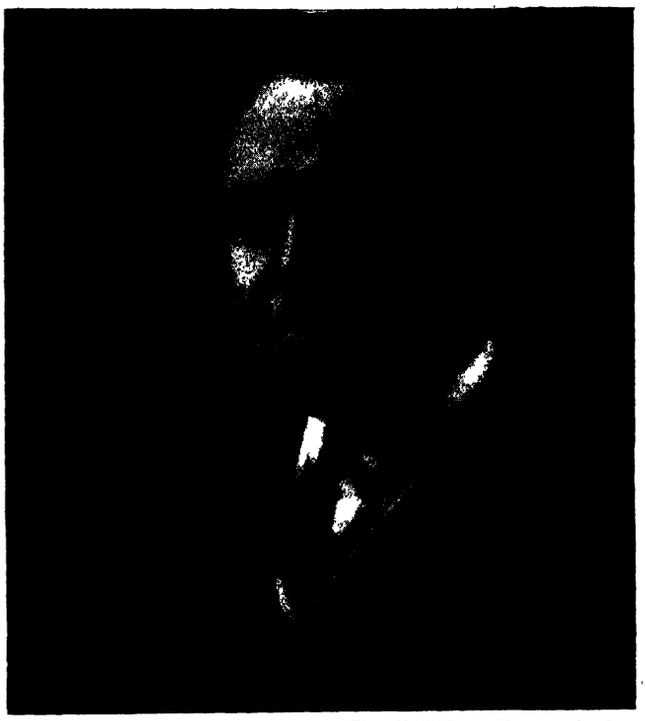
"... Dark eyes still brilliant in her white Roman face, a small, imperious face, yet soft, soft in its network of fine grooves and pittings. An exquisite old lady in a black satin gown and white embroidered shawl, with a white Chantilly scarf binding rolled masses of white hair."

Fanny says, "He's going back to his mother to be made young again," but Mr. Waddington is eternally young. He has only made good his escape from the disloyalty of the minds about him, and returned to that simple, understanding love which is the only one that life has given him.

Some of the landscape descriptions in this book make one feel that Miss Sinclair comes the nearest of all now writing to Richard Jefferies in her feeling for nature:

'She stared out abstractedly at the eastern valley, the delicate green cornfields and pink fallows, the muffling of dim trees, all washed in the pale eastern blue, rolling out and up to the blue ridge."

* "Mr. Waddington of Wyck." By May Sinclair. 6s. 6d. (Cassell.)



E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Such passages suggest that some day we may really have that "Ramblings through the Cotswolds" of which she talks in "Mr. Waddington of Wyck."

D. S.

JACOB'S LADDER.*

There are not many novelists who have the facility and the excellent style of Mr. Oppenheim—facility in devising a good plot, and style in the telling; it is a combination which ensures the pleasure not only of readers who simply want an interesting story, but of those who demand that it shall pass a more or less severe critical test before they can "enjoy" it. "Jacob" is a finely conceived character; after a period of eclipse, owing to his own good-nature in backing up a speculative brother, he recovers his lost prestige by the fact that this brother's investments take a turn for the better—in short, he becomes a millionaire. He then devotes himself to adventure; but not in the usually accepted manner. He takes an office in London, and there, as he informs his friend and secretary Dauncey, the fly awaits the approach of the spiders—the people whose one idea is to get some of his cash and give nothing in return. It is an original notion, and we congratulate the author on the admirable and amusing way in which he works it out. Jacob Pratt wins all along the line; he is just as astute as the motley set who try to "rush" him, and some of the situations are very laughable, particularly the account of his imprisonment in a Scottish keep and the frustration of his enemies by a charming girl. Needless to say there are ladies in the story, and with great skill Mr. Oppenheim makes them necessary to the development of his tale, not mere figures introduced for the sake of a "love-interest." The present writer, inured to novels, did not drop this one until it was finished; and that this is an exceptionally clever novel will be the verdict of all.

W. L. R.

STORIES BY LAFCADIO HEARN.†

Apart from the intrinsic value of this volume—a value properly honoured by the excellent form of the series to which the book belongs—it suggests reflections upon its author's work which it would need a good deal of space to

* "Jacob's Ladder." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "Karma, and Other Stories." By Lafcadio Hearn. 5s. (Harrap.)

record and consider. That is to say, it is a representative volume. For a while Lafcadio Hearn's numerous and varied books attracted so much attention that his reputation was threatened by a cult; and when that insidious danger had passed, his due recognition also began to fail and other lights were announced for admiration. The exoticism which had been a chief attraction came to be accounted a chief defect, until even the remoteness of his subject lost its charm for English readers. They were no longer thrilled to learn how many times a gorgeous prose picture had been repainted before its final sumptuousness was attained, nor could the strangeness which still invested the writer's personality retain the interest of a swift-footed generation.

Yet Lafcadio Hearn's is not a negligible figure, and the publication of this volume of hitherto uncollected stories and essays is a reminder of the extent of his activity and the beauty of his best work. It is not a solitary reminder, for within the last twelve months we have received a large volume containing the substance of lectures delivered by Hearn at Tokio. These lectures were taken down as Hearn delivered them—slowly and carefully delivered them to students but dimly acquainted with the richness of English literature; and the simplicity, the clearness, the fullness and the faithfulness with which he sought to bestow on his patient Orientals an impossible familiarity with the work of an alien imagination, provoke admiration. It was an astonishing, a pathetic attempt, the courage of which can only be guessed by ourselves, to whom that literature is traditionally familiar. "Karma" is a far different book, written mainly in the elaborate style by which Hearn is best known, but it bears echoes and hints of certain English writers as clearly as many of his other stories. The first story or study, from which the volume receives its title, recalls no less a writer than De Quincey, for it is an ardent attempt in that manner of impassioned prose to which Hearn only too lightly yielded himself. It is morbid and its interest is slight; the editor of the volume regards it as shadowing his own experience, but for most readers it will probably seem a mere allegory, wanting the circumstantial narration which is needed to make it either an imaginative or a reminiscent story of fact. The trick of apostrophe, by which chiefly the recollection of De Quincey is prompted, only serves to heighten the sense of unreality.

Far more beautiful is the study called "The First Muezzin," in which Hearn's mind is at work upon the notes of the reiterated call to prayer from minaret to minaret of Moslem cities. Where the prose is simple it is felicitous: "Nothing is left us but the privilege of a theory", and where it is elaborate (as if the echoes of that solemnity were still faintly heard), it is a thing of beauty:

"And still there is a pathetic and beautiful solemnity in the other and simpler chant, whose singular cadences seem to hold a pious intimation of the suggestion of the duty of worship, eternally beginning, yet never terminating—of the prayer that may indeed be suspended, yet never finished—of the adoration that may pause yet never end not even when the last muezzin shall have uttered the last call to prayer, and the last mosque shall have closed its gates for ever, and the spider shall weave her ghostly tapestries unmolested, within the deserted sanctuary of the Kaaba."

Of his simplest charm two or three examples are happily shown in stories for children, which children will read not because they are well written but because they are *stories*. And I am left wondering whether Lafcadio may not be longer remembered for his simpler inventions and pure impressions of sense, than for those eloquent, dithyrambic passages which extend without enhancing such a story as "Karma."

JOHN FREEMAN.

SCOTTISH NATIONALITY.*

Professor Terry's book whets our interest from its first page. The frontispiece is a hitherto unpublished portrait of James the Fifth. And a posthumous dedication to

* "A History of Scotland from the Roman Evacuation to the Disruption, 1843." By Charles Sanford Terry, Litt.D. 20s. net. (Cambridge Press.)—"Domestic Life in Scotland, 1488–1688." By John Warrack. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

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that prince of Scottish historians, John Hill Burton, sometime Historiographer-Royal, is touching and appropriate. Having perused the more than seven hundred closely-printed pages into which the work has been compiled, it is comparatively easy to pronounce an opinion. This is one of the best-digested and most readable histories of Scotland that has appeared. Such indeed was to be expected from the pen of a researcher so indefatigable, so painstaking and particular as Professor Terry is.

Dr. Terry indicates that his object is to establish a sort of midway position between the larger-scale histories and the school textbooks. But the volume before us can scarcely be described as "small-scale." On a single page there can be counted 320 words, making for the entire book a total of at least 200,000 words, not including forty-four pages of pedigree tables and a copious index extending to twenty-four pages. Anything but "small-scale"! The writer commences with the Roman Occupation—a mere episode, to be sure, though lasting upwards of three hundred years, but as to which we know surprisingly little. Probably the most illuminating essay on the subject is Mr. Curle's account of the excavations at Newstead, under the shadow of the Eildons, where the Romans had a considerable station. The Roman legionaries, however, effected nothing in the true making of Scotland. It was firstly the Christian missions of Ninian and Columba, followed by the conquests of Kenneth MacAlpin, which laid the foundations of the Kingdom of Scotland. Consolidation assumed shape and exhibited potency under Duncan I—Shakespeare's "gentle Duncan"—and between the reigns of David, the Sair Sanct, and Alexander III, the moulding process was continued and the ethnic composition of the country completed. Professor Terry tackles the period of the Contested Succession, following upon Alexander's tragic end, with no small charm of manner and style, but his account of those two great national heroes, Wallace and Bruce, is somewhat stinted and disappointing. To Bannockburn there is allotted only a line or two. The chapters on the early Stewarts and the Jameses are more elaborate, but Flodden, again, is summed up in half a dozen sentences. Killiecrankie is treated as scurvily, if one may use the word, and this from our greatest Claverhouse exponent! These are the chief sins in a book which contains, by way of compensation, let us hope, a wholly excellent narration of the Reformation and Revolution epochs. The historian emulates the lines which Scotsmen love, and though he is a Southron (possibly also an Episcopalian) there is nothing to cavil at from a Northerner's point of view over those matters which more than any other evoke controversy on both sides of the Tweed. He is conspicuously fair and unprejudiced as regards the problem of Queen Mary, for instance, or when analysing the causes and consequences of the most momentous spiritual struggle almost any nation has seen. For some, the finest part of the work will be its penultimate chapter, concerned with the brilliant Renaissance when the stupidity of the Forty-Five had passed. Professor Terry is well acquainted with the social and literary landmarks of his adopted country, nor is he less intimate with its later religious annals. It is not seldom a difficult matter to convey to an Englishman some understanding of Scotland's intricate and manifolded sectarianism. But Dr. Terry has wrestled with it and prevailed—so much so that his optimism leads him to prophesy the projected Presbyterian Union as "imminent." A truly admirable account this is, and worthy to stand alongside any of its predecessors. Mistakes in the matter of dates, it should be said, and in the spelling of proper names, are practically non-existent—a feat in itself! At page 586, however, Lady Grizel Baillie should be Lady Grisell Baillie. Her family were sentimental (needlessly) over that form of the name.

The department of Scottish domesticity hardly comes within Professor Terry's purview. Mr. Warrack's brief but well-packed survey fills a niche which a more considerable volume might well have occupied. For the theme is still possible of exploration—an unreaped field from which more can and must be gleaned. Meantime these Rhind Lectures are extraordinarily fascinating. Within the compass of slightly over 200 pages the lecturer has brought together a remarkable variety of illustrative information as to the furniture and fittings, the customs and fashions, of mediæval Scottish life in town and country and among different ranks of society. It is curious to find that even up to the seventeenth century such a sensible thing as a household chair was unknown. Hats were worn at meals, the common fork had not been invented, and food picked from the general dish was raised to the mouth with the fingers. Worse still, we are informed that water was no part of the morning toilet. The sense of cleanliness was not unfelt, however. "Soft serviettis to make their handis clene" and basins of water were seldom wanting in the better-class houses. Mr. Warrack's resuscitation of a Scottish castle interior towards the end of the fifteenth century and his delightful and revealing word-pictures of the grandeur and wealth of some of the Pre-Reformation manses (that of Stobo is given as illustration—itself a parish in Peeblesshire, but having a manse in the Drygate of Glasgow) helps us to understand the meaning—and the incubus—of a feudality long and happily dead, as well as the uprising of the commonalty against a Church—or religious system—whose fondness of ease and luxury hardly made it a fit vehicle and exponent of the teaching of Him who was the lowly Nazarene. It is impossible to give quotations, though this is a book which richly lends itself to quotation On every page we come across the unusual and the noteworthy, often something to smile over, but, not least, to thank one's star for the better fate which is ours. Sixteen illustrations add greatly to the interest of a fresh and stimulating contribution to archæology

W. S. CROCKETT.

AN EGOIST.*

There are only three characters of any importance in this novel. The title is derived from the name of the hero's first wife, who is dead before the story begins. From this the reader will correctly surmise that the interest of the novel does not centre in the plot, but in psychological analysis and irony. The novels of the season have already given us several outstanding studies of egotism, and it goes without saying that the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" was certain to acquit herself with distinction in an exercise of this kind. She approaches her task with something like gusto, and long before she has finished with her victim we are filled with a desire of being present at his lynching. From this point of view the book is undeniably successful. It is only in retrospect that we can give free rein to the obstinate questionings that beset us occasionally when we read the book. The most obstinate and important questioning is whether in Everard Wemyss we have a real human being or only a personified "humour."

The egotism of Wemyss is of the crudest variety. For him life has no subtleties. There are only two ways in everything, the right and the wrong, and Wemyss is never wrong. So it is his mission and his hobby to keep other people right, and it is his misfortune constantly to be misunderstood. Vera had misunderstood him, and after fifteen years of marriage with him had been glad to fall from an upper window. The jury too had misunderstood him and had returned an open verdict. It was while smarting under this unjust misunderstanding that Wemyss met Lucy Entwhistle, who was mourning the sudden death of her scholarly father. The sentimental stockbroker felt that fate had drawn two wounded hearts together, and before many weeks after her death Vera was succeeded by Lucy. The story is concerned with the subjugation of Lucy to the Wemyss standard. Savage obstinacy, colossal conceit, fatuous vanity, absolute illiteracy and great physical attractiveness are the chief features of Wemyss.

* "Vera." By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

"He was like a great cross schoolboy . . . but unfortunately a schoolboy with power." That is the accurate diagnosis of Lucy's Aunt Dot, whom he turns out of his house unceremoniously because she ventured on a word of criticism. There is no curtain to a story of this kind. We take leave of Lucy while she is partly disillusioned but is still under the spell of the egoist's physical charm. The title of the book is sufficient omen of the future, no less than the aunt's caustic warning that Lucy's endurance is not likely to extend to fifteen years.

There are many finely written scenes and episodes, some of which reach a high level of comedy. But on the whole there is not much of comedy for us. It is a single-eyed and mordant study of a hateful and contemptible personality The portrait lacks shading, but there is no doubt as to its vigour of conception and skill in execution. The author writes as if with an intense and withering contempt

MEN AND MARVELS.*

The art of the short sketch, half essay, half story, is one in which failure is very easy; like blank verse, it looks perfectly simple and extremely tempting to the novice, but has unsuspected difficulties of its own. One may drop from the essay into moralising and come perilously near a sermon, or may indulge in humorous interludes until the story loses character and coherence. The author of "Men and Marvels" being, as we gather from internal evidence, a parson, steers clear of both of these rocky shores and navigates his ship of stars through the fairway in a manner which shows him experienced and skilful.

His material is often of the slightest, but that is exactly what tests him as a writer. It is easier to tie a knot in a rope than in a thread of gossamer; easier to hammer out a plot with plenty of action than to portray a state of mind or a mood Take the little twenty-page picture, for instance, entitled "The Recovered Eden"; we have a kindly young curate whose views are in a condition of flux, and who is taking a short holiday to think out his position, his landlady's blind child, a rough but sensitive boy with a kind of private inward life and vision, who talks of a garden with trees and flowers which brought him, somehow, mystical comfort. The curates writes resigning his priesthood; the boy, sent out to post the letter, is run over. As a direct result, the curate tears the unposted letter up and, we are left to assume, carries on his work. Such a hard outline does injustice to a story which is all in soft, tender half-tones and suggestions and inferences; but it is given as an indication of the author's choice of theme. The talk of the dying boy is natural and unstrained, and it is this which changes the outlook of the listener A very delicate touch is needed to save so frail a story from disaster, and that it survives a critical though not unsympathetic reading without a hint of reproach is sufficient praise.

The mystical note sounds in several of the little sketches, or tiny harmonies, of this book, not always with such purity, but never with any sense of discord. There is a story—or rather one might call it an impression, a memory—of the trenches, mysterious and full of subtle significances, haunting in its beauty and yet containing not a word of "gush" or overdone sentiment; and another entitled "A Prophet in the Ranks," which tells of a Scottish religious enthusiast under fire—tragic, but not without a leaven of grim humour. And the theme of more than one is that mood of bewilderment which overtakes all enthusiasts, when the dark deeps of doubt overwhelm them and they ask themselves miserably, "Am I doing right? Am I true to my calling and my charge?" In presenting these psychological tangles, without too confidently unravelling them and thereby weakening his work, the author claims our admiration for his artistry and compels faith in his sincerity.

* "Men and Marvels." By H. J. Boyd. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

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Admitting that he does not reach the highest level every time (which would be almost impossible), and that here and there he is a trifle too "sweet," we compass all that could be said on the side of detraction by any reader. Mr Boyd's "Verses and Ballads of North and South" won high praise from many competent critical quarters; we shall not be surprised to find these quiet, lifelike sketches, so free from all didacticism and so finely "on the side of the angels," making his name surely recognised among the writers whose work is real and permanent by reason of its underlying truth.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN: A SAPPHO OF THE CIRCUS?

"When I am lying in my silent shroud, will you love me?
When I am buried down in the cold, wet earth, will you grieve that you did not save me?
Will your tears reach my pale face through all the withered leaves that will heap themselves upon my grave?
Will you repent that you loosened your arms to let me fall so deep, and so far out of sight?
Will you come and tell me so, when the coffin has shut out the storm?

Answer me—
Oh, answer me!"

Was she a beautiful mind or was she a mere tawdry incident, a wanton with a pretty face, a fine figure and a weakness for dabbling in doggerel and leading literary men astray? The mystery of Adah Isaacs Menken has now had another tribute paid to it. This arrives in the shape of one of Mr. Richard Northcott's always valuable "monographs," issued by the Press Printers (5s. net), and decked with old photographs of Menken, now with her arms round Dumas *père's* neck, now gazing at the youthful Swinburne, now in theatrical costume—or lack of it!

In a way it was unfortunate that Menken's life was in itself so full of "glamour." There are too many people who still remember the Swinburne scandal, and her appearance at Astley's upon the "fiery, untamed steed" as "the female Mazeppa," not to mention her disastrous marriage with Heenan, "the Benicia Boy." Probably we shall have to wait until all this is forgotten for any fair decision upon Adah's claims to being "the Sappho of the circus." To me there are lines in some of those free-verse poems of hers—her mastery of the mode itself was by no means negligible—that betray the truest imaginative power. It was small in itself, but perfectly fitted to what was to be expressed out of that "sad, bad, mad" life of hers. As William Rossetti very well said, in including four of her poems in his American anthology, they "express a life of much passion, and not a little aspiration, a life deeply sensible of loss, self-baffled, and mixing the wail of humiliation with that of indignation—like the remnants of a defeated army, hotly pursued."

Yet the woman who earned this excellent piece of criticism—and Mr. Northcott clinches the proof that the poems were her own—had attributes vulgar enough in all conscience! In Mr. Northcott's little book one may read how the last of her four husbands, James Paul Barclay, the New York stockbroker, after she had squandered thirty thousand pounds of his money, was found dead within two months—penniless. There seems to be no doubt that her own poverty-stricken death in Paris, at thirty-three, had been prepared for by habitual orgies of drink and degradation.

There must have been a better side. One need not grant virtue to Swinburne's confessed "Dolores," or even to the admired friend of Dickens. Indeed, to attempt to whitewash a notorious "bad lot" like Menken would be merely laughable. But poor John Thompson, who was Swinburne's private secretary and "worshipped the ground she trod," must have had some reason for calling her "the noblest as well as the most gifted woman I have ever known."

As the grossness fades away with time, both in her life and in her poems one reads a story of wounded passionateness turned to morbid self-pity. Probably the "romance" of her life was in reality a product of temperament. She hungered for fame and adventure, and she got it! Dolores Adios McCord, the Irish-Creole beauty of Louisiana, might quite obviously have remained all her life the obscure but happy wife of her first husband, an excellent Jew, whose name she took, and in whose honour she chose to be buried as a Jewess, with "Thou knowest!" on her grave. Instead, she was destined to become known as a "sensationally" indecent circus-rider, as the subject of three other unhappy marriages, as the companion of some distinguished writers' indiscreet hours, and as something of a scribbler. The sordid irony of it! But there are scraps of real poetry which tell us that she would not now have chosen otherwise.

S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

FOUR FINGERS AND A THUMB.*

When the books come from the library we look at them with the eager hope that under the bright wrappers may be one that will feed our secret need. As we read, instinctively we separate them into the big heap of novels, the tiny one of—books. The former are like sweets, pleasant trifles for in-between times, but the latter are sustaining food. When the dark mood is on and we are wondering why the little bit of happiness—which would have put us in accord with spring and the arch of heaven and the tumultuous seas—has been withheld, it is to them that we turn for understanding and stimulus. Here are minds which have felt as we feel, which have known joy and sorrow, which have lived. Here for every lonely spirit is a friend.

Of these five stories, "The Sleeping Fire," "Breaking Covert," "Garth" and "The Heretic" fall into the first category. They have been written for our amusement, they are the ephemeral literature of the day, and of the four "The Heretic" alone makes any greater claim.

This carefully-written book should enjoy an honourable success. Mr. Whitham's English is racy and of the soil, but he lacks the power to make the story tell itself. He narrates it; he describes instead of letting us appraise his characters for ourselves. In other words his work lacks that fusion which is creative. Nevertheless he talks of interesting matters. The story is concerned with a young man who, having manipulative ability, chooses to be a bone-setter rather than pass the examinations necessary to make him a doctor. Anyone who has considered the curriculum of the universities will not wonder. A man may have the surgeon's hand and brain, may be an instinctive psychologist, and yet no good at languages or mathematics. If, however, he cannot matriculate in these subjects he must not hope to take a medical degree. In drawing attention to this survival from a less practical age, a survival which has resulted in psycho-analysts as well as surgeons practising without the leave of the Faculty, Mr. Mills Witham has done good work.

"The Sleeping Fire" is a pleasant book which is written round the usual storm in a teacup and is full of improbabilities. The heroine goes to a ball, where she is kissed by—and, alas, kisses—a young man whose "whole gait and bearing proclaimed him an officer in the Guards." On the discovery by her good husband of this lapse, he turns her out of the home her wicked conduct has defiled; and, without being much disturbed at having to leave him and her children, she begins a lively, adventurous life in English hotels, a life which grows more hectic when she goes abroad. She dines with Counts, and men whom the typical novelist's Duchess tells her "are rotten—through and through!" They inveigle her into their bedrooms, but she drives "her

* "The Sleeping Fire." By W. E. B. Henderson. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"Breaking Covert." By S. P. B. Mais. (Grant Richards.)—"Garth." By Mrs. J. O. Arnold. (Leonard Parsons.)—"The Heretic." By J. Mills Whitham. (Allen & Unwin.)—"The Swing of the Pendulum." By Adriana Spadoni. (Hutchinson.)

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right fist full into his face." She is really an unlucky woman, for when she kissed her Guardsman the guests of the ball turned up in time to be thoroughly shocked; and when she ventures on her next kiss her husband, who has followed her to France to see if she is behaving better, comes into the room. When the poor creature turns she discovers Matthew "standing motionless with his back to the closed door." This time he keeps his temper and merely alludes to her unfortunately public kisses as "this tendency of yours," and they talk it over frankly. In spite of a good deal of this sort of nonsense the book is cheery and vital and has an atmosphere of good sense.

In publishers' puffs all books are "remarkable"; but Mrs. Arnold's "Garth" is in truth an interesting if somewhat sentimental yarn. The approach is slow, with a chapter to describe the house, another the guests, a third to introduce them—such nice, ordinary people—but at last we are all aboard, the whip cracks and we are off on a series of exciting adventures, in fact there is sufficient of them to more than make up for the leisurely start. "Garth" is a novel of incident rather than of psychology, and with its poachers, slave-dealers and deserters, will keep the reader, who enjoys this sort of story, absorbed. The idea of the monastic cellars under an eighteenth-century house is original and interesting.

Having assured us in the first section of the first chapter of "Breaking Covert" that it is a book about mediocrities, for mediocrities, Mr. Mais proceeds to justify his words by giving us a cheerfully vulgar extravaganza. The characterisation, especially of the women, is so slight that it is difficult to distinguish one of the girls from the others. They are there to provide opportunities for this sort of thing—"Our lips met and my eyes drank up the pools of love that lay in hers." The scene is laid in Lincolnshire and, given the subject—that of à profiteer trying to make friends with what remains of the county—the book cannot avoid a certain atmosphere of snobbishness. Nor has the schoolmaster been altogether eliminated. Compressed information, such as that given in Chapter IV, would be right for a lesson-book or encyclopædia, but is out of place in a novel. Mr. Mais is hard-working and conscientious; his English is on the whole praiseworthy, though with occasional slips—as when he talks of "riding Scarletta in pink"—and his detail has been elaborated with some care. If "Breaking Covert" succeeds in amusing it will no doubt have fulfilled the purpose of its being.

In a different class from any of the foregoing is "The Swing of the Pendulum." After these four light novels chance has brought us that wonderful product of the human mind—a book that is in touch with reality. The story of Jean Herrick, the girl who married, as so many do, because marriage is the natural result of adolescence, who acted throughout her life simply and naturally, is one on which—with a touch of respect—one can congratulate the author.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

SIX WHO SING.

As one is increasingly aware of the infection of formlessness rife in the world of poetry, the pleasure produced by verse obedient to prosodial law tends to become more emphatic. True, a work so full of inspiration as "Spoon River Anthology" might persuade one, ignorant of the flexibility of language, that artistic truth in rags looks truer than a truth *tirée à quatre épingles*, but Mr. Kenelm Foss's brilliant "Dead Pierrot" tells a different tale, and the "Jericho Street" [1] of Mr. Wallace B. Nichols is another proof that metrical harmony is compatible with brevity and naturalness. Mr. Nichols takes us to a street and, like another Asmodeus, enables us to see its tenants from the inside. Doctor, priest, demure prostitute, starveling clerk, mutinous flapper, demagogue, slavey, sparring spouses, and even (in the poet's conscientious passion for variety) a self-complacent conjucide reveal themselves to the curious reader. Here is a portrait worth reams of "official" biography:

"When evening comes she sits and sews,
And what she dreams, or thinks, none knows.
Once she was young, once she was wooed,
But the end is shabby spinsterhood;
None probes what wound within her burns.
Her mending done, she snips her ferns,
Then waters them, and wipes their fronds,
And mutters of pawned diamonds.
Her wigged head has begun to nod;
And she bears malice unto God."

When Mr. Nichols withdraws himself from the pressure and influence of fact and human laughter he is not only able to sing superbly but unwittingly to supply material for those who gird at poetry as the language of affectation. In an astronomic-philosophic love-poem of exalted eloquence the woman complains that

"The booms and groynes of life are underpinned with sapture,"

and although like *Punch*, delighting in the possible rhyme to Galilee provided by the African chief Langalibalele, we exclaim, "O what a perfect rhyme to rapture!" we know uncomfortably that a better artist would have brought in the queer word before and not after the popular one which rhymes with it. The reader, however, must understand that "Jericho Street" is a book of vital interest and outstanding merit.

"Let us become as Angels, taking wings
Of their essential flame,"

sings Mr. Kitchin, [2] who also sings:

"No mental process may refute
The appetite's ontology"

His is a mind that flashes and peers; almost it is the mind of a magician who has half forgotten the wand which he has mislaid, yet complacently feels the deity within himself; but it is not a mind that has alienated itself entirely from the anxieties of the feeble or the piety of the suppliant. Revisiting battle-fields gave Mr. Kitchin pictures and thoughts for some sonnets, but his response to the melancholy appeal of Vimy, etc., is rather mechanical. There are some artists who require the gazetteer up to date and others who do not; he is one of the latter. He should check the impulse to set down every morbid freak of fancy (e.g., p. 31), and regard a trashy lyric like "The Balloon-Man" as a slight on the dignity of his Muse. His literary talent is considerable and should carry him far if he has a taste for spiritual exploration.

In the case of Mr. Eardley Dawson [3] we have a poet grafted on to a man of facts, who is candid about himself. The robust Tennyson would never have experienced, at a dinner with Mr. Dawson, the dreadful temptation to utter shocking improprieties which assailed and defeated him when in the company of Longfellow, that "most particularly pure" bard of genius. The Regency rhymer whose blood was "hot and laconic" would have got on very well with Mr. Dawson. His poems date from Anatolia, Mesopotamia, Constantinople, India, etc Cruelty, lust, disease, filth, the sorcery of the East, the whips of starving sensuality, impassion him as spectator or experiencer. He does not minutely describe, but one feels that there is a cave in his memory which is a museum of horrors, while there is another cave too delightful for words. Like many nobly expatriated Englishmen he wishes he could make his nation more sensitive to the causes of disruption and decay, but

". . . will she never learn
To leave behind æsthetics . . . ?"

is surely a very peculiar question to put to "inane old England." However, I do not doubt that Mr. Dawson's incisiveness and vividness will appeal favourably to the plain man. His book tingles with emotional life and creates a kind of remorse if one lingers long at its weak passages.

[1] "Jericho Street, and Selected Poems (1908–1921)." By Wallace B. Nichols. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

[2] "Winged Victory." By C. H. B. Kitchin. 5s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

[3] "Children of Circumstance." By A. J. Eardley Dawson. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

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One would feel the sting of that remorse particularly, I think, if one associated at all malignly praise of Mr. John Haines [4] with disparagement of Mr. Dawson. Mr. Haines is a nature poet who can admirably assume the manner of Arnold and Wordsworth He is an excellent craftsman whose charm almost beguiles one into thinking that one has only to go out of doors to be in his England, where the "quaint" roads

> "Wind their arms round all the farms
> And flirt with every hill,"

instead of an England where the road, owing to its influence on taxation, is a kind of serpent devouring the substance of ratepayers, whose domiciles have been protected by the mercenary builder from any such embraces Gloucestershire is Mr Haines's "Paradise" and Cotsall is "fashioned" by God "as a bride," but he is aware of the visible horrors of "The Black Country," and the pathos of an old landmark scorned He should avoid any trifling with poetic truth For instance it was a mistake to belittle foxgloves as a rhetorical device for enhancing the effect of a stanza in which they are

> "A hundred thousand purple torches
> Lighting the forest gloom,"

for a solitary foxglove is a very beautiful object Something might, perhaps, be done rhetorically with the appearance of a plantain after drought, because there is no herb which the eye is more apt to behold as prosaic in ordinary circumstances Mr Haines's humour is very pleasant "Bradley Hill" is a poem of childhood wrought with the cunning simplicity of a master

Mr Bromley is another poet in love with Nature, and in "The Picture" [5] he runs the risk of seeming oblivious of the real world in which saints live, so keenly does he feel the contrast between the "pillared chamber, dimly lit" and the "sunny countryside" His versification is graceful and a quiet but intense love of romance shines and burns through his poems The lovely things that bloom and fly are as it were a living Bible of his gentle deism, and his book can be cordially recommended to people who like a sense of joy just rescued from irony and of contentment won by sympathy.

In reading "The Child Dancer," [6] Miss Dorothy Roberts's little book, one is close to tears, but not hers. It breathes a deep love of beauty and a spirit of fellowship with many creatures besides men. She has a quaint, delightful humour which makes "The Thrush," though written in irregular prose, "a perfect duck" of a poem.

W. H. CHESSON.

Novel Notes.

QUIN. By Alice Hegan Rice. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Though quite a different style of book from "Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Mrs. Hegan Rice's latest story, "Quin," has many of the qualities that distinguished its famous predecessor. It has the same charm and sympathetic understanding; the same delicious humour; the same quaintness and originality. A man fighting against great odds is always an arresting theme; in Mrs. Hegan Rice's hands it becomes intensely absorbing. Quinby Graham, the hero of the tale, falls in love with a girl who is far above him socially. He battles desperately to educate himself up to her level, and to distract her from a youthfully romantic attachment to a worthless little army captain Eleanor (for that is the girl's name) is hedged all round by her family—a fearsome old grandmother, aunts, uncles—and Quin seeks a way to break down this family barrier. He decides that the only way is to get to know, and to get into the good books of the "whole darn family." He sets to work.

> "Now if there is one thing Destiny admires in a man, it is his courage to defy her. She relentlessly crushes the supine spirit who acquiesces, but to him who snaps his fingers in her face she often extends a helping hand In this case she did not make Quin wait until the morrow to begin his colossal undertaking. By means of a humble tack that lay in the way of the speeding automobile, she at once set in motion the series of events that were to determine his future life"

The old grandmother is wonderfully well drawn; she rules her family with a rod of iron, and any man with a whit less courage than Quin would have quailed before her and been compelled to give in We follow Quin's long struggle with increasing interest, and are genuinely glad that it has a happy ending

DAVID THE SON OF JESSE. By Marjorie Strachey. 7s 6d net (Jonathan Cape)

That the Bible is full of excellent stories with quite exciting "plots" all will admit; whether it is advisable to take them from their familiar setting and re-write them in modern language is a matter of opinion The transference has rarely been done with success, and we do not feel that Miss Strachey has succeeded in giving a convincing account of the life of David, partly because her choice of dialogue, intended to impart reality, spoils the effect "Well," says Joab, "I must say we've had luck, David; and look at that pile of plunder—it'll build ten Ziklags the size of the one they burnt, and stock them with everything they want But thank goodness here's something to eat—after that I shall sleep sound to-night" "Don't waste your anger in throwing stones at me," says David, "you'll want every ounce of strength to pursue these devils" And, speaking to Elihu, he says again, "Well, Elihu, you haven't given me the message yet" "Why, nor I have!" exclaimed Elihu, "fancy my forgetting that!" Our only surprise is that Elihu didn't say, "Neither I haven't, Dave, old man—search me!" Apart from this matter of dialogue—which quite possibly the author regards as her strong point—the story is good and well told, especially in the descriptive passages—the pages dealing with David's early life, and the general rise and progress of the shepherd boy to soldier and king It does not profess to follow accurately the Bible narrative; Miss Strachey admits three sources—the Bible, the critics and her own imagination "I have used whichever seemed to suit me best for each episode," she tells us, "and have sometimes blended all three together" Probably this is why "David ducked and jumped for the door" when Saul threw the javelin at him. It is curious how the modern language can go against the grain when employed thus in an ancient story; the reason, we suppose, is that the old tale has been ours from childhood in its unrivalled beauty of dignity. Pure prejudice on our part, perhaps; but there it is!

RENEWAL. By M. E Francis. 8s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin)

"'What!' cried he. 'You, Hester, married—married when you came among us!' 'Wait, Robert! Let me speak,' insisted Margaret. 'She wasn't really married, I tell you, for the man had a wife already — and then, if she didn't go away at once—and, poor lass! she didn't—it was because he took an unfair advantage of her pitying heart. He was going into battle—he told her he felt he was going to be killed.'" These lines reveal the whole secret of Hester; they are the pith of the book. To the charming Dorset farm comes the girl, longing to forget her sad past. She arrives to work on the land, engaged by the sturdy, respectable young Dorset farmer, Robert Ford. Robert's mother, Margaret, is perhaps the most charming character in a singularly lucid and engrossing narrative. Even the wholly painful story of the coarse peasant girl, Jessie, whom dainty Hester longs to lift from the mire, fails to besmirch the pretty freshness of this highly conventional, skilfully-framed romance of Dorsetshire. Hester is left happy with her second and true love—the farmer, of course.

[4] "Poems." By John Haines. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

[5] "The Picture, and Other Poems." By L. C. Bromley. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

[6] "The Child Dancer, and Other Poems." By Dorothy Roberts. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

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"Joanna," declares the *Evening Standard*, "is a MASTERPIECE"; "The book is a MASTERPIECE of strong, simple and sincere writing," says the *Glasgow Herald*; the *Daily Sketch* alludes to "this MASTERLY character-study"; the *Sunday Chronicle* says "it is a book to be treasured and read twice", and the *Daily Express* describes it as "a magnificent study of complex womanhood." **8/6** net

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or a character very well. In fact description is at once his strength and his weakness. It is very much easier to describe characters than to show them in action, and descriptions of rooms and scenery clog the progress of a story unless they are very brilliant and rapid. "Trial By Ordeal" has a large number of absurd and impossible moments. The characters lecture each other and exchange hackneyed quotations and talk an enfeebled kind of spiritualism But there is a description of a dance in a studio that is vivid and good and a good account also of a country cottage and garden with a voluble and incompetent servant. But Mr. Evan Morgan has a lot to learn about putting a book together and about describing women. His female characters recall nothing so much as an inexperienced actress who is experimenting with "make-up," and combines every blend of carmine and flesh colour on a small and crowded countenance.

The Bookman's Table.

MOROCCO THAT WAS. By Walter B Harris. 25s. net. (Blackwood)

Mr. Harris, the well-known correspondent of *The Times* in Morocco, has taken pains in this book to give a great deal of jam with the powder. What he does not know of the undercurrents of Moroccan politics and the mutual jealousy of certain European Powers is not worth knowing, but his chief purpose here seems to be to entertain us. We may, in fact, complain that he does so too assiduously, for the various Sultans whom he holds up before us appear to have had no traits, or scarcely any, that were not more or less ridiculous. This method, which Mr. Harris largely employs for the Moor as a whole, looking at him with the cold eye of an Englishman, is not the method of Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall and it is not the method of "Eothen." But this is to judge Mr. Harris by too high a standard; in his own domain, that of a well-informed correspondent, he sits at ease; he rolls out humorous and ghastly stories, and is wonderfully well acquainted with Morocco and its people. He has himself played no inconsiderable part in the modern history of that troubled country, having been the confidant of more than one Sultan. His advice to our own Foreign Office has been most valuable, and clearly he has been a *persona grata* to the French. On several occasions, notably in the matter of the torturing of the wife of the Governor of Fez, he has tirelessly and fearlessly fought for the right. He has given us here a book with many amusing pages, and admirable in its kind; let us be satisfied with that, and not ask for a book which some other writer would have given us.

JOHN PATRICK, 3rd MARQUESS OF BUTE, K.T. A Memoir by the Right Rev Sir David Hunter Blair, Baronet, O.S.B. 18s. net. (John Murray)

Could there be a greater anomaly than that presented by the birth into the British Peerage of such a man as the third Marquess of Bute? Here was a wealthy nobleman who never gave himself "a good time," who hated Society, field sports and the racecourse, who took religion so seriously that on a purely internal compulsion, he exchanged Anglicanism for Catholicism, and who, neglecting politics, wherein his position and abilities might have ensured him a prominent career, devoted his whole life to the prosecution of antiquarian, architectural and liturgical studies. A life so secluded, so uneventful, and yet so thoroughly satisfying to the man who led it, could not have been described with more sympathy and more fairness than Sir David Hunter Blair has brought to his task. Sir David, who is that *rara avis*, a Scottish baronet and a Benedictine abbot, magnifies neither his office nor his subject. His biography is planned quite on a modest scale, and his estimate of his dead friend is not unduly exalted. The result is that the reader peruses Sir David's narrative with real pleasure and gets to feel quite an admiration for the great gentleman and accomplished scholar whom he so charmingly commemorates.

THE DECAMERON OF BOCCACCIO. Illustrated by Thomas Derrick. 10s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

To the good offices of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, or, we believe, primarily to the enterprise of Mr. John Camden Hotten, whose business passed subsequently into the hands of the larger firm, we owed many years ago what may be called the first popular English edition of Boccaccio's masterpiece, belonging to a series which included Rabelais and the "Droll Stories" of Balzac. "The Decameron" on that occasion was illustrated by a few designs of Stothard and Turner, not of much moment, however, if recollection serves us rightly through a vista of forty years. In the present case they have given us what is to all intents and purposes another popular edition, but illustrated after a very different manner. The anonymous translation is that which served its purpose previously. The reprint is altogether welcome for those who cannot afford and probably do not need a critical text. The twelve illustrations in colour by Mr. Thomas Derrick are in the manner of the great "entertainment," embodying suggestions of the grotesque and humorous. There is nothing in the world of letters which is like the hundred novels of Boccaccio, divided into those ten days during which the narrators of the collection met together in a "stately palace" two miles from the city of Florence, in the year of the Lord 1348, to be diverted from and escape if possible the great plague then raging in the city. Imitations followed, as we know, in Italy, France and elsewhere; but "The Decameron" is *sui generis*, like that other memorable work of the Sieur de Brantôme and his "gallant ladies" in the times of Henri III. The day of Boccaccio was also the day of Dante, and there were other stars in the firmament of Italy. It was a wonderful and entrancing period, about which much yet remains to be said as to secret forces at work which brought forth public events in their season later on.

GIVE ME THE YOUNG. By Edmond Holmes. 3s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Holmes is here writing once more from the text he has made familiar—the failure of mechanical docility, the triumph of spontaneous idealism. He has nothing very new to say, but his message needs to be constantly re-delivered. Certain interested persons are always at work demanding that what they call "patriotism" should be taught in our schools—as if every school were not already a school of patriotism, as if loyalty to the nation (which the child cannot understand) were not born from loyalty to the school (which he does understand)! What these persons mean by "patriotism" is merely political submissiveness. The little boys of Lancashire must be taught (and if necessary forced) to grow up into good, quiet workmen, who will never strike against the kind masters God has set over them, chiefly because strikes are so annoying to the nice people who live in Lowndes Square. There is no need to argue about the effect of patriotism by numbers. Patriotism by numbers was in practice in Germany. Do we like the result? Was it even (on low grounds) successful? As Mr. Holmes points out, the late Benjamin Kidd solemnly drew attention to the squad-patriotism of Germany as one of the most remarkable facts ever known in history; but his disciples do not draw attention to the fact that the patriotic German navy mutinied and the patriotic German nation revolted! The British (unlessoned in patriotism) did neither. We don't want squad-drill in virtue here, and we hope that Mr. Holmes will go on repeating his lofty message of individual idealism.

MAN'S DESCENT FROM THE GODS, OR THE COMPLETE CASE AGAINST PROHIBITION. By Anthony M. Ludovici. 14s. net. (Heinemann.)

Are you a Promethean or a Dionysian? If you are a Prohibitionist you are a Promethean and a very sorry fellow; if you are an anti-Prohibitionist you are a Dionysian and one of the best. Such are the conclusions of Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici in this volume which, like so

many of Nietzsche's offspring, combines some startling and subversive thought with a great deal of drivelling and disagreeable puerility. Mr. Ludovici permits himself to indulge in bawling and name-calling, all of which may be the good manners of the superman but must be called very simply the bad manners of literature Thus when we are told that "Thought . . . actually stooped so low as to include a Tennyson, a Carlyle and a John Stuart Mill among the aspirants to laurels," we are told no more than that the author writes like a cheap-jack. These nineteenth century people may be utterly unworthy of admiration; but exclamations about the "inanity" of "poor old Lyell" do not help us in the least to appreciate their defects. Mr. Ludovici's case put very briefly is this: Modern Byronic and Shelleyan sympathy with Prometheus is a gross misunderstanding of the story. The gods of Greek mythology were a superior race living amongst an inferior race—just as the gods in Wagner's "Ring" are shown to us living with, and making use of, the inferior giants and dwarfs. Prometheus, a bold, "inferior" person, stole fire from the superior race and, equipped with this terrible weapon, the inferior hordes destroyed the great race Fire in the hands of the inferior race brought into existence the dreadful crime of cookery, Pandora's box being a stewpan or oven from which leaped out into the world all the loathsome diseases that now cripple it. To this world of suffering presently came a saviour—Dionysius—bringing the juice of the grape and the secret of fermented liquors. The Bacchic juices are the antidote to the poisons of Prometheus, and the world must keep its liquors or else return to the locusts and wild honey of the vanished great ones whose bones we know and call Cro-Magnon man. This thesis Mr. Ludovici develops in a very interesting and stimulating volume marred by the excesses we have mentioned.

A BOOK OF VERSE. By Mary Deane. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews)

One of the first lines in Mary Deane's book is

"Who adds to Nature only plays with fire."

This view the writer has kept modestly and reverently before her through all her verse. Such an attitude of mind, though not likely to produce great work, is at least a safeguard against the arrogance and assurance of the little-minded, and as such is most refreshing. Miss Deane's best mood is the lyric:

"She will dip her fingers deep in the pool
And bathe her face in the stream,
And the world may pass as if in a glass,
But she will follow the dream."



Miss Mary Deane.

This is excellent. There are of course technical errors in the book. Such are occasional inversions and the use of "so" as an emphatic. But these are immaterial compared with the writer's humility and common sense. To write a poem on Mary Pickford, as Miss Deane has done, might conceivably be bathos, but there is no insincerity about it, such as there would almost certainly be in a modern elegy on some Babylonish lady of long name and slight morals. We confess a great sympathy with the writer's sombre outlook on Armistice Day. Most folk appear to have celebrated the occasion by a fit of insanity, yet there were some who were compelled to turn from the tumult of the streets

"to contemplate the measure of their grief."

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Ruskin House, 40, Museum St., London, W.C.1

THE FRINGE OF IMMORTALITY. By Mary E. Monteith. 6s net. (John Murray.)

This is a book dealing with the evidences for human survival of death, based largely on the writer's own experiences and including three articles reprinted from *The Nineteenth Century and After*. Miss Monteith writes attractively, and her combination of scholarship and practical knowledge gives the book a special claim to consideration, for the blend is not common in this particular subject. Her experiences in "automatic writing" are specially noticeable, as in the instance where her hand was guided to write a message directing her to go to a special house in a street unknown to her and assist a family who were in distress, the results justifying the mysterious instruction; or where a "discarnate personality," writing through her hand, in the character of guide, philosopher and friend, gave her much useful counsel. He desired her to write articles on her psychic experiences for the *Nineteenth Century*, assuring her that they would be accepted, which duly came to pass. There are of course many such cases on record nowadays, and although the cautious observer may hold his judgment in suspense as to the real explanation of these things in the psychological order, they at least answer Professor James's pragmatic test, by yielding substantial and satisfactory results. The chapter on "Telepathy as a Natural Means of Communication" is a useful contribution to a phase of mental science which bids fair to take its place in the recognised modes of communication between man and man in the future, supplementing, and perhaps even superseding at last, the mechanical methods of telegraphy. Many of the more critical minds, especially in the churches, who investigate psychical matters are much concerned about their religious and ethical values, and Miss Monteith takes due note of this phase of the subject in her chapter on Religion. One of the useful features of the book is that it takes account both of spiritual and psychical values, which are too often confused.

Music.

THE SONGS OF RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

By Rodney Bennett.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Dr. R. Vaughan Williams.**

Turning to the record of the published vocal work of Vaughan Williams one finds two causes for surprise. The first is their fewness. Two pages include the whole, and of those two a large part is devoted to arrangements of folk-songs. Of original songs his average annual output for nineteen years works out at less than two—a regrettable moderation. The second is the narrow field from which he has chosen his lyrics. From Shakespeare—or Fletcher?—he takes one; from the other Elizabethans, nothing; from the Jacobean and Caroline lyrists, except George Herbert, nothing; from the poets of to-day, except Hardy and A. E. Housman, nothing. His selection is almost entirely confined to the Rossettis, William Barnes and R. L. Stevenson. Yet in spite of this curious limitation of number and range the list includes several of the most beautiful English songs of the century.

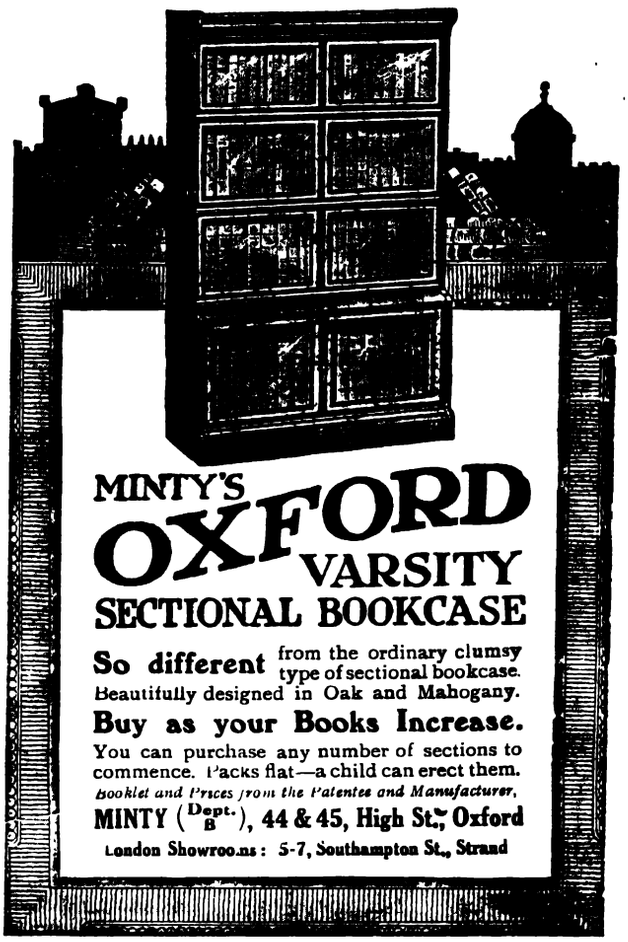
This fact admitted, it becomes all the harder to understand why only one of them—"Linden Lea"—is frequently heard upon popular platforms, and why scarcely more find their way into recital programmes, nor even into the private repertoires of intelligent singers. Certainly some of the earlier songs remain interred in the musical monthly, since defunct, in which they first appeared, together with some early instrumental work of Holst, in a startling environment of rosy-posy balladry; but these are not the best and can be left out of the inquiry. The "Five Mystical Songs," again, and the "Wenlock Edge" cycle are limited in their performable occasions because they require respectively choir and orchestra and string quartet. No such fortuitous restrictions apply to the remaining songs. It is probable that their limited appeal to singers is due to two causes, one technical and the other æsthetic. They are suited to comparatively few voices and they are so essentially simple as to be difficult, even to those few. Therefore they are passed by. So much the worse for singers and public.

The first assertion is the easier to sustain. Of Vaughan Williams's songs the majority are only suitable, either in words or character, to male singers, and of those more particularly to a rare class—the true baritones. For tenor voice and for the more common robust baritone and bass he has written little. Almost always the compass is small, but frequently within it so great a proportion of the vocal line lies in the upper half as to make the melody lie uncomfortably for the average voice. This difficulty, known to most singers but apparently to few composers, has probably limited the performance of more fine songs than any other. Another legitimate grievance of the singer is to be found in the strictly strophic form of many of the songs. In most cases this is artistically just, but in some it does produce an effect uncomfortable to the performer. The song does not march from beginning to end. It seems to fall into sections without cumulative interest. Each may be interesting and beautiful, but the whole is no more beautiful than the part. Why the singer should experience this sensation, so hard to explain but so easy to feel, in "Whither Must I Wander" and not in "Linden Lea" nor "Blackmwore by the Stour," I do not know; but the fact remains that the first song—I have purposely chosen obvious and simple examples—leaves him with the painful sensation of singing the same thing to the same tune three times over, with three fresh starts and three necessities to establish his atmosphere.

But the æsthetic difficulties are more general and

more subtle. The matter may be summed up, rather absurdly, in this way : Vaughan Williams's songs are less popular than they should be because they are so peculiarly beautiful and—to repeat—so disturbingly simple. They splendidly lack complexity, rhetoric, grandiosity, parade. Their great quality is their serene calm. Here again it is worth while to consider the difficulty from the most utilitarian standpoint—the standpoint of the singer who wants to grip the audience from the outset to the end. He has his faults, but he has instinct and his opinion often locates a peculiarity. His first feeling about these songs is that they lack broad emotional sweep. They are so reticent, so delicate. They are lacking in anything that he can grasp firmly. To put it grossly, they are not easily effective. He knows that they breathe beauty, real, palpable, exalting, but of a kind that is apt to slip from him suddenly, inexplicably, irrecoverably. They at once intrigue and annoy him because they are lovely and elusive—as elusive as the charm of Blake, a poet to whom it is surprising that the composer has devoted no music. He is in short confessing that they demand the highest capacities of the singer. In two words: they are never obvious and they are uniformly characteristic of an unusual and strangely unvarying personality.

This permanence of atmosphere is one of the most interesting things about Vaughan Williams's work. He seems to have found himself from the beginning. It is not necessary to divide the songs into groups. The early examples reflect the man as clearly as the later. They show the same restraint, the same power of penetrating to the heart of a lyric, the same structural simplicity and melodic strength, the same affinity to the spirit of English folk-song. Not one of the poems chosen is unworthy of the attention of a poet-musician, and very few of the settings are less than worthy of their subject. That essential rightness inspires so early a song as "Linden Lea." It is as direct and satisfying as a folk-song. It is no countrified song written from the townsman's point of view. The countryman is there; you feel his strength, his rooted love of the soil, his serene and unaggressive dignity, his inarticulate passion for his home, for growing things, for the richness of nature that is for him embodied in the apple tree that leans down low on Linden Lea. It is there in "Blackmwore by the Stour," a jolly, ample, richly humorous song that needs only to be heard to become widely popular. It is there—strange leap!—in the "Five Mystical Songs," particularly in the first, "Easter," and in the last, the still finer "Antiphon." It is there in the six songs, "On Wenlock Edge," in the unusually grandiose song from which the cycle takes its name, and in "Bredon Hill," one more setting of words that have probably been more often set than any others by a living poet. The reasons for their popularity are obvious. They express a complete drama in little, with a poignant climax and a conclusion that leaves the hearer questioning its exact drift. Above all there are the bells, so arresting, so descriptive, so dangerously enticing to easy imitative treatment. Here they do not get it. Instead there is a sense of space, the stretch of "coloured counties," the lark isolated in the broad lift of sky and, threading through sound and silence, the distant ringing



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of bells, not of one peal but of many—beautiful, serene, callously insistent.

But if Vaughan Williams is to become widely known as a song writer it will probably be by the two volumes of "Songs of Travel," by the sturdy stoicism of "The Vagabond," the unsentimental pathos of "Bright is the Ring of Words," the fresh and winsome loveliness of "The Roadside Fire," the serene mysticism of "Youth and Love" and "The Infinite Shining Heavens" and, perhaps more than all, by "Silent Noon," unsurpassed among modern songs.

"Stravinsky," the third of Dr. Eaglefield Hull's articles, "Three Musical Innovators," will appear in the November BOOKMAN.

CERTAIN SONGS OF THE DAY.

Looking back upon the last five-and-twenty years, the lover of British music may note, upon the whole, an improvement. The commonplace song, words and music, is still commonplace, but not quite so cheap and tawdry as of yore. No longer are we offered the once inevitable "waltz refrain"—no more do dying children rise heavenwards in a blaze of arpeggios and heavy chords *fff*. There has grown up a class of song which did not appreciably exist in the *fin-de-siècle* period, as a branch of English art. The work of our best composers is of very high quality and distinction.

Unfortunately those songs always achieve the quickest success which are the stalest in melody and sentiment. The time-honoured phrase, derivative from a hundred reminiscences, is just as safe in song writing as the good old cliché situation in story-telling. With either of these the average person feels safe. He or she isn't called upon to experience perturbing new emotions. The mind is permeated by a restful acquiescence in the thing well known—perhaps the most deadly of all "dopes." Hence the familiar will always be the popular; and will assuredly pay far better than attempts at variety and sheer originality.

Yet when one comes across a song like Cyril Scott's "The Unforeseen,"[1] how admirable it is! The nobility of his music is invigorating: its psychological insight strangely subtle. Its virility threatens to swamp Mrs. Marriott Watson's wistful verses—yet ends by suffusing them with unexpected intensity of significance. Indeed the astonishing chord in the penultimate bar is almost overwhelming in its suggestion of grief. A thoughtful contralto or baritone could create a sort of furore with this song.

Another new work of Cyril Scott's is "Afterday,"[2] which, though nobody can challenge its artistry, is perhaps not on the level of "The Unforeseen." A composer is rarely at his best when setting his own words: and the lines

> "And from the glories of that goal *just borrow*
> One sacred ray,"

are curiously banal. But no audience, whether private or public, would carp at this minor detail: and so effective a song will never want an audience.

Cyril Scott's second-best is a long way ahead of many other people's best. One recognises, one appreciates their honest striving: yet too often it is "fundamental brain-work" that is missing. Take, for instance, "Life,"[3] by Ernest Austin. It is an attempt at better things, and not intended to tickle the ears of groundlings: Mrs. Barbauld's famous old poem is here set to resonant harmonies. The parsimony which allows only one note to each word may assist the declamatory effect—yet occasionally one recalls Walt Whitman's objection to "plain-sailing always," and longs for some vehement break, or some big *cantabile* passage. But the phrasing demands a complete overhaul: a heavy accent falling on *But, And, or, Through, 'Tis*, "*I* own to *me*," and, worst of all, *Per*-haps (!)—surely these are amazing inaccuracies? Yet a daring vocalist, by disregarding the accents as they stand, and treating the whole thing as a balanced recitative, might obtain an effect with "Life." The last bar is, to my thinking, too matter-of-fact: as though it were the old familiar workaday life which, encountered "in some brighter clime," should "bid one good morning." Somehow this bar suggests the smell of hot rolls, coffee, bacon, and the morning paper. Mr. Ernest Austin needed courage here, and a climax of chords in some extraneous key. . . . "Aspiration"[4] has been evidently concocted at the pianoforte, and noted down with a sublime disregard for such chromatic perils and pitfalls as alarm the unready amateur. There is here, again, a doling-out of one word per note, and a lot of sonorous chords to one ha'pennyworth of melody. Mr. Austin knows how to obtain an obvious vocal effect: but he obtains it by rather meretricious methods.

With "Requiem"[5] we come to a song of simple sentiment, non-committal in words, and decidedly pretty in its own way—which is the line of least resistance. "Sometimes I Seem to Hear You"[6] is another example of the same class—the perennial "safe card"—in easy keys and of small compass: saccharine in feeling: can be sung by either sex: runs smoothly under the voice. Has not one really novel or salient line in words or music. For all which reasons it will probably be popular. In Herbert Oliver's "O Mistress Mine,"[7] the verse has been subordinated to a reiterative figure in the pianoforte accompaniment, against which the not-very-distinguished melody tries to hold its own. This composition naturally challenges comparisons with innumerable other renderings of the same lovely lyric.

Last on our list, the amusing "Parodies"[8] of Mr. Herbert Hughes are comparatively a new departure. They are settings of familiar nursery rhymes, which poke gentle fun at composers ancient and modern by "taking off" their respective and unmistakable styles. Skill and humour are required for the interpretation of these clever *jeux d'esprit*: which, as this is Book II, are evidently winning a deserved success.

MAY BYRON.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

A DAY AT THE FAIR. By Easthope Martin. (Enoch.)

Another delightful set of "Fair" songs, by Helen Taylor and Easthope Martin, is sure of a welcome from lovers of their previous songs of The Fair. The present volume will not disappoint them—the songs are every bit as good as their predecessors, even if at times they are reminiscent of them. Each of the four songs that make up "A Day at the Fair" goes with a swing and a jollity that is infectious.

SIX STANDARD ENGLISH SONGS. By Ernest Newton. (Enoch.)

For the tenor and bass this book of duets should be very much in demand. The duets are arranged and set to new accompaniments by Ernest Newton. "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," "A-Hunting We Will Go" and "The Well of St. Keyne" are among the old favourites contained in the book.

LEFT BEHIND. By Herbert Oliver. (Larway.)

A delicate and tender little song; very short, but with a haunting melody.

[1] "The Unforeseen." Words by Rosamund Marriott Watson; music by Cyril Scott. 2s. (Elkin.)
[2] "Afterday." Words and music by Cyril Scott. 2s. (Elkin.)
[3] "Life." Words by Mrs. Barbauld; music by Ernest Austin. 2s. (Larway.)
[4] "Aspiration." Words by Berwick Sayers; music by Ernest Austin. 2s. (Larway.)
[5] "Requiem." Words by Berwick Sayers; music by Cecil Baumer. 2s. (Larway.)
[6] "Sometimes I Seem to Hear You." Words by Edward Lockton; music by H. Lyall Philips. 2s. (Chappell.)
[7] "O Mistress Mine." Words from "Twelfth Night"; music by Herbert Oliver. 2s. (Larway.)
[8] "Parodies." Nursery Rhymes re-set for voice and piano. By Herbert Hughes. 4s. (Metzler.)

COURTING TIME. By Gerald Carne. (Enoch.)

The words of this song, by Helen Taylor, lack freshness, and as if affected by this the music humdrums along, conjuring up as it goes the ghosts of tunes that have lived before it.

ALLIE. By John R. Heath. (Enoch)

This is distinctly fresh and vivacious; an excellent setting to quaint words by Robert Graves.

THE MOORS OF DERRYNANE. By Frederick Nicholls. (Larway.)

A spirited song, with an atmosphere. The music is descriptive and fits well the stirring words.

The Drama.

CHAUVE-SOURIS.

By FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

IN the days when the Great White Tsar was still the Little Father of his people, certain actors and actresses fell into the habit of meeting in a small restaurant in Moscow. These people were imbued with the tradition of the Russian theatre—what we in England would describe as "playing for the side," rather than the exhibition of individual abilities or peculiarities. The Russian play—by which I do not mean a certain class of melodrama seen on the English stage—is not written for a person, but for persons; it is a background to be illumined by a constellation rather than by a single star.

These people of the theatre, then, met happily together from time to time, and presently began to enact for their own amusement such dramas as they considered entertaining enough to be worthy of presentment. The fame of these private performances was soon noised abroad, and to be invited by one of the participants to make one of the audience was a privilege more easily sought than obtained.

For a long time these entertainments were purely voluntary, the relaxation of professional players who loved their art; but one day they were persuaded to enrol themselves as a definite company of players, to the public joy, but besprinkled with the sentimental tears of those who had enjoyed the *entrée* to the private performances of the old days.

A small theatre was obtained, but had it been twice as large it would have been inadequate, for night after night it was crowded to the very doors.

The company had chosen the whimsical title "Letuchaya Muish," which may be translated "Flying Mouse." The name is self-explanatory to anyone who has seen their performances, or has any acquaintance with Russia. The Bat ("flying mouse," "chauve-souris") flies in the twilight; it dashes here and there, apparently without direction or motive, like a mischievous child; it is a butterfly of the night, an irresponsible puck owning no master save his own freakish fancy.

Of course the Flying Mouse was offered great inducements to spread his wings and fly to Petrograd, but he resisted all blandishments; charm they never so wisely he remained in the shadow of the Kremlin, where he had first tried his wings, until days came in which the thunder of great guns and small was

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heard, and monstrous birds appeared in the air, the like of which the poor Flying Mouse had never seen. When a new order of things came about in his native land, the Flying Mouse—a gentle, old-fashioned, merry little thing—found himself uncomfortable in his new surroundings, so he spread out his wings rather timidly and flew many a weary mile. But a welcome awaited him. There was still room for the little Mouse in the hearts of those who loved, and love beautiful things.

"Mr. Charles B. Cochran," says the paper beside me, "has the honour to announce the appearance of The Company of the Theatre de la Chauve-Souris" at the London Pavilion, but (as Nikita Balieff says) "I don't ca-are!" To me it is the dear little Flying Mouse. . . .

The show? Well, it is like going into a large room, the walls of which are covered with exquisite miniatures; you feel that each one is the finest in the collection—until you have seen the next. The moment M. Lucien Wurmser's baton lifts the opening music from the souls of the wonderful orchestra, you feel that you do not even wish to open your programme; such music can only herald undreamed of delights.

Then a man in evening dress parts the curtain and stares at you; blinks; stares again and in English that is broken with cunning skill, tells you things—you don't care what; you laugh when he laughs and are content, for you are still under the spell of that wonderful music. Then the curtains roll back and your dreams come true. Costumes, scenery, voices—these are words. It is a kaleidoscope of wonderful, harmonious designs. You laugh, you catch your breath, you long to whirl with the *Tzigane*, to weep very gently with Mesdames Birse and Ershova, to stamp your feet and wave your hands. . . .

It is all wonderful, and one can only indicate one's personal selections. If I enjoyed any things more than other things, they were (I must give them as they appear on the programme—even it is characteristic—only, for reasons of space, names of costume designers and even the names of the many actors are omitted except in the case of "A Night at Yard," in which nearly all of them appear):

PORCELEINE DE SÈVRES. Music imitated from the old French Song, "Sur le Pont d'Avignon."

RUSSIAN SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

A PARADE OF WOODEN SOLDIERS.

"TOI QUI CONNAIS." An old French Song.

COPENHAGEN PORCELEINE. A Dance designed by Rémisoff.

"THE BLACK HUSSARS." A group of the Characteristic Songs of Russia, designed by Rémisoff.

"A NIGHT AT YARD." (A famous Moscow restaurant.) This scene, by Rémisoff, depicts the life of Moscow about 1840

M. Vavitch and Mme. Schischkine, supported by Mmes. Birse, Deykarhanova, Dianina, Davidowa, Karabanova, Rakowskaya, Fechner; and MM. Dalmatoff, Boreo, Gorodetzky, Marievsky, Malakoff, Makaroff, Stoyanovsky and Zotoff.

"THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A HORSE; OR THE GREATNESS OF THE RUSSIAN SOUL." A dramatic incident by A. Tchekhoff. Designed by Rémisoff.

The "Parade of Wooden Soldiers" is extraordinarily funny; the "pieces of porcelain" are exquisite in their delicacy; the—but how can one mention everything? M. Balieff quizzing is, like Trilby, funny without being vulgar. He never annoys his audience. I learn with regret that the show remains at the Pavilion for six weeks only, but London will beg Cochran to secure speedily a new home for it when it has to make room for the new Pavilion production. The Grand Guignol has made for itself a place in the sun; the Chauve-Souris, if there be any taste in London, will make a place for itself in the hearts of the people.

STARLIGHT.*

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.



Photo by C. Vandyk **Mr. Matheson Lang.**

AMID the welter of slumps, optimistic forecasts, shifting tastes, aspiring repertories and competing stars, Mr. Matheson Lang once more emerges in a characteristic rôle and feeds anew the ever-raging controversy on the vexed question of the "star"-lit play.

It was the fashion for so many years to decry the star system and prophesy its wane, that to the man in the pit such prophecy began to seem a parrot-cry, a mere journalistic cliché which he considered (according to his lights) either too hackneyed to be formidable or too good to be true. And then quite suddenly, by death or retirement, the thing happened; a whole galaxy of the old planets swam out of his ken, and the most casual watcher of dramatic skies was forced to reconsider his verdict.

Ask such an one to account for the star-manager's disappearance, and in four cases out of five his answer will be that the star's average magnitude must have decreased. But has it? His history for the past century is one of progress and amplification rather than decline. The "grand style" of Kemble, the uncompromising violence of Macready, are toned down by Charles Kean and Henry Irving; a new subtlety is introduced; the producer's art is invented and brought to aid: Tree overdoes it? No doubt; for the producer's art is as yet confused with the less noble science of keeping the star-manager in the limelight. Autocracy is still the watchword; but the autocracy of Tree is a more liberal state than that of Kemble or Macready.

But if (retorts my friend in the pit) your star's light has steadily increased, why has he suddenly faded? The answer is that he has not faded at all; he has been eclipsed. His supremacy was threatened long before the war, when Ibsen, Shaw, Barker, Galsworthy (to name only four) began writing plays in which he could no longer shine. Even the second-best plays of all

* "Christopher Sly." At the New Theatre.

these dramatists are very difficult to produce on the star system; their best work is starproof. Star Stockmann, Higgins, Anthony, and you will make your play extremely obscure; star any character in "The Wild Duck," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "The Madras House," "The Silver Box," and you will make it flatly unintelligible. That is what the old managers really meant when they declared the new dramatists unactable. The new dramatists have won—first by the devotion of a small band of zealots who, despite risk, loss and star-inspired derision, persisted in letting the public see their plays; and later, by the shifting of power from star-managers to syndicates which, though they have given us much bad work, are at least free in theory to produce occasional good plays unhandicapped by astral considerations. All this has happened without any falling off in the quality of modern starlight, which is as good as ever. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in the fact that an advancing taste seeks something better than the best their system can give.

"Then why," pursues my friend with growing exasperation, "keep harping on ideals which have gone down with honour? Above all, why do so in connection with Mr. Matheson Lang—unless indeed you are trying to be gratuitously offensive to the best living exponent of the older school?" For this reason—that though I hold no brief for the star-manager, he has at least performed and still performs such vital functions in the drama that his wholesale extinction (should it ever occur) would be nothing less than a disaster. For consider the limitations of the "all-round" or "repertory" cast that has begun to take his place; its plays are better, certainly: but its acting (with a few notable exceptions) is such as to make one wonder whether the old system, with its one good actor dominant in a cast, were not better than a cast containing no good acting at all. By stressing realism and a prim restraint the modern "repertory" play has opened the profession to a large number of alleged actors, cast in real-life parts, who have no more to do than learn their lines and "be themselves." The effect is piquant, after the star system; but it palls damnably. And if this fashion become universal there is a real danger that the genuine actor—the man who, like Mr. Lang, has been through the mill, has learnt his business from the bottom, can play anything with good craftsmanship and his own line with brilliance—will pass out of memory, to the detriment of the English stage.

Nor can the charge of fostering bad plays (so justly brought against the old star-managers) be laid at Mr. Lang's door. "The Purple Mask" was good of its kind; "Mr. Wu" better; "The Wandering Jew" perhaps better still; if they were all of a kind dependent on Mr. Lang's fine personal acting for any real success, why, that is a vice inherent in the star system, and no fault of his. The star-manager has never inspired good literature, though he has often thriven on bad. (If you want to realise how great an actor Irving was, sit down and try to read "The Bells.") "But what about Shakespeare?" challenges my friend. Quite so, dear Brutus; but have you ever noticed Shakespeare's unique gift of writing plays that can be produced equally well on either system? If not, I commend it to your consideration; it is the secret of his immortality.

Mr. Lang's own "Othello" will live long in playgoers' memories; the part suited him admirably and gave full scope to his fine, tender-mournful voice. For in the cult of Voice (another lost art) Mr. Lang follows greatly in the best tradition. His "Wandering Jew" was a triumph of voice, pure and simple—of voice first harsh and hostile, which with uncanny art grew mellower with the strange deepening spirituality of the Jew. We read that when Spranger Barry uttered certain lines in a play now deservedly forgotten, "all the critics in the pit burst into tears"; critics nowadays are made of sterner stuff—yet in "The Wandering Jew" (lame, turgid stuff in print) Mr. Lang gained a comparable effect, and by sheer splendid resonance held us spellbound.

There remains one other advantage of the star-play, exemplified in all Mr. Lang's productions, for which the system nowadays receives little credit; the star-manager is at any rate autocratic. He selects, casts and produces with his single brain; in this he practises the gospel of unity preached by Mr. Gordon Craig, whereas the syndicate's producer is too often hampered on all sides by author, actor, scene-painter, among whom he is no autocrat but a mere fellow-employé. There is pathetic irony in the thought that Mr. Craig's ideal should thus be most nearly realised by the one personage with whom he is most implacably at variance.

THE REAL IRISHMAN.

NOT long ago I had the pleasure of praising Mr. Fagan's vision in the difficult task of casting plays. In "John Bull's Other Island," at the Court, he has repeated his success. His company is "The Irish Players, and Three English." Irish players need no introduction now, for of all living managers Mr. Fagan has done most to kill that vile tradition of the "stage Irishman" which flourished like an unpleasantly green bay tree for so many years before his time; but in his choice of Mr. James Dale for Larry Doyle his keen judgment is once more justified. There is a curious stage superstition that all grades of Irishmen have a uniform brogue—as though the English gentleman in a French play should be provided with a Cockney accent; Mr. Fagan, being an Irishman himself, has courage to ignore the fetish, and having found in Mr. Dale the right qualities of hard, incisive, slightly embittered common sense, has wisely availed himself of these essentials in presenting Larry, and let nationality go by the board. And yet—there is something missing from the play. Sometimes, in moments of his deepest bitterness, Larry smirks; Matt Haffigan is plaintive where he should be blindly vindictive; Nora Reilly gushes a little, and where she laughs at her outlandish lover, laughs with the humour of toleration, not with the hysteria of despair; Mr. Fred O'Donovan is saved to some extent by the tender beauty of his own temperament in a very wonderful part, yet even he tends rather to sentimentalise the grimness of the play. To say this is no reflection on the cast; such weakness as there is lies not in acting but in the production. For the play's subtlest quality is a certain bitterness—not in the least political, but as it were ingrained in the mentality of nearly all concerned. Shaw is less beautiful than Yeats,

less real than Synge; but he is more like the spirit of Ireland than either. Mr. Wade's production (in opposition, one felt, to the Irish cast's own deepest instincts) is too tinged with the "top-o'-the-morning" jollity of the old regime; the house liked it, of course; yet amidst all the applause one seemed to hear the shades of Lever and Boucicault join in with ironic laughter. The outstanding personal success is that of Mr. Alfred Clark as Broadbent. Paradoxically enough, this English part is (*crede experto!*) one full of pitfalls for any but an Irish actor. Your Englishman is apt to see in it no more than caricature, thereby missing the intense seriousness that underlies its buoyant froth; Mr. Clark triumphantly avoids this error; may I implore him to go on resisting it, nor spoil so richly humorous a performance by transgressing the borders of burlesque on which he hovers so deliciously for four arduous acts? G. S.

WOMAN TO WOMAN. At the Globe Theatre.

Mr. Michael Morton's powerful, emotional play introduces an actress unknown on this side of the Atlantic. She plays the part of a beautiful French dancer who for the sake of her war baby plunges into a heart-to-heart duet with her lover's childless wife. When Miss Wilette Kershaw steps on to the stage at the Globe Theatre the friendly round of applause that greets the first appearance of the other principals in "Woman to Woman" is conspicuously absent. We are an audience of strangers, silent, critical, with expressionless faces, and hearts that have been presumably abandoned in cold storage. A few minutes pass, and we begin to move in our seats. A flutter of appreciation stirs the house. She is so alive, so sensitively alive, this warm-hearted French dancer with the quaint broken English. The inflexions of her voice, the play of her eyes, her quick expressive gestures captivate us, and by the time the curtain falls on the first act Miss Kershaw is securely enthroned in our hearts, and nothing less than half-a-dozen calls will satisfy us. S. H. W.

THE LOVE THIEF. At the Comedy Theatre.

The story of "The Love Thief" has been sufficiently told in the daily and weekly press and can be summarised here in a few words: it is of the matching of brain against brawn and the triumph of brain. From all we know of Florence under Lorenzo the Magnificent there is nothing improbable in the violent and vivid play of incident: daggers, vinous braggadocio, courtesans, dungeons, serenades and more daggers—they are all in the picture. The local colour, indeed, is excellent, even though the speeches, particularly those of the poet, Malespini, are often so impossibly verbose as to remind us of the page-long utterances of Miss Corelli's earlier creations. The author, Signor Benelli, somewhat bowdlerised, we imagine, by his translator, Mr. C. B. Fernald, achieves from the outset the atmosphere of brutal voluptuousness that we associate with Florence of the Medicis. In this he is ably assisted by M. Komisarjevsky's brilliantly-coloured scenes and general *decor*, which, though not a little suggestive of the Russian Ballet, is yet peculiarly apposite in its effect. But it is for the acting that Londoners will visit "The Love Thief," and notably for the acting of Mr. Norman McKinnel. Mr. McKinnel's interpretation of the Pisan bully, Neri, ranging as it does from jovial insolence through violence and suffering to sheer madness, is easily one of the most wonderful of his many fine performances. The play of his facial expressions, the strength and ease of his gestures, are a delight to watch; he is magnetic from first to last, whether silent or speaking. Mr. Thesiger's study of the revengeful and neuropathic poet is a fine and sufficient contrast to Mr. McKinnel, while Miss Cathleen Nesbit uses her powers admirably to convey the smouldering fire and cat-like quality of the disputed mistress, Ginevra. W. K. S.

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The Man from the Wilds
BY
HAROLD BINDLOSS

Harold Bindloss has had a good innings as a novelist, but he shows no signs of tiring. Instead of playing himself out he has played himself in, and to-day is scoring with more freedom than ever. His last novel, "The Man from the Wilds," introduces us to John Wreay, a Canadian prospector, who has come to England to undertake the guardianship of a young girl. Her property, which has run down, is restored by his discovery of minerals. Of course he marries his charming ward, but not until he has sustained adventures surpassing any he had encountered on the shores of St. James's Bay. It is refreshing to learn that the Old Country retains such possibilities of enrichment and thrill, and is no more played out than is Mr Bindloss himself.

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THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: ILFRACOMBE AND NORTH-WEST DEVON: AND CROMER AND DISTRICT.

2s. each. (Ward, Lock.)

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co have in the past received the grateful thanks of many English holiday makers for their well-known Guides to English holiday resorts and districts, and they are getting into their full stride again after the war-time dislocation. They have taken over the publication of the whole series of Baddeley's Thorough Guides and, as the first of their own work in this series, have reissued the famous volume which deals with the English Lake District Baddeley's guides have had an enviable name among serious holiday makers, men and women who seek out the remoter beauties of coast and moorland, and there are many to whom there is no joy comparable, short of the tour itself, with that of taking out these little books, with their exquisite maps, and recalling, mile by mile, the old tours and planning new ones. Of all the series, the first issued, that which deals with the Lakes, has always been the best. It is an admirable example of the most patient and thorough accomplishment of its object, and it is doubtful if it has ever been exceeded in its own particular sphere. The new edition has been carefully revised and is to the walking tourist a thing of beauty, with its carefully ordered typography and its frequent coloured maps in Bartholomew's best style, beautifully clear and alluring. It is possible that some of the books of this series are open—by the very thoroughness and completeness of their absorption in the necessary details of direction in difficult mountain and coast country—to the cynicism of certain superior writers who are apt to scoff at guide-books, but any such criticism fails as against Baddeley's Lake District, for those who use it are best aware how often, and how opportunely, there are brought in allusions, stories, descriptions, that give to the book, at every few pages, the human savour at the lack of which the gibes are pointed, and help to a more complete understanding of the district. One could mention a score of such satisfying passages, with which users of the book are familiar. It may be "Wonderful Walker"; the revival of cottage spinning and weaving, the story of William Ritson of Wastdale; or any one of many other such interpolations—the user knows and cherishes them all. It requires some hardihood to make suggestions in face of such relative perfection, but I cannot help wondering why Mr. Baddeley did not more clearly and persistently make known Wordsworth's essays on the Lake scenery. They form perhaps the finest reasoned appreciation of the scenery of any single district in England, and as they have lately been republished by the Oxford Press, anyone can get the book. A concise but adequate sketch of the Lake poets would usefully supplement the scattered brief references to their houses, residences and associations. One feels, also, that there is too little about Romney, Ruskin and Arnold, and more adequate references to "Robert Elsmere," in which appear some of the most exquisite modern impressions of Lakeland, would not be ungraceful. Something useful might well be added, too, about the flora of the district. The Red Guides to Ilfracombe, Cromer and the Channel Islands well represent this cheap, popular series which in summering the English coast with red. Of their kind they are admirable, giving just the information that the not too ardent tourist or short holiday maker needs, in maps, plans, pictures and directions. All series of books necessarily vary in merit. Ilfracombe and the Channel Islands are quite good, but the Cromer volume is not so satisfactory. The Cromer district, like every other English district, has a network of footpaths which are far more attractive than the roads. Yet holiday makers are sent along the hot and dusty roads—and they can be hot and dusty on the Norfolk coast. For the author of this volume the footpaths hardly exist, and such parts of the volume as describe the country excursions would do with a thorough revision. *Experienta docet.* But one failure does not spoil a series any more than one swallow makes a summer, and from a long experience I offer thanks to the editor of these guide-books, for much useful information and many pleasant excursions.

THE TRAMP.



From **Sculpture of To-Day,** By Kineton Parkes (*Chapman & Hall*)

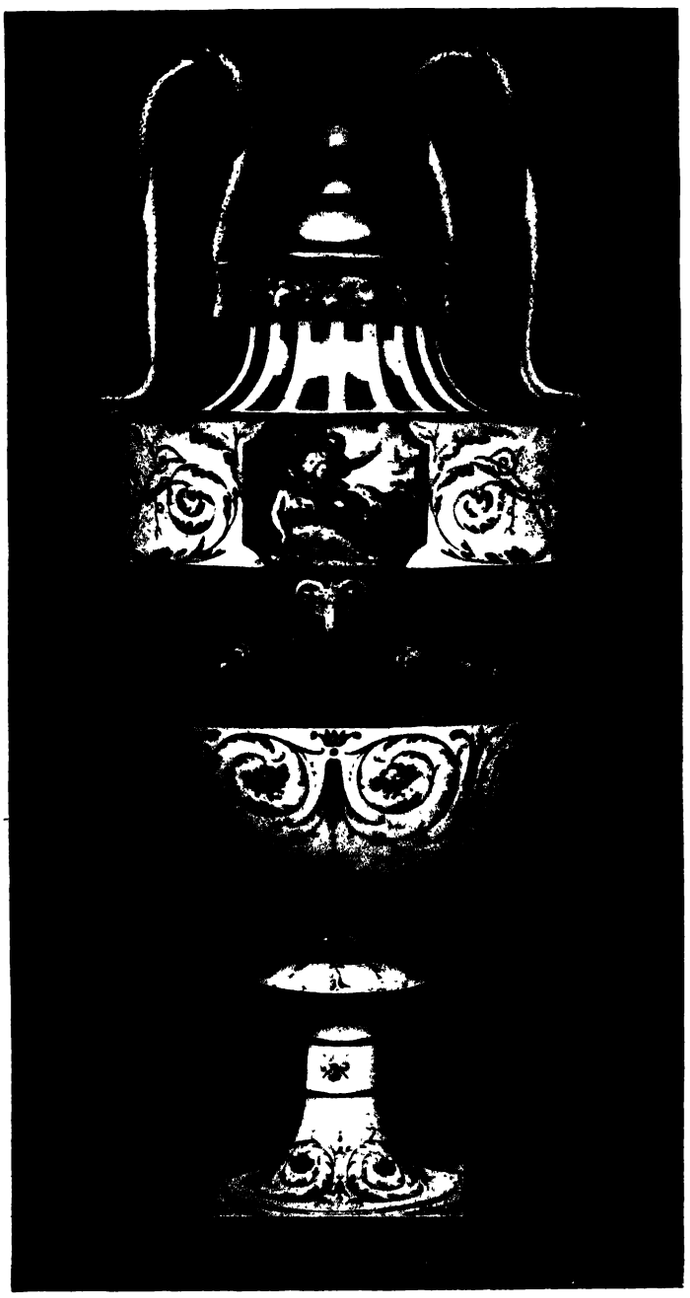
LILITH. (Alfred Drury).

Reviewed in this Number.

GENERAL BRAMBLE.

By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Jules Castier and Ronald Boswell. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

To readers of "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" this book needs little commendation beyond mention of its title. That earlier book which M. Maurois gave us is one of the most abidingly attractive books of the war, and the arrival of a sequel marked with all the ready wit, the kindly, smiling humour of its predecessor is something to be hailed with real delight. Our old friend the colonel has become a general, but the talk that takes place at Divisional Head-quarters is as amusing, as arriding, as suggestive as it was in the earlier volume. In setting forth the experiences of Aurelle, the French interpreter attached to the Scottish Division, M. Maurois gives us with characteristic French neatness character sketches of various British officers in a wonderfully effective fashion. If his humour is frequently informed with satire, the satire is never barbed, it is of the kind at which the satirised themselves can smile, while wondering how it was that a "foreigner" could get such insight into the ways and thought of those among whom he was stationed. This new book takes Aurette and his friends through the concluding stages of the war and well beyond, but though the war is the background to the book it is only the background, it is but the occasion that brought this group of people together. The book is in anecdotal and conversational fashion and showing of ourselves "as ithers see us," but ever in a friendly, genial fashion. M. Maurois should be a powerful factor—and literary liaison officer—in the maintaining of the Entente.



From **A General History of Porcelain,** By William Burton (*Cassell*).

SPANISH: BUEN RETIRO (LATE 18TH OR EARLY 19TH CENTURY).

Vase with handles and cover in ormolu—gilt and painted. Height 23½ ins., diameter 9 ins. (Victoria and Albert Museum.)

SPANGLES OF EXISTENCE.

By Robert Blatchford. 6s. (John Lane.)

It is a truism to say that the good short story is met with more seldom than the good novel. The briefer any work of art the more unfaltering and skilful must be the hand that produces it. Imperfections of technique, ambiguities which only a little mar a good novel, as a fine fabric marred by a knotted thread is still a fine fabric, may be the complete ruin of a short story. And the shorter the story the more complete the ruin. Thus we have few short story writers, and fewer still who attempt to give life and significance to such short sketches as these which Mr. Blatchford has just published under the title of "Spangles of Existence." It is obvious that a work of fiction which fills only about three and a half pages requires a very high degree of technical excellence in the writing. Mr. Blatchford has a high degree of skill. He gives life to these small episodes; it is hardly to be wondered at if he fails, on the whole, to give significance. He is obviously a very close and sympathetic observer, and he has considerable powers of description, as may be seen from the following passage:

"The big drummer of the Buffs was a fine specimen of the English soldier. Young and straight, spotless and smart, with a saucy smile and blue eyes, bright and very keen. There was mastery in his firm port and cool regard.

"He beat his drum as though he loved it. He beat it as one who understood it. . . He beat it with reticence and with discretion and with the swiftest force and directness. A most gifted and accomplished drummer.

"And the side drums throbbed and the fifes chirruped and shrilled, and the music and the sunshine got into the Bonsors' blood."

There are fifty "Spangles" in this book, nearly all of them exhibiting the same dexterity, nearly all of them interesting; and the whole fifty may be read in one sitting of an hour or so. But one closes the book and finds that, after all, it has made no impression on the mind. Such little "spangles of existence," such detached episodes, however adroitly presented, have necessarily very little significance by themselves. They are, in fact, the rough material out of which the story or the novel is made. One has the feeling, with Mr. Blatchford's book, that one is reading the work of a very busy man who, delighting in all the aspects of our queer life, feels the necessity of communicating his delight, yet cannot find the time to make any sort of synthesis of his impressions; and so pours them out separately, leaving each impression to stand alone, as an impression and nothing else. One admires his zest and skill, one is grateful for the entertainment; but at the back of one's mind remains the thought: "What a waste!" Each little episode is sufficiently entertaining for an idle moment, but, reading, one feels that in its proper place, fitted into the scheme of a short story or a novel, it might be not only entertaining, but significant and beautiful.

W. J.

HENRY DUKE OF GRAFTON.

By Sir Almeric Fitzroy, K.C.B. 12s. 6d. net. (Christophers.)

Henry Fitz Roy, first Duke of Grafton, was a son of King Charles II by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, who owing to his birth obtained prominent posts in the army and navy, which he filled with competence and promise of distinction. He married Isabella Bennet, daughter of that intriguing politician the Earl of Arlington, won himself some reputation in Torrington's disastrous sea-fight with Tourville, and was killed in his twenty-eighth year while commanding the marines at the siege of Cork on October 9th, 1690 His biographer, Sir Almeric Fitzroy, K.C.B. Clerk to the Privy Council claims for him that he was a young man of generous and chivalrous disposition, a claim which the facts of the Duke's life do little to establish. A young man who was implicated in two duels, both with fatal results, who helped to spirit away his brother's wife, "a woman of lowly birth of whom her husband was tired," who assisted Churchill in crushing the rebellion of Monmouth and did nothing to save his half-brother from execution, and who finally deserted his uncle, King James II, for the Prince of Orange, is surely hardly a pattern of generosity and chivalry as most of us know these virtues. Sir Almeric Fitzroy, in fact, lacks both the impartiality and the style which the composition of a sound historical monograph demands. His summing up of the character of the Duke, given on page 84, is a glaring example of the worst kind of fine writing. An author who claims for his hero that "he had the daredevil charm which disturbs the circumspect ceremonial of life with the recklessness of high emprise" is writing neither prose nor poetry.



From **Henry Duke of Grafton** (*Christophers*)

Charles II.

From a miniature on the patent of the Duke of Grafton.

PAMELA POUNCE.

By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

Quite apart from the story of "Pamela Pounce," which is by no means all sadness, there is a pathetic interest attached to this volume, for it is the last which will show the combined names of the two notable and distinguished collaborators, Agnes *and* Egerton Castle Those names have for a generation stood as a voucher for pure romance of the eighteenth century, genuine, dainty, and always thoroughly alive. "Pamela Pounce" announces itself to be "A Tale of Tempestuous Petticoats," and indeed there are many petticoats in it, and every petticoat, one might almost say, holds a heroine of tragedy or of comedy. Pamela herself is a pretty and clever milliner, and her own love story runs "like a cherry-coloured thread through the warp and woof of those other existences, so far above hers, in which her profession had involved her." "The



From **Pamela Pounce : A Tale of Tempestuous Petticoats,** By Agnes and Egerton Castle (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

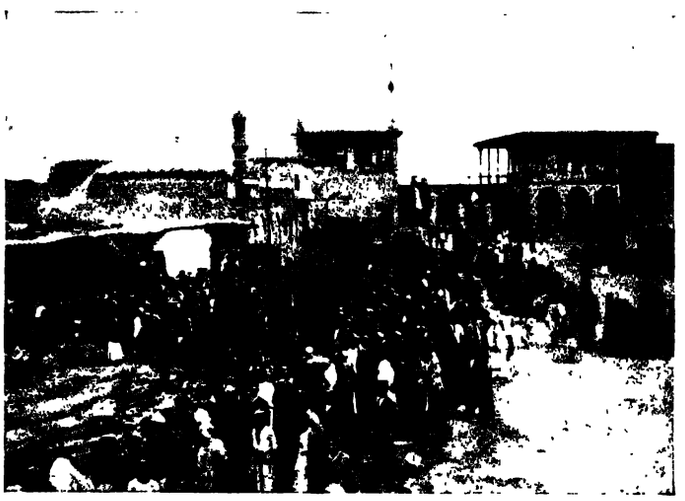
Cover Design.

Incomparable Bellairs " of a former volume reigns again here as Lady Kilcroney, and begins her duties as lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte in Cheltenham. Hats and " heads " are needed by all the ladies of fashion gathered about the court, and into Pamela's life comes knowledge of the ambitions, the heartaches, the flirtations, the intrigues, the elopements, the honest loves and foolish fancies of her clientele. Pamela and her bandboxes flit in and out of the several romances, and kind-hearted, fascinating, independent young person that she is, we are relieved to find her doing her best for her repentant admirer, Jocelyn Bellairs, by marrying him in the last chapter. It is a dainty, picturesque story and, on the whole, gay and amusing.

THE SECRETS OF A KUTTITE.

By Capt E. O Mousley, R.F.A. 8s. 6d. net. (John Lane)

The first impression of the average reader of Captain Mousley's account of the siege of Kut-el-Amara and of the subsequent desert trek and long imprisonment, will surely be that he possessed many more than the proverbial " nine lives " of a cat. Shelled in the invested town continually, sniped at by dozens of Turkish marksmen as he carried out his various duties, bombed from the air by day and night, the only wonder seems that the devoted garrison was not annihilated. True, these experiences were common to the troops at the French and other fronts; but they were at least decently fed, while the inhabitants of besieged Kut grew weaker hour by hour. On April 24th, 1916, the author wrote in his diary of the " gallant effort to walk and to carry out the simplest routine by men dying and doomed." And the same evening the relief ship, loaded with provisions sufficient for several weeks, fouled a cable and ran aground just below the town, under the very noses of the Turkish guns, and within sight of the men waiting to unload her. " It appears," says the entry in the next day's diary, " that this tragic but obvious end of so glorious an enterprise is a last hope. We have scarcely rations for to-morrow." Four days afterwards Kut was in the hands of the enemy; but instead of the anticipated change to good food and a possible visit of recuperation to India on parole—which General Townshend had endeavoured to arrange—came the looting of the hospital, the theft of every article possible from patients too ill to move, and orders for the tremendous journey on foot, on donkeys, and by rail when railways occurred, from Kut to Kastamuni, near the southern shore of the Black Sea, via Mosul, Aleppo, the Taurus, Afion (the junction for Smyrna) and Angora. The account of this nightmare-trek is one of war's wonder-stories. For fourteen months—from July, 1916, to September, 1917—the author and his companions were captives at Kastamuni, where life was bearable and a certain degree of comfort could be attained by persistence and tact in dealing with the authorities. At the end of that period Captain Mousley, by an appeal to the visiting inspecting officer of the Turkish Government, and in view of the fact that he was really suffering from spinal concussion due to the explosion of a shell long before in Kut, was moved to Stamboul for hospital treatment; this " treatment," however, was a farce, and many more hardships were still in store. Freedom came at last with the armistice, and England was in sight. This is a bare outline of a book which throws a clear, strong light upon the whole situation in the Ottoman empire, and particularly emphasises the extraordinary differences in feeling, points of view and motives for action between Occident and Orient. The author's contribution to our general understanding of the political intrigues of Constantinople is most valuable; but the long story of amazing pluck, of refusal to be " down-hearted," of jests and amusements in the shadow of death and disaster, is one which few readers will set aside unmoved.



From **The Secrets of a Kuttite,** (*John Lane*).

Baghdad captured at last, General Maude's entry.



From **Wanderings of a Naturalist,** By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. (*Cassell*).

The Northern Slopes of the Cairngorm under Snow in June.

CRISES.

By Maurice Level. 6s net. (Philpot)

These tabloid tales of mystery and horror form the first volume in Messrs. Philpot's *Les Fleurs de France* series of translations from celebrated French authors, and they are already in their third edition. Very aptly the late H. B. Irving described the author as employing the methods of O. Henry in the service of the horrible. Indeed, for sheer dramatic surprise at the climax, some of these stories out-Henry O. Henry. Always the surprise is planned to shock the sensibilities of the reader, and bowl him over with the authentic Grand Guignol punch. A man plotting a murder, for example, discovers that his place of concealment is the house of—the official executioner! That is the type of shock tactics adopted by the author, and the imagination that doesn't leap on reaching the pregnant paragraph must be unfit to carry wings.

THREE TRAVELLERS IN NORTH AFRICA.

By the Hon. Emily Ward. 6s. net. (John Lane.)



From **Three Travellers in North Africa** (*John Lane*).

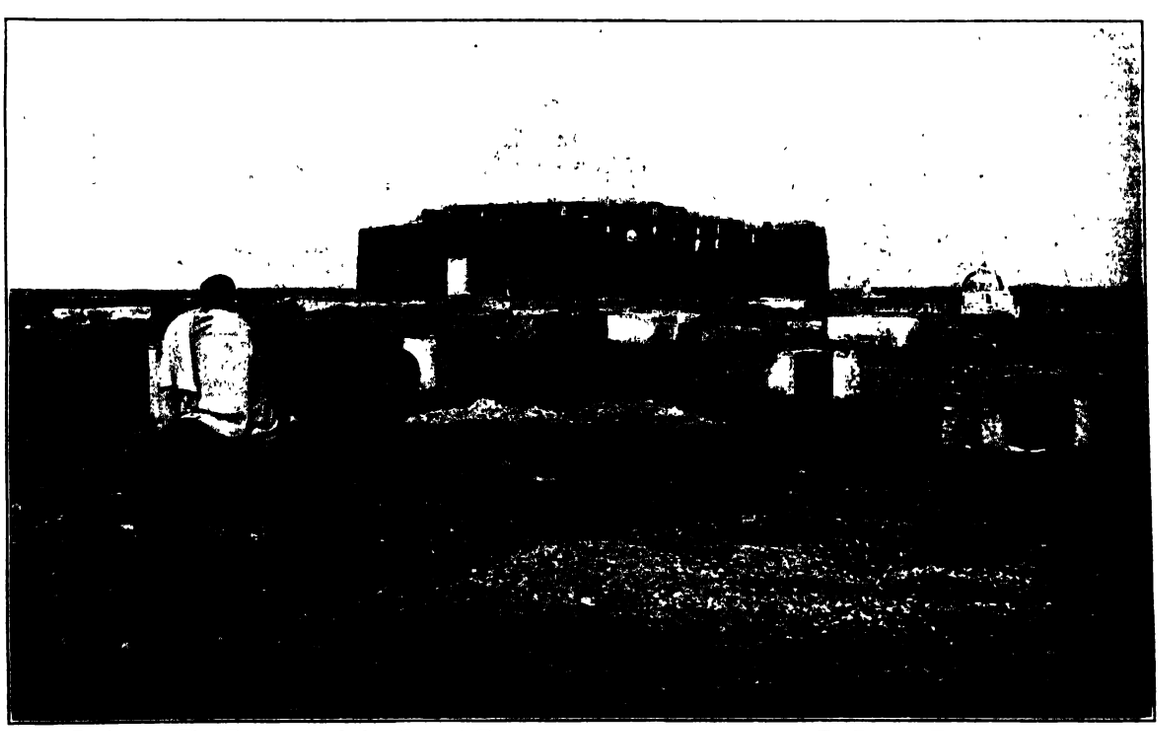
Natives near Nanoia.

To the average reviewer who cannot check the statements of travellers and who abhors the purple patches in which so many of them delight, most travel books are a sheer weariness to the flesh. And the most tedious of all such works are those which avoid accounts of strange peoples and essay to describe scenes of natural grandeur and beauty. Fortunately the narrative of her adventures in Algeria and Tunisia which the Hon. Emily Ward has published under the title of "Three Travellers in North Africa" is pleasantly and unpretentiously written, and does manage to tell some very interesting facts about the various races of North Africa—Arabs, Moors, Turks, Mozabites, Kabyles and Jews—about the ancient Roman remains at Timgad Dougga and Tunis, and about such romantic or semi-romantic fauna as black sheep, long-haired goats, shy gazelles, gaily caparisoned Arab horses and camels, and storks which build their nests on church steeples. Miss Ward, indeed, deserves higher praise than this; for her book will enable the man in the street to gain a very fair and complete idea of the progress which Algeria and Tunisia have made in development and prosperity since the two countries came under the civilising influence of France. An excellent map of North Africa and some very good photographs enhance the value of the narrative. Miss Ward tells us that there are 15,000 Russians in North Africa working for the French in the towns and in the fields. 'They were part of a division who refused to fight at Salonica, and were promptly sent to Algeria." The book is well illustrated with photographs.

LORDS AND COMMONERS.

By Sir Henry Lucy. 18s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Knight with the Silver Plumes who has so long thrust a lance through the absurdities and solemnities of Parliament is well entitled to yet another ride down the lists, and if the literal reader construes the "lists" to the damage of the metaphor, well, we can meet him and say that few books on the publishers' lists this season make for conversational interest more than this. It begins with a chapter of autobiography, showing that the author picked up his first views of life in the hard school of a warehouse apprenticeship lasting seven years, and distinguished by more than one escapade, chiefly in the way of unauthorised rides on the firm's horses. It is consoling to learn that the concern which had the temerity to engage the future "Toby M.P." at the age of twelve (for he had left school behind by then) is flourishing more than ever; more than one business we know has failed to survive an early association with genius. Like so many other ventures, they have gone to illustrate the old truth that exceptional powers may entertain the world and all that, but so far as private and commercial life are concerned they too often leave ruin in their wake. It may be added that in this respect Sir Henry has proved a brilliant exception, for he has been a success himself. He has contributed largely and



From **Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East** By MacCallum Scott, M.P., which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing this month.

El-Djem: The Amphitheatre.



From **Mr. Pim,** **COVER DESIGN.**

By A. A. Milne (a novel founded on his play, "Mr. Pym Passes By"), which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

consistently to the success of *Punch*, he has won success as an author and historian, and he has had a happy home life surrounded by troops of friends. As every one knows, he has had the shrewd and admirable idea of embodying his memory at his favourite club by leaving "an eleven of all England" on its walls. He tells here the genesis of the idea which has been the means of presenting the Reform Club with a capital series of kit-cat portraits representing prominent contemporaries with whom he has been brought into contact—men as far apart as Gladstone, Irving, Chamberlain, Burnand, Lord Morley, Tenniel, Russell of Killowen, "Randy," the late Joseph Cowen, and Lord Rosebery. Originally the intention was to make this gallery a posthumous bequest, but there was humour even in the alteration, for Sir Henry tells of qualms of reproach he felt whenever brother-members used to meet and ask him how he was, as if, like Charles the Second, he was "an unconscionable time a-dying." On the other hand they might have been actuated by a very different motive, and that was fear lest the line of painted celebrities should stretch out unto the crack of doom, as Macbeth remarked. We all know that the standard of illustriousness has had a terrible tendency to drop of recent years, and we should not like to think of Sir Henry's amiability descending to the perpetuation of some of the shoddy celebrities we see around us nowadays. There is point in the story that when Mr. Chamberlain was being painted for the series and the artist was following his usual rule—working in reminiscences of the men who had influenced the sitter most. In this case Mr. Chamberlain insisted on having the figure of Gladstone put in the background. It was not easy because the canvas was already pretty full, so all susceptibilities were considered by the fact that only a fragment of the G.O.M. was inserted, showing him to be quitting the picture, and no wonder! This, and more, is sufficient to show that Sir Henry has put a deal of refreshing personality into the passages that border on autobiography, and the book is rich in other interests. There could hardly be better or more vivid reading than his chapters on Sir Frank Lockwood, "Humour," "How the King Travels," "Bulls in the Westminster China Shop," "New Journalism," and "Dollar Notes" (giving us his impressions of America). Best of all is a paper worthy of the late Austin Dobson—"Fanny Burney at Norbury Park." There are plenty of illustrations from sketches by the author's many artist friends, and the result is a veritable arm-chair cargo of genial, well-informed and very human reading. J. P. COLLINS.

THE SORROWS OF GOD AND OTHER POEMS.

By G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY ("Woodbine Willie"). 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a collected edition, with several hitherto unpublished poems added, of the Rough Rhymes of the Padre who did such notable service at the front during the war and was affectionately nicknamed "Woodbine Willie" because he always had cigarettes in his pockets for any man who wanted them. There is no secret, no mystery about the extraordinary popularity of these poems. Their views are at times daringly unorthodox; they are always fearlessly outspoken, but they are also always profoundly sincere, both in the depth of their religious conviction and their protest against social wrongs and the cruelty and horror of war. The humour and the pathos of them are real, and being real were bound to be effective, so that the surprise and mystery would have been if they had not been popular.



From **Lords and Commons,** By Sir Henry Lucy (*Fisher Unwin*). **SIR TOBY, M.P.**

MORE MORROW.

6s. (Methuen.)



From **More Morrow** (*Methuen*)

The Visitor: "But you spoil the place by having the public incinerator on that hill over there."
The Town Clerk: "Pardon me, sir. That is *my* idea. It completes the resemblance to the Bay of Naples, which we insist on in all our advertisements."

There are artists whose ideas are more humorous than their pictures, and artists whose pictures are more humorous than their ideas, but it is the special virtue of Mr. George Morrow that these two qualities are united in his work and anyone who does not know that already may know it by taking a glance through this new book of his drawings. Whether he is quaintly and perversely interpreting phases of life in the Middle Ages and earlier, or illustrating his comments on the town and country life of our day, there is always imagination in his humour and a curious realism in the pictorial detail of its presentation There is that humour of idea and draughtsmanship, for instance, in the gentleman getting through the narrow street without passing under either of the two ladders; in the knight who has promised to be home for dinner and did not observe before he blew the horn at a castle he was passing the notice that "whoso bloweth this horn challengeth the Giant to mortal combat"; and if you can look without laughing at the catastrophic result of squeezing a very fat passenger into an already much overcrowded tube train, you may take it that you are not so well as you ought to be. It is enough to say that here are nearly a hundred pages with at least two laughs on most of them and three on all the rest.

THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND.

By John Mills. 12s. 6d. (Philip Allan)

John Mills, who wrote "The Life of a Racehorse" and "The Old English Gentleman," would doubtless have gone right through the animal creation—or as much of it as a sportsman cares about—if time had served and the market had "been so disposed." He wrote in the Landseer vein,



From **The Life of a Foxhound** (*Philip Allan*). **THE MEET.**

From a drawing by John Leech.



MR. EARL WAYLAND BOWMAN,
whose new novel, "The Ramblin' Kid," was published last month by Messrs. Page & Co.

you may say, and made every animal of his affection or otherwise talk exactly as it would have done had it been a human being. He wrote too in the fashion of the period, when the essence of well-bred conversation lay in the number of Latin polysyllables you managed to introduce. Obviously the result was inferior to the class of book in which "Jorrocks" and "Hadley Cross" are prize-winners; and as for the delicate sensibility of "Rab and His Friends" or the tough and strenuous style of "Owd Bob," these and similar qualities are altogether lacking. As a matter of fact one suspects that the liking which the world of sport has always had for Mills's books was founded on their leisurely and gentlemanly manner, where even the stable hands talk a semi-Johnsonian lingo, and the dogs themselves converse in a didactic and moral vein worthy of Mrs. Barbauld. But with all these old-fashioned attributes the story does what it undertakes to do; it interests us in the training and evolution of a foxhound of spirit, his early trials, misadventures, disillusions, triumphs, escapes, stratagems and spoils. There was therefore every reason for reprinting this genial old classic of sport, especially with John Leech's illustrations, and for dedicating this edition (the fifth) to the Prince of Wales. On the whole a most acceptable revival of a characteristically English book.



CAPTAIN E. R. G. R. EVANS, C.B.,
whose new book, "South with Scott," Messrs. Collins are publishing.

BARBARA JUSTICE.

By DIANA PATRICK. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Diana Patrick's sympathetic knowledge of country life gives a background of reality to her heroine—an unusual product of the soil. Barbara is no ordinary child of poverty; her appreciation of the beauties and mysteries of nature, her love of poetry, her thirst for knowledge, her wonderful skill at swimming, not to mention her personal charm, set her apart, a rare bloom, growing in a village on the fringe of a wood, prolonging her studies at the local school and, in her spare time, doing the housework of the school-mistress. Her girlish imagination transcends the squalor of her narrowed existence, and love comes to her from a social altitude far above her own—then disaster, tragic, overwhelming, shattering her dreams and her youth and driving her from her childhood's home. Miss Patrick writes here with the captivating sentiment and sense of colour which won success for her first novel, "The Wider Way."

TWENTY YEARS OF LAWN TENNIS.

By A. WALLIS MYERS. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Of recent years the game of lawn tennis has taken all civilised countries by storm, and we question if there is anything about it that Mr. Myers, the author of this volume of reminiscences, does not know. At any rate he seems to have been present at all the great matches, whether in England or in other lands, and his book is essentially personal, consisting of his own recollections of famous games and famous players. The game now claims, according to Mr. Myers, more votaries than any ball game yet "invented."



MR. BERTRAM ATKEY
whose humorous novel, "Winnie O'Wynn and the Wolves," is published by Messrs. Cassell.

WINNIE O'WYNN AND THE WOLVES.

By BERTRAM ATKEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

"Be careful of all men. They're wolfish—some because they can't help it, more because they don't want to help it. Be on your guard, therefore, against all men." This was the gist of the advice given to Winnie by her disinherited scapegrace of a father, and the extent to which she carried it out is the measure and the burden of the story. To do her justice, the heroine is not only masterful, but pretty and clever, and she cultivates an innocent demureness worthy of Sheridan's domestic in the play, who let other people pretend to be smart but preferred to play the simpleton herself. The book is not a love story, but a study in character whereby Winnie, starting with this parental warning, plays a varied and ingenious game of "spoof" with a dash of blackmail upon all the male folk who come under the spell of her charms. She winds up with a respectable fortune won on these disrespectable lines, but the telling is so gay and resourceful that the reader is robbed of any chance of chiding her.

THE ESCAPING CLUB.

By A. J. EVANS (late Major, R.A.F.). 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Forced to come to earth within the German lines by engine failure in July, 1916, when on special reconnaissance duty with an observer, the author of this book became a prisoner, and after reading his account of the experiences of the next eleven months we are almost tempted to congratulate him. For he has given us a really racy story of life under most remarkable conditions, when for month after month the one idea, that amounted to an obsession, was to escape. So indefatigable were his efforts that he became a marked character and was removed to a "strafe camp" at Ingolstadt, a town of about 30,000 inhabitants on the banks of the Danube; here, of course, his hobby of escaping once again took possession of him, though within the moated fort, with sentries passing and repassing



MR. HENRY WILLIAMSON
outside his cottage at Georgehaven, North Devon. Mr. Williamson's first novel, "The Beautiful Years," which has won golden opinions from Mr. J. D. Beresford and Mr. de la Mare, will be published by Messrs. Collins early this month.

the windows of his room, and guards, roll-calls, inspections, all calculated to frustrate his attempts, the reader imagines that he might as well have acquiesced in his fate of captivity until the lapse of time set him free. That is exactly where the reader is wrong. The greater the difficulties, the more determined became Captain Evans and his friends to overcome them. With extraordinary skill and craft they planned and plotted, and with astonishing perseverance they carried out scheme after scheme, often under the very eyes of their guards; and he will be a very stolid reader whose excitement does not rise as the little company of Britishers, Frenchmen and others put their fate to the test. It is enough to say that this is a thrilling record of adventure and hairbreadth risks of detection, which no reader will set down until he has reached the happy climax. We must congratulate Captain Evans most heartily upon his safe issue out of the many troubles which surrounded him, and place on record the conviction that this is one of the finest war books, and one of the best stories of true adventure, that we have read.

A CRASH IN THE CABINET.

By "PAGAN." (Putnams.)

Whoever "Pagan" may be, he knows enough of modern politics and politicians to be able to get a good deal of fun out of them in this irresponsible story. It is all high spirits and broad farce, and yet that eminent but unfortunate statesman Sir Edwin Tonks is not so much unlike the real article nowadays as perhaps he ought to be. You can't take it seriously as a political novel, and do not want to; it is meant to be amusing, and is that, and if you want an hour or two's laughter you should read it.

THE MAGNIFICENT MR. BANGS.

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. 8s. 6d. (Appleton)



Photo by Warschawski Studio MR. JOHN L. CARTER,
whose new humorous novel, "Putting Mary Off," is published by Mr. John Long.

Cape Cod is the Yankees' Yarmouth, with Cornwall and Pegwell Bay thrown in. Its characters and habits and dialect are there ready-made for the humorist, and he has simply to go and pick them up like shells upon the shore. The marvel is that every other house around that broken bit of coast is not occupied with a successful novelist or playwright yanking off streaks of genius, as local speech might put it, for the theatres and periodicals of the eastern states, while the good folk of Boston and New York sail past through the Cape Cod canal and lick their lips in anticipation of the toothsome fare to come. Unfortunately for all such plans the Cape has all it requires in the person of Mr. Lincoln, and he keeps adding to his score of volumes on its life and people with such steady persistence that nobody troubles to compete with him. Boston last year produced a play from his novel of "Shavings," and there



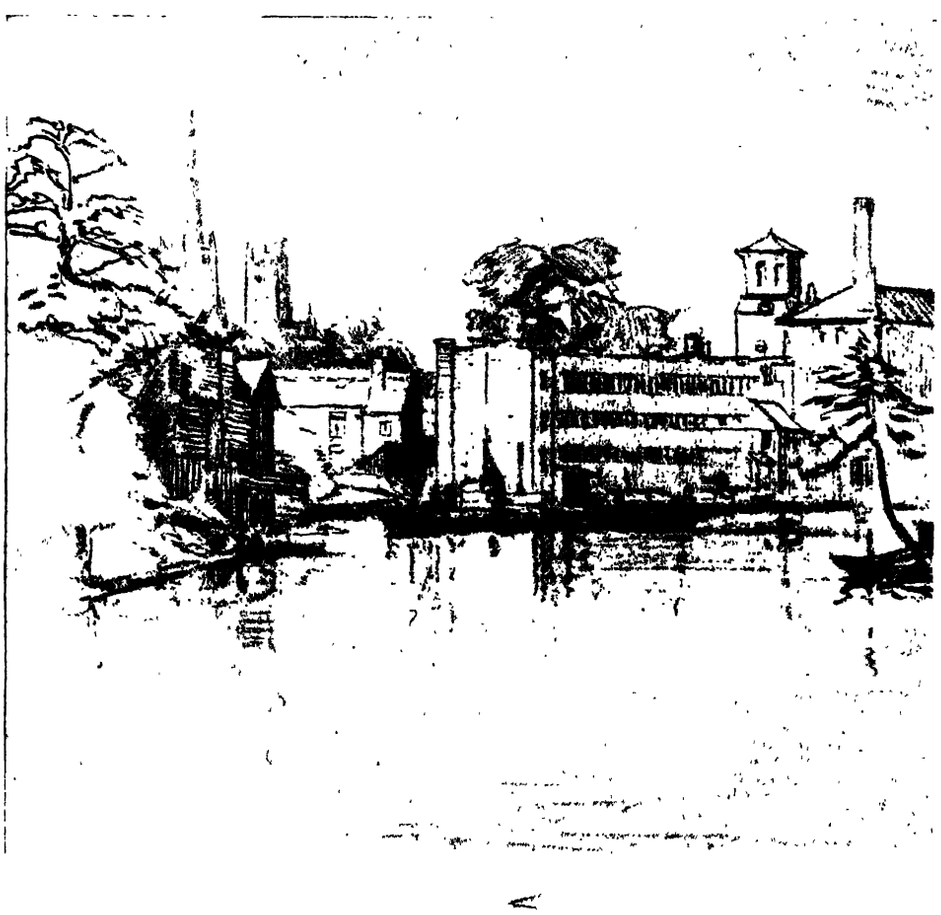
MR. A. J. EVANS,
the well-known cricketer, whose book, "The Escaping Club" (John Lane), reached its fourth edition in a fortnight.

at a glance one caught the ozone of this refreshing region, together with its fun and sunshine, its cheerful prepossession with its own concerns, and the ease with which a human oddity can settle there and vegetate in happiness and perfect suitability. That was the way with the Hon. Galusha Bangs, the Egyptologist, a middle-aged bachelor in the style of Mr. Todman, who drifts into the natty home and the warm affections of Martha Phipps. He saves her from having to leave the place of her affections first by becoming her lodger and then by buying up the "dud" shares she has been induced to speculate in. The inevitable happens, and thanks to Galusha's banker cousin, who quells Martha's diffidence by an appeal to her good nature and common sense, these two Cheeryble souls pair off. Egypt is a long way from Cape Cod—perhaps that is why Mr. Lincoln chose it—but it seems to us that Mr. and Mrs. Bangs would brighten even the sunshine of the Pyramids with their quiet heartiness and serenity, their genuine humanity and natural fund of homely humour.

THE OBSTACLE RACE.

By Ethel M. Dell.
7s. 6d. net.
(Cassell.)

"The Obstacle Race" is the story of a society girl who, having survived the aimless whirl of five London seasons, takes her courage in both hands, abandons the smart set and begins life anew in a small seaside village. Juliet Moore certainly lives up to Squire Fielding's description of her as "a very remarkable young woman." Not only does Juliet succeed in dropping completely out of London society, but she succeeds in dropping over the edge of a cliff right into the arms of the one man worthy of her. This serviceable hero, though only a humble village schoolmaster, is a born leader of men, and the bond between him and his deformed, half-witted brother is a fruitful source of emotion throughout the story. The novel contains many neatly-contrived melodramatic situations in which a delightfully wicked Lord Saltash plays an intriguing rôle, and the reader who likes to wait until the final chapters for details of missing links and shady pasts will find plenty worth waiting for in "The Obstacle Race."



From The Silk Industry (*Drane*).

LOMBE'S MILL, DERBY.

The first silk mill erected in England, 1717.

THE SILK INDUSTRY.

By Sir Frank Warner, K.B.E. 42s. net. (Drane.)

A magnificent volume beautifully printed in clear type, with excellent large side-titles to the paragraphs. It will appeal to those who know all the business side of silk, and to those who merely love its beauties. Sir Frank Warner originally intended this to be quite a small book, but when inquiries were set on foot it was discovered that the silk industry was at one time, and in one form, carried on in a very wide area and at places hitherto unsuspected of having any connection with it. Seeking, as was natural in the early days of its development, localities which provided water power and a supply of cheap labour, the industry became scattered, and it has so remained unfortunately ever since. So the book grew to large proportions. "It is not the object of this work," writes the author, "to attempt to prove that our past or present fiscal policy has been either the salvation or ruin of the silk industry in this country. The facts must be left to speak for themselves." We have followed with eager interest the tale of the first beginnings of silk in England. One of the earliest records, mentioned in the Saxon chronicles, is that "Offa, King of Mercia, received a present of two silken vests from the Emperor Charlemagne in 790." Foreign traders brought in silks to England from the East, by way of Italy and Spain. This was followed later by the immigration and settlement of great numbers of skilled hand-craftsmen from the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, and from France in even greater numbers afterwards. There are chapters on the various towns and their records: London, Leek, Macclesfield, Coventry, Norfolk, Leicester and others. By the way, in Spitalfields to-day there are forty-six workshops still occupied by weavers. Reference is made at the end of the book to the labours of Sir Arthur Liberty, and we are also told of the interesting work now carried on at the Spinnery, Windermere, where many of the villagers work at their own homes in spare moments. Colour schemes are especially grown and planned in a garden; and—it sounds very joyous—the work is done in a quiet, leisurely way, entirely from an artist's point of view.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By MARY STURGEON. Drawings by Louis Weirter, R.B.A. 20s. net. (Harrap)

This is a book whose handsome exterior is a fitting case for the material to be found within. It is a book of fine reading, interesting, instructive, and unusual in that its writer not only presents a fresh point of view of the Abbey but also displays that rare and refreshing thing in a book of this kind—a sense of humour. The significance of the Abbey—the way it has come to represent "the spirit of our race in all its various activity"—is the point dwelt on by Miss Mary Sturgeon; no detailed historical nor architectural account will be found in this book, but rather the story of "the spiritual qualities which have come to be focused in the Abbey"—the story of the Spirit of a Nation. Beginning far back in the time when the site of the Abbey was a rough, wild place called "Thorny Island," the author brings us right down through the ages to that memorable day last year when an Unknown Warrior—symbol of the spirit of the English race in the Great War—was laid to rest within its walls. Packed with information and with interesting commentary, the book has a beautiful etched frontispiece and fifteen drawings by Louis Weirter, R.B.A.



From Westminster Abbey (*Harrap*).

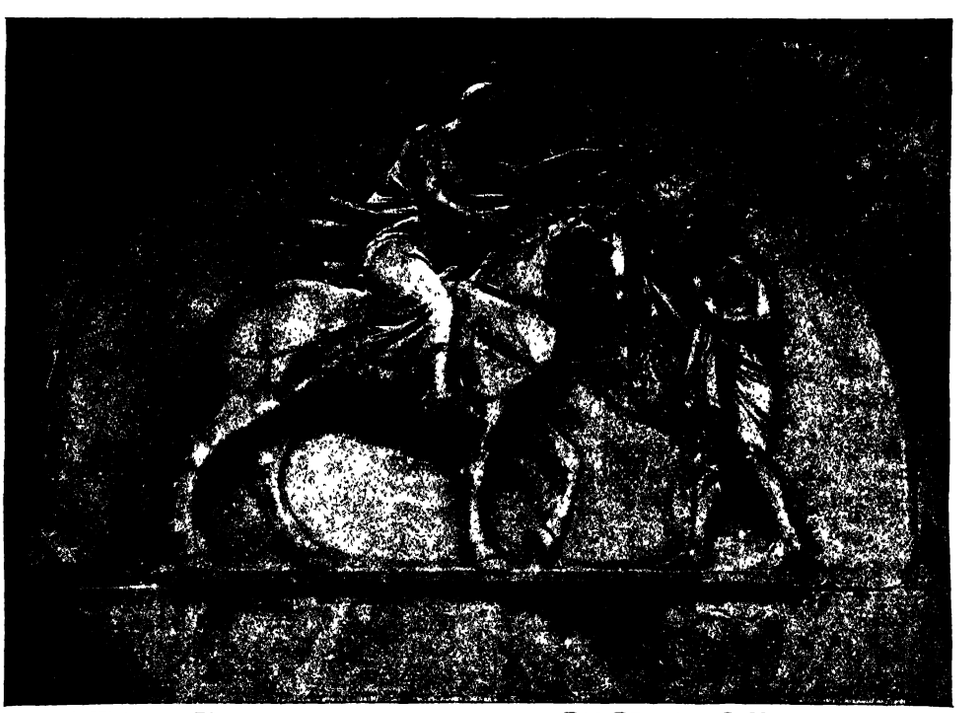
REDUCED REPRODUCTION OF ETCHED FRONTISPIECE.

A HISTORY OF PISA.

Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries.

By WILLIAM HEYWOOD. 21s. (Cambridge University Press)

There is a short biographical note at the beginning of this important volume. In it we are given a sketch of the life of the author, and very attractive it is. "In many ways he may be said never to have grown up; he was an English public schoolboy to the day of his death. The richness of his nature, his gift for life, the overwhelming fullness of his temperament that would express itself in every sort of laughter and practical joking, his essential masculinity too, together with his height and bigness generally, made up a figure that can never be forgotten, and that was essentially English." Turning over the pages of this exhaustive and comprehensive piece of work, we can readily believe that enormous care was lavished over it, and all of it bears the priceless stamp of accuracy. The book shows proof of profound scholarship, and teems with facts—witness the masterly chapter on the First Crusade—and there are traces of the writer's passionate enthusiasm for his subject even in the opening paragraph: "From the dim days before the Trojan War, when Pelops, coming from Pisa in Elis, founded the Italian Pisae on the marshy headland between the Arnus and the Ausar, the city's destiny was sealed beyond recall. Of the sea was she born, from the sea she drew her life-blood, and when the sea was lost to her she perished from inanition . . . he who would understand her weakness and her strength, her splendour and her ruin, must never altogether get the sound of the sea out of his ears, nor the smell of the sea out of his nostrils." Naturally this history will be placed on the shelves of learned authorities on mediæval Italy; naturally, without any praise of ours, it will take its place as a standard book of reference, with its notable bibliographical appendix. But we venture to hope that it will fall also into the hands of many of the ignorant who, when they read, will marvel at the amazing history of the ancient town, its sieges, its wars, its captures and raids, in the days when "the adventurous heart of the race, lured on by the magic of the sea, its receding horizons, its danger and its change, spread the glory and the terror of the Pisan name from the shores of Syria to the Pillars of Hercules."



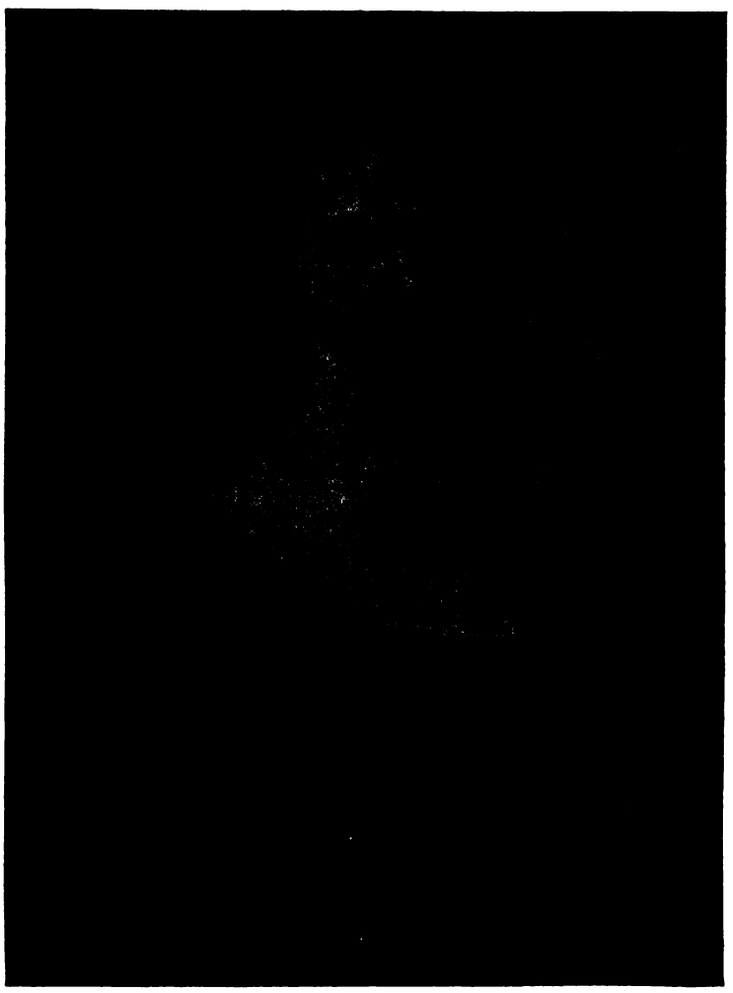
From A History of Pisa (*Cambridge University Press*).

BAS-RELIEF: S. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR. (CHURCH OF S. MARTIN).

IN FARTHEST BURMA.

By CAPTAIN F. KINGDON WARD. 25s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Anyone who imagines that the pursuit of botanical investigation is only a mildly exciting affair will have that illusion dispelled by reading Captain F. Kingdon Ward's narrative, "In Farthest Burma." It is one thing to go browsing along the hedges gathering wild flowers, but quite another to scale peaks from ten to fifteen thousand feet above sea-level after days of struggling through dense jungle where the heat weighs on one "like a hot pudding cloth." Those who have experienced tropical temperatures will appreciate this homely metaphor and agree that it is an exceedingly apt one. The book will appeal strongly to those interested in botany, but it is not a "scientific" work; that is to say, it is not a mere catalogue of flowers with Latinised names. A long list is given of some of the more interesting plants which Captain Ward collected, including a number of new species. The reader who is not particularly concerned with the main object of the author's travels will not look at this appendix, but he will read with the greatest interest about the expedition itself. The descriptions of camp life, of the manners and customs of strange peoples living in this curious corner of the world, of animal and insect life, are exceedingly interesting. The optimism of the explorer in the face of appalling difficulties and bitter disappointments, and his consistent good-humour despite the tropical heat and humidity (which eventually bowled him over for six weeks with fever), is something to admire—and to envy. In the concluding chapter Captain Ward deals with the political situation on the North-East frontier. He takes the view that there is a Chinese menace looming up—but space will not permit of even a summary of his argument. We shall content ourselves by expressing the hope that Captain Ward will write more travel books, even if China is "an uncongenial neighbour." After all, can it be claimed that other nations have shown unfailing geniality towards China?



ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.
"VANESSA."

Reproduced from the painting by kind permission of Mrs. Solly-Flood.

This interesting portrait of Vanessa, which has not been reproduced before, now appears for the first time in "Vanessa and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift," edited by Mr. A. Martin Freeman (Selwyn & Blount). Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

THE RUBY OF ST. BENEDICT: A COMMENTARY.

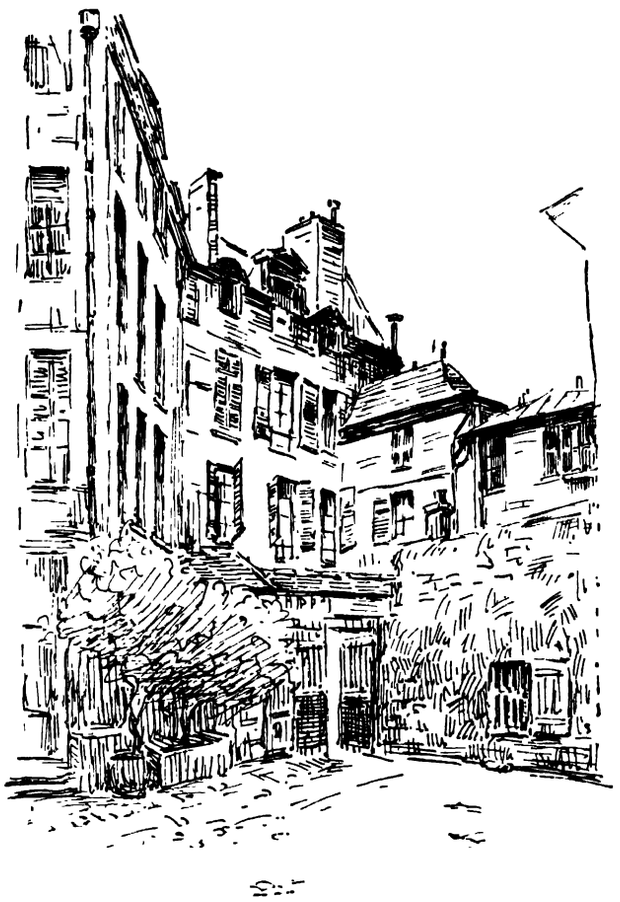
By ABBOT DELATTE. Translated by DOM JUSTIN MCCANN. 21s. net. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

Some years have passed since Dom Hunter-Blair published his useful edition of "The Rule of St. Benedict," an English rendering which had no more than a devotional purpose, so that it said nothing of the great accretion of marginal and historical interest which has grown around the "school of service," as its author called it, in the course of thirteen centuries. The same intention underlies the present commentary by the Abbot of Solesmes, a work of truly remarkable diligence and learning, and distinguished for its fidelity to the aims of his order and its founder. In its careful expansion of a familiar text it corresponds to the well-known work of another French Benedictine, Dom Guéranger's "L'Année Liturgique," especially in its blend of piety and scholarship. Father McCann has given us here a full and enlightened translation, written in a spontaneous and expressive prose which sets aside the feeling that we are studying a text almost coeval with the Vulgate of St. Jerome, through the double lenses of French and English. Here and there a Latinism like "dignity" might well give place to a word of more stable meaning like "worth," but these flaws are rare, and the book may well stand alongside another that hails from the same Abbey of Ampleforth, "The Black Monks of St. Benedict," by Father Ethelred Taunton. Each goes far to explain the other in the separate character of history and interpretation, and to show how the Benedictines in their survival and spread warrant a paraphrase of Macaulay's famous flourish in relation to the Church they serve. The age of saints and legends was succeeded by the era of the Crusades, the Renaissance, systems and institutions, until we have now reached an age of maps and charters; and "the big brothers of the Church" are busy still.

A QUEEN OF THE PADDOCK.

By CHARLES E. PEARCE. 8s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Violetta Vaughan, possessing Irish blue eyes and a handsome audacious mouth, is a fascinating heroine, for she has also an audacious character, and takes her adventures as though they were part of the daily round. Daughter of Captain Vaughan, who was a friend and companion of "bookies" and hangers-on of the turf, she knows as much as there is to know about the seamy side of sporting life; but her love for horses induces her after her father's death to turn to the race course for an income. Having an abnormal instinct for spotting a winner she does not come to grief. She is however handicapped by the men who know her through association with her father, and her adventures in love are thrilling. There are three men who bow to her beauty. Among the three Violetta has a lively time, but she has such a wholesome mind, is so daring and straight, that her personality gives that zest to the story of her doings which makes the reader, taking up the book, want to finish it before putting it down.



From Historic Paris (*John Lane*). COUR DE ROHAN

HISTORIC PARIS.

By JETTA S. WOLFF. (The Bodley Head)

When next you pack up your suitcase for a trip to Paris, put this compact volume in it; there is so much compressed history packed therein. Miss Wolff thinks nothing of setting a dozen dates on a page if needs be, and has a hearty sympathy with those who desire to learn. She proceeds in a very businesslike way at the opening of every chapter, hardly wandering from facts, but in her preface she begs the reader to look up to the roofs of Paris. "The roofs are never alike—wonderfully planned windows, chimneys, balconies, gables, are to be seen on the roofs, often in the most unexpected corners in every part of the *vieux* Paris." There are useful indexes, one to historic persons, another to streets. Miss Wolff's keenness peeps through her most solid paragraphs. The illustrations just lack that touch of charm we could have wished for them.

DARK SIDE OUT.

By ELEANOR ACLAND. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Here we are back in the sixties, when over the dining-room mantelpiece of the bourgeois usually hung a picture of Abraham and Isaac, when the windows were kept shut, when stern and unyielding fathers relentlessly crushed all independence of spirit in their offspring. William Atkinson, owner of a paper-mill in the north, could not abide his eldest boy's goings-on, and so it came to pass that Lanty ran away from home and disappeared for ages, leaving the smug second lad, Joseph, to reign in his stead. After many years came a message from a prison, where Lanty lay dying. Joseph went, and was greatly taken aback to hear a confession from Lanty to the effect that he had a wife and son. That son would get in Joseph's path, would spoil his inheritance, so after Lanty's death he stowed the awkward child away in a lonely farm. Miss Acland has a gift of even narrative, she is wholly mistress of her large canvas, her placid story never lacks interest.

WHEN WE WERE LITTLE.

By MARY FANNY YOUNGS. 4s. 6d. (Dent.)

These "Children's Rhymes of Oyster Bay" are issued with an introduction by the late Theodore Roosevelt, and are dedicated to the glorious memory of Quentin Roosevelt—the little lad in the daisy field shown in one of the pretty photographs published with the book. Roosevelt writes affectionately of the poems. "When we were little we lived in an old grey house in Oyster Bay Cove," says Miss Youngs, and Roosevelt tells of the fact that he and his children were her neighbours, and all lived the life of those who lived winter and summer in the simple pleasant houses beside the shore or on the neighbouring hills of the northern Long Island country. What a wholesome, joyous existence it was! Read this:

"Then after tea we read awhile,
And when I've gone to bed—
When I am safely tucked away,
And all my prayers are said,
Katie upstairs and Grandpa down,
They both begin to sing,
And as I drift away to sleep,
I hear their voices ring—

"'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,'
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,'
'The Church's One Foundation,'
'Jesus loves even Me,'
And that's the very last I hear,
And this is why I say
I *like* my Sunday's different
From any other day!"

Miss Youngs has a real insight into the child's mind. "The Wise Playmate," musings of a lonely little girl, is proof of that, and the rhymes are full of the sun and smell of growing flowers; and the tale of happy, unclouded hours. A charming collection.



From Dark Side Out, By Eleanor Acland (*Sidgwick & Jackson*). WRAPPER DESIGN.

GOD'S COUNTRY: THE TRAIL TO HAPPINESS.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.
6s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. J. O. Curwood's confession of faith, as set forth in this book, is one of the happiest things he has ever written. Broadly, it is the story of his life—a wash drawing, not a detailed etching; more particularly it is an account of his conversion from the lover of nature who shows his love by hunting and killing for "sport," to the lover and sympathetic interpreter of nature who hunts and kills only when his next meal depends upon it. It may sound far-fetched, but after reading this most lovable book we feel as though we had shaken hands with the author. He will make many friends through it—more perhaps than he has already made by his delightful studies of animal life in the great North-West. He writes from his home-built cabin, seated on a chair and at a table made by his own hands, in the heart of the wilderness, yet with the sense of the innumerable lives of the forest all round him; and he imparts his gladness to the reader, irresistibly. Some of his experiences with animals are given in the course of the book, wonderful and beautiful enough; yet the chief beauty lies in the evolution of the author's outlook, through periods of self-critical thought, until he arrives at the belief in the unity of all life and man's essential brotherhood with animals. The irreverent might ask his opinions on, let us say, the octopus and the cobra; we have no doubt that Mr. Curwood's answer would be sound and logical. We remain content with his tales of bears and wolves and birds, and are grateful to him for a book that provokes thought and brings him almost into the circle of personal friends.





From **God's Country,**
By J. O. Curwood
(*Duckworth*).

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD AND THE CABIN IN WHICH HE WROTE THIS BOOK.

ALL HANDS ON THE MAIN SHEET!

By B. HECKSTALL-SMITH. 21s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Heckstall-Smith's new volume makes no pretension to be a complete history of contemporary yachting; nor on the other hand can it be called, like his "Helmsman's Handbook," the textbook of the sport. It is a collection of a few personal experiences of yachting in the last thirty-six years, supplemented by valuable chapters dealing with the "America's" Cup, British Yacht Clubs, British Yacht Designers, and a general sketch of yachting from 1884 to 1920. The author accommodates his style to his topic with admirable felicity. He tells his yarns racily and breezily, with no literary flourishes and with no squeamish avoidance of slang; he writes of his highly technical subject with a welcome absence of jargon and with the ease and clarity that distinguish the expert from the man who has merely "mugged up" information; moreover he describes his persons and personages—the latter including King Edward, King George and the ex-Kaiser—with a departure from ceremony which, while never offensive, is agreeably nautical. The writer of this notice, who is no yachtsman, is bound to confess that he became really interested in Mr. Smith's accounts of the racing at Cowes, of the exploits of the *Britannia*, of German yachting before the war, of American and of Scandinavian cruises, and of the struggles for the "America's" Cup. Those who are interested in and who have gone in for yachting are bound to find "All Hands on the Main Sheet!" an enjoyable work. They will find that it reflects some not too flattering sidelights on ex-Kaiser Wilhelm.





From **All Hands on the Main Sheet**
(*Grant Richards*).

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A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND.

By MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNELL. In 2 vols. 8s. 6d. each. (Batsford.)

That those unfortunate people who suffer under the terrible affliction of blindness are enabled by the wonderful system of Braille to read and enjoy the best of literature has become almost a commonplace, but that it is now possible to present the blind man with a copiously illustrated volume, which is perfectly easy of comprehension to one acquainted with Braille's characters, seems little short of miraculous. As is well known the characters of Braille's alphabet are formed by an arrangement of dots in relief, consisting of varying combinations of from two to six dots in an oblong of which the vertical side may contain three and the horizontal side two. Sixty-three combinations are thus possible, covering the alphabet, punctuation marks, abbreviations, musical signs, etc. The Braille characters are easily written by means of a metal pointed style with which the dots are impressed on the paper. The writing is done from right to left so that when turned over the dots are in relief and can be read by anyone with a knowledge of Braille characters. George Eliot once said that "Blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along already travelled channels, and hindering the course onward," an old truism which has been greatly mitigated by the production in Braille of such books as Mr. and Mrs. Quennell's popular work, "A History of Everyday Things in England." To say nothing of the text, there is an extraordinary charm in the simplicity of the Braille translation of Mr. and Mrs. Quennell's attractive drawings. The skilful way in which the essentials of these drawings are preserved infuses a considerable degree of the spirit and character of the originals in a manner whereby the blind may, by very little mental effort, appreciate the pictorial side of an excellent book. It is obvious that the Braille rendering of these drawings is the work of an artist, but it is curious to notice that in cases of architectural subjects no attempt is made to depict the buildings in perspective, but only to give an elevation. The accompanying reproduction of an example taken from the Braille translation illustrates the character of this extraordinary achievement and is of especial interest when compared with the illustration as it appears in the ordinary edition. Such an achievement must indeed do much to mitigate the danger of melancholia which accompanies the loss of sight, for it must be a great relief for the studious man who is blind to find that he can continue his learning, that the blind architect may be enabled to exercise his critical faculties upon plans and elevations, that the artist deprived of sight may still be able to enjoy some appreciation of the beauty of form in pictorial art, when translated into the Braille system.



From **If Winter Comes,** Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's new Novel (*Hodder & Stoughton*) reviewed in this Number.

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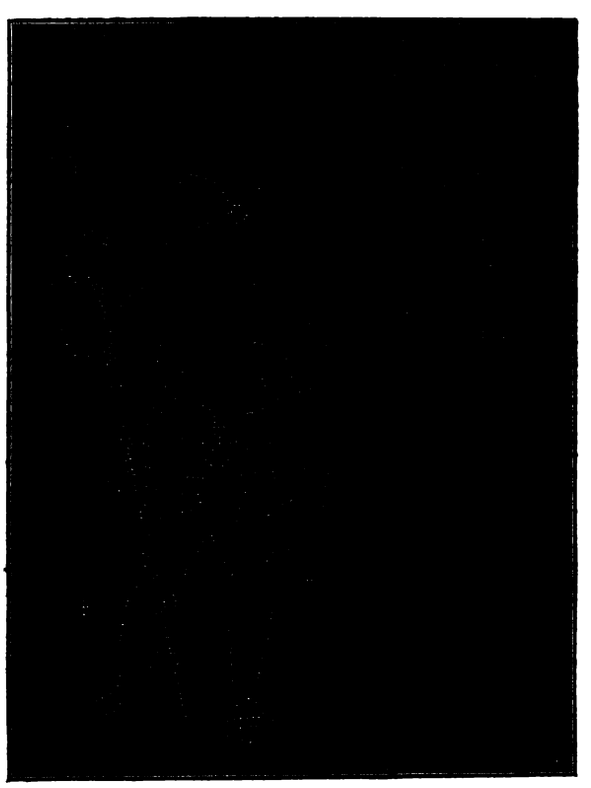
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From **A History of Everyday Things in England** (*Batsford*). **PIKEMAN, JAMES I REIGN.**



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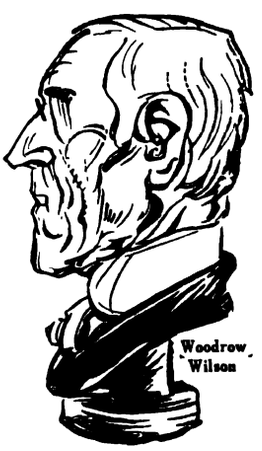
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Illustrated with Portraits and with Fourteen Cartoons by "CESARE"

15s. net

Even more so than the "Mirrors of Downing Street" here, this book has caused a veritable sensation in the States. Like "A Gentleman with a Duster" the author perforce remains anonymous — and no wonder! From President Harding, whose sole defect is a "lack of mentality," to Mr. Wilson, who is described as "A Round Head in a Ford," no one goes unscathed.

The New York Evening Post says:

"Contains indiscretions enough to satisfy the most exacting."

A BOOK THAT HAS TAKEN AMERICA BY STORM!

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, LTD.
24, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2

DOGS OF CHINA AND JAPAN IN NATURE AND ART.

By V. W. F. Collier. £2 2s. (Heinemann.)

If the real dogs of China and Japan were too much like the dogs in pottery and bronze that they send us for our mantelpieces and cabinets, the domestic hearths and homes in those countries would look something of a nightmare. The pug-dog and the Pekingese are odd and grotesque enough, some of them more than others, but in real life, so far as one has seen, they are seldom so fantastically curious as they appear in certain of the paintings and modellings so beautifully reproduced in this book. But the same delightful series of illustrations show that the mastiffs, hunting and other dogs of China and Japan have the beauty and grace that delight us in the fine breeds of Western nations. Japanese literature, the author tells us, has rather neglected dogs, but Chinese makes ample amends. Starting with a geological history of the dog in Europe, the author passes to accounts of dog-worship in Egypt and elsewhere, and so to the story of the early ages of the dog in China and Japan, of how both countries used to reverence the animal, even though the former made culinary uses of it. There are chapters on dog lore and superstition in the East; the dog-kind in symbolism; historical references to the Pekingese and the development of that type; on dog breeding; sporting and guard dogs; on the Chinese pug and his introduction into Europe; on toy dogs in Chinese art, and other aspects of the subject. An admirably written and most interesting book, and one that cannot fail to appeal to all dog lovers. both by reason of that interest and for its historical and technical value. The numerous illustrations in colour and black-and-white add to the value and the attractiveness of an entertaining, informing and artistically produced volume.



From **Dogs of China and Japan in Nature and Art** (*Heinemann*).

Pao-erh (Precious). Lo-sze dog. Length of body 1 ft. 4 in. Height 6·5 in.

Ch'ou-erh (Smell). Hah-pah dog. Length of body 1 ft. 7 in. Height 6 7 in.

Hsing-erh (Apricot). Hah-pah dog. Length of body 1 ft. 6in. "Mother cross-bred."
Mo-Hai (Inkstand). Lo-sze Dog.
P'ing-erh (Bottle). Hah-pah dog. Length of body 1 ft. 8·5 in. Height 8·5 in.

SISTER SUE.

By Eleanor H Porter. 7s. 6d (Constable)

Mrs. Porter dedicated her last book to "the innumerable Sister Sues all over the world who, patient and uncomplaining, lived their 'barren' lives with the life worth while ever beckoning them from afar." Mrs. Porter was aware that to women there is no theme of such eternal interest as that of the self-sacrificing housewife. Men may turn from such tales lightly in their ignorance, but women never. Here the tragedy is poignant enough yet never too terrible, as plucky Sue floats daintily through her most difficult times. She is about to embark on her career as a successful pianist when the troubles begin. Her father becomes a bankrupt and has a nervous breakdown; motherless Sue is obliged to stay with him. And so on. Her lover fails her. She is called on to endure all the vicissitudes of misplaced love. The characters in this sprightly little novel are natural and up to date, the plot is evenly rounded. Wholly unambitious, it is yet a success in its modest way and will be a useful and cheerful companion for many a woman through the autumn evenings.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

Illustrated by Edwin Noble 6s (Harrap)

Children will revel in this edition of "Æsop's Fables," with its beautiful clear type, and clean thick-line drawings. Some of the pictures are in colours, rich, bold colours, satisfying to the eye. Mr. Edwin Noble is to be congratulated on his share in this delightfully artistic book.

A PICTURE OF MODERN SPAIN: MEN AND MUSIC.

By J. B Trend 15s (Constable)

"A Picture of Modern Spain" furnishes English readers with information about a variety of Spanish topics—the growth of modern educational methods, the work of the essayists and novelists of the 1898 revival, the character of ancient and modern secular music, and the ramifications of the Catalan question. But while it is manifest that the author, Mr. J. B. Trend, is widely conversant with the various manifestations of the intellectual movement which, synchronising with the loss of Cuba and the Philippines, has breathed new life into the spirit of Spain, it is equally obvious that his main interests and his main sympathies are concerned with music, more particularly with the music of the early eighteenth century. This predilection implies, of course, no limitation of outlook or of insight; for the chapters devoted to an account of the work of Don Francisco Giner de los Rios and of his fellow educationists are models of lucid and illuminative exposition, while the analysis of the fiction of Pérez Goldós and of Pio Baroja and the examination of Catalan traditions and aspirations seem as open-minded as they are exhaustive.



From **Æsop's Fables** (*Harrap*).

One of the Black-and-White Illustrations.

THE PACE OF THE OX.

By F. E. Mills Young. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One of South Africa's favourite poets, Mr. Cullen Gouldsbury, furnishes the appropriate title for Miss Mills Young's latest novel of post-war life in Natal. She gives us a typical pair of ex-service men thrown together, and running a cinema show in Port Elizabeth. Tom Radcliffe, however, is unequal to sustaining his creditable war record under the seductions of a peace-time existence; the departure of war-time discipline sends him back to drink and the native savagery of his vile ill-temper. He flings a sneer at Martin Cranmer's one link with the old level of society he had never lost through any fault of his own — his attachment for Gwen Robertson, the rather spoiled daughter of a successful man. Here ends for a time the romance with Gwen, for the sneer leads to a quarrel, and Martin emerges from the tent leaving Tom to be found dead. Gwen swears at the trial that the pistol shot sounded after Martin had left, and though this contravenes the fact there is a moral truth in it, for Radcliffe had committed suicide in a fit of rage and despair, as a letter was to show long years later. Martin, acquitted but embittered, goes up-country, takes a post in a lonely store, and marries the owner's daughter, Millie, a plain and faithful helpmeet who brings him children and happiness and ultimately wealth. For by one of those chances that occur even in life, the storekeeper's holding proves to be an oilfield, so Martin and his wife and children presently go back to the coast and comparative luxury. Gwen's old hold upon him reasserts itself (she is married but childless, and still fascinating), and the climax of the story lies in the quiet way in which the triangular problem is settled for a weak man by the quiet and unhysterical character of his wife. She saves the situation and the happy ending without any breach of probabilities, and this last chapter should be a reproach in its admirable art and cogency to some of those hectic and reckless craftsmen who are setting the fashion in the alleged "love tale" of to-day.



From **The Rajah's Daughter,**
By Mrs F. E. Penny
(*Hodder & Stoughton*)

COVER DESIGN.

RUPERT BROOKE AND SKYROS.

By Stanley Casson. With woodcut illustrations by Phyllis Gardner. 6s. (Elkin Mathews)

Mr. Casson went to Skyros last April to take out the marble monument that has been placed over the grave of Rupert Brooke, and this is a record of his visit to the island. He gives a brief account of its past, describes it as it is to-day and touches in vivid word-sketches of its people. A very interesting booklet, very beautifully illustrated with six woodcuts made from photographs taken by Mr Casson during his stay in Skyros.

MR. PUNCH'S HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND

By Charles L. Graves. Vols. I and II. Complete in 4 vols. £3 3s. the set (Cassell.)

For a history of the Victorian era, particularly as it was reflected in the life of London, there is no truer and no



From **The Black Circle,**
By Cuthbert Edward Baines,

COVER DESIGN

the novel that was awarded the prize in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's First Nove Competition

pleasanter historian than Mr. Punch. Every social and political development of those times is recorded in the prose and verse and especially in the pictures that were gathered into his pages. Usually he dealt with matters in a flippant or satirical vein, but it is noticeable how often in his earlier days he took off the gloves and attacked abuses in fierce earnest and with mordant seriousness. He exhibited radical and even revolutionary tendencies that are not at all characteristic of his staider, maturer years. It is not strange that Hood's "Song of the Shirt" made its first appearance in his columns, for in those days he was a fervent and outspoken champion of the poor, and did not mince matters when he came to deal with those who kept them so. High and low life, art, literature, the drama, music, sports, pastimes, politics, education, religion—every phase of human activity came under his searchlight, and he expressed his opinions about them with pen and pencil and moved his readers to laughter or indignation without fear or favour. You may follow the changes of fashion in his pictures: a series of his cartoons are in themselves a political history. Mr. Graves's selected illustrations and his quotations and running commentary make these the first two volumes of an abstract and brief chronicle of the times that one reads for amusement and is all the while taking in knowledge without realising it. The books are admirably printed and artistically bound. Mr. Graves has done his work of selection and arrangement skilfully and his volumes are a very desirable possession, whether you regard them as a source of entertainment or as a delightful means of obtaining a liberal education without tears in the home and public life of latter-day England.



From **Mr. Punch's History of Modern England**
Vol II
(*Cassell*).

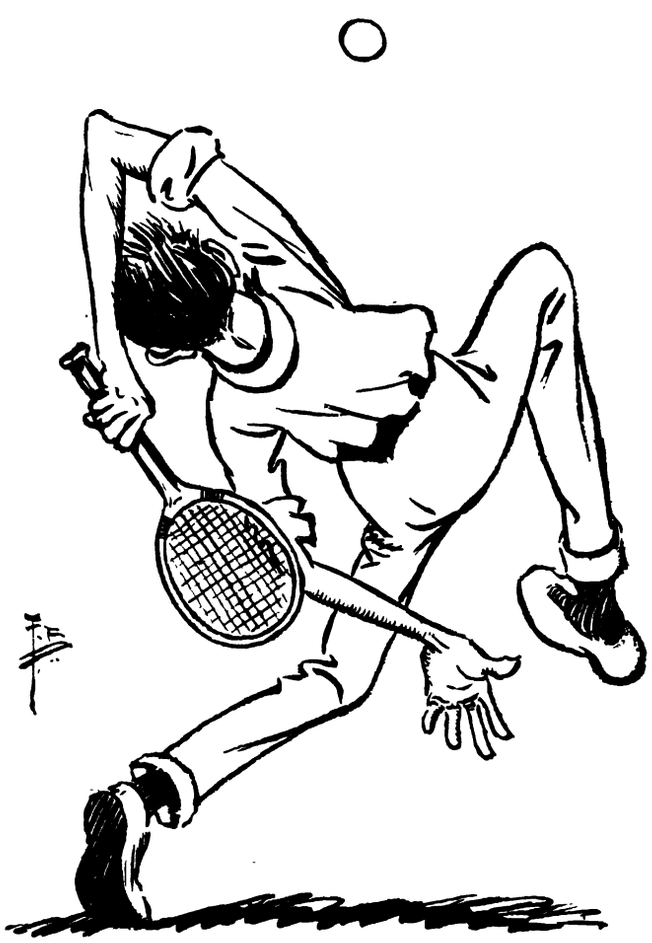
SHE "JESTS AT SCARS—

Aunt: "And how's Louisa, my dear? Where is she?"
Sarcastic Younger Sister (fancy free): "Oh, pretty well, but she won't be on view these two hours. She's writing to her 'Dear Fred', at least, I fancy I saw her come out of the library with Tupper's poems and a Dictionary!"

THOUGHTS ON WAR AND PEACE.

By PROFESSOR NICHOLAS PETRESCU. 5s. (Watts.)

Professor Petrescu has no great belief in the efficacy of the League of Nations under present conditions, and in this thoughtful and searching book he gives sound, practical reasons for the unfaith that is in him. He argues that "the first step towards a new order of things in international relations is to remove from our political thought the existing conceptions of war and peace—that is to say, all conceptions which make the political life of a nation contradictory to the ideals of humanity." He looks facts squarely in the face, and his outlook and the hope that he has are sane and inspiring. It is emphatically a book for the time and should be read by all who are seriously concerned for the future welfare of the world.



From **Sport in a Nutshell,**
By C. E. Hughes and Fred Buchanan
(*Jarrolds*).

LAWN TENNIS—CORRECT STANCE FOR THE AMERICAN BACK-HAND UPPER-CUT HALF-NELSON SMASH SERVICE WITH LIFT.

Recently reviewed THE BOOKMAN.

THE NEXT CORNER.

By KATE JORDAN. 8s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Paris, New York, Spain, Venezuela—a sufficiently distributed "scene" to give some expectation of special qualities; and the reader of this quite fascinating story will not be disappointed. The heroine, Elsie Maury, comes within a hair'sbreadth of taking the wrong turning and wrecking her life by yielding to the wiles of a young Spanish roué, and the haunting theme of the whole tale is the dread which follows her that her husband, after she has rejoined him, will hear of her escapade and believe that she has been unfaithful to him. Fate intervened just in time to prevent her actual sin, but in a letter written when it seemed imminent she confessed, as it were, before the sin had been committed; and the disappearance of this letter, addressed to him, poisons all her happiness. The plot is ingenious, and the descriptions of a certain not too reputable side of Parisian society life are brilliant in the extreme. Robert Maury and his dreadful gorgon of a sister are carefully drawn. The author does not lose sight of her central thread in the windings of the story, but tracks it onward with much skill, and carries the reader with her. In addition, she writes well, with a sound sense of the value of words and the effect of restraint.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E C 4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

News Notes.

The December Bookman will be a special Christmas Number, and, in addition to all usual features, will contain a portfolio of pictures in colour, a large number of presentation plates in colour and black-and-white, and four large and fully illustrated supplements dealing with the new books of the season. The literary contents will include articles on "Two Plays by John Drinkwater," by John Freeman; "Cromwell and Lincoln," by Professor John Adams; "F. W. H. Myers," by A. E. Waite; "Children in English Poetry," by Gilbert Thomas; "Flaubert," by R Ellis Roberts; "Fireside Fairies," by Katharine Tynan; "Beethoven," by George Sampson; "A. P. Herbert," by C. S. Evans; "What Poets—especially living Poets—and which of their Poems should be included in the Golden Treasury of the Future?" by Harold Munro, with a symposium on the same subject by Professor Oliver Elton, Professor Hugh Walker, G. K. Chesterton, Lady Margaret Sackville, Gerald Gould, Siegfried Sassoon, Thomas Moult, etc, etc. The Number will make a handsomely bound, beautifully produced volume, and, though a large edition is being printed, readers are urged to place their orders at once, as there is every indication that this year, as usual, it will be sold out immediately after publication, and owing to mechanical difficulties it is impossible to reprint.

To commemorate Sir William Robertson Nicoll's seventieth birthday on October 10th, Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams and Lady Hodder-Williams entertained at a special dinner, at the Hyde Park Hotel, Sir William and Lady Robertson Nicoll and the members of their family, and a few of Sir William's intimate friends, including the Prime Minister and Mrs. Lloyd George, Lord and Lady Riddell, Sir James Barrie, Colonel and Mrs. Buchan, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Professor and Mrs. John Adams, the Rev. T. H. Darlow, and Dr. and Mrs. Burnett Smith. At a reception held later Sir William received the congratulations of a large and very brilliant assembly of authors, journalists and distinguished politicians. It was a thronged and pleasantly informal gathering of fellow-craftsmen and friends whose presence in honour of the occasion Sir William very warmly appreciated.

In "Pen-Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen: Their Work and their Methods," Mr. Joseph Pennell makes a study of the art of pen-drawing, surveying the best work of the past and giving technical suggestions as to the most effective ways of doing such work. The book, which is illustrated with numerous examples of the drawings of famous artists, will be published immediately by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

"Eskimo Folk Tales," by Knud Rasmussen and W. Worster, which Messrs. Gyldendal publish, have been taken down at first-hand in various parts of Greenland and are the first collection of such stories ever made. The book contains illustrations by native Eskimo artists.

Mr. Stanley Paul is publishing "Success," by Lord Beaverbrook, a book which promises to be an inspiration and a guide for the young and ambitious.

Mr. John Freeman, who was awarded the Hawthornden prize last year for the best work of imaginative literature, has written a new book entitled "Music," which is being published by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, Ltd. The volume comprises about eighty lyrical and several long narrative poems, some of which form a new element in his work.

"The Thomas Hardy Book Calendar," which Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing, contains extracts from the works of Mr. Hardy for every day of the year. It has a portrait and introduction, and is very tastefully produced.

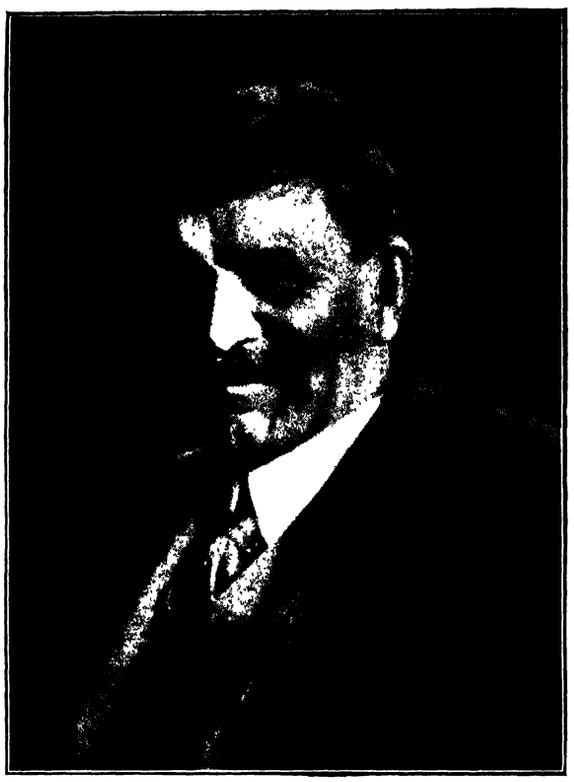


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Stephen Leacock,** who is now in England on a lecture tour.

Sir Sidney Colvin's "Memories and Notes of Persons and Places," which we announced a few months ago, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Edward Arnold & Co.

"The Book of Fair Women," by E. O. Hoppé, which Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing, contains a series of thirty-two portraits of beautiful women, several famous in our time, and others that Mr. Hoppé has seen on his travels in remote parts of the world. The photographs are reproduced by a special photogravure process. Mr. Richard King has written an introductory essay on the beauty of women.

After unavoidable delays, Mr Johnston Abraham has completed a successor to "The Surgeon's Log," and relates the remarkable adventures he went through in the early days of the war in "My Balkan Log," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing immediately.



Mr. A. MacCallum Scott, M.P., whose new book, "Barbary: The Romance of the Near-est East," has just been published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

A new publishing firm, Messrs. Chapman & Dodd, Limited, have opened premises in Denmark Street, W.C. For the moment, they are chiefly concerned with cheap reprints, but they have already made arrangements for a number of new books. The managing director, Mr. G. P. Chapman, who was until recently with Mr. Werner Laurie, comes of a famous publishing family, Edward Chapman, the founder of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, having been

his great-uncle, and the late Frederick Chapman his cousin.

" Sarah and her Family," by Bertha Pearl, which Mr. Leonard Parsons is publishing, is a story of New York's Ghetto, showing a Ghetto family as it lives from day to day.

Mr. James C. Welsh, of Low Waters, Hamilton, who has lately been elected Vice-President of the Lanarkshire Mineworkers' Union, is the author of that powerfully realistic story, " The Underworld," which Mr. Herbert Jenkins published about a year ago. His book has gone through five editions in Great Britain and a large edition in America, and has been translated into French, Dutch and Scandinavian. Mr. Welsh has almost completed another novel, which will be published next spring.



Mr. James C. Welsh.

Hardly any novelist is quite satisfied with his sales; the larger they are the larger he thinks they ought to be; but Mr. Harold Bell Wright, whose " Helen of the Old House " has just been published by Messrs. Appleton, must be one of the rare exceptions. For he has written nine novels, and they have had an average sale of over a million copies apiece, and when that happens to an author he has to look round for something else to complain about. In his early days Mr. Wright worked as a painter and decorator and at divers other trades, when necessity drove him. He has known the horrors of unemployment and the misery of going hungry. Before he was twenty he had resolved to enter the ministry; when after a period at Hiram College his health broke down, he went to regain it to the Ozark Mountains and served as minister to the mountaineers, who presently came to regard him as their friend and adviser in material as well as in spiritual affairs. He pursued his calling for some years in divers places, and his first novel, " The Printer of Udells," was not planned as a book but to be read in instalments to his congregation in Pittsburg, Kansas. His people urged him to publish it, and its success moved him, while seeking health in the Ozarks, to write " The Shepherd of the Hills." His readers already numbered hundreds of thousands, and long before his ninth novel, " The



Photo by Compton Collier **Mr. W. L. George,**

whose new novel, " The Confessions of Ursula Trent," has just been published by Messrs Chapman & Hall, and his " London Mosiacs " by Messrs Collins.

Re-creation of Brian Kent " (1919), he was established as the most popular novelist in America. " Each of my books," he recently told an interviewer, " has been written for a very definite purpose. ' Helen of the Old House ' was written because it grew upon me since the close of the war that some one should declare that the ideal held up during that struggle should be applied to our own affairs in peace. I thought, ' What would happen if we could apply the standards of intensive loyalty and co-operation to these times of peace? Would it not solve many of our problems? ' "



Mr. Harold Bell Wright.

Messrs. W. Paxton & Co., the music publishers, to help people over the difficulty they experience, on going into a music shop, of choosing exactly what they want, are issuing a useful and attractive booklet entitled "New Issues." This shows a comprehensive range of new publications in vocal, instrumental, or dance music, the music being reproduced in miniature, but sufficiently large and clear to be tried over at home before you decide what music you will buy.



Mr. Hamilton Fyfe,

whose new novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," Mr. Leonard Parsons is publishing. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe is editing the new monthly, *Looking Forward*, which he describes as "a review of what is being done, said and thought all over the world, from the standpoint of the man who is out to end War."

"Mendoza and a Little Lady," a tale of Chelsea life by William Caine, will be published forthwith by Messrs. Putnams.

Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts, the daughter of the distinguished novelist, is known in her own right as the author of two charming books of verse. She has lately been trying a 'prentice hand at fiction, and her first short story, "The Goat Girl," a tale of the moors, is to appear in the November Number of *Lloyd's Magazine*.

"The Warwick Rewards" is the title given to a new half-crown series of popular books for boys and girls, which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing. The volumes are well printed and attractively bound, and the first six include two admirable stories by Robert Leighton, "The Cleverest Chap in the School" and "The Perils of Peterkin"; "The Treasure Hunters," by John Mackie, and "A Handful of Rebels," by R. Jacberns.

With "The Street of Faces" and "Wayfarers in Arcady," Mr. Charles Vince has proved himself one of the most charming and individual of latter-day essayists. He has completed a new book, "Barrie Marvel: His Dreams and Adventures," some chapters from the childhood of a solitary and imaginative boy, which Mr. Philip Allan will publish next spring.

A new novel by Miss Muriel Hine, "Torquil's Success," will be published on November 4th by Mr. John Lane.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

SIR BASIL THOMSON, K.C.B.

THOUGH to many people the name of Sir Basil Thomson may mean chiefly the one-time Governor of Dartmoor and Wormwood Scrubbs Prisons or the head of the Special Branch of the Metropolitan Police at "the Yard," he has a high reputation quite apart from that gained for his work in connection with crime and its correction. He is indeed, I would venture to claim, primarily a bookman—though he himself might not perhaps agree with that particular finding. When I spoke to a fellow-writer of Sir Basil as being author of some fascinating volumes on life and affairs in islands of the South Pacific I was met with an assured, "Oh, but that is another Basil Thomson." Though I contradicted my friend with as much courtesy as is consistent with the consciousness of superior knowledge, I fancy that he remained of his old opinion still. The man who is now head of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard was in 1890 Prime Minister of Tonga, and had been born twenty-nine years earlier, just a year before that distinguished divine, his father, had been preferred to the high office of Archbishop of York.

So much of a true bookman is Sir Basil Thomson that his experiences whether abroad or at home seem to have promptly moved him to rendering them in literary form. (When called to be Governor of Dartmoor Prison he seems to have been soon inspired to become the historian of the place.) That after all is surely one of the most notable characteristics of your true bookman—given an experience, it is his instinct to render it in words, to "make a

book of it." And very excellent are the books which Sir Basil Thomson has made of his experiences. I recall the pleasure which I had in reading more than a quarter of a century ago, as reviewer, one or two of the earlier of these volumes, and I have been re-reading them with no less lively interest. So well do they stand this supreme test of re-reading that it may be hoped that the author will some day give us a collected uniform edition of those of his works embodying studies of the South Pacific. The writer shows himself possessed of such powers of observation and sympathy, gives evidence of interest so keen in the people among whom he lived, that his books have a peculiar vividness and an actuality that place them among the best of their kind.

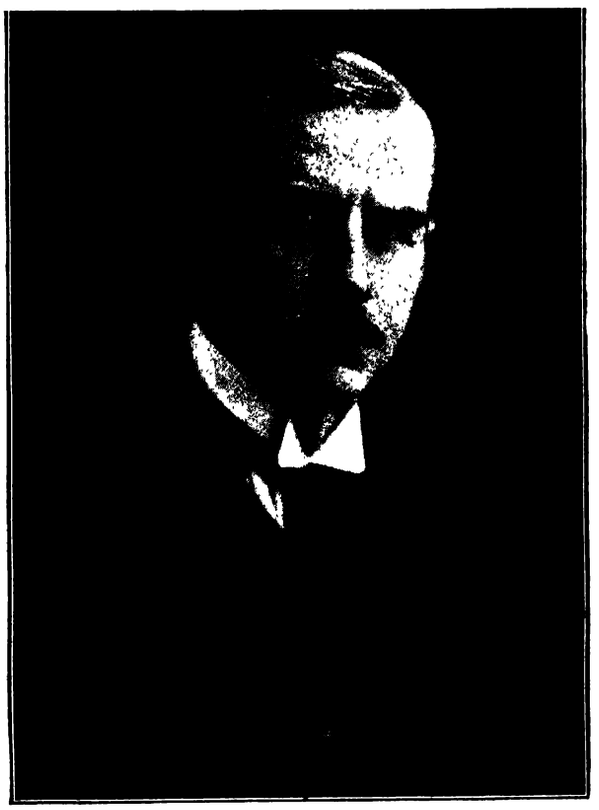


Photo by Maull & Fox. **Sir Basil Thomson, K.C.B.**

It was in 1894 there came the first of that series of intimate, observant volumes which showed that a new travel-writer had appeared —a writer to whom it had been given to enjoy experiences in some of the least exploited of places. Having been educated at Eton and Oxford and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, the son of the Archbishop of York had got an opportunity of far travel under the authority of the Colonial Office and went out with an expedition to New Guinea, and then to Fiji where, first as Commissioner of the Native Land Courts and later as Acting Head of the Native Department, he had unusual opportunities of studying the Fijian folks. The first volume in which he gave his readers something of the fruits of his experiences was a capital collection of "South Sea Yarns," and then in the same year came "The Diversions of a Prime Minister," wherein he tells, with sympathetic understanding and humour, of the period he spent in Tonga, the last native state in the Pacific, putting straight the affairs of that island kingdom. It is a delicious example of the travel books in which our literature is particularly rich—delicious both for the pictures it gives of unsophisticated life in the island of queerly Christianised Polynesians, and for the rendering of personal experiences of an Englishman in a queer position—"at the age of twenty-nine elder brother to a monarch of over ninety"—among remarkably unconventional and distinctly interesting people.

This was followed by "A Court Intrigue," and then by "The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath"—a wonderful Fijian woman the narrative of whose "indiscretions" affords capital reading, and in the presenting of which in the outward seeming of a novel the author manages to give much of the inner matter of folk-lore and of his own travel observation. Later came "Savage Island"—that Niué which lies, "the loneliest spot in that part of the Pacific," one thousand miles N.N.E. of New Zealand and three hundred miles S.S.E. of Samoa. In 1900 the one-time Prime Minister of Tonga had returned to that island to negotiate a British protectorate over it, and it was then that he visited Savage Island to give the people there a favourable answer to a petition, that had reached England thirteen years before, for the sending of "the powerful flag of Britain to unfurl in this island of Niué."

"King Fataaiki's letter reached its destination, and England, 'the first kingdom of all the kingdoms of the world,' England, the earth-hungry and insatiable (as others see her), took thirteen years to think it over, and then, having received a second letter more precisely worded, reluctantly consented. It is an object-lesson of the way in which we blunder into Empire."

It may be added that it was only when we surrendered any claims to Samoa to the Germans that we took over, and then by way of compensation, the little island that had already sought our protection!

Later works inspired by the ten years or so that the author had spent in the South Pacific were "The Discovery of the Solomon Islands" (written in collaboration with Lord Amherst of Hackney), and "The Fijians: a study of the Decay of Custom," a fascinating book showing the way in which the levelling tendency of modern civilisation is at work in the Pacific Islands—a levelling tendency which, as the author sees it, is going on all over the world, and one which will bring about something of a racial equality with individual inequalities. This volume presents a wonderful assemblage of matters concerning the Fijians and their customs, and is a valuable contribution to the literature concerning primitive peoples, their habits and beliefs.

Such may indeed be said of the whole series of these books concerning the South Pacific Islands and islanders that the author has given us. These books are at once engagingly attractive in style and valuable in their contribution to our knowledge, and are likely long to be read by all who would know of life and customs in far places. It may be hoped that Sir Basil will write some reminiscences of his experiences in New Guinea, which he visited with Sir William McGregor in 1888 when the interior of that tripartite island was largely land unknown; while another book which it would seem that he alone could write would be a full and particular narrative of the life and doings of that remarkable adventurer whose name crops up again and again in the pages of the books that Sir Basil has written—"the Honourable and Reverend Shirley Waldemar Baker."

WALTER JERROLD.

THE READER.

LORD ROSEBERY AS ESSAYIST.*

By Augustine Birrell.

LORD ROSEBERY, whatever else he may be—and his title to be called a literary critic is, I observe, disputed in some austere quarters—is an Author, for has he not written Books? But what is more, he is one of those lucky authors who, to employ once again Mr. Bagehot's happy phrase, "keeps his own atmosphere." Lord Rosebery always writes like Lord Rosebery; and so it comes to pass that when anyone who has by chance read one of his books or Addresses takes up something new by the same hand, he finds himself at once as much at home as if he were sauntering down a country lane he has frequented for years. Books of this rare kind are always agreeable to a reader with a palate, and happily, despite the Niagara of output, and the multiplication of literary Binns, Bottles and Blends, such a thing as a reading palate still exists; and we love to be able to "taste" a book.

But it must be admitted we live in a serious age, and one which demands to know your "qualifications," ere you venture to write on such matters as books and reading. What are your qualifications to be a critic? The fact that Lord Rosebery would as likely as not disclaim the very name, and most certainly would fail to present himself for examination in order to obtain his diploma, is accounted beside the mark; for the suggestion is that, being by habit, training and temperament an "unqualified" critic, he has no business to allow Mr. Buchan to present him to the world even partially in that character.

It never does to turn your back upon the age you are condemned to live in, and it is wise to snuff the perfumes of the future even though they may wrinkle your nose.

When I was much younger than I am to-day I was, in what I took to be a happy hour, turned loose upon the "Causeries" of M. Sainte-Beuve, and in my enthusiasm I hailed him as a well-nigh perfect critic; but to-day I notice younger and much keener intellects than mine think lightly of this Frenchman, and assign as their most exquisite reasons the very things that made me dote on him. He is, so it is now said, far too full of biography and history, and the *locus in quo*; and there is far too little of the pure, undiluted effluent of criticism.

From a recent book of rare merit called "The Sacred Wood," by Mr. T. S. Eliot, I cull the following two passages, not to dispute them, but by way of record:

"A literary critic should have no emotions except those immediately provoked by a work of art—and these are, when valid, perhaps not to be called emotions at all."

"The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality!"

As it is very doubtful whether, if Lord Rosebery were to be judged by these standards, he would emerge as a literary critic at all, and being very anxious, as I always am, to avoid controversy, it may be best to say and at once, that in my opinion the author of these Collected Papers should be regarded as a "miscellaneous writer" on men, books and events, who exhibits, whenever the occasion warrants, a genuine and at times a passionate affection for books and reading, and is able by virtue of his kept atmosphere to instil into the minds of his readers something of the interest he feels himself in the subjects he has chosen to illustrate.

In order to create these desirable impressions it is essential for a "miscellaneous writer" about books, and men who have written books, to be strictly honest with his readers and never to feign a sham emotion. If a "miscellaneous writer" does not like "Tristram Shandy," let him say so and stand the direful consequences. Why, Charles Lamb did not like "Gil Blas"! Hazlitt, one of the greatest of our miscellaneous writers, tells us he could not away with Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets, but could read with pleasure Blair's "Grave"! Am I to quarrel with Elia and Hazlitt on these accounts? Certainly not, though I adore "Gil Blas," abhor Blair and am in love with Sidney's Sonnets. So when Lord Rosebery assures me that he never wishes to read "Rasselas" again, and that all the *Ramblers* and *Idlers* are dead for him, I applaud the sincerity of the avowal, taking it as evidence of strict good faith in other matters, and at once sit down to reread No. 55 of the *Rambler* with a delight that I never before thought was capable of increase.

The truth is, despite Mr. Eliot, we like criticism to be individual and not "standardised," and to carry on its surface evidence both of strict good faith and of the personality of the man from whom it proceeds. Hazlitt, Lamb and Arnold were full of personal prejudices, of exaggerated loves and dislikes, of whims, fancies and mannerisms; but we should be unworthy readers of these distinguished writers if we cannot, whilst reading them, "allow for the wind." Indeed, "allowing for the wind" is half the excitement of reading.

But notwithstanding all this, I have an uneasy feeling that some time, not my "time" but other people's, Mr. Eliot may prove to be right and the stream of criticism will be found flowing a pure white, purged of the discolorations of personality. But in the meantime how beautiful is a "brown" stream, particularly a Scottish stream!

Lord Rosebery appears before his readers in these volumes as a bookish man. "I mean," so he tells us, "by bookishness the general love of books—reading, buying, handling, hunting them."

He was probably born with this love or very early acquired it, and it has stood him in good stead. But though by nature or grace a bookish man, he has not lived the bookish life. Hence perhaps his freedom from

* "Miscellanies: Literary and Historical." By Lord Rosebery. Two vols. 30s. net (Hodder & Stoughton.)

the tyranny of the schools and, possibly, his too hasty judgments. Like Horace he has led the *vita magistra* and has looked to books to help him along the stony path, and to teach him either to enjoy life or to endure it. This is not the attitude of the professed critic, but it is one which makes an author especially attractive to educated men whose occupations have forbidden the student's life.

But I must not forget that one of Lord Rosebery's tests for bookishness is a love of "handling" the volumes themselves, so I take up the "Miscellanies" and discover that the first volume begins with a sensitive and most feeling address on the greatest of Scottish poets, whose name and fame, though all his masterpieces were written in a provincial dialect, have reverberated throughout the civilised world, and to-day Burns ranks with Horace and with Heine. How better could a good Scotsman begin his "Miscellanies"? A little lower down the list of contents I observed the name of Burke, and when I came to read the "Burns" and the "Burke" I found I had read them before in 1899 in a little book called "Appreciations and Addresses," published by Mr. Lane and edited by my sorely-missed friend, the late Charles Geake. Then I fell to musing upon the strange fates of books, and how this little adventure of my old friend's fell a victim to the House of Lords, which decided judicially (*dissentiente* most emphatically, Lord Robertson) that it (or large portions of it) infringed the copyright of Mr. Walter, the then proprietor of *The Times*. Mr. Walter had employed, at his own charges, stenographers to attend at Dumfries or Bristol, or wherever else Lord Rosebery was announced to deliver an address, and take down his words precisely as they fell from his lips, and then, writing them all over again in longhand, to send them up to Printing House Square, to be reproduced in the columns of the famous newspaper.



Photo by Annan & Sons **The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.**

As against the Speaker himself it was admitted, in the course of argument, that Mr. Walter had no case, but as against Mr. Lane, who had registered "Appreciations and Addresses" as his own copyright, an injunction was issued, and consequently the little book has gone from the public gaze, rather like that acquaintance of Sidney Smith's, who was seen last at the time of the Assizes.

Nevertheless I cannot help remarking that though Lord Rosebery still observes the same attitude of "benevolent neutrality," no less than seven of Mr. Geake's papers reappear under Mr. Buchan's editorship.

Let it not be for one moment supposed that I am desirous of stirring up past litigation. It would be too late to do so; and besides, I have retired from practice! My wigs, including the "full-bottomed" one which I wore, greatly perspiring, whilst fruitlessly arguing the defendant's case in Walter *v.* Lane, have all disappeared, whither and how I know not.

Still when, suddenly, whilst "handling" these handsome volumes I came across seven of my old friends—clients I had almost called them—beckoning to me, as it were, and claiming old acquaintance, I could not but acknowledge that salute and wish them many visitors in their new and splendid quarters.

Amongst the "Appreciations" contained in the first volume, the one that made the strongest appeal to my inherited sympathies bears the once resplendent name of Dr. Chalmers.

Time was when it could have been truthfully said that whilst Burns represented one half of every true Scot, for the other half few names could have put in a better claim than Thomas Chalmers. This I suppose could hardly be said now, for of late years the author of the once famous "Astronomical Discourses" and the hero of the disruption of 1843 seems to have suffered an eclipse.

I had noticed this with a growing sadness, for my early days were spent in an atmosphere furiously charged with the contagion of this great name. My father had been a pupil at Glasgow University of the eloquent divine, and whenever he heard talk going on around him about Newman, Pusey or the like, he behaved, though he was neither deaf nor took snuff, in the same spirit which Goldsmith reports Sir Joshua to have exhibited when the studious chattered of "their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff."

Consequently, though I felt persuaded Lord Rosebery would prove "sound on Chalmers," it was with just a little perturbation of spirit that I began to read. The first lines made me happy, for they ran as follows:

"We Scotsmen do well to take every opportunity of revering and burning incense before the memory of Dr. Chalmers, for he was one of the greatest of our race; a commanding character, a superb orator, the most illustrious Scottish Churchman since John Knox. His memory remains green and vivid with us when statesmen, writers and philosophers are, if not forgotten, languishing in the shade. It is a noble and blessed life, how more enviable" (Vol I, p 238)

And again:

"His base was character. Through all the splendours of his speech, through all his activity of administration, through all his powerful and voluminous writings, there flamed the glory of a living soul; a supreme, unquenchable,

fervent soul. For him Christianity was everything; his faith inspired every action of his life, every moment of his day, every word that he uttered, every letter that he wrote. That was the real secret of his power that drew all hearts to him. He wrote enormously, he spoke continually, he revealed his inner self in every possible way, but after his first struggles and victory, every word that remains on record seems instinct with a pervading, undoubting, eager Christian faith. . . . It is not breaking the tenth commandment to covet his spirit " (Vol. I, p. 245).

Of all Mr. Arnold's unseemly jests the unseemliest was his saying of Chalmers that he reminded him of a Scotch Thistle trying to look like the Rose of Sharon. It was ill-said and ill-conceived. Had Mr. Arnold known anything at all about Chalmers he must have recognised how absurd was the suggestion that this great divine was in the least " prickly." A thistle is prickly, and so I dare say are many Scotsmen, but Chalmers was all love, solicitude and tenderness. Carlyle reports how Lord Jeffrey said that the only way he ever discovered that ill-conditioned people had tried to make Chalmers think that he (Jeffrey) was an unbeliever, was by the extra-affection and wistfulness of manner exhibited in Chalmers's demeanour towards him. Lord Rosebery recalls that one of the rare occasions when Sir Walter Scott was touched by praise was when he was told of the admiration of Chalmers.

Lord Rosebery dwells with an admiration some may think excessive on the triumph of Chalmers's oratory, saying:

" We who have seen the great mass meetings, wonderful as they were, addressed by Mr. Gladstone at the height of his fame and popularity, have nothing to record like this. There can be but few parallels to it in history."

The whole Appreciation is aglow with a noble enthusiasm for a truly great and pious man. A younger generation of Scotsmen has now no excuse for letting Thomas Chalmers become the shadow of a shade.

The first volume concludes with a reprint of the famous sketch of Lord Randolph Churchill. I am glad to see it there, for the more people read this exquisite piece of portraiture the better, but so perfect a gem of short biography is best read in an independent volume. Gems are not seen to advantage in a crowded cabinet, but singly. If this be the foppery of bookishness, " and upon me proved," I am content to be a fop.

The work of portraiture demands a delicate touch combined with a rare mixture of good, sound sense, good feeling, genuine affection and a strong though restrained tinge of amusement at the vagaries of human characters. Lord Rosebery possesses this touch, as this sketch of Lord Randolph proves. Carlyle had it, as is exemplified in his " Life of Sterling " and in his inimitable portrait of Lord Jeffrey. Andrew Lang had it to perfection, as his short memoir of his teacher, Professor Sellar, will prove to the satisfaction of most readers. I observe with trepidation that my three examples are all Scotsmen, and so, as I desire at all costs to be impartial, I will run the risk, often a serious risk, of praising a friend in print, by adding the name of Lord Morley.

I have left myself no space to " handle " the second volume, one section of which, containing six papers, is full to overflowing with the very marrow and fatness of Scottish history and character.

I imagine that Lord Rosebery can never be more completely at home than when presiding over or addressing the Scottish History Society, in Edinburgh, for whatever other doubts may beset him he has none about this Society. He bids us believe " that there never were such publications," and goes on to say that he does not believe " anyone can find any serious fault with anything the Society has done or with any publication it has put forward," and winds up triumphantly by inquiring, " Of what other Society can so much be said? " (Vol. II, p. 64).

As it must be supposed that the President of the Scottish History Society has read all its productions, no Southron who reads the six papers just mentioned but will admit that if Lord Rosebery has derived any portion of his inspiration from the labours of his Society it deserves all the praise he has bestowed upon it.

Amongst these " Miscellanies " I find no record of any of their author's " Travels." I cannot but think this a pity. A small book of " Travels " from Lord Rosebery's pen could hardly fail to be delightful. We possess few such books of travel as those I have in mind, and I have long pined for one I could place alongside that adorable account given by the author of " Vathek " of his visit, at the end of the eighteenth century, to two abbeys in Portugal and of his companions on that expedition. Is it too fanciful to suppose that the writer of these " Miscellanies " might have produced, had he tried his hand, something akin to the production of that strange genius, so happily described by Mr. Charles Whibley as the " Caliph of Fonthill "? But to write about the books that have not been written is outside the scope of this paper.

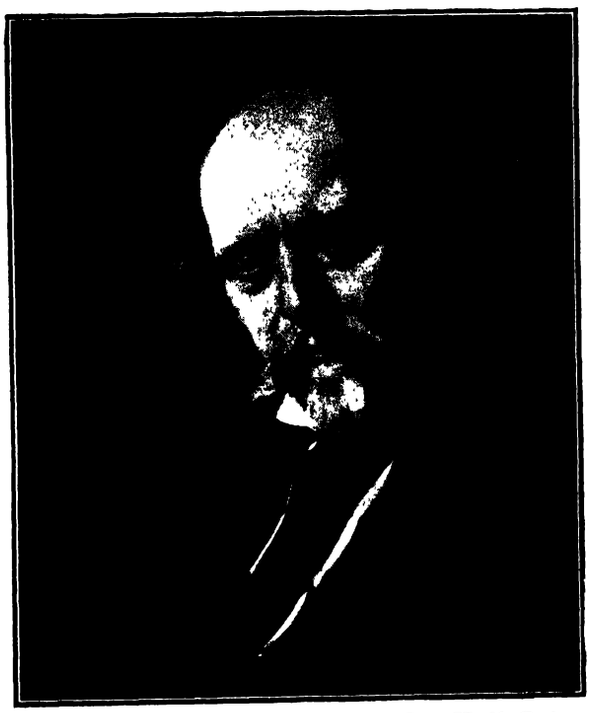
SIR HALL CAINE: FORTY YEARS A NOVELIST.

BY JOHN A. STEUART.

WHAT is the secret of popularity in literature? Is it merit, is it chance or just a passing vagary in public taste? The question has long been a crux to critics and a subject of anxious inquiry to authors. George Henry Lewes, a writer of some note in his day, boldly asserted that success is an absolute test of merit. " We may lay it down as a rule," he wrote, " that no work ever succeeded, even for a day, but it deserved that success; no work ever failed but under conditions which made failure inevitable . . . Success, temporary or enduring, is the measure of the relation, temporary or enduring, which exists between a work and the public mind." According to this doctrine the secret appears to lie in the relation of an author to the general body of readers, that is to say, in his sense of the public likes and dislikes and his readiness or ability to supply what at the moment happens to be most in demand. This however must be qualified by the fact that a strong and original writer will impose himself on the public and, within limits, mould and dominate its taste. Browning and Meredith are recent instances in point. In a different way R. L. Stevenson is also an instance.

The truth is that the secret so called is not a secret at all, but a gift. As there is a genius for friendship so there is a genius for popularity. Scott and Dickens, Dumas and Hugo (to mention no more) had it in a supreme degree. They wrote what they would, what their gifts impelled them to write, and the public made haste to buy and read. So it was in the past with those possessing the magic faculty; so it is now; so it must be in the future.

To-day Sir Hall Caine possesses the enviable gift in a larger measure than any other British novelist. If he is not absolutely the most popular novelist in the world he is certainly the most popular in England. The aggregate sales of the English editions of his novels have already reached the enormous figure of five million copies, a total very considerably in excess of that credited to any other writer on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, since the death of Dickens no other novelist in this country has had anything like his vogue with British readers of fiction. For nearly forty years he has been prominently before the public, and throughout that long period he has increased his popularity with every book he has published--a unique distinction so far as I know. That such a feat implies rare and remarkable qualities is a truth which need not be laboured, since it is self-evident.



Sir Hall Caine

From the portrait by A. Jonniaux.

What, then, are the gifts which have gone to the making of Hall Caine's immense vogue? I answer briefly: A bold and picturesque imagination, great emotional force, an unfailing sense of the dramatic, a direct and graphic style, and a skill in construction unequalled, as it seems to me, since the death of Wilkie Collins. His novels have great amplitude, great wealth of detail and many characters; but there is no confusion, no congestion. Every character, every incident is fitted into its place with almost mathematical precision. Nothing is allowed to impede the dramatic progress of the story, obscure the motive or divert the attention of the reader. Nor must we forget a sympathy as ardent and penetrating as that of Dickens himself. Sympathy is indeed the golden key with which the novelist unlocks human hearts and reveals them to themselves. Of that key Hall Caine is master. Finally he deals with elemental passions and emotions in language which most men and all women instinctively understand. The truth of these statements may be agreeably verified by reference to the "Collected Edition" of his novels now in course of publication.

With "The Deemster" Hall Caine leaped into the forefront of "best sellers"—a position which, as we have seen, he has retained ever since. It is worth recalling as an item of literary history that its original publisher, a man of wide experience of his trade, assured the author his book would be dead and forgotten within five years of publication. That was thirty-five years ago. To-day one sees "The Deemster" on the bookstalls marked "52nd Edition." So are expert prophecies falsified. The present writer recalls the thrill of exultation with which he first read the story among the Welsh mountains, and there are still moods in which he is tempted to call it Hall Caine's best book. But that may be mere prejudice due to the vividness and permanency of youthful impressions. Certainly it has what Lowell calls "the large stride of the elder race." What was written of it many years ago in a volume which shall be nameless may appropriately be repeated here. "The book belongs to the big, the broad, the strong and impressive order of fiction. It has a spaciousness of air and a reach of imagination rare among recent novels. . . . Effects are rendered with almost unexampled rapidity. The imagination seems all aglow and will not be checked in pouring out its shapes." Here at least critic and public have agreed with some emphasis.

The qualities of picturesqueness, impetuosity and dramatic intensity which distinguish "The Deemster" are conspicuous in "The Bondman" also. The scene of the main action changes from the Isle of Man to Iceland; but the style and method are those of the earlier book. Planned on epic lines and moving with an imaginative sweep which carries the reader along breathless and eager, this story contains some of the most powerful and moving situations which Hall Caine has ever conceived or depicted, notably those concerned with the two half-brothers in the penal settlement. The characters have an antique grandeur and impressiveness which give them a place apart in their creator's work, and indeed in modern fiction; while the events are often such as make the reader shudder in dramatic suspense. These two romances—"The Deemster" and "The Bondman"—mark the culmination of Hall Caine's earlier method and ideals of art.

"The Manxman" marks the transition to the later, and, as multitudes of readers think, the real, the characteristic, Hall Caine. With that book he plunges into the seething turmoil of modern life. The saga method, the saga theme, are abandoned for good, though it must be remarked the author is still at heart a romantic. A romantic in truth he remains, as "The Master of Man" testifies; but the romance is now imbued, at times overlaid, with what, for want of a better name, we call realism. It is not, however, the realism of Fielding or Thackeray, still less is it the realism of

Zola or Tolstoy; rather is it the realism of him who gave us that marvellous blend of the real and the ideal known to the world as "Les Miserables." Hall Caine has, in fact, many traits in common with Victor Hugo, traits which the curious may easily trace for themselves.

"The Manxman" indicates the passage into a new genre, but the old graphic power is carried over undiminished. The love story of Kate Cregeen, with all its tragic turns and complications, is told with the old force and verve, and a pathos which is new. An eminent reviewer has remarked that it goes very straight to the roots of human passion and emotion. It does. So do its successors; and that, it may be said in passing, is another reason for their great and long-continued popularity. "The Christian," "The Eternal City," "The White Prophet," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The Master of Man," are all, with essential differences of plot and circumstance, dramatic expositions of the same vital theme, done with the same penetrating power, the same uncompromising directness of manner. Some novelists treat passion shamefacedly, as something to be indicated by nods and winks if it cannot be entirely hidden, an unfortunate relic of aboriginal human nature, to be discreetly veiled for the affected squeamishness of modern drawing-rooms. Hall Caine puts it boldly and openly on the stage, so that all may observe its fateful workings, unobscured and undisguised.

For this he has not escaped censure. Certain subjects connected with the deepest instincts of humanity he is told are taboo to the polite artist. Everything that is true must have its place in æsthetics, says Renan, on the other side. The basic idea of "Hamlet," for instance, is horrible; the basic idea of "The Heart of Midlothian" is as sordid as anything in fiction; yet "Hamlet" and "The Heart of Midlothian" are masterpieces of creative imagination. The Greek and Roman classics are often a *mélange* of horror and indecency; yet they live by virtue of their beauty and their truth. The fact of course is that art is justified not by subject but by treatment, a truism which ought to be remembered in judging all novelists who deal frankly with the primordial desires and impulses of human nature.

Hall Caine is Manx, and good judges hold that his best novels are those wholly or mainly confined to the Isle of Man and its people. We know best what we know early, what is associated with childish affection, wonder and veneration; and what we love and venerate the imagination reproduces most truthfully and effectively. Hall Caine's studies of the Manx people are done *con amore*, from the heart out. Like some other novelists he has gone far afield in search of material, but he is happiest at home. He has stated that "The Master of Man" is the last novel we shall have from him. The decision, if final, will be accepted with regret and reluctance. But at any rate this significant fact will be noted, that he ends as he began with the little island whose life, character and traditions his genius has made a world-wide possession.

JOHAN BOJER AT HOME.

BY HENRIETTA LESLIE.

IT is no easy matter to visit Johan Bojer, the widely known Norwegian writer, in the mountain home where he seeks every summer the seclusion necessary for his work.

Seclusion! Up and up and up from Vinstra in the Gudbrandsdal climbed the automobile along a mountain road surely never intended for such vehicles *de luxe*, and although the "Bil" as the Norwegians amusingly abbreviate, took the rocky track purringly, it was forced to give in at last and relinquish its passengers to a light little cart drawn by a honey-coloured snub-nosed mountain pony.

At walking pace we jolted and swayed over stretching heaths and through resin perfumed pinewoods. The only signs of life we met were two peasants in blue smocks and a drove of cows and shaggy goats whose bells made music as they raised their heads to gaze at us from among the undergrowth. It is perhaps not an inevitable accompaniment to the pilgrimage that the vehicle should go to pieces in the progress, but on this occasion it did so neatly. With a crash in the treble and a groan in the bass the body of the cart parted from its foundations. At this moment our host appeared providentially at a turn in the path, and the rest of the journey was completed briskly on foot.

The country that Johan Bojer has chosen for his summer home is one of great sweeping pine and birch-grown uplands topped by distant snow-capped peaks. A more inspiring and invigorating environment it would be hard to find.

The little mountain saeter was reached at last. Beautifully it stands above Gaalaa lake where the blue of the vast stretching sky deepens to an even more concentrated blue in its rippled surface. A great stillness rises from the pineclad slopes of the opposite shore; there are no houses for miles, only a rare hut where peasants come to live in summer time that their cattle may find pasturage.

Under the reindeer-antlered entrance, across the porch strewn with fragrant juniper sprigs we entered the sunny house. Wood everywhere, fresh unpainted unstained wood—walls, ceilings, floors, furniture—all of the same creamy pine, and in the corner the "peis," or cosy hooded open hearth of Norway. A friendly place in which one felt at home at once, and its owner saw to it that one should not be otherwise.

"You may like to see these books and pictures of the Lofoten Islands," he said, introducing the topic most interesting to his visitors. "I am hard at work revising my next novel which will deal with the people of those parts. They have hard and tragic lives, fishermen there. I know it well, for till the age of sixteen I was one of them. They go far out to sea, and in the wildest weather in open boats differing not very greatly from those of the old vikings. I think there is living matter there that should be of interest to every one."

"It is a far cry from fishing to literature. Was writing always your ambition?"

Johan Bojer's eyes twinkled.

"No—but then I have a pet theory that authors resort to the writing of fiction to take the place of some other but thwarted desire. Mine? I had always longed to be a general under Napoleon, so you see . . ." and he laughed, "for me writing was inevitable. But now for lunch where I shall introduce you not only to my wife and daughter, but also to one of Norway's most famous dishes."

The delicacy in question turned out to be a delicious concoction called "Cream Porridge," a dainty eaten by the peasants at marriages and other special festivals. Made with cream and flour instead of with oatmeal it is served hot in great bowls. Sugar is sprinkled plentifully over it, and a dusting of cinnamon, while as a final touch comes the golden "smor" or butter which has been extracted from the cream used to manufacture the dish.



Johan Bojer and his wife and daughter, at Gaalaa Saeter.

"I am glad you like it," said Johan Bojer, pouring out for each of his guests a tiny goblet of cool crimson wine prepared from the juice of the cranberries which grow in scarlet profusion on the hills around. "Cream Porridge is an essentially national dish. You will find it nowhere outside of my country." After lunch we sat in the shade of the little balcony. The smoke of Johan Bojer's cigarette curled in a blue spiral up into the golden air. His eyes were fixed dreamily on the lake which, as the afternoon advanced, glowed ever more and more like a jewel. "I love it," he said suddenly, "I love this lake, and these mountains. Though I am working tremendously hard, harder perhaps than I have ever worked before, I feel free, absolutely free."

"And when you are not working?"

"Oh, there is plenty to do Life up here is something of a primitive business. You see, food is a problem—we have to hunt to live. We go fishing, my daughter and I, in the tarn behind the saeter. Then to amuse ourselves we take long walks over the hills, and we sail upon the lake."

Later in the afternoon we wandered up among the pine-woods which cloak the swelling hill sides. Through the straight strong trunks shimmered the sparkling surface of the tarn, and above the tops gleamed the silvery summits of Peer Gynt's distant country. The place was conducive to friendship, and Johan Bojer talked of his boyhood in the north, his student days in Paris, and of his country.

We left him reluctantly at last, as the sun was setting behind the shoulder of his beloved mountains, turning them into the semblance of a many-tinted amethyst. But more vivid than even the memory of that serene beauty was the impression created by the man himself—cordiality, a deep humanity, activity of mind and body, and the simplicity of human greatness which can rise in such rare instances to the level of understanding.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

BY THOMAS MOULT.

A DAY is to come in the history of the Hammersmith Lyric Theatre when William Henry Davies, poet of our own age, will succeed Mr. Gay, satirist of the eighteenth century. It depends entirely on the favour of the public how soon or late that day may be; and if it is the atmosphere of vagabondage they are so loath to lose the assurance might well be theirs that Mr. Davies' introduction to the theatre is to take the form of an opera concerning beggars who are just as jolly and lovable as the Lyric players have made John Gay's, though showing a few shreds more of virtue, as becomes the twentieth century, to redeem their ragged roguery. It goes without saying that Mr. Davies knows his beggars as well as Gay knew his. And in the period of waiting until his work is staged we can turn back to the "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" and capture the spirit of it in advance.

It is from the "Autobiography" that Mr. Davies' central incident is taken—an actual episode of his own early vagabondage, presented with all the rich ability of the later period in which he has become famous the world over as a poet. Lyrical poetry, indeed, is to triumph for once in a way on the London stage:

"On what sweet banks were thy pure fancies fed?
What world of smiling light has been thy home?
In what fair land of rainbows wert thou bred?
From what green land of cuckoos art thou come?

"By all that great blue wonder in thine eyes,
Baffled and vexed I stand before thy smile,
Thy thoughts, like angels, guard thee from surprise,
We see them not, yet feel them all the while.

"That smile which, like the sun on every thing,
Now falls on me with no increased delight,
Must either go behind a cloud and bring
Death to my hopes, or give my love more light."

An opera that contains fifteen to twenty lyrics of such genuine nature as that is from the literary standpoint unique. In the fourteenth year of his career as an author Mr. Davies has taken a step in his development which must surely bring him nearer the recognition to which he is properly entitled.

But the present year is to be regarded as of especial mark in another direction, so far as Mr. Davies is concerned. October has seen his first appearance in the rôle of editor, for, with Mr. Austin Spare as his art colleague, he has taken charge of the newly-resuscitated *Form*, a magazine which gave cause in pre-war years to be remembered impressively and which henceforward will be issued monthly by the Morland Press. *Form* is to be welcomed and bidden good speed for many reasons, but for none so much as that it is pretty certain to entice Mr. Davies into the writing of prose again as well as poetry. Few of us seem to realise yet that in this author of a dozen volumes of poetry we have one who will sooner or later come to be accepted as a link in the long chain of considerable poets who are also masters of prose. The "Autobiography," for example, enshrining both his tramping memories and his best prose writing, possesses qualities which are likely to ensure its permanence among the works of earlier *prosateurs*. The worth of the book from this aspect lies in its genuinely traditional style—that style indeed which is now almost totally vanished from English prose:



W. H. Davies.

Reduced, from an oil painting by Augustus John.

"I wandered alone about the town, and as I went here and there in this enchanted place, ambition again took possession of me, stronger than ever. It filled me with vexation to think that I was no nearer my object, for I was, comparatively speaking, penniless. Two months had I wandered, during which time I had not been able to concentrate my thoughts on any noble theme, taking all day to procure the price of a bed, and two or three coppers extra for food. True, I had by now some £3 saved, the income that I had not touched, but at this rate I would never be able to attain my ends. November was here, and I was suddenly confronted with a long winter before me, and I pictured myself starving and snow-bound in small out-of-the-way village, or mercilessly pelted by hailstones on a wild, shelterless heath. Side by side with these scenes I placed my ideal, which was a small room with a cosy fire, in which I sat surrounded by books."

Truly we have here a confirmation of Shelley's axiom that the distinction between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error. If Mr. Davies, being human, must own to derivations, we may trace them to Defoe and Bunyan, and a little more definitely to the Authorised Version of the Bible; which proves the soundness of his instinct, for above all other books it was these that combined to make the English language beautiful.

But a more obvious model for that most characteristic and earliest of his prose writings was his own budding poetic self. He is always his own unique self—a joyous, lyrical self—no matter how little it has become the fashion among others to be joyous or lyrical. "My heart has many a sweet bird's song," he writes in what has been called the loveliest of his many lovely lyrics, "and one that's all my own." In another, the most triumphant of those now gathered into his "Collected Poems," he bids his soul sing out those songs of joy:

> "Such as a happy bird will sing
> Beneath a Rainbow's lovely arch
> In early spring. . . ."

Or, as at the equally definite close of the invocation:

> "Such as a Brook sings in the wood
> That all night has been strengthened by
> Heaven's purer flood."

It is from these few simple lines that we derive as complete a statement as may be found anywhere of the poet's aim and motive. We are assuming of course that such a writer can have a tangible aim or motive, for no thrush has been more spontaneous, more vocal purely for the song's sake. We think of the thrush's voice indeed when we consider Mr. Davies' voice, far more than we recall the other simple things of existence—the Provençal peasant answering peasant in lovely strain across the olive groves, or the boys and girls of Greece singing in the villages at the spring-time—aye, even more than we think of the instinctive lullaby of our own English mothers croodling to their babes at evening. No less lovely than the thrush's voice, with its clear note of health and gladness in the mornings of sunny June, is his voice; no less a miracle before which we marvel in a manner to which we feel impelled by no other poet of our time.

Yet if the thrush flashes across the green arbours a single perfect jewel of song, Davies gives us fifty, and more than fifty, of finest lustre. He too, as the birds are, is beloved of those men and women who are grown as familiar with his work as with the childhood which, in their own deepening manhood or womanhood, has persisted—they are familiar with their own childhood, perhaps, only because they have read the poems of Mr. Davies. He is accepted as the birds are accepted, and, as they, so is he to be understood and appreciated even by the actual child:

> "I hear leaves drinking Rain;
> I hear rich leaves on top
> Giving the poor beneath
> Drop after drop.
> 'Tis a sweet noise to hear
> These green leaves drinking near."



Photo by Walter Bonington **W. H. Davies.**

From a bust by Epstein.

There are moments as we read the poems of Davies when the man or woman is the child, for which of us, sophisticated though our period inevitably compels us to be, can resist the sheer inexhaustible delight of such pieces as "The Moon," "Leisure," "The Sluggard" and "The Muse" in the collected volume, or "Come, Let us Find a Cottage, Love," "On Hearing Mrs. Woodhouse Play the Harpsichord" and "Lovely Dames" of his more recent work now published, as are the majority of his books, by Jonathan Cape. Which of us has not experienced in ourselves that cry of child-pleasure that gradually floods the heart as we read "how rich and great the times are now," just because the poet has experienced in the one moment a rainbow and a cuckoo's song—wonders that may never come together again; "may never come this side the tomb"?

One might go much further in this elevation of Davies to a high place among the natural singers of our beautiful green earthly life, were it not more vital to attempt to show how a poet was born into and moulded by surroundings which have made his work something different from the mere equivalent (with none of its mighty significance) of a blue tile from ancient Egypt or a vase from old Athens, as so much contemporary poetry, and good poetry withal, is content to be. If we wish to find an artistic equivalent for these lyrics let us rather look for it among the Elizabethans in Mr. Davies' own genre, with their lustiness of life, their earthen humour, their directness of utterance and gift of legitimate surprise. In his autobiography we may discover their inspiration. He has told his story so frankly and so roundly that there is nothing left to speculate upon.

Born in Wales, in a Newport public-house, his erratic youth commenced not simply with the usual truancy from school, but with prison, where he was birched as the leader of a gang of boy-thieves! No sooner was he out of his apprenticeship as a picture-frame maker than he crossed the Atlantic. He had made the acquaintance of a man who inflamed his ambition with an extraordinary exaggeration of the merits of America. At the end of the voyage he fell in with a professional tramp and made his way to Chicago, begging food from the farmsteads (when none but the soft-hearted farm-wives were about) and stealing an occasional ride on the railway. It was because this vagabond way of life gave no opportunity for the enrichment of his mind that he finally relinquished it, though not before he had the misfortune to lose a foot and, through it, the leg to the knee, while attempting to board a Canadian rail-truck when the train was in motion. He returned to England and learned that he had inherited a legacy of eight shillings a week, resolving as a consequence that he would devote himself to literature. "I was determined," he writes, "that as my body had failed, my brains should now have the chance they had longed for, when the spirit had been bullied into submission by the body's activity."

The tramp's life, as he himself has stated, was not for him. He often had to go for days without reading matter, and knew not what the world was saying or doing. The beauty of nature was for ever before his eyes, but he was certainly not enriching his mind, for "who can contemplate Nature with any profit in the presence of others?" He had no leisure to make notes in hope of future use, and he was so overpacking his memory with scenes that when their time came for use they would not take definite shape. He resolved therefore that he must go to work for some months so that he might live sparingly on his savings in some large city where he could cultivate his mind.

His home on reaching London was the cheap lodging-houses on the south of the Thames, where a bed might

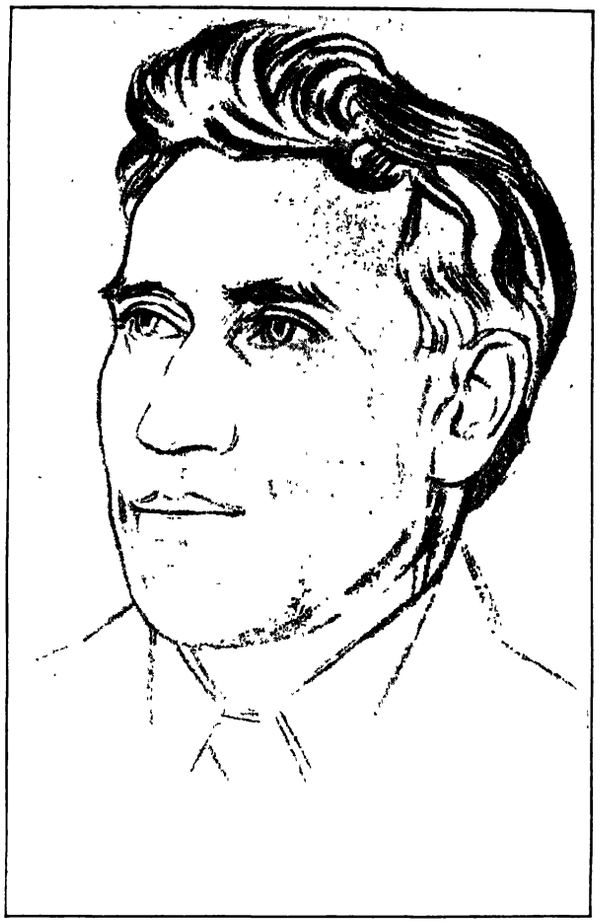


W. H. Davies.

From a portrait by Harold Knight.

be had for fourpence, and he spent the day in the free libraries, reading, and writing a tragedy in blank verse which he was dismayed to find rejected by one publisher after another. Sometimes he would go on tramp, and the money accumulated by begging enabled him to meet the expense of printing his first volume of verses. It was a long while, however, before his efforts to gain attention for them met with any success. Mr. Bernard Shaw tells of these efforts in the preface to "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp":

"In the year 1905 I received by post a volume of poems by one William H. Davies, whose address was The Farm House, Kennington, S.E. I was surprised to learn that there was still a farm-house left in Kennington; for I did not then suspect that the Farmhouse, like the Shepherdess Walks and Nightingale Lanes and Whetstone Parks of Bethnal Green and Holborn, is so called nowadays with irony, and is, in fact, a dosshouse, or hostelry where single men can have a night's lodging for, at most, sixpence."



W. H. Davies.
From a drawing by W. Rothenstein.

The book was marked "price, half-a-crown." An accompanying letter asked very civilly that if Mr. Shaw required a book of verses would he please send the author the half-crown; if not, would he return the book.

"Instead of throwing the book away as I have thrown so many, I wrote him a letter telling him that he could not live by poetry. Also I bought some spare copies and told him to send them to such critics and fanciers as he knew of, wondering whether they would recognise a poet when they met one."

And, as Mr. Shaw adds, they actually did.

It is futile to label a writer as a "tramp-poet," any more than we might call him a "bill-poster poet" or a "bank-clerk poet." But it would not be very difficult to say how many or how few of those poems that have come since Mr. Davies' South London days were brought into being as a consequence of that early hardship, that life of the road, that contact with raw earth. Certainly there are lines which betray those influences in practically every poem he has written. And even if we had not such passages as:

"The Sea trying
With savage joy, and efforts wild,
To smash his rocks with a dead child,"

or that containing his invocation to the moon, about the birds

"that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats",

or

"I think of that Armada whose puffed sails
Greedy and large, came swallowing every cloud";

or a hundred others equally expressive of a rare personality that once lived irresponsibly and lavishly among the modern freebooters in two continents, William H. Davies would still be, and would still reveal himself in some unique way as of the direct line of sons of God who, while the morning stars shouted together, sang for joy.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—We offer a PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best two-hundred words criticism of and additions to a symposium in THE BOOKMAN Christmas Number on What Poets—especially living Poets—and which one or two of their Poems should be included in a future edition of the Golden Treasury of English Poetry.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's Park, N.W.1, for the following:

A SINGER AT DUSK.

Lo, I have been beyond the stars and through the singing silences,
Beyond the finite gate that bars the soul from hidden fantasies,
Lo, I have ploughed the fields of flame and seen each furrow surely sown,
For others' reaping, since you came from harvests that I have not known.

Lo, I have robbed the brows of night to weave you veils of loveliness,
Brought you to fountains of delight beguiled of life's loneliness,
Sung when the music mocked my lips, laughed with the laughter close on tears,
Because you asked of me heart's ease from all the wisdom of your years.

Now would I tread once more the stars, but have forgot the olden way . . .
Your hands have set the bolts and bars, your eyes have shuttered out the day,
Where neither moon nor sun may shine, through the grey fields of dusk I pass,
A soul that was for you divine . . . less than a shadow on the grass.

We also select for printing:

SONG.

There is no spell to bind the wild winds' blowing,
No charm to soothe tempestuous seas to sleep,
No power to stay the passionate tears from flowing
When Love lies down to weep.

There is no comfort for that bitter crying;
No opiate lulls that ceaseless pain to rest,
Or ever shall till Love and I be lying
Deep in earth's dreamless breast.

(Margaret K. McEvoy, 3, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.)

I NEVER KNEW!

I never knew love was so sweet,
I never guessed such joys could be;
Blindfold I groped, content that he
Should guide my unaccustomed feet
Along the path he trod so free.

And now I count the dragging hours
Till dusk again my lover brings.
I cannot think of common things:
But sunshine through my bosom pours,
And in my heart a throstle sings.

(J. E. Simpson, 34, Woodsorrel Road, Birkenhead.)

THE SECRET FLOWERS.

The sea unerring silence keeps
Hushed in its secret place;
No whisper comes through windless deeps
Of forests none may trace.

The tapers of the seasons burn
But faintly in those woods;
Only strange ocean flowers return
To light the solitudes.

Dimly as they the heart renews
Its solitary fires—
Puts forth, in gloaming avenues,
The unuttered, deep desires.

Mysterious heart and fathomless—
Thy needs are never told!
In an eternal loneliness
The secret flowers unfold.

(Cyril G. Taylor, 35, Castle Street, Edinburgh.)

AUTUMNAL.

The sun is waning westward,
The year is growing old,
And Weedon Woods are red now
With rich October gold
Above the withered blackthorn
A robin stays to sing
Of bygone days of rapture
And dear remembered Spring.

The song that thrills the woodland
Is bitter-sweet to me
For we would both recapture
The things that cannot be
The robin mourns a lost love
And Youth and Spring in vain,
And I—the child I sought for
Who will not come again.

(H. I. Strand, Knovle, Seaton, Devon.)



W. H. Davies.
By Walter Sickert.

But for its feeble sixteenth line (the "stolen food" there is very bad) and one or two later flaws of phrase, we should have awarded the prize to Margery Hunter Woods (London, W.C.) for "Love and Sin," and have not printed it because we hope she will revise and send it in again. We specially commend her lyric, and those by Margaret Brown (Harrow), Freda Isobel Noble (Walthamstow), N. Langton (Muswell Hill), Winifred Mudie (Darlington), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), Rev. Frederic Warner (Auckland), H. Elrington (Hook), Agnes Dewar Scott (Woolwich), S. S. Halliwell (High Lane), M. J. Lewis James (Barry), Fey Flaxman (Leytonstone), Muriel E. Graham (Stirling), Dorothea Humphreys (Manchester), Una Malleson (West Kensington), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), C. A. Macartney (Austria), Charles Rogers (Sunderland), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Frederic Warner (Auckland, N.Z.), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), C. H. Cuddy (Birkdale), Edna I. V. Norman (Windlesham), "Cecil Thomas" (Quetta, India), Helen de Veer (Alsace), Ila Hearn (Croydon), Molly Fogerty (Poole), R. Purchas (Victoria, Australia), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), James Paton (Natal, South Africa), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, N.Y.), L. D. Cosgrove (Acton), May Bowers (Monmouth), Kathleen Douglas (Ipswich), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), S. H. Jellicoe (London, S.W.), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Thomas J. Hardy (London, N.W.), John Peterson (Shetland), Norman Treliving (Leeds), E. A. S. (London, E.), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Kathleen Chevis (Walford), C. M. Holder (Nailsworth), G. Gordon Salmon (Canterbury), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Ethel M. Mannin (Merton Park), C. M. Willmott (Enfield), M. L. H. (Balham), Dorothy L. Warne (Buxton), Lena M. Dyer (Northwood), E. M. Smith (Oakhampton), Violet Dismore (Southend-on-Sea).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to G. S. Purnell, of Holland House, Grafton Street, Sandown, Isle of Wight, for the following:

WHILE I REMEMBER. By STEPHEN MCKENNA
(Thornton Butterworth)
"Lest we forget"
R. KIPLING'S *Recessional.*

We also select for printing:

THE SECRET POWER By MARIE CORELLI
(Methuen)
"What porridge had John Keats?"
BROWNING, *Popularity.*
(N. M. Butterfield, 163, Coventry Road, Ilford.)

IF WINTER COMES By A. S M. HUTCHINSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket."
Old Song.
(Christine M. Pocock, Clevedon House, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.)

COURAGE. By KATHLYN RHODES.
(Hutchinson.)
"The boy stood on the burning deck."
MRS. HEMANS.
(R. Moody, Salem House, Uffculme, Devon.)

DIVORCE. By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.
(Leonard Parsons)
"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part."
M DRAYTON, *Love's Farewell.*
(Dorothy Barton-Eckett, 50, South Street, Dorchester, Dorset.)

GIVE ME THE YOUNG. By EDMOND HOLMES.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Steal a little kiddy from its dad"
W S. GILBERT, *Gentle Alice Brown.*
(Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Cliftonville, Margate.)

AN EGOIST. (Page 36, October BOOKMAN.)
"He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said 'What a good boy am I!'"
Nursery Rhyme.
(Violet Dismore, 80, Whitegate Road, Southend-on-Sea.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the most elegant and adequate reference in English literature to the human nose is awarded to E. M. Webster, of The Hermitage House, Burlington Street, Bath, for the following:

. . . "And the finely-cut outline of her straight nose produced an impression of splendid beauty, in spite of commonplace brown eyes . . ." GEORGE ELIOT.
Scenes of Clerical Life: *Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story.*

Some thirty competitors have sent us Tennyson's 'Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," and nearly as many have sent his "Least little delicate aquiline curve . . ." We specially commend all these, and M. C. Stanley (Sale), Priscilla Medway (Bristol), Caroline Coxham (New Malden), Olive Edwards (Birmingham), H. Legge (Alresford), G. McMullen (Hampstead), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Raymond Bruton (Southampton), Miss M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon Common), Isobel Simpson (Dundee), Jessie Oliver (Grimsby), Gwendolen Leijonhufvud (Bournemouth), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley, Kent), Priscilla Medway (Bristol), L. N. Thomas (Littlehampton), Edward Wallis (London, W.), James E. Soresby (Cambridge), Ann F. Henderson (Chester), J. B. Harrison (Bath), William G. Booth (Edinburgh), Samuel Thomas (Hastings), D. W. Evans (Hornsey), John K. Matthews (Bedford), Sybil A. Dodsley (Goole).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noel Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

QUEEN VICTORIA. By LYTTON STRACHEY.
(Chatto & Windus.)

From the vast mass of his researches Mr. Strachey has unerringly skimmed the essential cream. Though his brilliant, irreverent pen has pricked the rather overblown halo surrounding the name of Victoria the Queen, it has drawn, in few but masterly lines, a living portrait of Victoria the woman, with her vehement prejudices and equally vehement affections, her obstinate will yet susceptibility to flattery, above all, her passionate adoration of her husband and its effect on her home and public life. With equal sureness, and as brilliant brevity, the characters of many "eminent Victorians" are sketched in these scintillating pages.

We also select for printing:

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS. By JOHN RUSSELL. (Thornton Butterworth)

These twelve tales of the Southern Seas and the East are handled with a power and literary art that reveal a new master of the short story. They tell of strange adventures and queer human dramas enacted under tropic skies in remote corners of the world, beyond the pale of civilisation. Plot, character, narrative, are woven into each tale with a virile, clean-cut style, giving it a distinctive vitality and finesse. "The Fourth Man," a vivid, terrible story of four men adrift on a raft, dominates the book, and will rank among the finest short stories of our time.

(Alan C. Fraser, 19, Cumberland Park, Acton, W.)

MARTIN CONISBY'S VENGEANCE

By JEFFERY FARNOL. (Sampson Low)

In this stirring tale of the Spanish Main and "old, unhappy, far-off things," Mr Farnol has given us a sequel worthy of its forerunner. Against a background of battle, murder and sudden death flashes a tropical-natured love-pirate, Joanna, who is regrettably removed when we are in danger of forgetting the milder heroine, even as that very gallant gentleman, Sir Richard Brandon, who completely dwarfs the dour but convincing hero. This last of Mr. Farnol's may not be his best, but is undoubtedly a romance "to drive the night away," and taken as such, will doubtless serve its purpose.

(G. Gordon Salmon, Cleadon, Canterbury.)

THE THIRTEEN TRAVELLERS. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Hutchinson)

"After the war" is Mr Walpole's key-note. He impresses us by his amazing understanding of the complex natures with which he deals. A shrewd observer, he mingles pity with not a little contempt. Probably Absalom Jay is the most pathetic of the "travellers." Here we have a wonderful insight into the mind of an old man whose social world disappeared with the war; but who is optimist enough to hope for the return of the old routine with Peace. There is no great technique in the book, such as plot, climax. But the characterisation is great.

(Stanley Stokes, 33, Park Road, Heavitree, Exeter.)



Miss Bertha Pearl,

whose new novel, "Sarah and her Daughter," Mr. Leonard Parsons is publishing.



Miss Edna Ferber,

(author of the famous "Emma McChesney" stories), whose new book, "The Girls," Messrs. Heinemann are publishing this autumn.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

By LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

These reminiscences are not the type that after a few months of publication will be obtainable at a second hand bookshop. This is the third volume of some of the most entertaining reminiscences published within recent years. The most delightful ingredients are "Colonel Barnard's Story," "The Flesh Coloured Stockings" and an exceedingly neat reply by the Bishop of Peterborough. Indeed we are grateful to Lord Frederic for giving us "a dish so extremely well-flavoured."

(Berhie van Mal, 33, Belsize Square, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), L. Fraser (Southsea), J. W. Webster (Ipswich), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Reginald Arthur Smith (Burton-on-Trent), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Roy D. S. Murray (Buenos Ayres), F. T. Weston (Great Yarmouth), Ernest F. Row (Felixstowe), Clarke Howard (Wallasey), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Mabel Etchells (Wallasey), A. R. MacPhail (London, S.E.), C. M. Hodder (Nailsworth), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), T. Taylor (Ware), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Mrs. Wm. Earle Mickey (Washington, U.S.A.), Rev. G. Swaine (Halifax), D. M. Kerr (Micheldean), Mrs. Grace G. Webb (Southam), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), F. Darlington (Leigh), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Wilfred Leicester (Wellington, New Zealand), Doris M. Pillitz (Hampstead), E. MacBean (Bristol), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), James A. Richards (Tenby), Septimus Manton (Birmingham), J. H. Heath (York), Edward M. Grant (Rugby), W. Arthur Pippit (Leeds), B. J. W. Warren (Grimsby), Alan F. Smith (Glasgow).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. Gordon Salmon, of Cleadon, Canterbury.

New Books.

GEORGE CALDERON AND THE TAHITIANS.*

"The world was a great and beautiful museum once, full of beautiful things, all of different kinds. Then Europeans, growing hungry for new foods, new places to live in, new places to sell goods in, new folk to teach their religion to, went round with sticks and broke all the precious things on the shelves of the world." That was bad, wicked, mischievous enough, but there was worse. Take Tahiti, with which the late George Calderon is immediately concerned in this fascinating volume. Into this Island of Love, this Garden of the Pacific, this Gem of the Ocean, European and American civilisation (save the mark) has introduced "mice, mosquitoes" (a bottle of these was landed by a mariner out of sheer spite), "fleas, bicycles, concertinas, cotton frocks, corrugated iron, Christianity, Mormonism, Munyon's remedies, mouth-organs, tuberculosis, syphilis and other amenities, which have flourished exceedingly in that virgin soil."

That is a terrible indictment—"if ye have done it unto the least of these My children ye have done it unto ME"—the more terrible that from the remnant which even now remains in the hinterland, left over from the depredations of the western invaders, left over because not yet worth destroying, we learn how sweet-dispositioned were these islanders, how wholesome, how beautiful their lives in this well-tempered climate. Indeed, this book persuades me that there is more to learn that is really worth while from Mana, Tahiri, Amaru and their gentle fellows than ever we Westerners can hope to teach to them. In their sweet company there might still be hope of washing oneself free of the world's slow stain, of learning to laugh again, of becoming again a little child. There is a voracious grey shark that infests the Pacific which is said to "love" little children. That is the sort of love (!) we, to our everlasting shame, have shown to these little children of nature.

Take one of the best days that the late George Calderon ever knew, a day before which the scholar's triumph of reading his paper on "Slavonic Elements in Greek Religion" before the International Congress of the History of Religions at Leyden paled into insignificance:

"We spent it," he writes, "eating oranges and playing hide-and-seek. Eating oranges was a very slow process, because at the end of every mouthful you had to hold out your clenched hand and say, 'How many pips have I here?' while the others guessed, and whether they guessed right or wrong there was a shout of laughter."

That was a day indeed. He had caught again the spirit of pure laughter with all it connotes in this world, and what better than that? Indeed, laughter and gaiety is the key-note of this delightful people. They laughed when suddenly the almost tideless Pacific that washes their shores took it into its head to rise of a sudden, stirred by a submarine volcano, tumbled house after house to pieces, swallowed great mouthfuls of the main road, flowed up the river beds and lifted bridges from their foundations. "It was one of the gayest nights which Papa-ete had ever known—a night of splashing and laughing and making merry."

Again, take so simple a thing as a woodstack. No Tahitian outside the towns has a woodstack; as far as he is concerned the thing has not been invented.

"Life would lose its savour for Amaru if he had a wood pile. It is a real pleasure for him to find the wood for the fire each time; he grins good-humouredly as he returns trailing a long, crooked dead branch after him; the children look pleased; his wife comes out and grins at the door, and I grin too. All look pleased. They have a collector's pleasure. There is no pleasure in getting a log off a wood-pile."

Indeed, so heartbreaking is it to compare the simple lives of the few remaining unspoiled aborigines with the filthy town life of the invaders that, were it not that Gaugain with his brush and Pierre Loti with his pen have in modern times done most of the mischief, I could almost wish that this charming book had not been written, tempting as it surely will others to follow George Calderon's example and intrude on their privacy. Were they all George Calderons it would not so much matter. Were they indeed all like the Frenchman who, adopting their simple life, now regards himself as the most fortunate of men, who once in Paris had much money, many wants and was always poor, but now has very little money, few necessities and is always rich. Unfortunately the average globe-trotter is not like that. He is out to seek, not to learn.

It is no little tribute to the charm of this book and of the people with whom it deals that one reviewer at least has read it twice through before he has put pen to paper, and then, oblivious of his obligations, has hied him to a friendly anthropologist with a Scheme. Is there not, he asks, at least one millionaire with imagination who would be willing to make a sanctuary for the few true Tahitians that remain, who could be fired to create a Yosemite for unspoiled human beings? That, I admit, is going outside a reviewer's province, but it emphasises the book's stimulating vitality. It is a book that should be widely read both for its intrinsic beauty and its sane common sense.

It stands well by itself, but, coming into the reviewer's hands companioned by Mr. Percy Lubbock's well-meant but jejune sketch of the gifted author, it finds a foil which throws its excellences into powerful relief.

The whole writing of the book is strong, delicate and subtle. An occasional arresting and unexpected phrase—"the mirror-backed toilet table with dainty curtains parted like Liane de Pougy's hair"—startles one by its clever incongruity—the Western mind imposed on the far Eastern with a vengeance.

True, this book is not so good as its gifted writer would have made it had he lived. He might for instance have learned that Easter Island script reads zigzag, first from right to left and then upside down from left to right. He would also assuredly have corrected the statement that the Marquesans and Tahitians speak sister dialects of the same Maori language. Surely Polynesian is the main stock of all three. But these are minor blemishes in a remarkable volume.

Let me leave a taste of the book itself in your mouth. It is of the little prostitute, Tupema, a victim of civilisation, but still in spite of all simple-hearted, unworldly and unpractical.

"I told her," writes Calderon, "what a charming person I thought her. 'Mais . . . il y a une belle fille en Angleterre, à laquelle j'ai promis de faire le tour du monde sans embrasser personne.'

"'Ah, c'est beau ça,' said Tupema; 'je le ferait un chapeau pour ça!'"

Which indeed she did, and a very handsome one it was.

G. S. LAYARD.

* "Tahiti" By Tahoti (George Calderon). 25s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"George Calderon: A Sketch from Memory." By Percy Lubbock. 14s. net. (Grant Richards.)

THE KNIGHT ERRANT.*

"The Wanderings of a Spiritualist"—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has given his book its challenging title for an evident purpose. But his latest rôle as the missionary of a "New Revelation" is far from disguising the Conan Doyle of earlier days, so that the admonition in the first few lines

* "The Wanderings of a Spiritualist." By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of the book, addressed to the reader who has no interest in psychical matters, is hardly necessary. Certainly anyone who puts the volume down at that point, in order to avoid a subject against which he may have quite understandable prejudices, will miss much in the way of witty and picturesque descriptions of men and things, a really fine account of a voyage to the Antipodes, and a sheaf of anecdotes, reminiscences, views and opinions, some of them highly interesting and valuable. That these matters of general interest should be interspersed with accounts of supernormal happenings of all kinds may be a new departure in books of travel. But they are all told in graphic phrases, and with various little touches of that acute observation which was the especial note of the Sherlock Holmes stories. These accounts are for the reader to take or leave as he chooses They at least reveal the author as intensely human—a philanthropist after the pattern of Terence to whom nothing that was human was without its appeal. Sir Arthur may be considered to err in his psychic views, but we have the French philosopher to assure us that "Error has its merits"—especially perhaps when it has its source in the affections. The large heart is always preferable to the long head, where it is a choice between one and the other, which is not the case here. Both are in evidence. With that reflection we may dismiss this part of the book

Sir Arthur gives many shrewd opinions on the social and political life of the countries he visited. Here is a note on the fallacy of State control:

"The longer one remains in Australia the more one is struck by the failure of State control Whenever you test it, in the telephones, the telegraphs and the post, it stands for inefficiency, with no possibility that I can see of remedy The train service is better, but still far from good On the face of it, it is evident that in each case there is no direct responsible master, and that there is no real means of enforcing discipline I have talked to the heads of large institutions who have assured me that the conduct of business is becoming almost impossible"

And he goes on to give some cogent instances of the way in which commercial business is handicapped by State officialism. We are still sore from some of the effects of it in England

On the personal side, the author tells a story against himself While dressing one morning in an Australian hotel, he heard a melancholy and monotonous whistling proceeding from an adjoining bedroom. Thinking it was his eldest son, Denis, Sir Arthur put his head outside the door and called out, "Look here, old chap, consider other people's nerves, and give up that rotten habit of whistling before breakfast." A deep voice answered, "All right, Sir Arthur, I will." It was the Minister of War, General Sir Granville Ryrie!

He finds the Australians generally good fellows, kindly, domestic, straight in speech and dealings. But he deplores the heavy drinking and the "eternal horse-racing."

His observations on New Zealand and the Maoris are of distinct interest, so likewise are the notes on Ceylon, an "earthly Paradise," which M. Clemenceau happened to be exploring very thoroughly when Sir Arthur and his party were there.

The closing chapters give us some vignettes of France after the war, for the "pilgrims" landed at Marseilles on the return voyage and went on to Paris where, by the way, the quest of the supernormal took a highly scientific turn. The illustrations, of which there are a baker's dozen, lend considerably to the interest of a book, about which, whatever else may be said of it, there is one verdict to which no one is likely to raise objection. It gives a clearer and truer picture of Conan Doyle as a man than any of the books which have preceded it.

D. Gow.

THE CONTENT OF ART.*

What is illustration? In the broadest sense every intelligible picture is an illustration, whether it be a fresco by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel or a drawing in this week's *Punch* Even in a narrower sense, now that reproduction is possible of any graphic medium, from full-bodied oil colour to the most delicate pencil drawing, every picture is a potential book-illustration.

Mr. Edmund J Sullivan, who is not only one of the most accomplished of living illustrators, but a scholar and a thinker as well, has promptly fastened on this truth, and has taken all picture-making from Botticelli to Beardsley as the real subject of his book. His scholarly survey of the work of illustrators from Holbein and Dürer to Abbey and Nicholson, his illuminating discussion of the limitations and possibilities of black-and-white, of the suggestions for pen-drawing to be found in copperplate engraving, and of various other matters of great technical interest to students —all these are a means to an end That end is to ascertain what is the Content proper to pictorial art.

Right at the beginning Mr. Sullivan propounds a sort of conundrum, When is a picture not an illustration? And the reply would appear to be, Never, if it is intelligible:

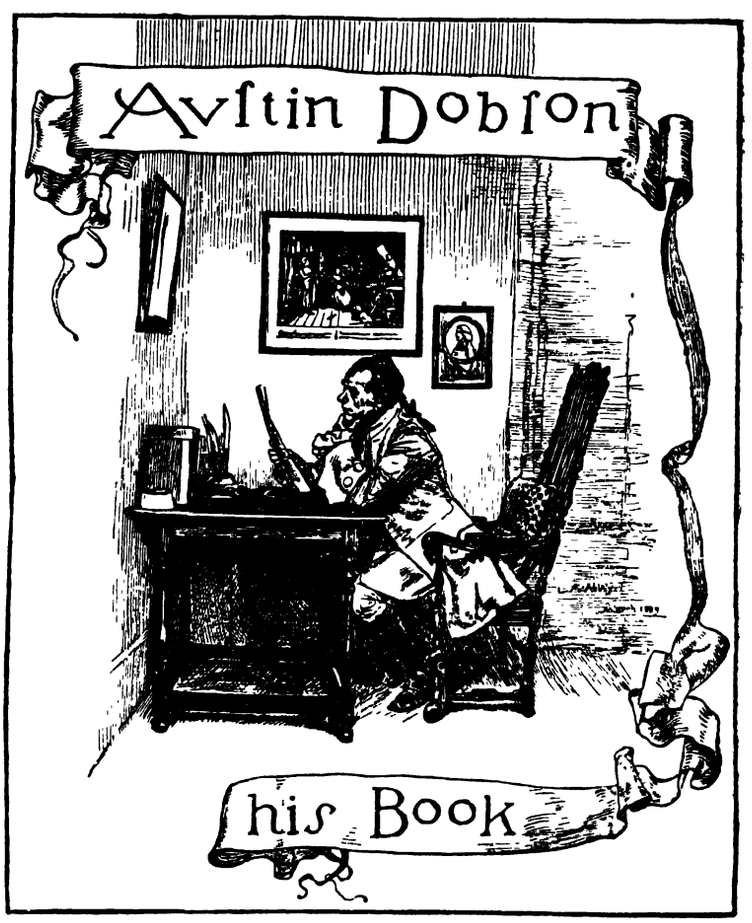
"Among the greatest artists of all time have been many who have been but ill-content with the realisation of Beauty alone, but have charged their art with a burden of fact, story, symbol or idea, the carrying of which in many cases has been the first motive impelling them to expression in graphic or plastic form"

How can this be reconciled with Whistler's emphatic declaration.

"Art should be independent of all claptrap — should stand alone, and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism and the like"

It looks like a blind-alley. If Whistler is right, then it would appear that Michael Angelo, Durer, Blake, and a host of other great artists are wrong. No artist would

* "The Art of Illustration." By Edmund J. Sullivan. 25s (Chapman & Hall)



Austin Dobson Book-plate.
From "The Art of Illustration" (Chapman & Hall.)

admit this, yet few would care to say that Whistler was entirely wrong. Mr. Sullivan gets out of the difficulty very cleverly by saying they are all right; only he draws a subtle distinction. Whistler was right "for the time being": the others are right "for all time."

Fortunately Whistler's practice was better than his theory. Of his masterpiece, the "Portrait of Carlyle," Mr. Sullivan pertinently inquires, "What else is this but Illustration in one of its simplest manifestations?" Loyalty to an old love has made the author very gentle with Whistler. To say that he was right for the time being, hardly means more than that Whistler was right in protesting against "claptrap" being made an excuse for feeble craftsmanship, and that in his day there was need to emphasise the decorative as distinct from the illustrative element in pictures.

Here we approach as near as we are likely to get to an answer to Mr. Sullivan's conundrum. It is just possible that a picture may remain a picture, and yet not be an illustration, when it is a decoration.

"Art," Mr. Sullivan tells us, "consists of three factors in varying proportion—Intelligence, Emotion, Craftsmanship." Illustration, at a pinch, can drive its message home with remarkably little of the last. Decoration can make a show with remarkably little of the first. Decoration does not need to be charged with a burden of fact, story or idea. There is a disposition to regard it as all the better when it is free of them. Mr. Sullivan is bold enough to say that Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, *as decorations*, are "nothing but a stupendous misconception."

"Whistler with a choice of two or three simple tones, and the disposal of a restful pattern, would have produced an effect infinitely more pleasant to the æsthetic sense *if that alone is to be considered.*"

The italics are the reviewer's, and here is the point. Now we see where and to what extent Whistler was right. He is right in so far as we ask nothing more from art than a certain kind of beauty that satisfies our æsthetic sense. We may be content with this much in a carpet or a porcelain jar, but in a picture we ask for more; and that "more" is—Illustration. This battle between Decoration and Illustration has been going on for centuries, it is at the bottom of all controversies as to the relative importance in art of subject and treatment, that is to say of the thing expressed and the manner of expression. Neither can be ignored, neither of itself will lead to salvation.

"Rhythm pursued for its own sake will lead to excess and weakness . . 'Content' on the other hand may land its pursuer into a formless ejaculatory catalogue without coherence. . . . The two must be brought into harmonious relation to evolve a work of art—until one can hardly be said to exist without the other, as though they had been worked up together into an indissoluble paste."

The truth has been uttered before, but Mr. Sullivan has rephrased it admirably. Are our artists any wiser to-day? They do not appear so:

"The present tendency is to endeavour to enlarge the scope or at least change the method of expression, rather to the neglect of what may be expressed—to create a new and unfamiliar language in order to make a restatement of old and familiar facts. Yet why invent a new language to tell us that a body is solid, if it is a fact we already knew? It only adds a new voice to Babel, and gets no nearer the truth."

Mr. Sullivan's argument is unanswerable. There is no sense and no merit in inventing a new language unless thereby it becomes possible to express that which by no other means can be expressed. Invention unmothered by necessity is a bastard form of art. The art-student may be grateful to Mr. Sullivan for a book that will materially assist him in appreciating and overcoming the difficulties of his profession: the layman will be still more grateful for a book which reverently unbares the high mysteries of art. For indeed, as our author says, "Art is a sacrament," and the pity of it is that there are so few artists whose "outward and visible signs" are, like his own, illumined by an "inward and spiritual grace."

FRANK RUTTER.

THE CRAFT OF THE SHORT STORY.*

I used to wonder how the people who profess to teach the writing of short stories managed to bring off the miracle. I have never, either in person or in print, met a practitioner of the craft who could offer anything helpful on the point. Each has the incommunicable instinct for the art, and if each has a technical routine, it is so in variance with other routines that the hope of getting a reliable system for the mechanical creation of a story seems hopeless. One author drafts a model as tight and as solid as an architect's blue print before he starts writing. Another cannot move until he has his climax, and can build up to it—I imagine O. Henry and Ambrose Bierce were of this school. Yet another scorns draft and climax and works entirely to character with but the faintest notion of what is going to happen in the last thousand or so words—Barry Pain, a perfect stylist in the short story, has, I fancy, confessed to this method.

It was only while reading "Lester Grayling, K.C." by Mr. Leslie J. Lynwood that I realised that the teachers of the short story might after all fill a useful office. They can, at least, teach a man how *not* to write one. Mr. Lynwood, I believe, knows a great deal about the law. He is probably correct in feeling that he has a mass of special material that would do splendidly as the basis of stories pivoting round his barrister Sherlock Holmes. But that has not made him the writer of good short stories. I can see the teacher reading a severe lesson over the first yarn, which deals with a series of bank frauds. He would say that the duty of a short story is to be swift, compact, direct, but that this story is pedestrian with long speeches, clogged with fat descriptions and passages of moralising that have not the slightest bearing on the narrative, that there is no direction in it at all, that the plot does not come out clearly, that there are no explanations or connecting links. It is also full of passages like "'I am ashamed to trouble you,' said Sir Henry. 'Thanks,' said Grayling as he raised his hand deprecatingly." The man who reads short stories does not wish to be hung up by trivialities like this. All that sort of thing must be cut out. All descriptions unless they colour or affect the very thrill of the story must be cut out. And when Mr. Lynwood had cut all that, he might cut an additional hundred or two hundred words out of every thousand. That, by the way, is part of the technique of one story writer. He rigorously prunes his stories in this manner when he has finished. A crude method, apparently, but the effect in lean power is remarkable. Mr. Lynwood would profit by the idea.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley and Miss Marjorie Bowen, both in their different ways understand their job. Miss Cholmondeley is leisurely, graceful, ironic and glowing with beauty, Miss Bowen more sharply and violently dramatic, more highly tinted and broader and more popular in her effects. But each writes a good, clean short story, wasting nothing on side issues, letting the stream of the story carry the reader along. Each knows that the whole duty of a short story writer is not to be clever, but to "get" the reader. Just as the crisp after-dinner speaker is our friend, and the prosy one an unutterable bore, so the vague woolly writer is a failure.

Miss Cholmondeley, in "The Romance of His Life," deals with emotions rather than actions, but she makes those emotions dramatic. In the deliciously ironic title story—which tells how a popinjay professor was led into writing love letters to a girl which some pleasantly wicked friends invented—in the tragic tale of a prisoned soul called "The Goldfish," in the ironically mystical "The Ghost of a Chance," and, indeed, all her tales, all her wit, her delicacy, her touches of narrative move towards the climax. Each story goes up like a good house, which captivates with its complete charm, though it is built of many details

* "Lester Grayling, K.C." By Leslie J. Lynwood. 7s. 6d. (Bale & Danielsson.)—"The Romance of His Life." By Mary Cholmondeley. 6s. (Murray.)—"The Pleasant Husband." By Marjorie Bowen. 8s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"Temptations." By David Pinski. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

in material. Miss Cholmondeley never says "Thank you, you are very kind" meaninglessly She says it because she wants to show that this act of kindness leads up to the next point of the tale.

Miss Bowen, in "The Pleasant Husband," proves that just as much craft can be employed in the popular magazine story as in the more literary effort When one recognises that Miss Bowen has to get an historical tang and colour into her yarns as well as a clean story, one sees what a good workman she is It is interesting to watch her at it. In several tales of pre-Norman days she gets her effects by a curious, chopped dialogue, that is as useful as any purple patch in imparting local colour. In some rather nice and fairy-like stories, "Three Little Chronicles," she conveys the spirit of her period by writing as though she had copied her tales from an old monkish chronicle. She gets her period indeed, excellently, always, whether it is mediæval, Restoration or modern (as several of the stories are), and she gets it by tacking her descriptions on to her dialogue, or making it part of her action—that is, if her hero gallops along a road, it is a road of his period with houses and costumes to match A line or two, a few words are all she needs and they all go with the swing of the story. There are scarcely any "passages" at all, but there is no mistaking her colour, and no halting in the sharp stab of her drama

Mr David Pinski, who has a great reputation in America as a Jewish playwright and story-teller, is more successful when he is writing what in this country is called "the long-short" than in the true short story "Drabkin," the best attempt in "Temptations," is more like the first draft of a novel dealing with the evolution of a socialist into a sweater than anything else But it is effective It is lean It is built up in crisp short chapters that stand as a series of snap-shots of emotion or action, and bulked together build up the whole character of the fluid little Jew "A Tale of a Hungry Man" has the power of massing detail upon detail in the Russian manner, and crushes the mind with its overburdening accumulation of miseries It has the essential qualities of all good short stories in that its every triviality leads to one end

DOUGLAS NEWTON

ONE WOMAN.*

Sussex at last is more than coming into her own Apart from several worthy books of late in the field of topography and the novels of Miss Kaye-Smith, the Shire of Slow Speech is beginning to engross the pen of a man who has tried many forms and kinds of literature and in nearly all succeeded. "Owd Bob" alone looks like making his name last But with all deference one ventures to think it is easier to make a masterpiece out of a sheep-dog on the border moors than it is to build up a whole "southron" community and make them live out a modern drama in successive volumes Mr Ollivant betrays his old and familiar propensities—enthusiasm for the moors, the army, India, the medical profession, and the toiling poor, and a hatred for the grinding commercialism of the period. But in this trilogy of Sussex in which the present volume is the second member, he weaves a new passion and a new enthusiasm for life in general, together with a new compassion and chivalry for woman in particular. In "Two Men" we encountered the abrupt and growing contrast between Ernie and Alf Caspar, the sons of a disappointed scholar fallen contentedly among peasant surroundings. One duly noted the balance of fortune: marriage, offspring and poverty for Ernie, jealousy and prosperity for his ill-conditioned brother, the motor-mechanic who swells into a village "somebody." In this book the war plays the part of retributive justice, for Ern, who has drifted into a slacker with a thirst, goes back to the ranks; while Alf is mortified by seeing his business collapse and conscription coming to claim him. More than this, Ern's wife, the comely and buxom Ruth, is restored to all the old

* "One Woman." By Alfred Ollivant. 8s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)



Mr. Alfred Ollivant.

admiration for her husband and is rescued from the snare of infidelity with his friend Joe Burt, a manful Radical. It is impossible not to think of Tess as the archetype of Ruth, and Barnes Newcome as the exemplar of the snivelling Alf, but they remain original and convincing, these Sussex folk of Mr Ollivant's, and he fits them into a community interest which is full of colour and variety and reality There is one blemish in the book. In the endeavour to be fashionable and strenuous, the author brings in marital passages which were quite unnecessary and certainly do not improve the book. No man who can create character and express it in humoursome, crackling, vigorous dialogue like Mr. Ollivant's has any need or call to leave the broad highway of universal interest for a descent into details which can only take with an ultra-modernist majority They lessen our sympathy with Ruth's early lapse in life, and reduce the artistry of a great romance.

J. P. C.

THE TRAGEDY OF WILLIAM COWPER.*

A new edition of Mr Thomas Wright's excellent biography of Cowper is very welcome, for, apart from the intrinsic merits of the original book, the author has had access to much new material since the work was first published in 1892. In particular, he has been able to make use of many new letters written by Cowper, including sixteen which have been placed by Mr. George Avenell in the Cowper Museum, located in the house at Olney where the poet lived for nineteen years, and where he wrote "John Gilpin" and "The Task." The house in question, known as "Orchard Side," was presented to the nation by Mr. W H. Collingridge in 1900, the year the Cowper Society was founded by Mr Thomas Wright, who has done as much to keep green the memory of the melancholy recluse of Olney as he has that of John Payne, the recluse of Kilburn.

The life of Cowper makes sad reading for, apart from a few light episodes and some periods of pleasant quiet existence, the record is one of desolating gloom. As is well known, Cowper suffered from periodical melancholia and perpetual delusions; he imagined he heard mysterious voices uttering such cryptic phrases as "He shall eat eleven days longer or thereabout," and "I heard a stone in the wall say, 'I am God'"; he believed that God had

* "The Life of William Cowper." By Thomas Wright. Second edition. With Thirty Illustrations. 12s. 6d. (Farncombe.)

forsaken him for ever and that there was no escape from his doom of eternal perdition. For the last twenty-seven years of his life the terrible hallucination continued. Sometimes a ray of hope illumined his clouded mind, but alas! it was but "a flash in a dark night, during which the heavens opened only to shut again." As he wrote to his cousin, Lady Hesketh: "I have nothing left to wish, but the wish of many years, that I had never existed. Hunted into this terrible state of mind so long since, what now can I look for . . . Oh, that there could be pity, or if not that, at least forbearance for the most forlorn of all men." And this from one who in earlier days had been a deeply religious man and the author of many beautiful hymns, such as "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," "Oh for a closer walk with God," and "God moves in a mysterious way."

Yet in the intervals of his dreadful affliction he found some compensation in friendship and family affection. His tender tribute to his mother's memory, "On the receipt of my mother's picture," is one of the most beautiful things in poetry. He was hardly six years of age when his mother died, but as he said in one of his letters to Hill: "I can truly say that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her; such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short."

The predominant factor of Cowper's life, putting aside his mental trouble, was his capacity for friendship with a succession of clever women. He was never gregarious, and he was by nature a recluse; but he felt the necessity of feminine society and correspondence. Marriage he never desired, and he had but one serious love affair, when quite a young man, with his cousin, Theodora Cowper. But the family and Fate were against the young lovers. They were parted, and neither ever married.

Cowper's long residence with Mrs. Unwin; his correspondence with Lady Hesketh and Mrs. Madan; his eventful friendship (and final quarrel) with Lady Austen (who was the suggester of "John Gilpin" and "The Task"); his brief period of social intercourse with the Throckmortons and Hayley; and a vivid account of his quiet life, his rural pleasures and his afflictions, are all presented with narrative skill by his biographer.

S. M. ELLIS.

BUCHAN'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.*

Those twenty-four little red volumes which appeared at short intervals from 1915 to 1919 under the unpromising title of Nelson's "History of the War" (for what experienced reader does not distrust a volume where the publisher's proprietorship displaces the author's responsibility?) were immediately recognised by the great public as what it wanted—a clear, reasoned, vivid presentment of those all-important events, of which, thanks to an unintelligent censorship, it had but the vaguest and most muddled conception. The great public bought them in immense numbers, but—undoubtedly owing to the unfortunate prominence of Messrs. Nelsons' imprint—all too few recognised the work for the phenomenal achievement it was. As the product of a group of minds harmonised by an enterprising publisher, the history would have been remarkable for its excellence. As the production of a single man, busy (though this is not the reader's affair) with other important duties, it is probably without a parallel. For, in the thick of the mêlée of events, of the apocryphal legends and fragmentary, contradictory and deliberately falsified accounts of those events which then were the current and almost the sole chronicles of the time, Mr. John Buchan wrote a history which was not only marvellously comprehensive in its all-embracing study of every theatre of the war, brilliant in its analysis and vivid in its description, but which remains substantially accurate to this day.

Nevertheless, the immense amount of knowledge which has become available since the end of the war naturally necessitates the revision of what, to a vast proportion of the English-speaking peoples, has become the familiar handbook to the world-wide conflict. Mr. Buchan has not merely revised his history, he has largely rewritten it, and it is to be reissued to the public in four large volumes, of which the first, going as far as Neuve Chapelle, is already published.

But he has retained the viewpoint of his original volumes. It is still the history written by the contemporary spectator, recalling the judgments, ambitions and illusions which influenced the world at the moment of action, but many of which, even to-day, have already almost passed out of memory.

"The details of this or that battle may be clearer in the future when war-diaries and personal memoirs have multiplied, but I believe," says Mr Buchan in his preface, "that the main features of the war can be more accurately seen and more truly judged by those who lived through it than by a scholar writing after the lapse of half a century. . . . The book is the opposite of an official history It does not pretend to lay open sealed archives; it is a personal, not a professional record, a chronicle of individual observation, private study, personal assessments."

So Mr. Buchan, but the book is more than a record or a chronicle, it is a history in the fullest and most philosophic sense of the term, a history where a vivid and accurately informed imagination repeoples the world-stage with the actors as they lived—and died, where a penetrating analysis informs the reader with the deep purpose of the plot, where there is no bias against the adversary whom he might be tempted to make the caricatured villain of the piece.

Mr. Buchan's history, however, is not one of those books that open up controversies. It is—magnificently told—an epic of achievement. He is only interested in what happened. There is no exploration of the "might-have-beens," no harshly critical condemnations of those who, for this historian at least, were doing their best in the great drama. He sees the positive and not the negative aspects of the responsible generals, and does not ask of them to be more than they were. If he hints at a defect, it is with such gentle asperity that it might almost pass unnoticed. For an example that is typical of all his personal valuations, he says, writing of Joffre:

"He was not, like Foch, a great military student and thinker, and he accepted what was given him in that line, devoting himself to the concrete preparation in detail which he understood. He represented character rather than mind, and, as it happened, it was character that France needed most in the hour of crisis. His honesty was to enable him to make the drastic changes for which events clamoured; his modesty and intellectual candour allowed him to revise plan after plan; above all, his steadfast courage, his infinite patience, and his kindly simplicity gave to his countrymen a leader whom they could regard with confidence, respect and love. We shall see him unchanged both by sunshine and shadow, in good and evil report the same bluff, shrewd, wise, paternal being—one who, as Bossuet said of Turenne, could fight without anger, win without ambition, and triumph without vanity."

This is in pleasant contrast with the bitter criticisms some of those countrymen of Joffre have since passed on their late leader! But who does not recognise it as a life-like portrait—not less true because deficiencies of supreme importance in such a position as Joffre's are merely hinted at, with discreet sympathy, as the possibly inevitable corollaries of his best qualities?

But Mr. Buchan is concerned with personalities only in so far as they were the chosen instruments of the Fates who stage-managed millions of human beings into situations of immense horror, of incalculably momentous intellectual dilemma, of superhuman irony, and of sublimely human heroism. His presentment of them has the lofty detachment of Thomas Hardy in "The Dynasts." It is the procession of the events then woven into the tapestry of time, their causes and their effects, that are his theme. He describes a campaign with such succinct vividness that the reader not only sees it as from a point of vantage, but looks into the minds of the opposing generals and, with a fascinating ease, appreciates their motives. The military

* "A History of the Great War." By John Buchan. In four vols., each 25s. net. Vol. I—From the Outbreak to the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. (Nelson.)

student may quarrel with a few of his statements—for instance, that at the Marne "Sir John French convinced Kluck that there was no alternative to retreat," a flattering estimate of our part in that critical battle which is in direct contradiction to the Continental opinion on the matter—but, in general, though later knowledge may amplify, it is scarcely likely to alter in essentials Mr. Buchan's careful and highly visualised narrative of the operations of war on land and sea.

Beyond all controversy are those chapters on the psychology of the peoples of this world in conflict. Brilliantly analytical yet summing up their subject in a masterly synthesis of all that is significant, they will remain, undoubtedly, the supreme exposition of the thoughts and feelings, fears and ambitions, of humanity in the greatest crisis of its written history. To those chapters the historian of the future will turn for an unrivalled statement of the fact that he cannot do better than to quote.

Written in a noble English that rises loftily to the dignity of the unequalled theme, yet never overshoots itself, dispassionately just to friend and foe alike, profoundly penetrative in its elucidation of confused moments of crisis, magnificent in its grasp of the whole, Mr Buchan has created a history that will rank as a classic to be read for its own sake long after our personal interest in its subject has receded to the horizon of time.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

FROM PRIVATE TO FIELD-MARSHAL.*

Sir William Robertson may justly be regarded as a remarkable person; he is the only man who has risen from a trooper in a cavalry regiment to a field-marshal of the British Army; he has held such posts as Commandant of the Staff College, Director of Military Training, Quarter-master-General, B.E.F., and Chief of the Imperial General Staff; *and* he has written a book in which he sets down his experiences without malice or bitterness. Perhaps the last is not the least of his achievements.

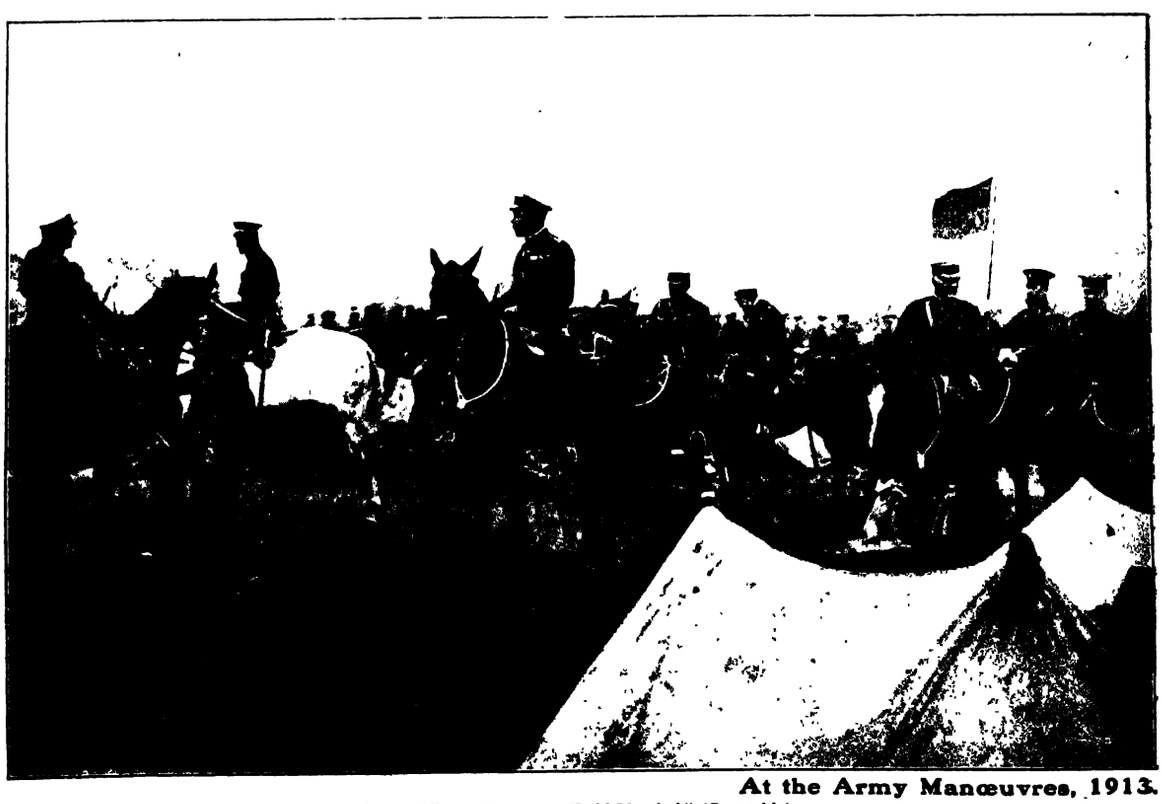
It is not only an intensely interesting book, it is a valuable contribution to the real literature of the war Sir William's modesty is best illustrated by the following extract from his preface:

"The only justification for publishing this book is that it describes the climbing of a soldier from the bottom to the top of the military ladder. . . . Energy and determination are usually essential to advancement in any vocation. . . . Given the exercise of these qualities and the same help from real friends as I enjoyed . . . any man can equal what I have accomplished."

It is in this spirit that Sir William has written a narrative that becomes more interesting from page to page. Of course one is tempted to discuss that portion which deals with the events that immediately preceded and followed the year 1914, but to do so would be to lose sight of one of its most important features—the opportunity it affords the reader of comparing the soldier of "the old days" with the modern type, and of following almost minutely the processes of evolution which have resulted in the production of an entirely new fighting unit. The events of the last few years have taught the most ardent lovers of peace that it is well for a nation to be able to place herself quickly in a posture of defence, and Sir William Robertson's life-story is the vehicle by means of which he conveys a number of deeply interesting comments on military affairs in their relation to the preservation of national life, and suggestions for the improvement of that relation. It is not possible to discuss here problems that Sir William himself has only been able to approach in the course of many pages of type; the book should be studied with the leisured consideration it merits. One may, however, seize a point here and there without injustice to the whole.

Like "Stonewall Jackson," Sir William is—and was many years ago—keenly alive to the absolute necessity of efficient staff work if war is to be conducted successfully. By staff work, be it understood, is meant not merely the issuing of operation orders, but the thousand and one duties the efficient and rapid performance of which are essential if the man with the bayonet is to be given the opportunity of using it at the psychological moment. First as student and later as Commandant at the Staff College, Sir William gained impressions, and made acquaintances, which were to prove of great assistance to him when the struggle with Germany—which he had been one of those to predict—tested the theories which he and others had so often discussed.

It is pleasant to note how frequently the Field-Marshal finds occasion to use such phrases as "I was greatly helped by——," "The success of this scheme owed much to the efforts of——," and so on, never have I read a "great man's book" in which the great man paid such grateful and graceful tribute to those who served under his banner. And not alone his subordinates: he acknowledges in plain terms the help and support of soldier and of civilian—and of none more than that great leader, the late Earl Kitchener.



At the Army Manœuvres, 1913.

From "From Private to Field-Marshal" (Constable).

* "From Private to Field-Marshal." By Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Bart., G.C.B., etc. 21s. (Constable.)

Sir William, at least, is not one of those who believe that Kitchener had shot his bolt and had no more arrows in his quiver when the *Hampshire* sank. In one of several frank references to the Earl, Sir William says :

" Like some other great men Lord Kitchener was exacting, and had no use whatever for those who raised petty difficulties at a time when prompt action was required ; while as to his alleged habit of overcentralisation all I can say is that it was never displayed during the six months I had the privilege of working with him . . . Nor did he disclose any sign of that ruthless and domineering disposition attributed to him by those who wished to injure his good name. On the contrary, he was a kind and delightful chief to serve, once his ways were understood ; and I know that he many times stood up against opposition in high quarters so as to protect officers who were threatened with unfair treatment."

And again :

" On the whole I would say that the achievements and foresight of Lord Kitchener place him in a class entirely by himself ; and they justify the conclusion that no man in any of the Entente countries accomplished more, if as much, to bring about the final defeat of the enemy."

In discussing subjects which are intimately connected with the proceedings of ministers and other politicians, Sir William treads warily ; but it is the warmness of a man who declines to assist in the washing of dirty linen in public rather than the timidity of the faint-hearted. One is grateful, in these days of mutual recrimination, to Sir William Robertson for producing a work at once so interesting, so valuable and so free from bad taste.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON (Captain).

THE QUEEN MOTHER.*

When Princess Alexandra of Denmark came to England to marry that Prince of Wales who was afterwards King Edward VII, she, a tall, slim, fair, blue-eyed, beautiful girl, won the suffrages of this nation, which has ever since held her in the highest esteem It is easy for Royalty to be popular, but few royalties have been so popular as this lady. Her youthful charm and grace appealed to all sections of society, and secured for her an enduring regard. The life of a Princess of Wales is usually uneventful—the case of Caroline, the wife of George IV is a notable and unfortunate exception—and even the life of a British queen-consort is usually devoid of any great interest. The biography of a royal lady who is still alive, or only recently dead is, indeed, very difficult to write. Few persons who have essayed such a task have done so successfully. Hush was always scandalous and dull, and the rest for the most part laudatory and dull. Mr. Trowbridge has been clever enough not to be dull. He has made no attempt to give a detailed account, full of dates, names, descriptions of ceremonies, addresses, and such things ; very wisely he has confined himself to dealing with those events, political and personal, which principally influenced her life. He tells us of the Princess's early life at the Court of her father ; of her regret at the decision of this country not to support Denmark in the war with Germany over Schleswig-Holstein, and so on. He dwells upon the important place she held in society by virtue of her position as the wife of the Heir-Apparent, and how perforce she became more prominent after Queen Victoria became a widow and, for all practical purposes, a recluse. Her influence on the social life of this country was beneficial in the extreme, and, in later days, the Edwardian Court became the Court of Europe.

Mr. Trowbridge is never sycophantic, as too often happens in the case of biographers of royalty ; but he is, it must be said, consistently and invariably eulogistic. Also highly appreciative is the introduction by Walburga Lady Paget, who has been long and intimately acquainted with the Queen-Mother. " Her charm has not waned," she writes : " it has been kept alive by the Queen's kindness of heart, her unselfishness, simplicity, and unswerving truthfulness, which have swept away all that is mean or base from her environment. The Queen has, in her long experience of life and events, acquired a great knowledge of the world, which, with her inborn common sense and tact, gives her judgments and acts exceptional weight." During the war, this lady tells us, " Queen Alexandra's physical courage was sustained by her steadfast soul." Mr. Trowbridge is true to his sub-title of " A Study of Royalty," and he gives in his first chapter an account of royalty, its history, and its functions which is distinctly valuable. Particularly interesting are his remarks on the evolution from autocracy to democracy, and one detects a pleasant flavour of irony in the following passage : " The French Revolution was the deification of democracy. Henceforth it mattered little whether kingship was hereditary or elected ; kings or presidents, or whatever they were called, it was the people only who were divine." This is a book which will appeal to the innumerable admirers of Queen Alexandra. It contains a number of portraits and illustrations taken from various sources which undoubtedly enhances its value.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* " Queen Alexandra : A Study of Royalty." By W. R. H. Trowbridge. With an Introduction by Walburga Lady Paget. 21s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

TEMPERAMENTAL STUDIES.*

There are some authors to whom the short story comes naturally, by whom it is written naturally ; there are others who give us the impression that they have been studying the rules—the arresting opening, the brief development, the swift climax. But rules of art are like creeds—they are meant to guide, not to bind, and the really competent artist can break them without sin or reproach.

Miss Beatrice Harraden occasionally neglects the rules of the short story, simply because her artistry is sound and her genius sure. I use the word " genius " in the sense of inspiration ; those who are inspired by a mood, by the mysterious and irresistible desire to write, can hardly fail to convey to others the thrill—they take the stage and " get across the footlights " without apparent effort One feels, in reading this collection of short stories, thirteen in all, that their very various themes " came " to the author, just as a verse will come to a poet's waiting mind, or a melody will haunt a musician, and that she sooner or later had to record them in this form. Remembering her previous work, it goes without saying that delicacy of treatment prevails , delicate almost to frailty is the subject, for example, of the first story, " The Enchanted House," and I do not know anyone who could have so softly harmonised this simple phrase. Regarded from the practical viewpoint, the story is extremely improbable , as written, the reader is beguiled into thinking that after all it might have happened. The third little episode, entitled " Bondage," is one of the best studies in temperament in the book ; it tells of an artist, married to an uncomprehending wife whose tastes are entirely different, and of his struggle with the forces which he feels welling up within him—the forces urging him to do the work for which he was intended, and to cut himself away from his unhappiness. It is a well-known theme, but again we find its treatment distinctly individual. The fact is that the mind of the author transmutes each little incident into something with a suspicion of the ethereal ; a gossamer veil is interposed between us and her characters which endows them, not with unreality, but with delicacy, a softened outline.

This may not be the highest art of all ; there are readers who prefer the short story that explodes like a cracker, or brings a shudder, or dazzles by sheer brilliance. Such work would be impossible to Miss Harraden ; she avoids the heavy touch, the " trick " story, the dazzle of cleverness without heart, preferring to keep beauty intact and simple rather than to elaborate it and deform it in the attempt to achieve an exotic effect. It must not be assumed, however, that she has no recognition of the value of dramatic climax or surprise ; in several of these stories it is introduced with skill, though the skill is not

* " Thirteen All Told." By Beatrice Harraden. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

obtrusive. The last one, "The Little Grey Home in the West," is an instance of this; a singer who has made that song familiar to the men at the front is suddenly impelled to sing it at a troublous labour meeting, and the result is instant silence as the memories crowd home, and the chorus is taken up with a swing, and there can be no bickering after such a quick unity of spirit. To many of the stories there is a much more complex "plot" than this; but all are pervaded by the same spirit I am glad to find another memorandum from the career of "Tamar Scott," the lady whose rudeness was only equalled by her genius for judging precious stones; this particular story is one of the best in the collection, and its element of the supernatural is not too strongly emphasised.

Thus, then, is a slight summary and appreciation of Miss Harraden's latest book; and my own opinion is that if she will not give us another novel on the lines of "Spring Shall Plant," then her short studies in temperament are the next best thing Of late years we have had plenty of the magazine-type of short story, the collection of incidents sentimental or entertaining into volume form without any apparent personality behind them Excellent enough are these, in their way, but their place is within magazine-covers, not within the covers of a book. It is a pleasant thing to perceive, behind a number of stories such as this group by Miss Harraden, unrelated and disconnected from one another though they are, a distinct personality, a sense of having sympathetic touch with the author It is her gift to be able to inspire this feeling (possibly without being aware of it), and we may hope that the sense, however slight, of having made many unknown and unseen friends by her work, will convey to her in hours of reverie some of the pleasure she has given to others

WILFRID L. RANDELL

THE ROMANTIC AGE.*

It is a common delusion, because we happen to be alive in 1921, wear similar garments and exchange kindred platitudes, that we are for these reasons representatives (however modest) of the present remarkable era Such a conception will, I have no doubt, be demolished very shortly by one of those very eminent persons whom the Church has come to regard as regrettable since the dawn of worship. He will point out that whereas some individuals are living in the future and therefore beyond our judgment, a number throng the present, a majority walk in the twilight of the past, and the rest—the ratepayers, workers, and the like—are static, and have always been so since the Israelites asked for straw and did not get it. Then will a number of things, so extremely obscure at present, be understood, and not merely accepted in the spirit of wonder or Christian fortitude but actually admired. My great-aunt whose behaviour has caused us all so much pain and disappointment will, as a fine specimen of the Inquisition period in Spain, lend to our otherwise commonplace family circle a new and gratifying prestige. Our cook I clearly perceive for the first time is later Anglo-Saxon in a state of magnificent preservation: one knows at once by her vast, partially-cooked joints and solid Gargantuan puddings. The Vicar is not a little weak-minded, as some have unpardonably suggested, but a type, very rare indeed to-day, of the most elegant and remote eighteenth-century workmanship. It is without pressing the matter further surely a pleasing explanation for our several infirmities. Take a case in point. A man of letters remarked to me the other day that he had cruelly misjudged Mr. Cunninghame Graham. "I have," he said, blushing a little, "until quite recently taken it too much for granted that he is seventeenth century. He is not. He is without any question whatever pure sixteenth, and I am uncertain whether the fifteenth won't ultimately prevail."

* "Mogreb-el-Acksa." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham 18s. (Duckworth.)

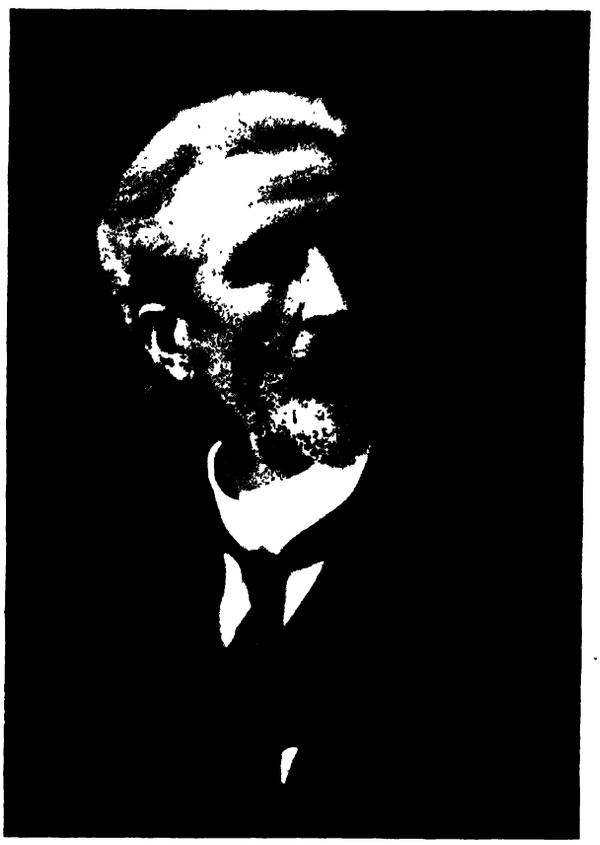


Photo by J. O. Hoppé

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

In republishing "Mogreb-el-Acksa"—a journey in Morocco—Mr Cunninghame Graham has proved the permanent character of his craftsmanship He has returned over twenty years and there are none of the recognised and, one might have added, inevitable signs of decay How many living writers of to-day could so write of anything at all—novels, memoirs, studies—that twenty years or twenty weeks later it would not be an act of folly to disinter their dead offspring? Upon Mr. Graham the trials that he heavy upon his fellows rest very lightly indeed What are twenty years to a writer who is contemporary in spirit with Walter Ralegh, and whose impression of the value of our civilisation is not disguised in the words "Guns, gin, powder and shoddy cloths . . . new wants, new ways, and discontent with what they know and no attempt to teach a proper comprehension of what they introduce—these are the blessings Europeans take to Eastern lands"?

A second disaster of the years that leaves this writer unscarred but levels his colleagues like a row of smitten sunflowers is created by the changes time reveals not merely in the fashions of contemporary style but in the accuracy of data. Mr. Cunninghame Graham moves beyond such things He produces with baffling ease and adroit dexterity effects that more conscientious and more intellectual writers would give all their labour and their knowledge to achieve. He can within a few swift strokes reveal a character, whether it be a Scottish lady of lost years or an Arab chieftain, with a delicacy, a humour, and a humanity that will preserve his sketches when the sounding names of to-day have long since slipped into the twilight of oblivion.

That "Mogreb-el-Acksa" is well worth republishing is without question, but the significance of the narrative is not historical, or geographical, or social, or any of the things that arouse in our universities vague desires to bestow an honorary degree. Nor will a public nourished upon Pelman and short books on large subjects be certain that Mr. Graham appreciates sufficiently the gravity of life and the supreme importance of the English race. Indeed his deep and adamant contempt for the more obvious crudities (his is a satirical but not a subtle mind]

of our modern civilisation with its shoddy ideas of happiness, its adoration of cinema stars, its concourse of chars-à-bancs, its detestation of all forms of art and music, its tepid faith, lies at the bedrock of all Mr. Graham's work. The knowledge haunts him in every line he has ever written that even to-day (or was it yesterday?) over the wide plains of South America and the blazing sands of the East a race of men astride their lean horses are carrying on, however heedlessly, the dying tradition of silence, dignity, freedom of passion and fervent belief. Men like those he wrote about in that memorable tale of "Consulheiro," the Brazilian mystic. Men such as pass across the pages of this book as substantial and remote as ghosts "asking their way," as Mr. Graham so suggestively puts it, "from those they meet who answer them as wise as they, 'Ride on to the lone tree on the horizon, then bear a little to the right, and if you keep the line you cannot miss the houses, for the barking of the dogs will guide you, if it falls dark.'" In that sense and in that mood it has fallen to Mr. Cuninghame Graham to proclaim the passing of the old ways, to pipe over such things a commemorative pibroch which is a thing difficult to undertake at any time and to quite a number of persons an enigma always.

But to the reader of even average intelligence who is not at all interested in the personality of the author or the peculiar flavour of his work, the narrative must attract by its spirit of raillery, its acute observation, its sustained quality of casual comment, and its rare beauty of occasional description. I suppose in these stern times one should quote a passage to prove that Mr. Graham's knowledge of conditions in Morocco will warrant (the subject is topical just now) a run on the library. Unhappily I can recall no political titbit, no reminiscence of an eminent person, no adventures amongst Bedouin, no profound reflections on local conditions. The apologia of it all had better be left in the words of the author himself who has "brought together a sack of cobwebs, a pack of gossamer, a bale of thistledown, dragon-flies' wings, of Oriental gossip as to bygone facts, of old-world recollections, of new-world practices half understood."

That he must stand hesitant between the centuries is, I suppose, the destiny of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and that he has ridden a solitary figure over the deserted valleys of the world to gather in his slender harvest would have brought perhaps a smile to the face of a Dickens or a Scott, but to each his path where so many roads lead to the unchanging soul of man.

FREDERICK WATSON.

"DOWN HERE THE HAWTHORN."*

A somewhat ill-considered argument is heard nowadays with dangerous frequency: we want harsh criticism and the discouragement of too-popular versifiers: let us hark back to the good old slashing days of *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly*. Before pleading for a type of criticism which advised Keats to go back to pill-making and which branded Shelley as an immoral lunatic, it would be well first to escape from the mood of excusable impatience generated by the late flood of "war-poetry," and to consider this question soberly. Second thoughts about it lead one to the conclusion that merely harsh criticism may immensely weaken a good poet's impulse to write, but no kind of criticism has ever prevented the poetaster from writing pseudo-poetry. Unfortunately also good poetry does not win popularity so soon as many imitations of it, and the favour these enjoy will not be clouded by the critic's frown.

These thoughts occur to me as I close "Down Here the Hawthorn," the book which contains Mr. Thomas Moult's first collection of poems. A critic whose ambition was to "put some pep" into his review could bash the big stick into Mr. Moult's hawthorn blossoms with great effect; for Mr. Moult is undisciplined. He thinks nothing of writing:

> "With the moor-mists swifting,
> As they have swifted"—

in a poem where verbal eclecticism is essential to realise a half-heard recurring rhythm as of music veiled away. He is quite shameless in dealing out big and little chunks of poetic prose in the curiously winding path of the longer poems. He has included one piece of horrible nonsense ("The Old Men") in this book. And then comes the remembrance of poems here and there, one in the *Athenæum*, one in *Colour*, one in *Voices*, one in *Time and Tide*—poems appealing to sensitive imaginations, which Mr. Moult has not included in this first collection. Also they were poems in which the author's delicate sense of rhythm operated within the boundaries of metrical law.

But is this book now disposed of? Oh, not at all, Mr. Severity Critic! The man who is simultaneously author of this first collection of poetry and that first novel, "Snow Over Elden," is a man who, in spite of numberless difficulties, will win his entry into the eternal gardens of English literature True, he has not yet paid his debt to art in full. More labours and more accomplished feats await his progress. But no one interested in poetry can afford to pass by "Down Here the Hawthorn." The author has not put all his store of honey into this hive, but the gold and amber glow is unmistakably here. The two pieces on the manhood we sacrificed in war, "Truly He Hath a Sweet Bed" and "How Beautiful They Are," will not fade into oblivion so long as English is a living language. A poem like "Flamborough Head" reveals the happy success Mr. Moult can make of a feather-light play of fancy swinging to seemingly irresponsible rhythms. The love poems in this book are lovely with a light all too rare, and in a certain austere manner of employing images from nature they rank with the beautiful requiems for dead soldiers. "Chayah, my Beautiful" is an example of this exquisite thought clad in images of a delicate loveliness, though the verse-medium itself is far from satisfactory.

Among the still unmentioned contents of "Down Here the Hawthorn" is the warm humanity of the ballad, "Heart of a Seamstress," the savage sternness of the "Invocation" to the harsh hills of the Peak; and the shock of sublime vision in the fierce sonnet entitled "Labour."

Such work in these mammon-hustled times must be encouraged and not simply kicked into a corner by supercilious reviewing. I wish every reader of this article could be depended upon to buy or to make their library buy a copy of "Down Here the Hawthorn," and a copy of every other new volume of poetry on a level with it. Their purchases would not be very frequent.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

* "Down Here the Hawthorn." By Thomas Moult. 5s (Heinemann).

RABELAIS.*

The publishers of the "St. Martin's Library" are to be thanked for the addition to their series of this prodigious book. Type, size and format are as nearly perfect as is possible to a fallible world. Rabelais in any other guise than in this handy, pocketable, well printed and attractive form, is so much the less acceptable to the peculiar public that wants to read him. He is not for every man and not for any woman: but for the select or improper public who can rejoice in his spirit, here is the right edition; and though this commendation may seem to reflect some ingratitude for that larger volume, with Doré's illustrations, which we have hitherto best known, it is not really so. It is the reviewer's duty to cry good fish when he finds it.

Rabelais is not for every man, because no form of humour is for every man; and his form of humour needs a charitable spirit and a strong stomach. Yet there is still a goodly following for his gusto; and the ringing cheerfulness which helped to clear hearts and minds of mephitic

* "The Lives, Heroic Deeds and Sayings of Gargantua and His Son, Pantagruel." By Dr. Francis Rabelais. 3 vols. 10s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

vapours in the old times are helpful now, when the times are not so different, after all. Out of the Middle Ages it comes in great peals, the loud mirth of the strong spirit, which is yet not the noisy laughter of the empty mind. It is as well to recognise the dominant note of the book at once: for not to get atune with it, not to realise that this is a work of joy—however darkly that joy may sometimes be expressed—is to miss the whole point of its purpose and to make the reading a mere ploughing of uncertain sands:

> "One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span;
> Because to laugh is proper to the man"

is the original prescription. Sincere laughter, such as that of Gargantuan proportion which rejoiced the diaphragm of Dr. Francis Rabelais, is, and has been ever, the moral oxygen of the world; and even although its cause or excuse in these pages is frequently of the kind unheard in drawing-rooms, such humour and such wit were true of the time, and are not to be measured by the standard of the flapper at Margate.

The note of his work is described by Rabelais as Pantagruelian; and on a number of occasions he defines that particular. It is, says he in the Prologue to the Fourth Book, "a certain jollity of mind pickled in the scorn of Fortune," and that we may feel pretty sure is something of the true meaning of the extraordinary Herb, Pantagruelion, which, though in the text it is said to be hemp, is assuredly something more magical and less definite. That detail, which has puzzled not only the "little, envious Prigs, snarling, bastard, puny Criticks," but all else who have tried to read the full riddle of this amazing book, must be left in that vast limbo of lost things, the key to which is buried somewhere under the mists of the Middle Ages.

And what an amazing book this is! No wonder that Dryasdust, with his purblind omniscience, has generally left it alone, for it is not to be measured by any rule of exactitude. It is anything, and it is everything. Satire of course, here and there, especially when the vile old monkish systems of Rabelaisian times come to the writer's remembrance; farce frequently; angry irony often, and sometimes mere fanciful narrative, as in that "Quest of the Holy Bottle," with its adventures inspired by Lucian, and the impish mirth of Panurge to point its hilarity as well as its purpose; yes, and many things else. Allegory, comedy and jolly nonsense, with often a serious note as the shadow of the laughter. Incomprehensible to the serious in a bald spot and spectacles, it sheds something of its immortal enchantment on those who, in the right sympathy, sail with Pantagruel through the wandering seas.

It is the work of a keen mind and a great human heart. Hating the pomps and vanities which fettered so many—and fetter them still—there was a gentleness, a spirit of good nature, even a beauty of thought, which like a silver flower sprang from, and glowed amidst, the filth and the beastliness: for, after the verbal riot, the noise of the clinking cups and flagons and the hurly of indecent words, bellowed and roared with lungs of leather, comes Pantagruel's simple plaint that the great God Pan is dead. And then, with a characteristic whimsicality—how Puck must have frolicked in the heart and brain of Rabelais!—the pagan deity is associated and identified with another who "died near Jerusalem":

> "Pantagruel having ended this Discourse, remain'd silent, and full of Contemplation; a little while after, we saw the Tears flow out of his Eyes as big as Ostridge's Eggs. God take me presently, if I tell you one single syllable of a Lye in the Matter."

Such contrast successfully wrought, as it is managed here, is of the rare fruit of genius and proof of a gentle and tender human spirit. Pantagruel was Rabelais himself, drawn to the dimensions of the Titans, a being of all kinds of humour, mad, sad, merry, and sometimes stinging; but always there is a gentleness behind the scorn and something of that soul of pity which is the sign of the truly great. Rabelais is not for every man, and never will be so; but to others—it may be few or many, who can say? for humour is something beyond the census-taker—he will remain not only the jolly companion of a firelit hour; but an influence moving towards the finer and more permanent things, what Carlyle called the "Eternal Verities"—and in any tribute of this kind his translators, Urquhart and Le Motteaux, must have their due. Without them Rabelais might have been as hard to swallow as an Ostridge's Egg.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THREE WOMEN IN A COTTAGE.*

Just as Mr. Jerome Klapka Jerome called his most popular book, "Three Men in a Boat," so what promises to be Miss Klickmann's most popular work might be entitled "Three Women in a Cottage." Mr. Jerome told of the jolly adventures of Harris, George and himself on the river; Miss Klickmann tells of the equally jolly and joyous doings of Ursula, Victoria and herself, in a cottage overlooking a river. No suggestion is intended to the effect that the work of either writer might be described as "By Jerome Klapka Klickmann" or "By Flora Klickmann Jerome"—still less that Miss Klickmann's book was suggested by, or owes anything to Mr. Jerome's. The latter is a humorist, but he is also a thinker, who has written wisely and with wide outlook on many pressing problems. Behind his humour is always a grave and earnest personality. Miss Klickmann can, on occasion, be as grave and earnest as Mr Jerome, who turns aside from humour to consider national, social, sex and economic problems, whereas Miss Klickmann's heart—apart from humour—is all with Nature. The comparison which has been drawn means no more than that, just as the surface of the different rivers of which either author writes, rises into ripples, so humour ripples merrily in the pages alike of Miss Klickmann and of Mr. Jerome. The former's charlady, Mrs Poddles, bids fair to become as oft-quoted a type as the latter's Uncle Podger.

> "'I can't say that I'm exactly ill,' said Mrs Poddles, 'and I don't *suffer* nothing, but I feel I *could* be ill, very easy if I tried.' I assured her that quite a lot of us felt like that. But she was not to be comforted. No matter what one wanted done, her feeble health invariably intervened. She couldn't carry trays as she was weak in the arms; she couldn't go up and down stairs, as she was weak in her legs; she couldn't eat dripping or margarine as she was weak in the stomach; she couldn't do scrubbing as she was weak in her back; the only thing she did not lay claim to was being weak in the head, but before many hours of her society I was so it squared things."

This brief extract gives only the smallest idea of the good charlady as drawn by Miss Klickmann. Not by scant quotations but by reading the book is the comicality of the character-study to be enjoyed. Thus far, no more than mention has been made of the memorable and beautiful nature pictures which many readers of "The Trail of the Ragged Robin" will count as its chief joy and charm. In nature-records, nature-observation, and nature-revelations, Miss Klickmann not only excels and delights, but succeeds by her pictures in delighting every nature-loving reader.

In a military sense, Miss Klickmann's place in authorship may be defined as that of a "liaison officer" between the two corps of the novelists and the naturalists. She is something of a novelist, more of a naturalist, and a humorist nearly all the time. One character in her book reminds me of a lodging-house keeper who had his own way of "putting things." A friend of mine came down one Saturday morning to spend a week-end at the lodging-house in question. I called upon him on Saturday afternoon, and while I was there a telegram came to say that his son had been killed. While my friend was upstairs packing his bag to return to town by the next train, the lodging-house keeper turned to me and remarked tragically: "There you are, sir—*spoilt 'is 'oliday!*" Miss Klickmann's holiday in her hill-side cottage was practically

* "The Trail of the Ragged Robin." By Flora Klickmann. 7s. net. (R.T.S.)

spoilt for her by an uninvited guest named Bella Bellairs, but in this case there was fortunately no tragedy. As recorded in "The Trail of the Ragged Robin" the incident is turned into the drollest of comedies. Like Sir F. C. Gould who once said: "What cannot be endured, must be caricatured," Miss Klickmann's philosophy of life may be summed up as: "To those with an enduring sense of humour, nothing is unendurable, except that in which no humour endures" As the fabled philosopher's stone turned lead to gold, so, by the alchemy of her happy and whimsical humour, Miss Klickmann's worst ills are transformed into pure joys for herself and her readers.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

A GREAT COLLECTOR.*

Collectors as a rule are rather unfriendly people, except when they happen to meet one who "collects" in the same "line"; and then, unless jealousy intervenes, they become sociable, even enthusiastic. This is of course a mere generalisation, and it befits us to leave a loophole, to insert a saving clause relative to the many collectors we have known who have walked and talked with us and kept their affliction—or their pride—to themselves. Dr. Williamson is one who loves to share his treasures and his knowledge with others, to conceive him as selfish or unsocially minded after reading this book is impossible. He has a wide outlook, and his themes vary from notes on Ouida and Swinburne to the origin and growth of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, but he never fails in creating lively interest, and all that he has to say is worth saying If such praise could be given to every book the critic's task would be pleasant indeed.

The three short essays on Ouida, George Gissing and Swinburne come under the category of personal experiences. Dr. Williamson, being in the neighbourhood of Sant' Alessio, had been asked by Ouida's London publishers to call and arrange terms concerning the issue of a new book, correspondence having failed. "I was received," he writes, "by a little, excitable old lady, dressed in greyish-white silk, and standing upon a large white bearskin":

> "Her skirt was cut short, so as to reveal her exceedingly small feet, of which I had already been told she was inordinately vain. She wore silk stockings to match her dress, and pale blue satin shoes, and presented a striking appearance . . . I stayed a long time with her, and we talked well into the evening, till it was time for me to return to my carriage, drive back to Lucca, and home to Florence, and it was exceedingly late before I reached the latter place. I had one of the most interesting conversations that I ever had in my life, it was uninterrupted, and I really was unconscious of the passing of time. . . ."

And the famous writer never offered him even a cup of tea! For this she apologised afterwards handsomely, professing herself "shocked." In subsequent letters to her interviewer she constantly referred to her one great hobby, dogs; "If I were to come over to England," she wrote, "I should shoot Walter Long. I so hate him" She was a difficult person to deal with, and the author's memories give an excellent glimpse of her at her own home, revealing her quite intimately.

The brief chapter on Gissing is in praise and memory of a friend; there is more to be said about that on Swinburne, whose family the author knew well. Of the poet he says:

> "He used to come fluttering in, quivering like a great butterfly, and moving with that extraordinary dancing movement that was so characteristic of him. Suddenly, and with much elaborate ceremony, he would bow, and then, as a rule, relapse into silence. . . . He was always, to me, a mysterious and unapproachable being, and even from his sisters, in later years, by reason of his deafness, he was very much apart."

We have given a prominent place to these literary essays; but the greater portion of Dr. Williamson's book is concerned with his quite delightful collection of books and papers and miniatures. "The First One-Man Picture Show in London"; "John Locke's Pocket Book"; "Old Quaker Watchmakers"; "Some American Book Clubs"—such are some of the titles which lure the reader, and the matter contained in them does not disappoint anticipated enjoyment. Many, we imagine, will envy the opportunities which the author has had of handling works of rare art; for instance, mentioning the collection of watches in the Guildhall, he alludes to the Hermitage collection of the Empress Catherine at Petrograd—"the best examples in existence of the craft of the greatest horologers both of France and England. I have had them all in my hands," says Dr. Williamson, "and examined them closely. I wonder where they now are?"

One fascinating chapter deals with the publications of "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes." "I have been collecting these dainty little volumes for a long time," says the author, "and I think I am nearer to perfection in my series of Odd Volumes than any other member of Ye Sette can claim to be, and yet one can never tell." It is part of the charm of the born collector that he glories in incompleteness as well as in the fullness of his store; he never knows what may turn up in some unexpected corner to give him one of the thrills of his life. And for the story of a sensational "find" we must refer our readers to the capital account of "How a Book was Lost and Found," which tells how the author came into possession of a volume that cannot be bought and is never issued to the public. Few collectors have been so fortunate as Dr Williamson; and few can love their rarities more or write about them so interestingly.

W. L. R.

* "Behind My Library Door." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. 10s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount)

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD*

Lord Frederic Hamilton is a man who has met every one, been everywhere, and knows all the stories This in itself is much, but what is more from the standpoint of the reader is that he has the gift of narrative and description, as, indeed, he has already shown in his earlier books, "The Days before Yesterday" and "The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday." Lord Frederic Hamilton's new work, "Here, There, and Everywhere," is, as he tells us in a brief Foreword, less a book of reminiscences than a recapitulation of various personal experiences in many lands, some of which may be viewed from unaccustomed angles. We wander with the author all over the globe, to Java, to Colombo, to little-known Macao, down the Volga to Southern Russia, through India, up the Canton River, to Colombo, Hong-Kong, Jamaica, and the Spanish Main, to mention only a tithe of the places of which mention is made. We are told of tarpon fishing in Colon Harbour, of a big-game shoot organised by the late Maharajah of Cooch Behar, and of sport of all kinds in all sorts of places.

Wherever Lord Frederic Hamilton has been he has noted something that others have not noted, and his book is full of most interesting information, of which an example may be given:

> "The inhabitants of Canton are, I believe, mostly Taoists by religion, but their lives are embittered by their constant struggles with the local devils. Most fortunately Chinese devils have their marked limitations; for instance, they cannot go round a corner, and most mercifully they suffer from constitutional timidity, and can be easily frightened away by firecrackers. . . . The Chinese, as a safeguard against their devils, have adopted the peculiar 'cocked hat' corner to their roofs, which we see reproduced in so much of Chippendale's work. It is obvious that, with an ordinary roof, any ill-disposed devil would summon some of his fellows, and they would fly up, get their shoulders under the corner of the eaves, and prise the roof off in no time, with the peculiar upward curve of the corners, the devils are unable to get sufficient leverage, and so retire discomforted. Most luckily, too, they detest the smell of

* "Here, There and Everywhere." By Lord Frederic Hamilton. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

incense-sticks, and cannot abide the colour red, which is as distasteful to them as it is to a bull, but though it moves the latter to fury, it only inspires the devils with an abject terror. Accordingly, any prudent man can, by an abundant display of red silk streamers, and a plentiful burning of joss-sticks, keep his house practically free from these pests. A rich Chinaman who has built himself a new house, will at once erect a high wall immediately in front of it It obstructs the light and keeps out the air, but owing to the inability of Chinese devils to go round corners, it renders the house as good as devil-proof."

Very amusing is the story of M. Bayol, a Frenchman resident at Pondicherry, who had been married five times. His first four wives were French, and not one of them had been able to survive in the unhealthy climate, so finally he married a native, "*ne pouvant vivre seul, j'ai tout bonnement épousé une indigène.*" Later, M. Bayol said to Lord Frederic Hamilton :

"'We have become friends on the voyage, I will now show you the room which enshrines my most sacred memories,' and drawing a key from his pocket, he unlocked a door, admitting me to a very large room perfectly bare and empty except for four stripped bedsteads standing in the centre 'These, mon ami, are the beds on which my four French wives breathed their last, and this room is very dear to me in consequence,' he said, and burst into tears"

It is a constant reproach made by foreigners that the Briton is an insular person. Books such as "Here, There, and Everywhere" are a perpetual negation of such a charge It is, of course, not to be contended that Lord Frederic Hamilton is a typical Briton as regards his wanderings, for he has had special advantages—the son of a duke, a member of the Diplomatic Service, the editor of a magazine which under his guidance became famous But in this book there is everywhere proof that the insularity of the Briton exists only in the minds of those who know him not. He is probably, taken as a race, the most cosmopolitan of any. In any club smoking-room the conversation shows this, as does the daily correspondence in *The Times*. Something is said, say, of the harbour at Rio; at once some one will speak of the harbour at Naples, another of that at Hobart, and so on. Lord Frederic Hamilton gave a dinner-party at his hotel at Bermuda to eleven people, all officers or wives of officers.

"The conversation turned on birthplaces, and the answers given were so curious that I wrote them all down," he writes. "Not only were all my guests soldiers and soldiers' wives, but they were nearly all the sons and daughters of soldiers as well One major had been born at Cape Town, his very comely wife in Barbados The other major had been born at Meerut in India, his wife at Quebec, and her unmarried sister in Mauritius, and so it was with all of them Of those twelve people of pure British blood, I was the only one who had been born in England or in Europe; even the subaltern had been born in Hong-Kong. I do not think that stay-at-homes quite realise the existence of this little world of people journeying from end to end of the earth in the course of their duty, and taking it all as a matter of course."

"Here, There, and Everywhere" is a most interesting, informative, and often amusing volume, written by a man of culture with wide experience and knowledge.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

MR. MAUGHAM ON THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.*

In his latest work of fiction—a collection of seven tales to which he gives the general title of "The Trembling of a Leaf"—Mr. Maugham again takes Polynesia for his scene and the mating of white men with native women for his subject. But whereas in "The Moon and Sixpence"—a novel founded obviously on the career of Gauguin, the French painter—the withdrawal of the white man from the society of his own race was self-imposed and eremitical, in these "little stories of the South Sea Islands" it constitutes an ostracism—an ostracism made all the more intolerable by the consequent enforced association of the outlaw with his wife's native or half-caste relations, and rendered definitive by his inevitable resort to the solace of drink. According to Mr. Maugham the attraction of the South Seas for the European or American consists in the triple lure of delectable climate, beautiful scenery and lovely and exotic women So long, then, as a white man is coarse in grain, deficient in imagination, steady of nerve and irresponsive to nostalgia, he can lead a comfortable life, more particularly if, like the gross Administrator in "Mackintosh" and the sailors in "Red" and "Honolulu," he is promiscuous and fickle in his love-making. But if he be fine in mental and temperamental make-up, his manhood gets sapped and he goes to pieces. Either he becomes a lotus-eater, an outcast from his race, a white native, as in the case of "Edward Barnard." Or, like the victim of "The Pool," he drugs with drink and terminates by suicide a life made horrible by the knowledge of his wife's furtive infidelities and by the consciousness that his children are black and prattle in their mother's native tongue. If, however, imitating the Swede in "Red" (who, by the way, has certain affinities with Mr. Conrad's hero in "Victory") he remains the captain of his soul and retains his interest in books, music and the arts, he is none the less solitary and incomplete. For he has no one to have a "crack" with about such subjects; while his once pretty wife has grown old at an age at which most European women are in their prime. But even if a white man, living in Samoa or Tahiti, keeps clear of all entanglements with native women, he is still not immune from the enmity of fate. If he be a sub-administrator, like "Mackintosh," he is as likely as not to hate his chief, whose joviality, obesity, obscenity and bullying get on his nerves. In which case he connives at his assassination by a native and then blows out his own brains. If he be a missionary, *vide* "Rain," he endeavours, with supreme evangelistic fervour, to convert from the error of her ways a white prostitute, a straggler from Iwelei, the Red Light district of Honolulu. But instead of converting his seeming proselyte—whom, with true New England ferocity, he intends to deport to a San Francisco penitentiary—he succumbs to her wiles one evening and the next day cuts his throat. Such is the picture which Mr. Maugham paints of the White Man's burden in the South Seas, a picture as savage and as gripping as some of the paintings of Goya. But why he should choose as a motto for the picture the following remarkable *pensée* from Sainte-Beuve—"L'extrême félicité à peine séparée par une feuille tremblante de l'extrême désespoir, n'est-ce pas la vie ?"—I cannot quite make out; for the only person in these tales whose existence oscillates between extreme happiness and absolute despair is Lawson, the dipsomaniac who ends his life in "The Pool" in which he had first met his wife. Moreover, I cannot think that the author has made "Rain" quite the successful tale it might have been. This story of respectable passengers held up in a little village and forced into a reluctant intimacy with a prostitute who eventually is compelled to grant her favours to a man she hates is of course a variant on the theme of 'Boule-de-suif," and a most ingenious and powerful variant But De Maupassant's *conte* is pathetic for all its irony; whereas Mr. Maugham's, cleverly as it catches the suspense and irritation of the detained respectables, is somewhat inhuman in its depiction of the missionary and the prostitute, both of whom seem a little too ferocious to be true to type. Indeed the Rev. Mr. Davidson, as an example of the parson in whom the spirit is continually warring with the flesh, is rather melodramatic, reminding me of the erring clerics whom Mr. Henry Arthur Jones used to depict. Surely even the starkest of New England clergymen would draw the line at spending whole nights in the bedroom of a prostitute, in the effort to reclaim her? The Puritan, whether English or American, is not exactly a fool; whereas such "hypocrisy against the Devil" as Mr. Davidson was guilty of is obviously the crassest folly, sheer asking for trouble.

LEWIS BETTANY.

* "The Trembling of a Leaf." Little stories of the South Sea Islands. By W. Somerset Maugham. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

POLITICS AND PASSION IN PARIS.*

What is there to say about the writing of M. Anatole France that has not been said a hundred times before? There is after all only one word that conveys the pervading *motif* of everything he writes: it is the word "Sympathy." Monsieur Bergeret, the dearest of quaint, philosophising professors, is a typical "France" character. Of course the book is not really about M. Bergeret at all. It might just as well have been called "The Affair" (for *L'Affaire Dreyfus* throws its shadow heavily over it) or "A Somewhat Satirical but Wholly Delightful Exposure of Political Methods and Human Weakness," or something equally brief and entertaining! The name does not matter a bit, but the book matters tremendously. It is full of good things, which we can only mention disconnectedly. For instance, says M. Bergeret:

"Why complain that the greatest culprits evade the law and retain their despicable honours? That doesn't matter under the present social system, any more that it mattered, in the days of the earth's infancy, when the great saurians of the primeval oceans were disappearing to make way for creatures more beautiful and of happier instincts, that there still remained stranded, on the slime of the beaches, a few monstrous survivors of a doomed race."

And again, concluding an eloquent exposition of his ideal republic:

"The timid man fears, as he would a future cataclysm, a change which began before he was born, which is going on before his unconscious eyes, and which will become noticeable only in a century's time."

Sketched by M. France's pen, the characters are not merely intriguing politicians and blatant agitators; they present themselves as living men and women—ambitious, modest, unscrupulous, shameless, noble, according to their dispositions. Intrigues of passion are interwoven with political plots. The beautiful Clotilde discusses elections almost literally in the arms of a lover; the young Lacrisse assaults equally the virtue and the purse of his adoring Baroness. At one moment a duchess holds the stage; at another a working carpenter explains to M. Bergeret that

"Socialism, which stands for truth, should also stand for justice and kindliness, that everything just and kindly must come from it as naturally as the apple comes from the apple-tree."

For the rest, the only words one reads with regret are those on page 286—"The End."

F. D. G.

IRISH POETS OF TO-DAY.†

It is difficult to think that Miss Walters' anthology can supply any considerable demand. There is nothing in it which will cause any admirers of Irish poetry to prefer it to Mr. Gregory's far fuller collection which appeared just before the war; and Miss Walters' selection, meagre though it is, does not show any particular signs of a rare or difficult taste. All one can hope is that this little book falls into the hands of some readers who are still unacquainted with Irish contemporary poetry. If it does, they will get a very fair introduction to the best of A. E. and of Mr. Yeats and to the minor poetry of their followers. Miss Talbot includes some dead poets, including some as remote as Lionel Johnson; it is the odder that she should not have any verse of Emily Lawless; while among living poets the omission of Mrs. Lynd is inexcusable, and Miss Mitchell should certainly have more than one poem in an anthology which gives four specimens of Miss Letts' verses for recitation. Vincent O'Sullivan, too, has claims to be included, and it is ridiculous to have nothing by any of the Graves—A. P., C. L. or the younger Robert. Apart from the two great names of George Russell and William Yeats, the best poets are undoubtedly Padraic Colum and James Stephens. To end with a note of praise is pleasant, and we are glad that we can congratulate Miss Walters on giving ample space to the whimsical, individual talent of Mr. Stephens. If he were English, and lived within the call of coteries, he would long ago have been acknowledged as the little master he is.

R. E. R.

* "Monsieur Bergeret in Paris." By Anatole France. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

† "Irish Poets of To-Day." By L. D.'O. Walters. 8s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

ESSAYS IN THE OLDEN STYLE.*

This is the eleventh volume of Mr. Paul Elmer More's "Shelburne Essays," a series I have often heard of, but, till now, have never actually known. Reader, mock me not! I know I ought to have read these volumes. I know that everybody else has read them; but consider, in your turn, all the books you are assumed to have read, and haven't. At least I can say that, having read the eleventh volume of Mr. More, I am heartily ready, and even resolved, to read the precedent ten.

America is a dear old country. It clings to all the old institutions, even to the essay in criticism. In our own vigorous go-ahead land we have shed all that sort of thing. We rattle up the old reputations in a weekly "muddle," and, intimating in brief asides that Milton is a scream, Wordsworth a guy, Bach a bore and Beethoven a bogey, proceed to laud the works of Snook for the dynamic immanence of their rhythmic incertitudes. America, in its courtly leisure, prefers the older fashion; and here we have Mr. Paul Elmer More calmly handing out eleven volumes of quiet constructive criticism, wide in range, comprehensive in learning and entirely free from hysteria, gyration, perversity, and other admired modern virtues. It couldn't be done on this side!

The first essay in the present volume deals with a subject new to most readers in Old England, namely, the early poetry of New England. This seems to me a model paper of its kind. It does just what the thirty-page essay should do; it brings a diffuse and uncouth subject within the limits of genuine interest and stimulating information. No one is required to know a great deal about the literary aspirations of seventeenth century enthusiasts inhabiting primitive settlements on the Atlantic coast, but we are all the better for knowing as much as Mr. More tells us, especially as he calls our attention to the positive qualities, as well as to the deficiencies, of the originating Puritanism.

From poetry the author passes to the great and terrible prose figure of Jonathan Edwards, apostle of hell-fire, whose treatise on free-will and necessity Hazlitt (son of a Unitarian exile) declares to be written with more power of logic and more spirit of philosophy than any other metaphysical work in the language. Emerson, Charles Eliot Norton and Henry Adams have interesting essays to themselves and then Mr. More turns to our side of the Atlantic, and, ignoring the George Borrow promised us on the outside wrapper, discusses Samuel Butler, Lord Morley, and the ancient and modern dons of Oxford. Upon the prophet Samuel his hand is rather heavy, and young men who have dated the beginning of literature from "The Way of all Flesh" may therefore be cross at finding Mr. More pronouncing it "bitter, malignant, base, dishonourable and dishonest" even while he calls it "a powerful book, even a great book in a way." I think Mr. More's view is very sane. People should not try to make a philosopher out of an eccentric who had no philosophy. Butler was a male spinster, full of odd and whimsical ideas, some of which were piercingly true, and some merely silly. As usual with eccentrics he was most attached to some of the silliest. Young people think they are being like Butler if they throw mud at old reputations; it might be well if they tried to be like Butler in knowing how to write.

Our essayist is curiously hostile to Lord Morley and his "Recollections." I confess I find those celebrated volumes almost too good to be true—a little too composed, too sedulously serene, and lacking in human impulse and frailty. But Mr. More's charge is different. He finds a fundamental insincerity in Lord Morley, as shown in his acceptance of Oxford's traditional culture and his rejection of Oxford's traditional religion, in his hostility to the House of Lords and his being a member of that House, in his praise both of Burke and of Rousseau, in his calm enjoyment of English aristocratic elegance and his political doctrines inimical to aristocratic elegance. I think Mr. More is a little too exigent and detached in his virtue.

* "A New England Group and Others." By Paul Elmer More. 12s. net. (Constable.)

We do not, in fact, live at extremes. There is no inconsistency in a philosophical Radical's practical enjoyment of the country house that the philosophical extremity of his Radicalism might theoretically tend to destroy. One is a fact and the other a logical extreme. It is the old dilemma about liberty over again. I believe wholeheartedly in political liberty, although political liberty may come to mean the tyranny of a majority that will deny me liberty. Mr. More's countrymen believe that we are all born free; but they won't allow anybody freedom to drink a glass of wine and, in some states, not even freedom to smoke a cigarette. Personally I think these prohibitions fundamentally wrong, though I think the liberty that leaves them free to prohibit fundamentally right.

Mr. More himself is certainly sincere, and his essays have just the quality that is lacking in the present world—they have character. He writes with ease and a touch of distinction. He has, moreover, his own philosophy of the universe, which he intimates clearly without forcing it into prominence. I must certainly get those other ten volumes.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

MR. PIM. By A. A. Milne. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

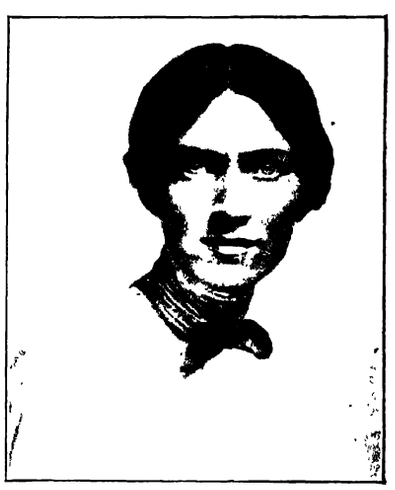
When we saw the play on which this novel has been framed we could not help wondering if Mr. Milne had taken his idea, or the germ of it, from Browning's "Pippa," and perhaps the very sound of Pim encourages the guess. Where the original touch comes in is to turn the poet's lesson in optimism into a whimsical chance interference where the interloper in the action is an eccentric and chatty old oddity, and there is no possible opening for resentment. But with the true instinct of an artist, Mr. Milne knew that it was of no use turning an old gentleman loose into a nest of young people and disturbing things generally without bringing him in at the end. Too many of our playwrights invent characters, just as cooks take down kitchen saucepans—with hardly a care as to what is to become of these humble and helpless instruments afterwards. We venture to think there was hardly a visitor to the theatre while this play was on who failed to listen, by a sort of premonition, for the final touch of unexpectedness or who failed to enjoy it at the close. We have all laughed aforetime at the French peasant who was unable to direct the inquiring passer-by, and then, after disappearing with apologies, came running to overtake the traveller and apologise because his brother was as uninformed as himself. That is Mr. Pim all over. We shall desire his better acquaintance, or certainly with his kind, and Mr. Milne will not find fault with us for taking casual aspects and touches of his main character, when he has been at such pains to remind us in the preface here how the dramatist must "know all about anybody who steps into his play before he can show the least little angle of the character correctly to his audience." In other words, there is no "still life" on the stage, no hit-or-miss, no improvisation, and this is one of its secrets that a fine artist like Mr. Milne has fathomed with benefit to his audience and success for himself—not to mention the entertainment of the reader now that he has turned his play into a most diverting novel.

MARTIN CONISBY'S VENGEANCE. By Jeffery Farnol. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Jeffery Farnol has more than justified the expectations formed of him when it was announced that he was forsaking the leafy woods and russet-roofed hamlets of Kent for the high seas of adventure and the stirring days of the Spanish Main. That particular region has certainly had its share of stirring, and some of our venturesome novelists have put it in a state of ferment without bringing any new flavour or relish out of it, still less the real authentic wine of romance. But Mr. Farnol has several qualities which the bulk of his rivals lack—invention and resource in the way of action, a true instinct for the popular heroic, a rich vocabulary, and force and colour in the way of dialogue. In "Black Bartlemy's Treasure" it was impossible to deny that he was following to a certain extent in the wake of "The Gold Bug" and "Treasure Island," and the bloodthirsty revenge he laid upon his hero grew somewhat monotonous before the end, as indeed it does even in "Hamlet." But in the present sequel he registers a decided improvement, and the same hero rises to the full proportions of idealism by renouncing his vengeance after all, chiefly through pity for his intended victim. As a matter of fact there was a probability of this from the first when we learned that the hated and intolerable Sir Richard Brandon was the father of Martin's goddess Joan, and no romancer yet ever allowed a prospective son-in-law to slay his sweetheart's relatives unless he was devising an unhappy ending, as in "Maud." Accordingly we are prepared to find that when Martin, after dark and troublous and chequered experiences, lights upon the long-sought Sir Richard in the torture cells of the Inquisition, vengeance gives place to pity, and Sir Richard perishes by other causes, leaving his blessing on the pair of parted lovers. But if there is no surprise in this there is any amount throughout the book, and some of the author's contrivings in this line rise far above the ordinary level of arbitrary misdirection and cross-purposes. It is a story which progresses at a tremendous pace through a succession of real adventures, and the interest is sustained from the gloomy start to the triumphant finish.

THE HEART OF THE DESERT. By Honoré Willsie. 8s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

The interest of this novel centres upon racial antagonism—the innate distaste of the white for the idea of marriage into a coloured people. Cartwell, or "Kut-le," was a North American Indian, a college man, able to hold his own in a modern drawing-room; but he "reverted" to the extent of abducting by force the white woman he loved, and the story tells of the pursuit of this Apache by the furious white people whom he had thus outraged. The Indian had a sense of honour, and by sheer knowledge of the desert ways and skill on the trail he outwitted his former friends time after time. Meanwhile, after a period of intense suffering, Rhoda, the girl he had captured, regained her health through the strenuous open-air life; and her gradual change in outlook, her slow realisation that her captor had a character not to be despised, is cleverly indicated. The finish is the discomfiture of the white fiancé, and a wedding, with all on friendly terms; whether happiness could be the ultimate result is not at all certain. But that point does not enter into the scheme of the book, although it is not evaded entirely; and if the reader feels a sense of dissatisfaction at the idea of the victory of the savage who has at best a thin veneer of Western education, it is not strong enough to spoil his interest in a well-written novel of stirring scenes and momentous adventures.



Miss Honoré Willsie.

THE MAN FROM TURKEY. By G. B. Burgin. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

We rather wish that Mr. Burgin had given us more of Turkey when planning this novel, for the first chapters are

so full of action that, when the scene is transferred to the village of Little Hockleigh, and normal life is presented, we miss the excitement. The two men who return, barely with their lives, from running a copper mine in Turkey, are Panmore and Dicky Spenser, his secretary. The latter goes to his old friends in Little Hockleigh, the Delvines, a family of three, the third being a beautiful daughter. He possesses £50 a year, and they, though credited with riches, have little besides enormous debts. They are the centre of an interesting group of people, whose ways and characters are described with Mr. Burgin's familiar light and amusing touch. Of course Dicky falls in love, and when Panmore comes to set things right at a moment of tragic crisis, he also loses his heart. Pildick, "a perambulating beer-barrel," his enormous wife, who literally sits on her husband as a punishment for being drunk, and Mr. Rivers, the would-be village magnate, provide the comic element to a story which is in Mr. Burgin's usual optimistic and cheerful vein.

WANDERING FIRES. By Dolf Wyllarde. 8s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

All cinema aspirants should read this novel—as well as those many admirers of Miss Dolf Wyllarde's work who *will* read it without being advised to. It gives a shrewd insight into cinema life behind the screen, the sweet and the bitter of it; the hardships of the novice and the supers, the triumphs of the successful, in a manner characteristically free and buoyant, yet with touches of that stark realism always to be found in Miss Wyllarde's books. The studio and the ever-shifting scenes of the movies form a fresh and attractive background to the experiences of Mary Trefusis who, thrown upon her own resources, decides to take up film-acting as a profession. She has beauty and charm to aid her, a radiant personality and a reckless impetuosity which make her a very fascinating, if not altogether convincing heroine. Her flirtations, her daring, her zest for adventure, keep the reader on tenterhooks, wondering what she will do next. It is not surprising that she should not come out of the dazzling carnival of life unscathed; for, as Eddie Thorne says, she is bound to follow wandering fires—and wandering fires too often lead to disillusion and heartache. It is an excellent story throughout, even though severe critics may protest that on some points it falls short of the high standard we have grown to expect from the writer—a story of intense lights and shades, of vivid characterisation, swift action, powerful emotion, and withal of kindly humour and large-hearted sympathy.

THE OLD HOUSE. By Cécile Tormay. Translated by E. Torday. 8s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

"The Old House" is a novel dealing with life in Pest from about 1830 to 1870. It traces the flourishing of a great building business under its founder, and its decadence and bankruptcy in the hands of his incapable son and pleasure-loving grandson. A number of small, intimate touches give the story a certain distinction, and there is something pleasantly ironic in the conversion into an Hungarian hero and martyr of a fond old granduncle who is shot dead one night by an Austrian bullet while signalling to his grandniece. But the tones in which Cécile Tormay composes her work are so low and the characters are so static that the present reviewer is bound to confess that he found "The Old House" rather dull. There should be pathos in the situation of the granddaughter fervently attached to the old house and married to an Hungarian magnate whose whole aim is to transplant her to his own domain in the country. Yet somehow or other the whole thing leaves you cold. All the dramatis personæ, except possibly the Master Builder, about whom after all you get to know very little, seem so very tepid and undervitalised. You cannot help thinking what Louis Couperus would have made out of so very promising a theme. Every page would have been alive with interest; every little incident and character would have gripped.

THE MAN FROM THE WILDS. By Harold Bindloss. 7s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Those who know their Harold Bindloss will anticipate the plot of "The Man from the Wilds"—a cumbered, badly managed estate in the Dales of Yorkshire with a mine which has not been worked so much as messed about. John Wreay, born in Canada, finds with mingled feelings that he has been appointed trustee. He returns to England and quickly realises that an education in the rustling of his own grub and the hustling of lumberjacks has not put him wise as to the best way of dealing with a high-spirited ward who has previously decided that she is not part of the property to be managed by the trustee. Harold Bindloss knows his Yorkshire and Cumberland and the men that are raised there, and no less the fierce face of Nature way up by the Barrens and the demand she makes on soul and body. He has given us a stimulating tale of a man fighting not for position but for possession of himself and the girl he loves.

A MAN FOUR-SQUARE. By William Macleod Raine. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

Whether the "Man" of the title was Billie Prince, the cow-puncher who took the right turning and became sheriff, or his great friend Jim Clanton, who took the wrong turning and earned fame as a "killer," is not quite clear; the point, however, is not important. What matters is that we have a first-class novel of the genuine Wild West order, packed with hair-raising adventures and narrow escapes, and with a spice of real love to keep the balance fair. Not by any means would we convey the impression that this is a machine-made yarn; for even though it may follow the familiar lines no reader who begins it will easily set it down, and there are some good character-studies in it. Jim Clanton was a youngster with plenty of the right stuff in him, but his training was wrong to begin with, and he nursed a vendetta against the betrayer of his sister, so there was every likelihood that he would gradually acquire a morbid outlook and come to grief. There are some exceedingly tense situations between him and his enemies, and pages of dialogue that set the reader on edge to know what is going to happen when the shooting begins. Mr. Raine's book is worthy of inclusion among the best of the Wild West class.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR. By Leonid Andreieff. 3s. 6d. (Daniel)

AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE KING WAS DEAD. By Leonid Andreieff. 2s. 6d. (Daniel)

Leonid Andreieff is held in high esteem in Russia for the power of his prose. It seems a pity that Russian fiction as a whole is a procession of gloom. Andreieff displays not a gleam of light in "His Excellency the Governor," nor "And It Came to Pass That the King Was Dead." They are written under the direct influence of Tolstoy, but have none of Tolstoy's gentleness. Peter Iljitch, the Governor of an obscure Russian town, is a harmless, fussy old man who in an evil moment of irritation gives an order to the military which results in the killing of many men, women and children. The rest of his short time on earth is spent in a stupefied remorse for what he has done; and he finds a welcome relief from his travails in his own assassination. Conditions in the town remain precisely as they were before, with the exception that a younger and more active governor comes along. The atmosphere of this little novel is like that of Tartarus, though there is dignity in the writing. "And It Came to Pass That the King Was Dead" tells of a revolution and the beheading of a king, narrated with tremendous force expressed in simple language. The scene of the execution is a simplification of Carlyle, a wonderful passage describing the guillotining of Louis XVI: "With sudden crash the drum-beat ceased. The tiny figure raised its little hand, let it fall, raised it again. Surely he speaks, but no sound comes. What is he saying? The drums roll out, tearing the air in a thousand quivering tatters, making it impossible to hear. . . . Something moves on the scaffold. The little figure has

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disappeared. They are beheading it." The purpose of the narrative is revealed in a couple of sentences: "Authority must die!" says a regicide. "Slavery must be done to death," says a philosopher. There is no authority, there are only slaves. There is a great spiritual truth in that last sentence of Andreieff's

THE LAW OF THE FOUR JUST MEN. By Edgar Wallace. 7s 6d net. (Hodder & Stoughton,)

As readers of Mr. Wallace's previous book, "The Four Just Men," will know, the papers described them as an organisation of four exceedingly rich men pledged to mete out justice to criminals whom the law failed to punish. This may pass, withal the organisation was more of a happy comradeship between men who followed their own individual methods of tracking the prey, and had their own grimly humorous ideas of poetic justice for those whom the law failed to have or to hold We shall surely have yet more accounts of their exploits, for there is no lack of criminals of the type they love to hunt, and there will always be a public for a writer like Mr. Wallace who carries us along with a heartening swing from incident to incident until we reach the climax—with never an anti-climax. His style, with its crisp, straightforward sentences void of all irrelevance of thought or suggestion, is admirably adapted to the work in hand The reader enters with keen zest into the spirit of the game, but—if ever I break the law I am going to give myself up to the police without delay lest worse befall me

CONFLICT. By Henrietta Leslie 7s 6d net (Collins)

The conflict which is the theme of this well conceived and well written novel is that waged in the spirit of Philip Basing between his ideals and his desires A poor boy, the son of a socialist mother who is devoted to "the Cause," he too, becomes a socialist, and in time a leader of Labour. Sent into Parliament, he develops as a speaker and gathers weight in the House and in his own party until he can legitimately look forward to becoming the leader of the Labour party in the Commons But he has a fatal sense of beauty, the beauty of life, and of material things, and forgetting his mother's word "beauty is service," he turns to external beauty Falling in love with Monica Menzies, daughter of a pillar of one of the opposing parties in the House, he allows her father to persuade him to secede from Labour as the necessary step to win consent to his marriage with Monica. Monica, however, will not countenance Philip's defection from what his soul tells him is right, and he loses her. Some years later he marries a wealthy, selfish, ultra-modern woman who is unfaithful to him. Tribulation teaches him the lesson that a man must be true to his own soul, and he leaves his luxurious home, gives up his seat, and goes out alone, free of possessions, to try to find himself once more We are led to think that Monica, whose friendship comforts him in his last ordeal, may become once more central to his life, but a good deal is left somewhat vague, disappointingly so, for the book contains no little wisdom, and is written with a great deal of witty phrasing, and the author shows considerable dramatic and creative power.

The Bookman's Table.

THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS. By J. M. Barrie. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

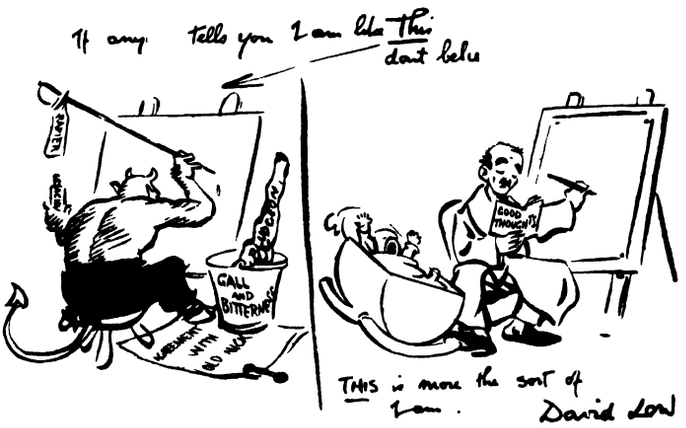
To the growing set of Barrie's wonderful dramatic inventions we have now to add the four short plays formerly published as "Echoes of the Great War." Besides the titular piece there are "The New Word," "Barbara's Wedding" and "A Well-Remembered Voice." In all of them the writer's uncanny dominion over our smiles and tears is quietly and irresistibly asserted. When contentious generals, admirals and ministers are all struggling to show what the real truth about the war is, the great and decisive part they played in it, what a pleasure it is to turn to the real heroes of the war at home—to indomitable, great-hearted old creatures like the charwoman who is the heroine of the first play! Barrie has now rightly removed the war-time reference from the title of his volume; but his four playlets still remain as a precious contribution to the real soul-story of the war.

LOVE AND UNLOVE. By Harold Child 6s (Duckworth.)

Those who are disciples of Edward Carpenter and adherents to the newer sexual morality, will welcome the publication in book form of the articles on love, friendship and marriage which Mr. Harold Child has recently contributed to the Woman's Supplement of *The Times*. The key-note of these papers is to be found in the introduction, where the author makes the very significant declaration: "I cannot see that the legal terms on which two people start living together matter nearly as much as the physical, moral and spiritual terms on which they go on living together" When you remember that "Love's Coming of Age" was published some twenty-five years ago you will realise how slow has been the penetration of the national consciousness by common-sense views of sexual and marital relations In no other country in Europe would the recent address of Lord Dawson to the Church Congress have been regarded as anything but a statement of medical opinion long overdue. It would never have fluttered the dovecotes of Paris, of Berlin, of Vienna, or of Brussels, but have been recognised as a belated appreciation of incontestable truths Those who regard our isolation from the main tide of European thought on sexual matters as a loss and not as a gain will find matter for much pondering in Mr. Child's charming and sensitive essays.

MAN: THE LORD OF CREATION. By Low (Putnams.)

In one sense Low, the *Star* cartoonist, surpasses Shakespeare he is not only famous enough to do without a Christian name, but the man in the street does not even know what it is or whether he ever had one On the title page of his new book, "Man: The Lord of Creation," he is simply Low once again, and in the series of drawings that follow the title page he is again the Low whose every-evening drolleries have added so much to the gaiety of a nation that at present has not too much to laugh about. You glance through the pictures once, and are tickled by their broad fun; you go over them a second time, and become aware of a certain caustic touch in them, of an underlying homily, and one that is abruptly and forcibly driven home by the coffin on the last page, which is labelled "The End." The sketches are clever, grotesque, too farcical for anything but laughter, and that is precisely



"Low"

Author of "Man: The Lord of Creation" (Putnams).
What he is like and what he is not like. Drawn by himself.

what man himself is as lord of creation, when Low strips the gilt off the situation, and jestingly shows you the bare meaning of it. There is wisdom in Low's wit, and more truth in his blithe absurdities than in most of the teachings of more solemn philosophers

THE FURROWED EARTH. By Gertrude Bone 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

"The Furrowed Earth," unlike most modern books of verse, has a definite subject and purpose Gertrude Bone may not be a great poetess, but if she maintains through life as definite a purpose as she has through this book there is no particular reason why she should not become one. She has not a very quick perception of beauty, yet, to her, loveliness wears rather the face of an old familiar friend, like the furrowed earth of which she writes Often her verse is rough and bare:

> "What spuming sea
> Sent forth those bitter arrowflights of rain,"—

and she is somewhat lacking in the lyric sense But in understanding of metre, its beats, its dignities, its hidden repetitions, Gertrude Bone stands far above the ordinary level of verse writers Excellent in this respect is:

> "If I saw a child's face raised to the element,
> Searching the moon,
> Scanning her seas of tranquility, rainbows and reverie"

As a personal choice one selects "Love" as the best poem in the book, wondering how many readers will agree. Incidentally the illustrations by Stephen Bone are delightful

LAST STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY. By H B Irving 15s net (Collins)

These final studies by the late H B Irving are in his best manner, but they tell stories that almost make us despair of mankind They all describe miscarriages of justice and the sufferings of innocent men France provides three the cases of Lesurques, La Roncière and Peter Vaux, and, to check any assumption of insular superiority, we have also the English case of Beck Lesurques suffered in the eighteenth century, La Roncière and Vaux in the first half of the nineteenth Beck's sentences were passed in 1808 and 1904 The story is almost incredible Here we have a man twice identified with another person to whom he bore no resemblance One of the men was a circumcised Jew, and the other was not, but though the real culprit's circumcision was duly recorded in the prison records, the uncircumcised man was called by the other's name, and treated as the same person with the same record! What seems so terrible in all Mr Irving's stories is not the honest mistake that may cost an innocent man his life, but the almost eager pleasure with which witnesses will come forward and lightly swear away innocent lives and characters with the virtuous air of persons performing valuable public service A reading of these terrible stories is not only enthralling but instructive It may help to make us think a little less of law and a little more of mercy. The tendency of men to make themselves judges over their fellows is one we must study to suppress Not every man is called to the state and office of Rhadamanthus; but most of us behave as if we were.

TURNS OF FORTUNE. By Robert Holmes 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Holmes has seen life as a police missionary, and his tales continue to be fresh. There is something singularly attractive in his stories of men and women rescued from unpromising surroundings, and sometimes making good. He does not set himself to write tracts. He is too wise for that. He tells us tales of life, and if he moralises a little, it is sensible moralising. He has to help lame dogs over stiles. Some of them turn out curs, but that does not make him cynical. Some improve, but in telling their history he does not point the moral inartistically These eight or nine sketches are both good stories and social documents. We like especially "Stevens and Son," "In Diamond Lane" and "At a Country Rectory."

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Music.

THREE MUSICAL INNOVATORS.

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III Igor Stravinsky.



Photo by E. N. A. **M. Igor Stravinsky.**

THE idea of taking a side in the wordy conflict which has raged round the music of Stravinsky is very far from my mind. One party has lauded him to the skies; and in consequence he has suffered badly in the awful smash over the Debussy "In Memoriam" piece. A leader of the opposing party claims that he buried him effectually after the last performance of "Le Sacre du Printemps" at the Prince's Theatre. Let the critics write as long as they like (I wonder the editors don't stop them), and talk as loudly as they like (there is no help here, for the days of good manners are past and gone), the music of Stravinsky remains just where it was before (good music, like murder, will out), and this musical personality remains just as interesting, and not a whit more or less.

In the midst of a continuous hurly-burly of words, which is nearly always taken up with mere matters of opinion, it is curious how the few emerging things, accepted widely as matters of fact, are hopelessly wrong. One of these cherished delusions is that Stravinsky eschews all that has been written—harmony, form, accepted melody, etc.—and "starts afresh with Sound itself." But Stravinsky had to use some definite and acceptable scale system, just as Cesanne and Gauguin, great discoverers as they were, were compelled to use line and colour, like every other artist in the world. It was the musical "futurists" of the little but noisy Marinetti-Pratella group who used Sound in the concrete; but they never got past the stage of children playing with tea-trays.

A South Wales musician who gives hundreds of lecture-lessons for the Workers' Educational Association, told me some years ago that he had an old schoolmaster (an Oxford M.A.) in one of his course-classes, who said to him, after his explanation of scales, "But they don't write tunes on *scales*, do they?" Yes; they all have to do so: even Stravinsky.

We are curiously narrow-minded on the question of scales; and most people regard any series outside the major or minor modes as new. There are scores of wonderful scales, little used as yet, and hundreds of others which are sufficiently recognisable for use. It is a composer's business to make his scale clearly felt. Stravinsky (like Scriabin, Debussy, Scott, Goossens and others) uses the dodecuple (or duo-decimal) scale provided for him by the piano-keyboard. He may, or may not, imagine his chords on this system; but he gets them *played* through that system, in any case.

Another delusion about Stravinsky is that he is a composer of programme-music. It is a vague term, and Stravinsky uses it for refuting critics, in one sense, whilst his critics attach an altogether different meaning to it. The latter wrongly imagine that any music connected with a drama, or a ballet, or having a literary foundation is "programme-music." But programme-music as a creed began with Liszt, was continued by Strauss and ended with—shall we say Elgar's "Falstaff"? Programme-music depends upon some verbal description given in the concert programme-book in your hand, and it is based on the system of using *leit-motiven*, or representative themes invariably associated with a certain person, idea, or situation throughout the piece. Wagner applied it to opera, but Stravinsky uses it not at all. He saturates himself with a subject and writes—*music*. The musical tracts which Musorgsky only explored, were annexed and acquired by Stravinsky. Like Musorgsky he threw off the abstract theories of pattern, sequence, and figure development. He freed music from the extra-musical philosophy (Strauss, later Beethoven), poetry (Wagner, Wolf) and pictorial considerations (Schumann and the Romantics) which placed shackles on its wings, and he lets his Muse soar, push, investigate, sing, or even disgust, as the stimulus urges him. This, of course, is not to say that he uses no outside stimulus; but having obtained his incitement to musical creation, he either kicks away the preliminary scaffolding (too strong a word), or is quite willing to have it kicked away.

A third delusion is obviously the manufacture of the musical chemists, who wish to label all the various techniques of composers and who talk of Stravinsky as a past-master in the art of elimination, economy, and elliptic methods. But this is approaching the question with a biased mind. You cannot elide what was never there, nor ought ever to be there. Stravinsky's empiric methods take him to expression of the most direct kind and from this point of view he makes other methods seem conventional and verbose. But no one is more conventional than Stravinsky when he repeats some short savage rhythm for eighteen or twenty bars at a time. This is the convention of primitive man; the other, of civilised man. Stravinsky is dealing with primitive subjects; but even so, he cannot get away from convention.

As Stravinsky is only thirty-nine—much is still possible in the way of composition, if not in further innovations. He was born on the Oranienbaum estate, near Petrograd. His father was a bass singer, taking

Varlaam (in "Boris Godunoff") amongst many other parts at the Maryinsky Theatre. The boy was educated for the legal profession, and for his piano-playing he was placed under the charge of a Rubinstein pupil. Three meetings seem to have been all-important to his musical career—with Rimsky-Korsakoff at Heidelberg in 1902, which resulted in regular lessons with him in composition; with his wife, for it was in 1906, the year of his marriage, that he decided to devote himself entirely to composition; and with Diagilheff, in 1909, as he commissioned many and produced most of the pieces which have made Stravinsky famous.

Up to the present the works of Stravinsky divide into two groups: those written before "The Fire-Bird" (1910) and those after. In the first group we find an early symphony (written when studying with Rimsky-Korsakoff), a Suite for voice and orchestra on Pushkin's "Faun and Shepherdess," an orchestral "Fantastic Scherzo," inspired by Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee," two songs to words by Serge Gododetsky, four piano studies, "Five Easy Pieces" for piano-duet (played at the Steinway Hall in July last by Leginska and Catherine van der Roest) and two *pièces d'occasion*—"Fireworks" (for the marriage of Sonia, Rimsky-Korsakoff's niece, to M. Steinberg the composer), and "Funeral Song" in commemoration of his master's death.

It was in 1909 whilst he was engaged on the first part of "The Nightingale" that he attracted Diagilheff's attention, and since that time the composer and this great Russian entrepreneur have frequently co-operated. But before "The Nightingale" was finished, Stravinsky had commenced and completed "The Fire-Bird," evidently at Diagilieff's suggestion; for it was Fokin who arranged the Russian fairy tale and invented the choreography. "The Fire-Bird" music, belonging to the earlier period rather than to the later, reveals a certain relationship with Glinka's "Russlan" (1842) as well as Musorgsky's "The Marriage-Broker" and "The Fair at Sorotchinsh." The original orchestration demands two piccolos, three flutes, three oboes, one cor anglais, four clarinets, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, two double bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, one tuba, percussion, celesta, piano, three harps and strings; but the work has since been arranged as a concert suite for a conventional orchestra (which seems to me a pity).

"The Nightingale" (on Hans Andersen's fairy tale), though begun in 1909, was not finished until early in 1914, when it was given in Sir Joseph Beecham's Russian season at Drury Lane. Stravinsky, believing that music "may be married to gesture or to words, but not to both without committing bigamy," called his work, not an opera, but a Lyrical Tale; and caused his chief singing character to be invisible. There are three acts, the first representing his earlier musical style, hardly being homogeneous with the other two. It was probably this disparity which caused the composer to write a new version, transforming the original opera into a ballet in two scenes, where what is sung by the human voice in the opera is given to instruments. It is not intended however that one version shall supersede

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the other, and there are still many who prefer the original vocal version to the Paris performance of 1920; for the scenic action becomes somewhat difficult to follow without the words.

Whereas in "The Fire-bird" the orchestral commentary takes a leading place, in the burlesque "Petruschka" the actual ballet is taken whole-heartedly into the scheme of things, a fact which may be accounted for by the collaboration of Mr. Alexandre Benois in designing the four tableaux. The scene is laid in Petrograd about 1830; and in the midst of the carnival in Admiralty Square appears an old magician of Oriental aspect who displays to the crowd his three animated puppets—Petruschka, the Dancer, and the Moor, all endowed by his enchantments with human attributes and sentiments. Full of humorous touches, biting realisms, and picturesque events, and permeated with the true spirit of Russian folk-song, it is to my mind Stravinsky's finest work.

With the greater claims of the actual ballet in "The Rite of Springtime," the composer makes his music more direct, economical, increasingly physical and consequently more challenging. We have experienced the piece under three forms—with the original Nijinsky choreography in 1914 (unquestionably the most powerful presentment), with the new choreography by Massine (probably because the new and more cosmopolitan members of the 1921 ballet do not know the original presentation) and as a concert version, by Mr. Eugène Goossens. Whereas it stood the concert test splendidly, the new choreography let the work down badly.

At a concert of Stravinsky Chamber Music given by Mr. Ansermet in July, 1920, we heard the methods of "The Rite" applied to smaller and lighter subjects: "The History of a Soldier," the "Berceuses du Chat" (contralto voice and three clarinets) and "Pribaoutky" (four songs for voice and chamber orchestra). Musically they add very little to the Stravinsky of the ballets.

It is when we come to such things as the Symphony for wood-wind orchestra, in memory of Debussy, that we pause. The excuse that it was badly performed at the Kussevitschky concert in June is disquieting when coupled with the conductor's explanation that it was only owing to the composer's last moment importunity that it was performed at all.

"Ragtime" is frankly a skit, and a satire at the same time. It is written for the curious orchestra of two violins, viola, and double bass (no cello), flute, clarinet, horn, cornet, trombone, percussion and cymbalum, an instrument in which the composer is greatly interested. It is a brilliant parody of a fashion whose force is now fortunately nearly spent.

The arrangement of Pergolesi's ballet for the production of "Pulcinello" need only be recorded here. Amongst other recent publications, there are the "Three Japanese Lyrics"; and rumour has it that the composer is now working at a new mystic ballet, entitled "Svadebka."

Stravinsky resides in Switzerland where the beautiful scenery inspires him, just as it did Tchaikovsky and Scriabin in earlier times; but though a cosmopolitan in general, his music is nearly always endowed with a strong tinge of nationality, none the less valuable for being more subtle than the methods of those who use actual folk-song material for their themes.

PIONEERS OF THE KEYBOARD.*

A famous French critic once calmly proclaimed that the supremacy of England in the realm of poetry is as indisputable as the supremacy of Greece in the realm of sculpture. That assertion (quite unquestionably true) may be commended to the notice of the hard-faced persons who consider that the supremacy of England is to be sought in regions nearer to Throgmorton Street, or Dublin Castle, than to the twin peaks of Parnassus. In the realm of music we cannot claim supremacy; but, as I pointed out recently in a notice of Purcell, we can claim something like priority. The historian of music, considering opera, has very soon to discuss Purcell; and, considering counterpoint, he positively must begin with the almost miraculous "Sumer is icumen in."

In what may be called, roughly, pianoforte music (taking the existing piano to represent all the extinct tribe of keyboard plus strings, however the notes were produced), our priority is well maintained. Here, for instance, in this most admirable set of volumes, for which we cannot find due words of praise, so excellently are they edited and produced, we have John Blow, born in 1648; William Croft, born in 1677; Jerry Clarke, born in 1669, Ben Rogers, born in 1614, and others whose birth, like that of Jeames, is "wropt in mystry"; and the point to be observed about them all is that the pieces here given are not curiosities or historical survivals, but genuine musical inventions, fit to be played by any pianist and to delight any audience. Here we have the kind of pieces that Bach was afterwards to make famous in his French and English Suites. Here we have the "Grounds" (pieces constructed on a repeated ground bass) that were to come to such later perfection in the mighty Passacaglia in C minor for organ and the finale of Brahms's Fourth Symphony. But they are not mere anticipatory embryos. They are fine and exquisitely moulded compositions.

The two volumes of Croft, in particular, are a real addition to the pianist's library. Everybody knows one composition of Croft's—the hymn tune "St. Anne," to the words "O God, our help in ages past," perhaps the best hymn tune we have; but not everybody knows even one of the dozen Suites here made available. I really don't see how any self-respecting recitalist can avoid including William Croft henceforth in his concert programmes. I commend him and indeed all his fellows here collected, to the notice of Mr. Harold Samuel, most pious and musicianly of all our English pianists.

Mr. Fuller-Maitland is entitled to the gratitude of every music lover for the care he has bestowed on these pieces. I admire specially his courage in rejecting some of the "ornaments" which were the only means by which a note on the old instruments could be prolonged. On a modern piano, with its considerable sustaining power, the continual "shakes" are not only unnecessary, but actually irritating.

We must not forget a word of praise for Messrs. Chester, who, ever courageous for the ultra-moderns, are not unmindful of the English ancients. These volumes are the most remarkable three-shillings'-worths now obtainable.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Contemporaries of Purcell: John Blow (2 vols.); William Croft (2 vols.); Jeremiah Clark (1 vol.); Various Composers (2 vols)." Selected and edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. 3s. net per vol. (Chester.)

LUTES AND LYRICS.*

Strange it is to think that a mere three hundred years ago—no distance at all as Time's crow flies—the lute was as popular as the pianoforte is now. The lute, which shares with the organ the boast of being the first instrument for which music was expressly composed, is of immense antiquity. Originally an Arab invention, *el'ud*, it began as a half-gourd fitted with a resonance-board—its strings of silk, played with a shell or quill plectrum. Later, it developed into a more craftsmanlike affair, built of twenty-one maple-wood pieces—flat-faced, round-backed, decked with three rosettes, and possessing eight strings, strung in pairs. By the Elizabethan period, the lute, at the height of its glory, was an ornate pear-shaped creation charmingly decorated with ivory, tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, and with "knots" or roses patterned on its sound-board. For this beautiful structure with its manifold strings, the great lute-masters of the seventeenth century composed their finest "ayres," words and music, often treating the lute as a definite independent part rather than an *obbligato*.

The lute, however, having reached this zenith, fell into a slow decline. Although J. S. Bach left a *partita* for it among his MSS., there is no instance of any engraved publication after 1760 for the poor neglected instrument. It is now represented by guitars, mandolins and the like—dim echoes, shapes and shadows. The lute, briefly, was the fine flower of a certain era "when Music, heavenly maid, was young"—Music, still youngest of all the arts.

Dr. Edmund H. Fellowes has transcribed and is republishing, in several volumes, the best vocal works of the English lutenists. He appends to each song a somewhat modernised solo version with pianoforte accompaniment. And the question arises, how far is he justified in this monument of research? Have these compositions any real appeal to the twentieth-century singer?

It must always remain a moot point, whether there be wisdom in the resuscitation of archaic art. Because that art was the offspring of certain contemporaneous conditions, which cannot possibly be reproduced. When the Sea of Faith was at the full, painters portrayed, by the hundred and thousand, Holy Families, saints male and female innumerable. Who depicts these now? The original impetus is lacking. In architecture, again, we cannot reduplicate the splendours of long-dead days: modern conditions at every point prohibit us . . . Great literature alone a rock amid swirling waves, survives and suffers no sea-change. And hence, no doubt, the late A. H. Bullen's work in rescuing from books of "ayres" the enchanting lyrics of Campion, Rosseter, and the rest, is more valuable to the world at large than the reissue of these lyrics with their musical settings and lute-parts.

Dowland's songs show little or no attempt at contrapuntal ingenuity, being practically harmonised tunes. But they are of great melodic beauty, by which they still retain a vitality above that of all other Elizabethan compositions. Their very names are exquisite: "Rest awhile, you cruel cares"; "Sleep, wayward thoughts"; "All ye whom Love or Fortune hath betrayed." And here, frankly heterodox, I claim that these noble melodies deserve a better, a more modern treatment. The bare pianoforte arrangement of Dowland's original harmonies isn't good enough for our present generation. Harmony, *circa* 1590, was timid, tentative—sometimes positively ugly in its crudity. The habit of closing songs in minor keys upon major chords becomes, reiterated, almost maddening. And I believe that to provide such vocal and beautiful airs with fresh harmonies and accompaniments, more consonant with modern feeling, would not do Dowland an injustice, but would give him a new lease of life.

Much the same remarks apply to Thomas Ford, whose "Since first I saw your face" and "There is a lady sweet and kind" are familiar to every amateur choral society.

* "The English School of Lutenist Song-Writers." Transcribed, Scored and Edited from the Original Editions. By Edmund Horace Fellowes, M.A., Mus.Doc.; John Dowland, "First Book of Airs," 1597. (Part II.) Thomas Ford, "Airs to the Lute," 1607. 6s. each. (Winthrop Rogers.)

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NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

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"An Imitation Nautical Song" is the sub-title to "The Pegasus," and J. C. Squire's words are "after Sir Henry Newbolt." Both words and music are a skilful burlesque of the real article.

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The Drama.

THE "APRON"-STAGE AT THE OLD VIC."

BY S. R. LITTLEWOOD.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. S. R. Littlewood.**

THERE is, of course, a certain justice in the light-hearted taunts levelled at London over the opening of Mr. Nugent Monck's little "Elizabethan theatre" at Norwich—that we at the heart of things have nothing permanent in that kind. But the charge is at best a superficial one. Was not the very idea of getting back to Elizabethan scenic conditions born in London when Mr. Poel gave his Quarto "Hamlet" at St. George's Hall forty years ago? It is not lack of enthusiasm that prevents us from having in London that long-dreamt-of little gem of an "Elizabethan theatre" with an "apron"-stage jutting out into the audience, which all of us know to be absolutely necessary for the dovetailing of Shakespeare's scenes and the right speaking of his verse. The hindrances are solely of an economic order, and will probably be overcome before long.

Meanwhile we have an obvious answer in possessing, at the "Old Vic," an "apron"-stage (a yard or two of it, anyhow) bequeathed naturally from the past. There, too, we have Shakespeare played, if not exactly in accordance with Elizabethan method, at any rate in the true Elizabethan spirit—popularly, and vigorously, with no costly outlay upon spectacle. It is delightful to be able to record that the new "Old Vic" season which opened with "Much Ado About Nothing," followed up by "Richard II," is already proving a glorious success on both sides of the footlights. The old theatre has been crammed to the doors, and the applause has had about it a ring of passionate gratitude that one finds nowhere else just now.

Moreover, as a producer, Mr. Robert Atkins is showing himself a creative artist and man of ideas with far more in him than anyone had expected. His "Much Ado" was a triumph in the use of very limited material to beautiful ends. The "conventional" arbour scene, with its flight of steps and only the tree tops beyond, was one of the most beautiful scenic designs, as such, that I have seen anywhere. His use of the "apron" for the ceremony of Claudio's visit to the tomb of Hero, with the verses dropped actually over into the newly-sunken orchestra, could not have been happier or more "impressive"—to use a dreadful word. His "Richard II," though to me not quite so memorable, was at any rate an astonishing conquest over conditions even more difficult.

At the same time, not to grow tedious in the eternal praise of the "Old Vic," and the magnificent work Mr. Atkins is doing there, I must confess that—even with its "apron"—it does not quite fulfil our "Elizabethan" needs. The very fact that Mr. Atkins is a producer with special abilities and ambitions in design, suggests somehow that he will soon grow tired of what one may call "bare-board" work. He has before him a tough problem, too, in the undoubted fact that "Elizabethan" Shakespeare will never be modernly "popular," whereas the "Old Vic" is still a "popular" theatre, and will probably always remain so. Mr. Atkins has used the "apron" most ably and shrewdly, in so far as he can; but for the full use of it a highly-trained Shakespearean public is essential—a public who know Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan language, literature and environment, so well that it does not put too great a strain upon their imaginations.

Also, a company permanently trained is needed to

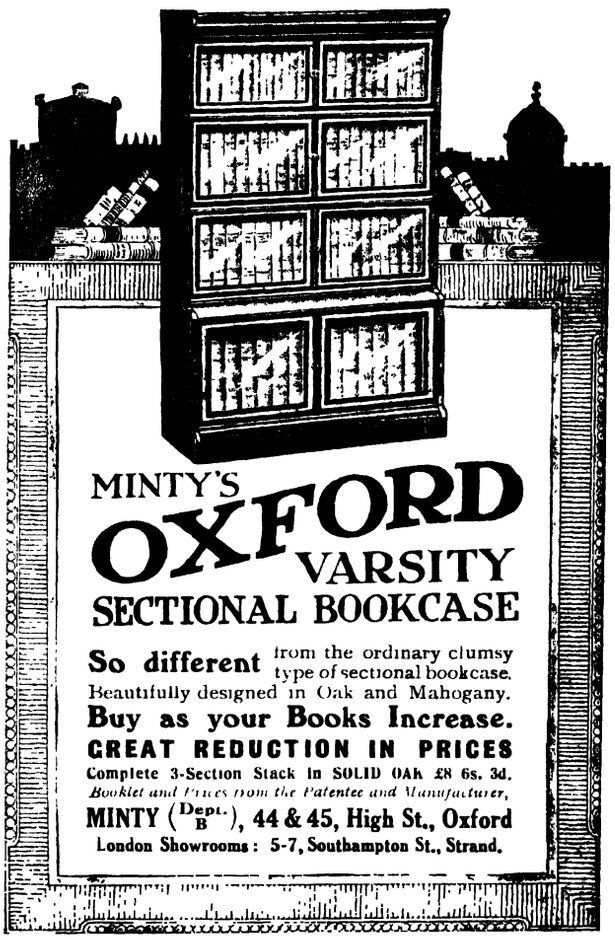
hold an audience with speech alone, and to give every word its due weight. Mr. Atkins has not quite got either of these at the "Old Vic" just now. Miss Florence Buckton, the new Beatrice, spoke much too fast—sometimes almost unintelligibly—though the men were all good, very specially the Dogberry of Mr Andrew Leigh. Lively Benedick though he was, Mr. Rupert Harvey seemed to me rather too solid a Bolingbroke in "Richard II," and Mr. Ernest Milton's Richard too much of a picture. A soliloquy spoken at the back of the stage is just making a bad convention out of what was perfectly natural under "platform" conditions. Still, thank Heaven for the "Old Vic"!

THE COMEDY OF HORRORS THE NEW PROGRAMME AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Grand Guignol acting sears the imagination like a flame Its vivid realisms of tone, look and gesture lodge deep in the subconscious memory, and remain part of one's emotional history long after the separate plots which they lit up have faded Their effect is cumulative Miss Thorndike's tender pathos, the rugged strength of Mr. Bealby, the subtle irony of Mr Casson, surviving from one series to another, supply the desired atmosphere from the very rise of the curtain (a big gain in a short-length play), and so secure for these artists a long start in their attack on the susceptibilities of their audience. This cumulative power is in all repertory work a most important factor, as the Grand Guignol management knows, it was a happy idea to clinch Mr Stockwell Hawkins's success in "Shepherd's Pie" by the production of "Haricot Beans," another episode of Mr. Gubb's pathetically disreputable career, and Miss Thorndike's fine work in "Fear" and "The Unseen" is strengthened by memories of her past excellence in similar parts Unfortunately the system works both ways, and Miss Gott, fresh from what was literally a *succes fou* in "The Old Women," comes into "The Unseen" trailing clouds of antipathy which make her impersonation of a doting mother, seem strangely sinister and repulsive—a result detrimental to her present performance, however highly complimentary to its predecessor

But if the fates rob Miss Gott in "The Unseen," in "E. and O E" they make her handsome amends In this play, the last and best of the new series, Mr E. Crawshay-Williams blends the grotesque, the ludicrous and the horrible with a skill not far short of genius We are told there are no new plots under the sun, but there are new methods, new atmospheres, of which this author has found one. The savage mother-in-law, the shallow, sentimental wife, the husband dying sardonically, the friend whose witty knavery makes their discomfiture complete—all these provide a piece which succeeds worthily to "Shepherd's Pie" and, like that comedy, is received with even more marked enthusiasm than the "horror" plays In one of the latter the Grand Guignol breaks fresh ground by the introduction of self-satire, a method often branded by academic critics as a sign of decay. But what of that? With such material to hand as "E. and O.E" Mr. Levy need have no fears for his artistic future, and the fact that the new comedy is in all senses "original" should bring ample comfort to those critics who have complained of his too frequent dependence on translated plays.

For indeed this Fifth Series proves more clearly than ever that the Grand Guignol's horrors are far more an aperitif to its pure comedy than the *pièce de résistance* of its bill of fare. The whole question is as much one for the post-war psychologist as for the dramatic critic; for some reason the practice of fainting at the Little Theatre was suspended during my half-dozen visits, nor am I convinced that it has ever been so universal as the evening papers would have us believe. The only people likely to



BOOKS—Lighton Tournament, coloured plates, folio, 1843, £5 5s.; Bryce's American Commonwealth, 2 vols., 1911, 21s.; Oscar Wilde's Salome, rare first edition, illustrated by Beardsley, £7 10s; George Moore's Hail and Farewell, 3 vols., first editions, £4 10s.; Œuvres de Rabelais, 2 vols., half morocco, Lemerre, Paris, 1906, £2 10s.; Petronius Arbiter in English, 1708, £3 3s.; Works of Edgar Allan Poe, 4 vols., 1874, £2 10s.; Darwin's Works, best edition, 13 vols., £2 10s.; Budge's History of Egypt, 8 vols., £2 2s.; Strang's Earth Fiend, signed copy, £6 10s; Strang's 30 Etchings, rare, £7 7s.; Hibbert Journal, Vols I to XI, £3 10s.; Hill's Footsteps of Dr Johnson, 1890, £3 3s.; Monthly Review, edited by Henry Newbolt Vols I to XVII, £7 10s.; Morris (Wm.), Collected Works, fine Library Edition, 24 vols., 1910, £15 15s; Reign of Terror (French Revol.) 2 vols., 1898, £3 3s.; Omar Khayyám, large paper copy, Villon Soc., £4 4s.; Madden's United Irishmen, best edition by O'Reilly, 12 vols., numerous illustrations, 1916, £8; Meyrick's Ancient Armour, 3 vols., folio, coloured plates, £6 10s.; Cust's Life of Benvenuto Cellini, 2 vols., 1910, 30s.; Froude's History of England, best Library Edition, 1870, 12 vols., £5 5s; John Davidson's Plays, 1894, 30s.; Maupassant's Select Works in English, 8 vols., £2 2s.; Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin, with introduction by John Drinkwater, 3 vols., 1912, 25s.; Smollett's Works, edited by Saintsbury, 7 vols., 25s; Hall's Meditations and Vowes, Divine and Morall, 1616, £2 2s.; Albertus Magnus de Secretis, etc., 1662 £2 10s.; Carter's Specimens of Gothic Architecture and Ancient Buildings in England, 120 Views, 1824, 4 vols., 21s; the Russian Ballet, with coloured and other illustrations by Rene Bull, 1913, £2 2s.; Henry Newbolt's Works; The Sailing of the Long Ships, presentation copy from the author, 1902, 10s 6d., Mordred, a Tragedy, 1895, 6s; Songs of Memory and Hope, 1909, 7s 6d; The Island Race, 1901, 3s 6d; The Book of Cupid, 1909, 6s; A New Study of English Poetry, 1917, 8s 6d; Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poems, 2 vols., first edition, 1844, £2 2s.; E. B. Browning's An Essay on Mind and other Poems, rare first edition, 1826, £3 3s.; Ricardi Press Books, Song of Solomon, £3 3s; Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke, £2; Ellis's Catullus, 15s.; Alice Meynell's Mary the Mother of Jesus, 42s; all limited issues and numbered; Women of All Nations, 2 large vols., curious plates, 42s.; Bryce's The Holy Roman Empire, 8s 6d; Freemasonry, Ars Quatuor Coronatorum, 29 vols., £25; Charlotte Yonge's Novels, 30 vols., £4 4s; Laught's Worship of Priapus, rare, first edition, 1786, £21; Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage, 1915, illustrated with Armorial Bearings, new copy, published at 31s 6d, price 5s 6d post free; Fifty-one Tales by Lord Dunsany, first edition, 1915, 25s.; Fifty Caricatures by Max Beerbohm, first edition, 1913, £2 2s.; Frank Harris's Life of Oscar Wilde, 2 vols, £2 2s.; Cinderella, 345 variants of Cinderella, etc., 1893, 30s.; Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail, by Alfred Nutt, 1888, £4 10s; Crabbe's Life and Poems, 8 vols., 1834, 25s.; De Quincey's Works, 15 vols., 1862, £1 15s; Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, India Proofs, 1881, 30s; Hartland's Primitive Paternity, 2 vols., 1909 30s., Chamberlain's Immanuel Kant, 2 vols., 1914, 21s., Ruskin's Works, complete, best library edition, 39 vols., £25; Omar Khayyám, Quaritch, 1879, £3 3s.; The Tatler, 46 vols., publishers' cloth, £21; The Sketch, 80 vols., publishers' cloth, £30; Illustrated London News, 46 vols., handsomely bound, £12; Oscar Wilde's Sphinx, illustrated by Alastair, 25s.; Forty-three Drawings by Alastair, 1914, £2 2s.; Austin Dobson's Eighteenth Century Vignettes, large paper, signed by author, 2 vols., £2 2s.; Johnson's Rasselas, illustrated by Smirke, 1819, £3 3s.; Finden's Illustrations to Byron, large paper copy, full morocco, gil., 3 vols., 1833, £6 10s.; Landscape Illustrations to the Waverley Novels and Poetical Works, tree calf, gilt, 4 vols., 1833, £5 5s; Gallery of Portraits, 7 vols., full calf gilt, 1833, £6 10s; Puckle's Club, only 500 done, 1817, morocco, £2 2s; Chamberlain's Foundations of the 19th Century, 2 vols., 25s; Crockett's Novels, 24 vols., £5 5s., Swinburne's Posthumous Poems, hand-made paper edition, only 300 copies done, 30s; Noyes's First Editions, Forty Singing Seamen, presentation copy to Watts Dunton from the author, 50s; Forest of Wild Thyme, 1905, 50s., Drake, 2 vols., 1906–8, 30s., The Loom of Years, 1902, rare, £3 3s; Cuala Press Broadsides, complete set, 1908–15, £4 4s; Round's Feudal England, £2 2s., Round's Studies in Peerage and Family History, 1901, £2 2s One hundred thousand books in stock Catalogues on application If you want a book and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. I am the most expert book-finder extant.

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indulge in it are the neurotic (and therefore abnormal) folk who leaven all London audiences, and those elders who are sufficiently mid-Victorian to have preserved their mental make-up unaltered by the war. Our new world is not so easily upset by make-believe—or rather, we have survived enough real horror to enjoy its fictitious reproduction and yet "keep our hair on" (if I may steal a phrase from the philosophy of childhood) at the same time. This clearer sanity, one of the few assets of our world-liquidation, is a real help to us in forming a detached judgment of the Grand Guignol's art, and will not soon pass away; for the fathers have eaten bitter grapes in bitter earnest, and the children's teeth can no longer be artificially set on edge.

E. GRAHAM SUTTON.

DIFF'RENT. At the Everyman Theatre.

Not very—at first. Mr. O'Neill takes time to work his way into his theme, the action develops slowly, each point is underlined remorselessly, and the title is repeated till by the middle of the first act you begin to wish it could be expunged from the dictionary altogether. And then, bit by bit, the author's craft is justified; it has been worth while to define very carefully his heroine's idealism, for the sake of the tragic irony of its *denouement*; her lover, the finest spirit in her little village, is rejected for one lapse in living up to her ferocious standard, but vows to wait till she sees reason; thirty years drag by; friend, father, brother, amid the contemptuous tolerance of their womenfolk, pass out on their inglorious ways; Caleb hopes on. At last, returning from his final voyage, he finds her long-pent passion squandered (as it were in the second childhood of desire) on as complete a scoundrel as one could wish to avoid. The end is suicide—but it is not merely sensational; for the real tragedy of Emma Crosby is not death, but the declension from an impossible altitude to an incredible depth—the sardonic contrast between life's continuity and the ideal's decay.

The play was followed by an amusing satire on the psycho-analysts of New York (or was it Hampstead? The audience's obtuseness to the main point of the dialogue set one thinking!) Mr. Macdermott's setting was sympathetic; and if his sky-piece was more suggestive of a glorified "area," the impression only strengthened the confined, hot-house atmosphere of the play. Miss Margaret Carter was splendidly decorative as Henrietta; but the success of the evening was Mr. Leslie Banks, both here and in the earlier play, where he was extraordinarily effective in a very difficult part; his Benny Rogers, indescribably repulsive even before his contemptible character is revealed in words, was a fine, genuine piece of acting, and his return to the Everyman is a recapture of which the management may well be proud.

Ibsen, Hauptmann, Georges Courteline and Emile Mazaud are among Mr. O'Neill's successors in the International Season which the Everyman, under the auspices of the League of Nations, will present during the winter. We shall await eagerly the announcement of the "many others" whom we are promised. Strindberg, perhaps? Not the trite, hectic Strindberg of "Miss Julie," but some play in which his mordant humour is focused on a more normal theme—"Comrades," for choice. Above all, Tchekov's "Seagull" or "The Cherry Orchard" would be a remarkably interesting contemporary to "Heartbreak House."

E. G. S.

ARAMINTA ARRIVES. At the Comedy Theatre.

Having read, reviewed and thoroughly enjoyed "Araminta" when that amusing and clever novel first appeared some years ago, I have wondered more than once why the heroine had never made a stage appearance; but here she is at last, beautifully impersonated by Miss Eileen Beldon, with Lady Tree as the terribly acute and ancient Countess of Crewkerne. The story stands the test of the footlights well, my one complaint being the entirely unnecessary minute or two of farce introduced when Araminta's pet ferret escapes in the Countess's bedroom, and people stand on chairs and the audience thinks it is funny. Apart from that injudicious interlude, the tale of the "goose-girl" and her progress from the dairy-maid stage to the living Gainsborough is delightful to watch. Her lover, the young artist, is excellently studied by Mr. W. Cronin Wilson; Mr. Lyall Swete as the dandy, Lord Cheriton, gave an artistic and flawless interpretation of a difficult part; and Mr. Roy Byford's Duke of Brancaster was a full-blooded and clever caricature, deliberately amusing. Miss Margaret Halstan and Miss Louise Hampton acted with fine taste in the parts of Mrs. Lascelles and Miss Burden respectively. The play is one of the prettiest in town at the moment. Mr. Snaith, the author, has a neat touch in dialogue, and the skill of the actors in making the points tell is indisputable. To render brilliant conversation without hardness or artificiality, as is constantly done in "Araminta," is a triumph.

W. L. R.

MODERN DRAMATISTS.*

Professor William Lyon Phelps is one of the most distinguished of American critics. He has escaped that provincialism which is the leading blemish of the literature of the United States, and he avoids, with beautiful fastidiousness, the least trace of what may be called the tongue of the cinema.

Every dramatic critic, every lover of the theatre, in this country will heartily agree with Professor Phelps's unnecessary apology for his latest book on the playwrights: "The last thirty years will probably be regarded by future historians as a great creative period in the drama. Perhaps any contemporary criticism gains in intimacy what it loses in authority. If some of the Elizabethans had only written less about Seneca and more about Shakespeare!"

"Essays on Modern Dramatists" are informed by deep knowledge of the lore of the stage illuminated by an enthusiasm which warms the heart of the reader. There are flashes of fine anger in the book also against standard stupidities. "That literary men cannot write plays is a lusty myth," Phelps says with splendid certainty. "Authors of inane reverberating claptrap never tire of repeating it. Yet the three foremost playwrights of the modern English theatre, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, were all distinguished novelists before anyone thought of them in connection with the footlights. So was St. John Ervine; Dunsany was a writer of prose tales, and John Drinkwater a professional poet. To command an excellent literary style is not necessarily a fatal handicap."

Gilbert Chesterton proved this years back in his amazing "Magic"; and Miss Clemence Dane, the most literary of literary women, has scored the deepest success for many years in her first play, "A Bill of Divorcement."

It is often asked, and with great bewilderment, how Sir James M. Barrie leapt on to the stage, an instantly victorious harlequin. Professor Phelps is perfectly sound in his explanation that Barrie always speaks with his characters and is with them in their actions. They skip, quite alive, out of his brain.

While full of admiration for George Bernard Shaw, the writer admits that that very practical man of genius evades analysis: "He is a great teacher; and if you ask me, What does he teach? I confess I do not know." It is only a very wise man who can admit ignorance of any of his subjects.

There is a tendency at the moment to regard John Galsworthy as a novelist gone astray. It is the old obsession of stagey people who distrust literature. It is sound comment on Galsworthy as playwright that his persons are the embodiment of ideas—they are flesh and blood, they are real, but we are more interested in what they represent than what they actually are.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

* "Essays on Modern Dramatists." By W. Lyon Phelps. 10s. (Macmillan.)

The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The picture on our cover is one of Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale's beautiful illustrations in colour from "The Golden Book of Famous Women," published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Messrs. William Blackwood are publishing before Christmas a volume of "Selected Verse," by Alfred Noyes, including "The Victory Ball," a striking poem which has never before been published in this country.

Mrs. Watts-Dunton's book of personal recollections, "The Home Life of Swinburne" (some chapters of which have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere), was to have been published last month by Messrs. Philpot, but it has been found necessary to hold it over in order to complete arrangements for simultaneous publication in America. It will be published towards the end of February next.



Photo by Elliott & Fry **Mr. E. V. Lucas.**

A new novel, "Rose Rose," and a collection of essays by Mr. Lucas, "Urbanities," were published this autumn by Messrs. Methuen

A new illustrated edition of Gay's "Trivia, or The Art of Walking the Streets of London," will be published this month by Mr. Daniel O'Connor.

Messrs. John Long have just issued two more hitherto unpublished novels by the late Nat Gould —"A Long Shot" and "The Blue Ribbon." Nat Gould has had several imitators of late years, but so far the mantle of his popularity does not seem to have fallen on any of them.

As we go to press, we learn with very much regret of the death of Mr. Elkin Mathews, after a short illness, at the age of 70. He started publishing in partnership with Mr. John Lane in 1887, and since the partnership was dissolved in 1894 has, like Mr. Lane, carried on business alone. In his time, he published the first books of several of the most distinguished of our latter-day poets. He was a gracious personality with a touch of old-world courtesy about him. Without and within, his premises in Cork Street were redolent of a more leisurely, a more bookish age than ours. To stand in his book-lined shop and look along the dark passage into his back room and see him seated at his high desk, silhouetted against the window, was to be transported into the eighteenth century and catch something of the sensation Goldsmith and Shenstone must have had when they called on their booksellers. It was a pleasant oasis in a too-restless modern world and he harmonised pleasantly with his surroundings.

The Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to M. Anatole France.



Mr. Gordon Bottomley,

whose two dramas, "Gruach" and "Britain's Daughter," just published by Messrs. Constable, are reviewed in this Number.

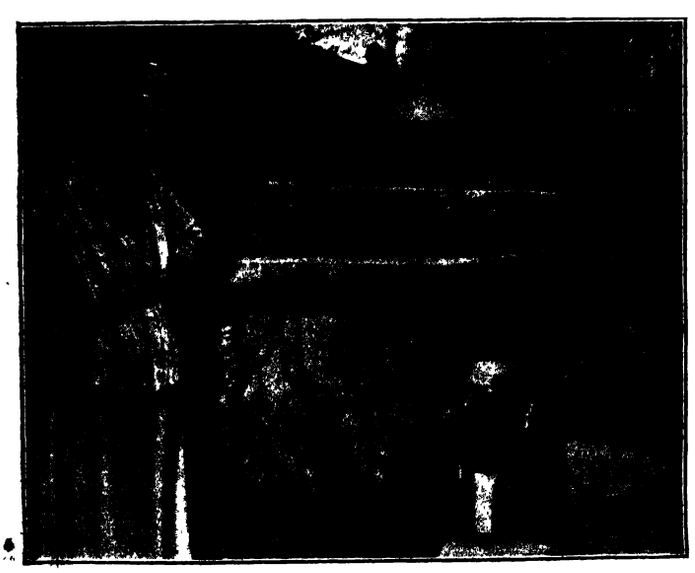


Photo by Stanley. **Mr. Govinda Krishna Chettur.**

"Sounds and Images," which Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing shortly, is a book of poems by Mr. Govinda Krishna Chettur, a nephew of Sir C. Sankaran Nair, a member of the India Council. Both Mr. Yeats and Mr. Masefield have borne testimony to the promise in Mr. Chettur's work which, without being Indian in outlook, is distinctively Oriental in temperament.

"The Way of Revelation," by Wilfrid Ewart, which has just been published by Messrs. Putnams, is one of the most remarkable novels the Great War has yet inspired. No novel of war has been attempted on so large a scale since Tolstoy wrote "War and Peace," and as Tolstoy gained his experience by serving as an officer of the Imperial Guard in the Crimea, so Mr. Ewart fought with the 20th (Guards) Brigade, and afterwards as Captain with the Guards Division throughout the war with Germany.

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren is busy on a successor to his latest novel, "The Marriage Tie"; meanwhile he has been writing a comprehensive handbook on "The Rights of the Ex-Service Man and Woman," which is published at a popular price by Mr. L. J. Gooding, of Westminster. The Right Hon. C. A. McCurdy, K.C., M.P., has written a special introduction for the book.



Leonard van Noppen, Lieut. U.S.N.R., and his wife at Bellagio, Lake Como.

Mr. van Noppen's book of war poems, "The Challenge" (Elkin Mathews) is now in its second edition.

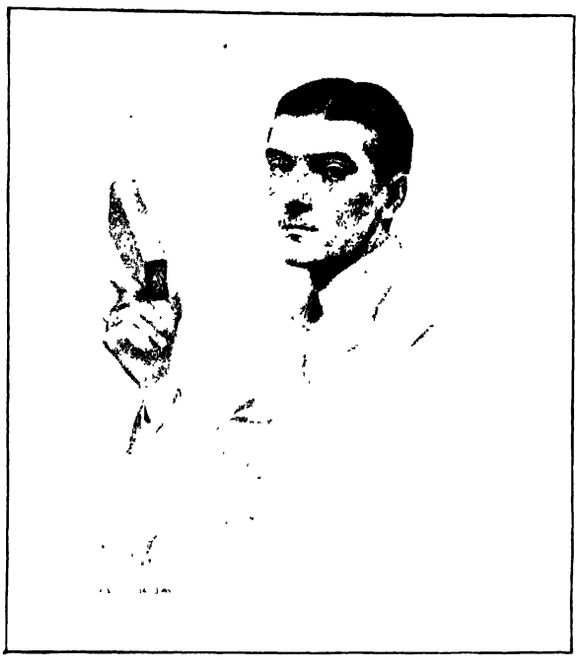
A first glance enables one to recommend "John Rutland's Romance," by J. P. Bessell, to all who are looking for a capital present-day tale of crime and mystery. Messrs. Sampson Low, who published Mr. Bessell's first novel, "Paid Out," have published this, his second.

We have received the two first numbers of *Fanfare*, a new musical magazine issued twice a month by Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb. Its contention is that "the average musical paper pays too little hee tod the human aspect of the musician, and contributes most inadequately to his general information and culture," and it proposes to "deal with literature, drama, painting, sculpture and theatre-craft as matters a knowledge of which forms a necessary complement to musical culture." This is a large and ambitious programme, and these two numbers proceed to carry it out with a gusto and liveliness that keep you awake and reading. The magazine is up to date and beyond it; its articles and notes on those varied matters to which it devotes itself are crisp and alive and well-informed; its drawings are uncompromisingly futuristic; and its poems are the newest things in the new poetry line that we have come across. "Abstrait" leaves us gasping, and we don't know what it means; but there is no denying that *Fanfare* is interesting, amusing, full of pep, and with so much vigour and go about it is simply bound to succeed—you feel that nothing can stop it.



The late Mr. T. Troward,
a new and uniform edition of whose works in mental science Messrs. Philpot Ltd. are publishing.

Mr. Henry Danielson, one of the younger school of booksellers, made a very successful debut as a publisher a little while ago with Mr. Bernard Muddiman's "The Men of the Nineties," and has compiled and recently published a volume of "Bibliographies of Modern Authors." He has just finished a "Bibliography of George Moore" for Messrs. T. Werner Laurie.



Mr. Henry Danielson.
From a drawing by J. Kerr Lawson.

Lady Scott, wife of Major-General Sir Arthur Scott, has written an exciting war novel, "The Blue Vase," which Messrs. Holden & Hardingham have published. It is a story of German spies and the lives that were lived in the trenches, behind the lines and at home in England in the days when the submarine menace was at its height.

We have received the 1922 issue of Mr. Joseph Shaylor's charming little annual, the "From Friend to Friend Kalendar" (1s. 6d.; Simpkin, Marshall). It is very tastefully produced and in addition to such useful features as a date calendar, postal regulations and a diary for the year, contains an original poem for each month, all the poems touching on some of the infinite aspects of friendship. Its literary and artistic quality make the "From Friend to Friend Kalendar" a most attractive as well as a serviceable substitute for the orthodox Christmas card.

Over sixty well-known novelists have written of their own art, their methods of work, their views on modern fiction and its development in "The Future of the Novel," a series of interesting interviews conducted by Mr. Meredith Starr, with a preamble by Mr. W. H. Chesson. The book is published by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Co.



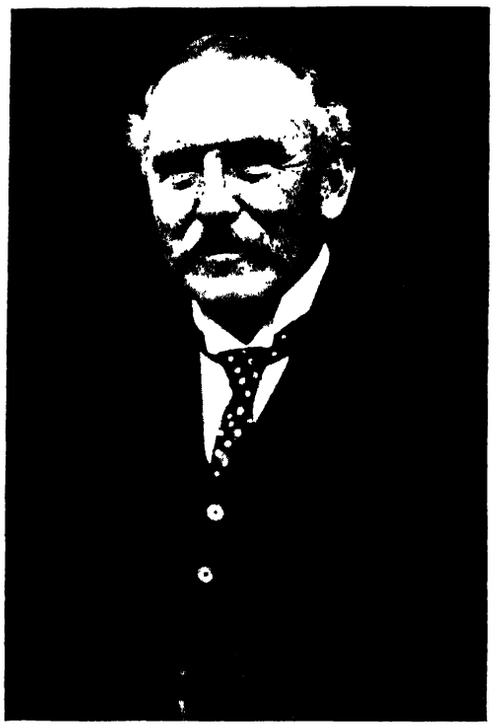
Mr. John Freeman,
whose new book of poems, "Music," has just been published by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount.
From a drawing by W. Rothenstein.

Three new volumes that have been added to Messrs. C. W. Daniels's "Plays for a People's Theatre" are "Old King Cole," by Clifford Bax; "O-Kai," a fantasy of now and then, by E. C. Reed; and "Yeraz," a sort of fantastic satire, by M. A. Arabian. All three are readable, but none of them reaches the level of the best in the series.

Mr. Thornton Butterworth breaks new ground this autumn with "The Royal Road Library," a new series of books for children which combine amusement with instruction and tell of the wonderful facts of science, history, natural history and the whole material universe simply, imaginatively and with all the charm of a fairy-tale. The first five volumes, some of which are reviewed elsewhere in this Number, augur well for the success of the series. Two are by that great Danish writer for children, Carl Ewald; two by Miss Netta Syrett; and one, a story of the butterflies, by W. H. Koebel. Beautifully illustrated and artistically bound, the books are attractive to look at as well as to read.

The February number of *The Print-Collectors' Quarterly*, edited by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E., will contain an account of a curious discovery made by Mr. G. S. Layard which clears up the mystery that has, ever since Horace Walpole's time, surrounded the equestrian portrait of Cromwell engraved by Pierre Lombart. *The Quarterly* is published by Messrs. Dent & Sons

"The Film: Its Use in Popular Education," by



Mr. E. Kay Robinson,

whose new book, "The Country Day by Day" (Holden & Hardingham), is reviewed in our second Supplement.

Jackson Wrigley, will be published shortly by Messrs. Grafton & Co. The book will have a foreword by Sir Gilbert Parker.

A book that should appeal to all bird lovers and students of ornithology, "Wild Life in the Tree Tops," by Captain C. W. R. Knight, is published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth. It is illustrated with a series of remarkable photographs that have the double virtue of artistic charm and scientific value.

The Oxford Press have issued a delightful bijou edition of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation" in a very tasteful *écrasé* leather binding. It is a tiny booklet of 576 pages, beautifully clearly printed—so small and slight of bulk that two would go easily into a waistcoat pocket. Other devotional and prayer books are included in the series to which this belongs, as well as the works of standard poets and other writers.

"The Later Periods of Quakerism" brings the Standard Quaker History series to a conclusion. Dr. Rufus Jones, the general editor of the series, and himself the author of the last two volumes, has proved himself, as *The Times* recently said, one of the two ablest and most interesting of English-speaking writers in philosophy and religion, the other being William James.



Mr. Rufus M. Jones.

"The Story of the Mikado," written by Sir W. S. Gilbert some fourteen years ago and now first published, will be issued immediately by Mr. Daniel O'Connor. The book has been illustrated in colour by Miss Alice B. Woodward.



Mr. W. B. Maxwell.

whose new novel, "A Little More," was recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

M. Aurel Kolnai, whose remarkable book, "Psycho-analysis and Sociology," was recently published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin, was born at Budapest in 1900, and is the son of a Jewish bank director. He matriculated in the Gymnasium at Budapest in 1918, went to the Budapest University to study law, but on the outbreak of Hungarian Communism had to give up his studies there and has since been studying under difficulties in Vienna. He has contributed numerous scientific and political articles to Hungarian newspapers and reviews, and has two new books in preparation.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"The Woodcutter's Dog" (Daniel O'Connor) is a simple eighty-year-old story translated from the French of Charles Nodier, and telling of the wookcutter's faithful curly-haired mongrel, Bichonne, and how she gave her life to save her master's children from a wolf in the Forest of Lions. A slight episode, told swiftly and with the bare simplicity of phrase that appeals to children. The quaint coloured woodcuts of Lovat Fraser add not a little to its charm.

Volume III of "English Prose," chosen and arranged by W. Peacock, has been added to "The World's Classics"

(2s. 6d.; Humphrey Milford), and brings the selection down from Walpole to Charles Lamb Mr Peacock has done his work of selection admirably, and when the two further volumes have completed the series ("Landor to Holmes" and "Mrs. Gaskell to Henry James") he will have compiled a real golden treasury of English prose that will deserve to take rank as a standard anthology of its kind.

That he has a light, deft hand for telling a story and touching in his characters Mr Clive Desmond has proved already in "Derek Gascoyne," and in that ingenious tale of German espionage, "Intrigue" His third book, "Vanished Gods" (7s 6d., Hodder & Stoughton), has the same qualities of construction and narrative skill, but there are deeper, more poignant notes of romance and of passion in it. There is not a more burning and eager spirit of youth in the love of Romeo and Juliet than in the instant love that drew Bruce Chaloner and Sheila Tempest to each other from the moment of their meeting Sheila's hesitations and fears, and the reasons for them; the sudden barrier that is raised between her and Bruce by the rejected, disappointed Lecky, an hour after their wedding, and the bitter estrangement that results, are as sensitively and effectively handled as is the moving scene of their reconciliation, when Sheila breaks down her pride and returns to take her place by her husband at the crisis of the great fight he is making for his rights against a powerful and unscrupulous ring of capitalists Sheila is a remarkably able study in feminine temperament; her brother, Kit, Chaloner, Lecky, and all the minor characters are very naturally and cleverly drawn. The interest of the story is cumulative, it grows and quickens from chapter to chapter to its culmination, when Chaloner finds his vanished gods return to him A charming love romance, and the more charming because the romance of it rings true.



Mr. Aurel Kolnai,
author of "Psycho-analysis and Sociology" (Allen & Unwin).

"A Mummer's Tale," by Anatole France (7s. 6d. net, John Lane), is a study in emotions Félicie, an actress, falls in love with Ligny. Chevalier, her former lover, mad with jealousy, blows his brains out almost on her doorstep. His accusing ghost thereafter stands between Félicie and Ligny and eventually parts them for ever. That is M. France's story summarised with the concise horror of a railway time-table But the naked narrative is clothed with a warm garment of words that no mere quotation of a line or two could picture. Great writers there have been who, in order to explain their characters to the reader, dissected them with the merciless precision of the surgeon; but M. France presents his heroes, his heroines, even his minor figures with a rare tenderness a sympathy born of understanding, equally revealing and



Mr. Carl Ewald,
the famous Danish writer of nature stories for children. Two of his new books, "Two Legs" and "The Old Willow Tree" (Thornton Butterworth), are reviewed in our Children's Supplement

infinitely more attractive It may be said that little Trublet, the physician, is made a vehicle for psycho-analytical reflections which are not altogether new. Is there *anything* new? The present reviewer, for one, is quite content to listen to the fat man's philosophy. The pictures of the French stage and those who live by and about it are drawn with powerful strokes of a master's brush. One is aware of the enormous difficulty of translating such a book without destroying its atmosphere Nevertheless, "wangle" and "fed up" grate They may be expressive, they are undoubtedly colloquial, but they are inharmonious.



Mr. Selwyn Jepson
(son of Edgar Jepson), whose first novel, "The Qualified Adventurer" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

Beyond this, the translation has been done well.

When the cold eye of the reviewer lights on a book written by Mrs. Victor Rickard, it softens, and hope springs up. She has proved herself to be mistress of a delicate art, which was exhibited clearly in "Cathy Rossiter," and which reached its height in that absorbing drama called "The House of Courage." Beside these two books, "A Fool's Errand" (8s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton) is slight and unpretentious, but the plot, such as it is, is carefully woven. Tired momentarily of life, the hero, Quentin Dillon, resolves to go on any old adventure. He is delightfully described; a thorough English gentleman; with sensitive face, and dark, audacious eyes. We remain unconvinced when Mrs. Rickard tells us that he went to stay at an unsavoury commercial hotel in Paddington, on his search for something to do. Chance presented him with a new acquaintance, one of the same name—Dillon; a wretched little man just off to Rangoon to assist a shady character called Radstock, who is "trading" (otherwise, gambling). Bored Quentin offered to go out in his namesake's stead and met on the boat sweet Marian Keith, also innocently bound for the Radstocks' evil home. She is exquisite, Irish, an orphan, a lamb among the wolves of the world. Follows the misunderstanding. She'd like to love Quentin the gallant; but how comes he to be employed by her villainous relative Radstock? Quentin, when he gets into the routine of his loathsome new duties, sickens, but does not wish to be far from Marian. Result—great misunderstanding and great misery on the part of Marian, who believes the tale that Dillon is married, There is a nice, cheerful ending in the home of an old professor, who is fond of quoting Nietzsche; there are no dull pages and nothing need be skipped, which, after all, is praise!



Viscountess Rhondda.

From 'D. A. Thomas, Viscount Rhondda" (Longmans), reviewed in second Supplement.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—We offer a PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best two-hundred words criticism of and additions to the symposium in THE BOOKMAN Christmas Number on What Poets—especially living Poets—and which one or two of their Poems should be included in a future edition of the Golden Treasury of English Poetry.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

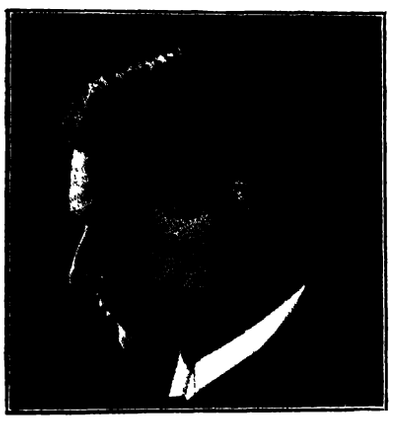
V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

THE READER.

JOHN DRINKWATER: THE PLAYS OF A POET.

By John Freeman.

IT is the task of a chronicler to record, but of a critic to expound, to enlarge, to concentrate, to pursue tendencies, to recognise not only what is subtle and remote but also—a harder task—what is plain and immediate. Why is "Abraham Lincoln" popular? has been asked by many puzzled heads, simple and cynical questioners alike being confused by the success which they had never anticipated. My own answer is simpler than any cynical suggestion, and it is that "Abraham Lincoln" succeeded for a single rare, delightful reason—it deserved success even while it was never allowed to pander to success.



Mr. John Drinkwater.

For there is a loathsome kind of success which is secured by debasement, and it would be easy to name novelists (for example) who, capable of a moderate achievement, have deliberately betrayed their art and their personal gifts, in order to satisfy an unlawful lust for money and a transient praise. But "Abraham Lincoln" *surprised* success, as a traveller, passing musing over yellow long-untravelled sands, may surprise an undreamed-of treasure, lying exposed and neglected in his path. Easy enough is it to despise the riches which are beyond our reach, easy enough to pretend that only the worthless is wanted; but the pretence is often false and dishonourable. Prophecy may be blind and the elements of success incalculable; but in examining a work of art which has evoked a vast welcome it is neither just nor wise to assume the existence of intellectual dishonesty in the author or general folly in his public.

From this cautionary preamble let us turn to John Drinkwater's first famous play, "Abraham Lincoln," and ask more precisely what are its merits. They are both positive and negative, and they are intertwined one with another (as are the virtues of any human being) so closely as to be almost beyond disentangling. First there is a great simplicity and no cleverness. The play is a series of straight lines, without those inveterate convolutions which we suspect in a "poetic" play, and without the cunning criss-crossing of purposes with which cleverer men find it so easy to spoil their best inventions. Next, like the old chronicle plays, "Abraham Lincoln" seizes the advantage of the half-familiar and builds upon a tradition. In most ages traditional art is followed by some and despised by others. Tradition gives something like dignity to dullness, and provokes something like rage in heresy; and it is the artist's great difficulty to accept tradition while preserving an æsthetic freedom—to modify even while he obeys. Just as a few lines of verse become intolerable if they too exactly repeat the precise iambic movement, so in a larger aspect form becomes intolerable if the theme, as well as the manner, of the artist are utterly subdued to it. Equally in a line of verse and in the whole scheme and shape of a play, it is the continual slight infraction of the rigidity of law that enables the artist to follow the freedom of his mind without hindrance and without bewilderment:

> "'Tis but in such captivity
> The unbounded Heavens know what they be."

That imagination should voluntarily subdue itself to law, and yet genius not be cramped by the submission, is hardly surprising when we consider how the spirit is bounded yet not crippled, expressed but not exhausted, by the body. Unhappily the obscure, aspiring suitors to Fame are too often persuaded into a belief that excess is liberty, and extravagance fulfilment.

That easy persuasion has never been Drinkwater's, and indeed in his lyrical poetry there may perhaps be found a little too decorous a discipleship, too unquestioning an acceptance; the essential slight infraction of law being infrequent, and his poetry often wanting in the spontaneous movement which is the very life of verse. But even those who hold this view might well pause before extending it to "Abraham Lincoln." The simplicity and directness of this play bring to my mind the free yet not quite unconstrained movement, the slight angularity indeed, of a happy child in whom nature and civility are reconciled. My own first sight of the play at Hammersmith gave me an impression which subsequent reading wonderfully confirmed; nor could any play be negligible which survived the test of the stage, severe enough in one aspect, and the test of the study, at least equally severe in another. On the stage, something may have been due to the vivid and singular apparition of Lincoln himself, as presented by Mr. Rea, but when that impression has been dimmed by the passage of time it cannot be due to the admirable actor alone that the same force is felt in reading. The impression is skilfully prepared and sustained from the moment when Lincoln's old humble friends are introduced in the First Scene and followed by the delegation which offers him the power and the glory of the United States; and it is reinforced when—greatly daring—a meeting of Confederate commissioners with the new President is set, and perfected when that in turn is succeeded by a cabinet meeting, and once again the moral domination of Lincoln is so easily asserted. In that single phrase, "the moral domination of Lincoln," the open secret of the play's importance is revealed; for that is the quality which dictates the movement, breathes a grave undertone through all the strife, and inspires the whole atmosphere of the play and its public performance.

Seldom is a moral issue the occasion of a dramatic success, and it is surely John Drinkwater's chief praise that he has enlarged the stiff boundaries of English drama. In the Third Scene, indeed, that issue is deliberately and ironically heightened by a passage between Lincoln and the women :

MRS OTHERLY : Thank you, Mr President, for what you've said. I must try to think about it. But I always believed war to be wrong I didn't want my boy to go, because I believed it to be wrong. But he would. That came to me last week. (*She hands a paper to* LINCOLN.)

LINCOLN (*looks at it, rises, and hands it back to her*) : Ma'am, there are times when no man may speak. I grieve for you, I grieve for you.

MRS. OTHERLY (*rising*) : I think I will go. You don't mind my saying what I did ?

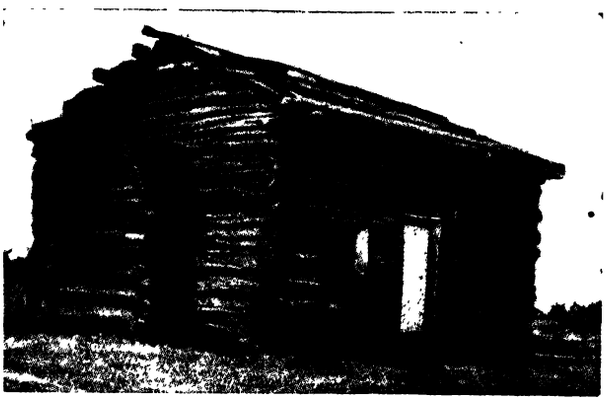
LINCOLN . We are all poor creatures, ma'am. Think kindly of me (*He takes her hand.*) Mary !

[MRS. LINCOLN *goes out with* MRS. OTHERLY

MRS. BLOW . Of course it's very sad for her, poor woman. But she makes her trouble worse by these perverted views, doesn't she. And I hope you will show no signs of weakening, Mr. President, till it has been made impossible for those shameful rebels to hold up their heads again. Goliath says you ought to make a proclamation that no mercy will be shown to them afterwards. I'm sure I shall never speak to one of them again. (*Rising*) Well, I must be going. I'll see Mrs. Lincoln as I go out. Good afternoon, Mr President



Poster
by C. Lovat Fraser.
For John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."



The Log Cabin in Kentucky where Lincoln was born.

From *My Magazine*. By permission of Mr. Arthur Mee.

[*She turns at the door, and offers* LINCOLN *her hand, which he does not take.*

LINCOLN : Good afternoon, madam. And I'd like to offer ye a word of advice. That poor mother told me what she thought I don't agree with her, but I honour her. She's wrong, but she is noble. You've told me what you think—I don't agree with you, and I'm ashamed of you and your like. You, who have sacrificed nothing, babble about destroying the South while other people conquer it. I accepted this war with a sick heart, and I've a heart that's near to breaking every day. I accepted it in the name of humanity, and just and merciful dealing, and the hope of love and charity on earth. And you come to me, talking of revenge and destruction, and malice, and enduring hate. These gentle people are mistaken, but they are mistaken cleanly, and in a great name. It is you that dishonour the cause for which we stand : it is you who would make it a mean and little thing.

It is easy, with such echoes of eloquence pursuing one's thoughts when the play is done, to understand why the Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith and the huge Lyceum in the Strand should have attracted people whom the theatre for so long had failed to allure. Jeremy Collier himself might rub his hands if it were given him to revisit the blissful glimpses of the moon. Moral questions are acute enough in Mr. Shaw's plays, but Mr. Shaw does not fill the Lyceum ; for it is not the abstract moral question but the incarnate moral attitude that arrests the thoughts of men and women. Thus the modern home of innocent melodrama became a shelter for what is really a dramatic study of an historical character whose influence upon English people has been remote and slight. Even the faults of the play have scarcely limited its attraction. The two Chroniclers may seem as grotesque on the stage as in the study, and their reminder of Mr. Hardy's " Dynasts " too insistent ; and many who have seen the play have lamented the interruption of such an effusive lyricism as :

" You who have gone gathering
Cornflowers and meadowsweet,
Heard the hazels glancing down
On September eves,
Seen the homeward rooks on wing
Over fields of golden wheat,
And the silver cups that crown
Water-lily leaves."

And even the much better verse of :

" A wind blows in the night,
And the pride of the rose is gone "

might have been spared without hardship for the audience. Another fault, if it be fault (for I cannot urge it), has been alleged against the author's treatment of history. The cavil is a dull one. If art imposes obligations, thick as the thorns of a hedge, it offers liberties as many, and the truthful presentation of a great figure, viewed imaginatively, is not dependent upon the accurate observance of the calendar; else that useful term, the Chronicle Play, would possess too deadly a meaning. A more sensible objection is that the tone is inadequately relieved; but here again criticism herself remembers that the very subject of the play is a character of exceptional loftiness and sustained seriousness, moving slowly through a grave era. Sensitive reactions, gusty passions, romantic weaknesses, gross abasements, sudden raptures—these form no part of Lincoln's history; and it is to the author's credit, not to his dispraise, that the historical character has not been falsified or sentimentalised. Negro slavery does not quicken our sympathies now, and the temptation to heighten the subject and arouse faded sensibilities—if ever the author felt the temptation—was put by with dignity. I rejoice that this has been so, especially since I have a painful misgiving that "Oliver Cromwell" indicates a yielding to the sentimental, and therefore presents a less faithful likeness to its great subject.

The passage to "Oliver Cromwell" compels an admission concerning "Abraham Lincoln" which I have been loath to make, namely, that the real flaw in the earlier play is the sluggishness of dramatic action—another matter than the question of uniformity of *tone*. The flaw is disguised by the moral brightness and clarity in which Lincoln moves, and it has not appeared a conspicuous flaw, neither has it proved a hindrance to the general working of the play. But it has touched more seriously the new drama, and I am the more anxious to see how far the splendid inventions of the stage, and the presence of Mr. Henry Ainley in the part of Cromwell, may succeed in imparting life and vigour to a play which reads a little primly.

Yet suspicion is precipitate, and I must hasten to the manifest excellences, leaving aside once again any questioning of the poet's right to make what use he may of that supple jade, the Muse of History. "Oliver Cromwell" opens with an admirable domestic piece, a piece that strikes the key of the play and suggests that the Great Rebellion was a vast family feud—truly a domestic calamity in which brother was set against brother, father against son, and honest Englishmen on both sides opposed in extreme contention. "There's always something wrong. It keeps men busy, I suppose," says Oliver's mother, with a kind of humorous sadness; adding to the impression with another brief sentence: "Oliver's like somebody out of the Bible about to-morrow as it is. This will make him worse." Her remarks about recent and current



Drawing by G. C. Drinkwater.

The Assassination.

Scene outside the door of the box in which Lincoln was sitting.
One of the posters drawn for Mr. John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."

poetry about Shakespeare and Herrick and Donne and Herbert are scarcely the remarks we should expect from an old lady of eighty, but her precocity can be forgiven for the sake of a witty rebuke to Hampden, who complains that Herrick's poetry is not very serious "Don't be silly Mr Hampden—if you excuse me for saying so Mr Herrick is very serious indeed, only he isn't always telling us of it"

Cromwell's entrance into the play is admirably managed, and his significant attitude announced in a doctrine which is no longer a matter of political doubt, but still a matter (in these days of abundant perplexity) of philosophic doubt "I have a faith that the people of this country are born to be under God a free people" But even in the decline of political doubt the Second Scene remains vigorous and impressive, for there the Commons are assembled to hear Cromwell's Vindication of the Rights of Man Men are still concerned with such problems as vexed the heart of the seventeenth century, and although Cromwell's doctrine is idly accepted, its fulfilment remains obscure and difficult It is stated in fresh terms to-day, but it is not done with The exigence of Cromwell's assertion throughout Drinkwater's play somewhat dulls the edge of action, and except for a moment of heat in the scene at Naseby the whole play, in its eloquence and dignity, seems to possess more of the magnificent gravity of an Imaginary Conversation by Walter Savage Landor, than the swift movement of drama Even the visit of Cromwell to Charles at Hampton Court (where the discovery of the King's treachery is so artlessly contrived), although it is a conception of the highest value for the occasion, does not wholly redeem the play from its static coldness, and another unfortunate touch, from which humour might have saved the author, is noticeable in the last scene—a scene heaving with tenderness and human kindness—in which Oliver's mother, now aged ninety, listens appreciatively to Marvell's subtly metaphysical poetry and bids her son: "Be kind to all poets, Oliver They have been very kind to me They have the best doctrine" This dying adjuration, though its abstract truth is a point for which I could willingly bleed, is disastrously undramatic for the conclusion of the play.



Cromwell's Death Mask.
In the British Museum

There is, to end all my complaints, a thought too much of the feminine in "Oliver Cromwell I would not be hypercritical, but it seems that Cromwell has been conceived in terms of Abraham Lincoln Cromwell was no Lincoln his greatness was a greatness of his own, and he could not be great in another's way He was subtle his mind was active and acute he was nearer to Napoleon than to Lincoln, he was a master of men, a master of England when England needed a master, and of all this variable greatness, this upland irregularity of genius, there are but faint traces in John Drinkwater's play But like 'Abraham Lincoln," it has the moral domination which it is this poet's special purpose to illuminate He has portrayed Cromwell as he sees him, the Elder Brother in a family from which a weak and intellectually dissolute father is with difficulty expelled, and no one will complain of an absence of seriousness in his conception, or of a want of that rare skill which is necessary to the achievement of honourable success in dramatic work

CROMWELL AND LINCOLN.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS

SINCE Mr. Drinkwater has selected for purposes of dramatisation two such grim personalities as Oliver Cromwell and Abraham Lincoln, it is permissible to wonder why, and to look into the two cases to find the source of attraction Perhaps the best plan is to make a comparison of the two men after the manner of Plutarch

To begin with, neither of them is a very promising subject if the dramatist has in view the love interest. It is true that Lincoln had affairs—strictly straightforward and honourable affairs—with three women; but none of them lent itself to dramatic treatment No doubt a romantic poet of determination might make something out of the case of Miss Ann Rutledge and her early death, with its shock to Lincoln But not enough is known about these affairs to make them win a place in the public regard; at all events, this is not the aspect in which Lincoln appears as a significant figure in life. There is a curious matter-of-factness about the information handed down to us concerning the three women who have won their way into the intimate story of this great American Romance finds



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



Photo by Stage Photo Company.
Scene from Mr. John Drinkwater's Play, "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

"MA AM, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN NO MAN MAY SPEAK. I GRIEVE FOR YOU, I GRIEVE FOR YOU.

CABINET MEETING.



Photo by Claude Harris.

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER.

it difficult to survive the statement of their weight avoirdupois. When we are told that they weighed respectively one hundred and twenty, one hundred and fifty and one hundred and thirty pounds, there does not seem to be much more to say. On Cromwell's side, an early and happy marriage, with a serene domestic life, does not provide an attractive opening for the romantic dramatist.

The truth is that these two worthies are men's men, fighting men, dominators. They attract by their actions, and draw their dramatic value from what they did in war and statesmanship.



Oliver Cromwell.

From the painting by Lely, sent by the Protector to the Grand Duke Ferdinand II.

There are certain obvious resemblances in the careers of the two men. Each had a long preparatory period, and came to his own at a late stage. Each had a long spell of country work among quiet surroundings. Each passed through that distressing time of darkness and doubt that falls to the lot of so many who afterwards reach distinction. To be sure, the storm and stress differed in the two cases, as was only natural in view of the contrasting conditions, but this interlude of gloom and mental fight produced the same sort of result in both.

Both came of intrinsically good stock, though the American began in poverty and the Englishman in comparatively easy circumstances. It is claimed that Lincoln had all the advantages associated with that rather meaningless phrase, "racy of the soil," while Cromwell had whatever benefits come from hereditary squirearchy on his father's side, and the suspicion of a royal descent on his mother's. In a way it is reasonable to call both of them self-made men, since the difference between their beginnings and their glorious endings is so great that only their personal merits can account for it—apart from chance, which, so far as they are concerned, may be regarded as negligible. Perhaps the advance made by Cromwell is more notable than that made by Lincoln; not that the Presidency of the United States is a less dignified position than the Lord Protectorship of England, but that the passage from country lawyer to President is more in the nature of things than from gentleman farmer to Lord Protector. Such elevations are provided for in American organisation. In England a leap to the highest place was, till Cromwell's time, regarded as impossible; it was one of those things that, in the emphatic English expression, "is not done."

Generally speaking, the phrase, "a self-made man," implies also a self-educated man. This implication is justified in the case of Lincoln, but not of Cromwell. The young squire had a good education in an ordinary grammar school at Huntingdon, and we hear quite a good deal about Dr. Beard, his schoolmaster there Further, after leaving school young Cromwell went up to Cambridge. No doubt he did not complete the course there, since domestic duties called him home after little more than a year at the University. But when all is said, he had the ordinary education of his class, and could meet any English gentleman on equal terms. Lincoln, on the other hand, had practically no formal education at all. He himself estimated that all the time he ever spent in schools of any kind amounted in total to "something under twelve months." He really taught himself the three R's, and by and by, with the aid of Kirkham's Grammar, familiarised himself with good English.

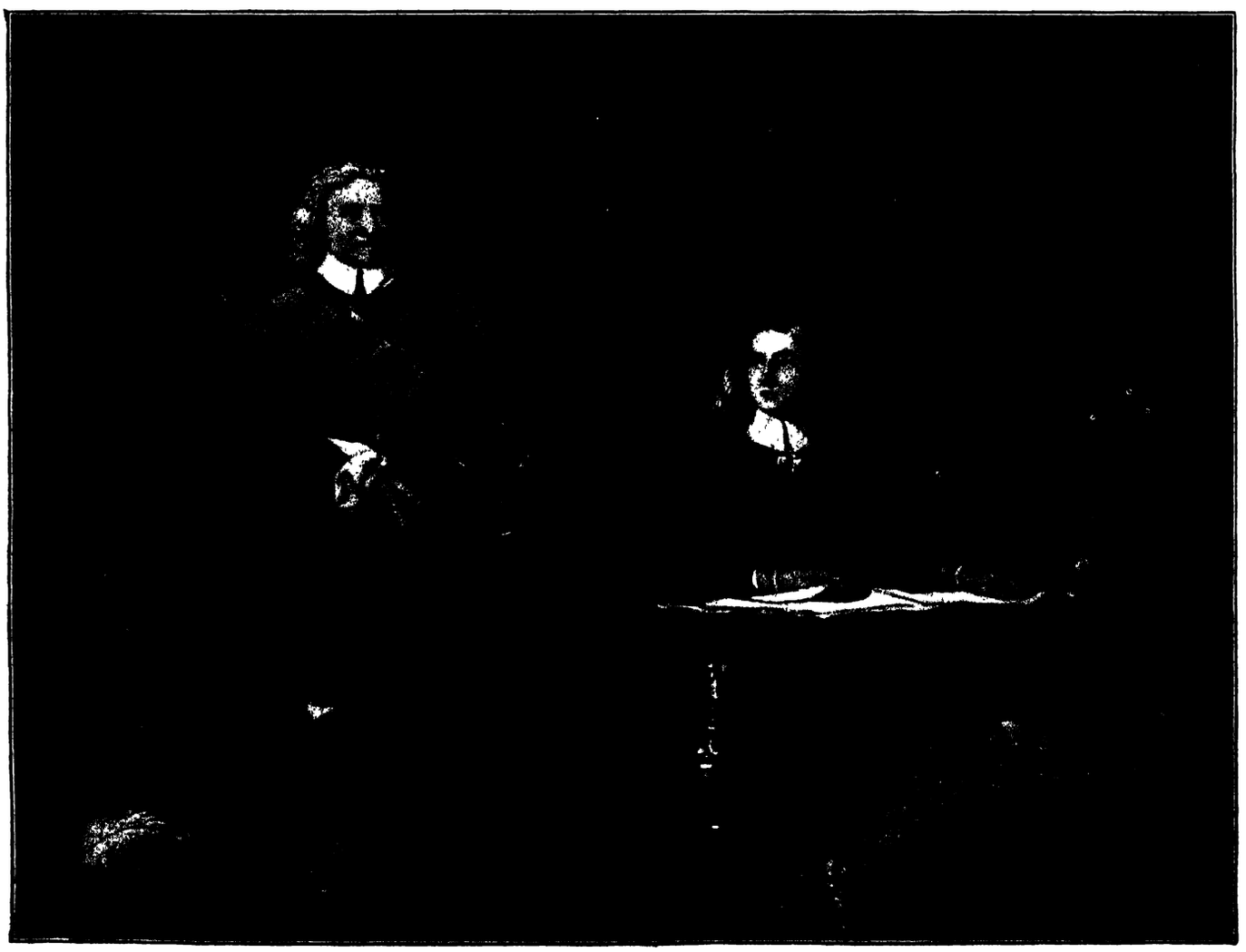
Considering the difference in their education and in the circumstances under which they were brought up, it is remarkable that both men should have developed a strong conservative bias. Events forced each to become a violent innovator, but neither of them at the beginning had any pleasure in interfering with things established. At first it is clear that Cromwell had no desire to attack royalty as such. Like his fellow squires he wanted freedom and fair play; but these seemed to him quite consistent with perfect loyalty to a constitutional king. It took long to educate him up to the

point of maintaining that in battle he would pistol the king just as he would any ordinary man.

We are familiar with the reverence with which the Americans regard their constitution. It is difficult for us to understand why they take pride in tying themselves up in such inextricable knots as those written statutes impose. But there it is, and Lincoln was no exception. He stood by the constitution as the basis of all his actions. Perhaps this was only natural, seeing that the purpose of the war was primarily to maintain the constitution. As it proceeded, however, emergencies arose that could be met only by what were at any rate technical breaches. No doubt the abolition of slavery could have been accomplished by a change legitimately effected in the constitution. But no change could be made during the war, since the constitution was itself at stake. It went sorely against the grain with Lincoln to have to anticipate this legitimate method of effecting abolition. Nothing but the irresistible logic of events could have forced him to the proclamation of Emancipation. It was a repetition of the process that led Cromwell to the pistolling stage. In the nineteenth century, as in the seventeenth, there were found fighters who were afraid of winning outright. It was when Cromwell began to discover that some of the highest parliamentary officers were unwilling to deal a knock-out blow, that he reached the stage of identical treatment of all enemy combatants. A somewhat similar force was at work in the earlier American campaigns, though Lincoln himself was always perfectly clear that he wanted to win, and to win as quickly as possible.

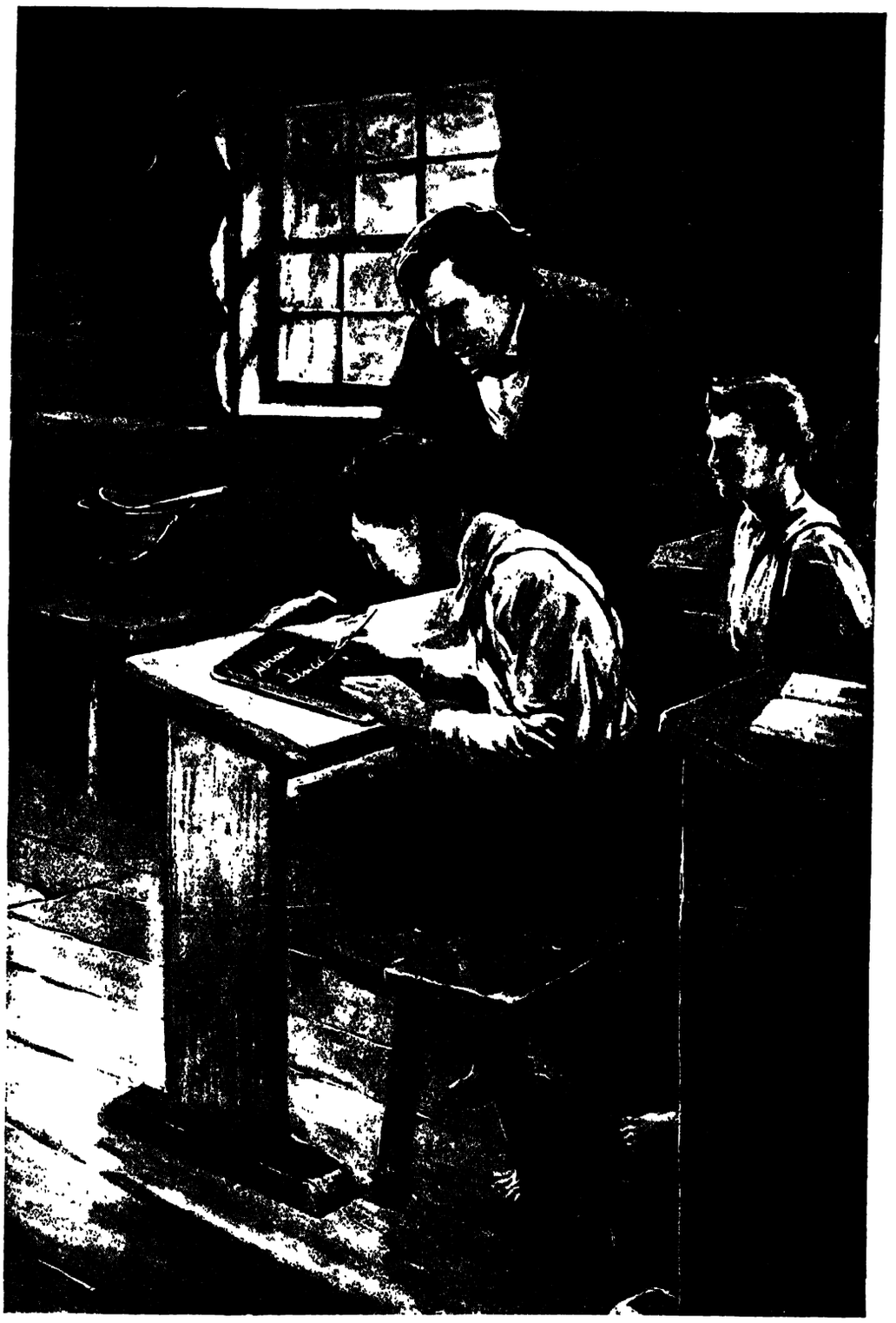
Indeed, the winning parties in the two civil wars had the same motive. In both the ultimate aim was to crush those who claimed privilege for a special class. We must of course admit the American contention that their war was not begun on account of slavery, but in order to maintain the Union. Nothing could prove this more clearly than Lincoln's long delay in adopting Emancipation. But from the beginning of the war the slave question was vital, and soon became predominant. The real fight was for potential equality. Common experience shows that there never can be real equality among men as men; but there may easily be equality among men as citizens, and it was for this civil equality that Lincoln stood. The oneness of motive in the two wars is illustrated by the curious fact that Lincoln selected for purposes of exposition the claim represented by the phrase, "the divine right of kings." It was a vigorous leap in thought to pass from the claims of the slaves to the pretensions of kings, and to demand identical treatment in the two cases. As Cromwell and his followers would have no class privilege at the upper end of the scale, so Lincoln and his party would have none at the lower.

One of the most striking contrasts between the two men has been held to be their attitude towards bloodshed. Lincoln was pre-eminently a man of peace. It is true that he had had experience in actual frontier



Cromwell dictating to his secretary, Milton.
From a painting by F. Newenham.

soldiering, but he was never the genuine acting soldier that Cromwell became. During the whole war, and particularly at the time when Grant was carrying out his chessboard policy of wearing down Lee's forces, Lincoln suffered mental torture. He kept continually picturing to himself the daily toll of lives exacted from both sides. Of Cromwell we read: "He was naturally compassionate toward objects in distress, even in an effeminate degree." But it must be admitted that his record does not bear much trace of this amiable form of effeminacy. The emphasis lies clearly on the other side. It is true that an excellent case can be made out for Oliver as a humorist, though his jokes often took a rather grim and practical form. In the index to Morley's "Cromwell" we have five references under the head of "Compassion and tenderness." But when all is said, it is the quality of ruthlessness that stands out most prominently in the Cromwellian record. Oliver was entirely free from a weakness to which Lincoln pled guilty—an almost constitutional inability to say "No." The gentle Gray is perhaps a little unjust in his "Nor shut the gates of mercy on mankind." But while there is ringing in our ears the German arguments in favour of shortening a war by frightfulness, it would be unwise to push into prominence the ultimate life-saving virtue of massacres, even if the slaughter be limited to actual combatants. Lincoln's attitude makes to-day a much more popular appeal than Cromwell's.



Abraham Lincoln learns to write.

From Arthur Mee's "Hero Book" (Hodder & Stoughton).

Naturally out of these considerations arises the question of the attitude of the two men towards religion. Though he declined to associate himself with any of the sects, Lincoln was an intensely religious man. He failed to reach the definiteness of Cromwell's beliefs, and thus lost some of the power that clear-cut religious views give in dealing with the people. He had a strain too of mild superstition that cannot be fairly included under religion. For example, on one occasion he had a profound conviction that he was about to receive good news about Sherman's army, because he had had several repetitions of a certain dream that he always found to forebode good news. Similar suggestions have been made about Cromwell with regard to such matters as lucky days. But his religion was far too solidly organised to allow of such straggling excrescences.

His scheme of things immaterial was broad enough to find a genuine religious interpretation of all that happened. As raw material for the dramatist Lincoln here offers more scope than does Cromwell. With the American we have all the charm of uncertain expectancy; everything is possible; with the Englishman we are able, because of his massively organised religious scheme, to "make out and reckon on his ways." In matters of thought as opposed to action the analytical historian will make more out of Cromwell, the analytical dramatist more out of Lincoln.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "SHAKESPEARE."

By W. S. Crockett.

SIR WALTER had his introduction to Shakespeare during his delicate boyhood at Bath about the year 1775. Thither, accompanied by his "kind and affectionate Aunt Janet," he had gone for the special treatment which it was hoped would reinvigorate his enfeebled limbs, in danger of paralysis. A month or two later came his uncle, Captain Robert Scott, of Rosebank, whose arrival brought days of laughter and joy to the little invalid. Scott's first visit to a theatre was made under his uncle's auspices, and it was then that "As You Like It" enthralled and mystified him:

"The witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this instant," he wrote in the Ashestiel Fragment. "I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so scandalised at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'nt they brothers?'"

From that hour Scott was gripped by a passion for the great dramatist. All that Shakespeare wrote became extraordinarily familiar to him. A marvellous memory allowed him to quote quickly (if not always accurately) from that vast intellectual store-house which next to the Bible has yielded treasures of wisdom and spiritual comfort to the whole of mankind. Scott himself has been spoken of as "our Scottish Shakespeare" and "our second Shakespeare." Both writers had many things in common—in their freshness, their suggestiveness, their happy, innocent hilarity, their power of aphorism, their simple, human appeal, their majestic outlook on life, and not least, their intense religiousness.

It is not generally known that Scott contemplated and actually began an edition of Shakespeare partly in collaboration with John Gibson Lockhart, to run to ten volumes at least. The story of the venture is interesting, and the steps which led up to it may be recalled.

Apparently the proposal had its origin with Archibald Constable, who wrote to Scott on February 15th, 1822:

"In looking over a bookseller's catalogue lately—which, indeed, is one of my amusements—I met with an extraordinary article, a collection of all that had been written about Shakespeare, consisting of no fewer than one hundred articles. I sent to inquire the price, but . . . it was sold. Had it remained, and not been enormously expensive, it was my intention, by hook or by crook, to have sent it to Abbotsford. . . . An edition of the immortal bard might be brought out in twelve or fourteen volumes, with a set of readable and amusing notes. There ought, besides, to be an introductory volume, written on purpose, giving a general view of Shakespeare's life, writings, times, and also an account of the labours of former editors; but there is only one individual into whose hands such an undertaking could be put, to embrace and secure all the advantages, which I would conceive it necessary to have accomplished, and to enable the publishers to propose to that individual sufficient remuneration for such a work. At present I shall not say more; but I trust you will give it your best consideration, and if you honour me by any reply to this or any other part of my letter, allow me to request that it may come to myself direct, here. I could, I believe, still get you nearly a complete set of all that has been written about Shakespeare, which, perhaps, you might like to possess."

Scott replied on February 25th:

"A Shakespeare, to say truth, has been often a favourite scheme with me: a sensible Shakespeare in which the useful and readable notes should be condensed and separated from the trash; but it would require much time, and, I fear, more patience than I may ever be able to command. Then, when the world sees it, they would certainly be disappointed, for of a name of notoriety they would expect something new on a subject where there is nothing new to be said; and when they found it was only a selection and condensation of the labours of former editors, they would be apt to conceive themselves imposed upon. Yet, so long ago as when John Ballantyne was in Hanover Street, I did think seriously of such a thing, and I still think it a desideratum in English literature."

On October 19th Scott again communicated with Constable:

"The Shakespeare plan I like much better. I could conduct it without interfering with other engagements, since I could have Lockhart's powerful assistance as to Philology, in which he is perfectly skilled—as much, indeed, as any one I ever knew. . . . I have the matter very sincerely at heart; it could go on slowly (for fast it could not proceed), and would scarce interfere with other things, for that sort of labour is rather an amusement to me than otherwise. Perhaps if I were to bring a play or two by way of experiment, you could better judge what was like to come of it. I have most of the books that would be necessary. . . . No doubt a most popular book might be made by putting the notes into an entertaining and popular shape, and with my son Lockhart's assistance for the fag, I would have great pleasure in doing it. . . . It would take two or three years to bring out such a book creditably."

In February, 1823, came Constable's reply:

"Although I have not had the pleasure of communicating with you since receipt of your letter in October last, on the subject of the projected edition of Shakespeare, yet it has had a good deal of my thoughts, and my anxious wish to see such a work executed continues unabated. Of the safety of the undertaking to the bookseller there cannot, I think, be any question, and in the hope that the terms and plan which have occurred to me may merit your further consideration, I would now respectfully beg leave to lay them before you."

The work was to consist of ten volumes, to be freely interspersed with notes, and to have at the end space sufficient for the Poems. The introductory volume, containing a Life of Shakespeare with other matter, was "as a matter of course to be the last printed." As to terms, Constable as usual was generous. He offered



OLIVER CROMWELL.

CROMWELL AT NASEBY, 1645.

From the painting by CHARLES LANDSEER

THE DEATH OF CROMWELL, 1658.

From the painting by D W. WYNFIELD
(South Kensington Museum)



From Arthur Mee's "HERO BOOK"
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WITH HIS SON TED, RECEIVING NEWS OF THE ENDING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

£2,500. The edition was not to exceed 1,500 copies, "without any embellishment excepting, perhaps, a portrait of Shakespeare." Lockhart replied from Abbotsford (spreading the butter thickly), no doubt at Scott's prompting:

"I have had a good deal of conversation with Sir Walter Scott about the Shakespeare, and I believe there will be no difficulty to the plan started by either of us, in case you have quite made up your mind. It is indeed quite impossible that anything should be handsomer than your proposed arrangements, and I can only say that I honestly believe you are the only bookseller the world ever saw that was capable of conceiving and executing such schemes. Long may you both conceive and execute!"

But almost a year passed before anything more was said. Cadell was Scott's correspondent on this occasion (March 17th, 1824): "I am throughout friendly to the scheme, provided that your other and more valuable avocations are not impeded by it." He mentions Lockhart's part in the undertaking, and agrees that "while the press is occupied with vol. second and its successors, the work cannot be too soon commenced. If it could be so arranged as to appear in the winter of 1824-25 it would be well."

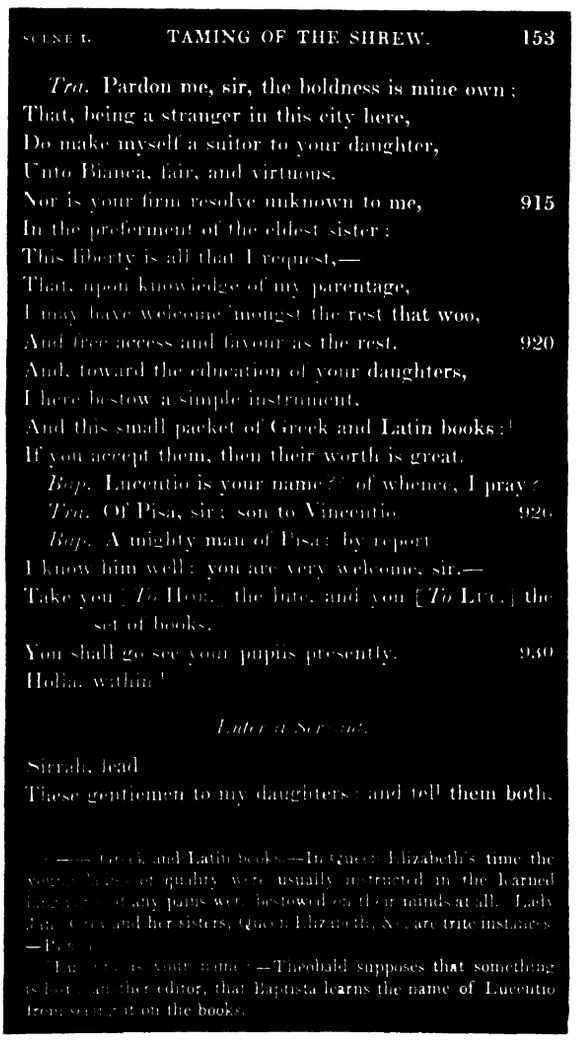
There can be no question that Scott took up the task with avidity, for on January 25th, 1825, Constable wrote to Joseph Ogle Robinson, the chief partner of his London agents, Messrs. Hurst, Robinson & Co.:

'It gives me great pleasure to tell you that the first sheet of Sir Walter Scott's Shakespeare is now in type. It will make ten volumes. The first volume contains the Life of Shakespeare, by Sir Walter. He is to be assisted in the notes by Mr Lockhart, who is perhaps the best philologist of the present day. We shall print an edition in foolscap octavo, and perhaps afterwards one in a smaller size of the octavo In the meantime we intend only 1,000 copies—the greater portion of which I have no doubt will go your way This I expect will be a first-rate property"

And on September 20th of the same year we have him telling Scott that "Shakespeare is getting on." The rest is silence so far as Constable's printed correspondence is concerned. The crash came in 1826, when there was considerable disagreement as to the ownership of the bankrupt estate. In Andrew Lang's "Lockhart" (Vol. I, p. 395) there is an extract from a letter of Scott's, dated January 26th, 1826, in which he says to his son-in-law: "I am afraid you will suffer about the Shakespeare, but surely you will have retention on the book so far as it has gone, for recompense of your labour." And on May 30th Scott reverts to the matter, asking Lockhart: "What do you about Shakespeare? Constable's creditors seem desirous to carry it on. Certainly their bankruptcy breaks the contract. For me, *c'est egal*: I have nothing to do with the emoluments, and I can with very little difficulty discharge my part of the matter, which is the Prolegomena, and Life and Times." In 1827 the question of continuing the work was undecided. It was again mentioned in a letter of March 24th, from Scott to his *collaborateur*: "Cadell, I can see, is very desirous it should go on." On February 20th, 1830, however, Lockhart tells Scott that Cadell's enthusiasm had waned, "but Mr. [John] Murray is now ready to take it up." That is the last we hear of it. The enterprise begun so zealously was abandoned.

But what became of the printed sheets or of the numerous made-up copies? Thomas Constable (Archibald's son) declares that "three volumes of the edition were *completed* before the sad crisis of 1826, but then laid aside; and ultimately, I have been told, *the sheets were sold in London as waste-paper!*" (the italics are Constable's) "It is even doubted whether one copy be now in existence." "I have never been able to find any trace of the three wasted volumes," says Lang in his "Lockhart" (Vol. I, p. 309), adding: "The enterprise was one for which Lockhart, with his admiration of Shakespeare, and his knowledge, was well adapted, and, when all failed, he might have said with the Man who was Crafty, 'Verily my fine gold hath perished.'" Elsewhere Lockhart's biographer says: "The fate of the 'Shakespeare' remains a literary mystery. One would have expected to find copies of the three volumes, finished, at Abbotsford." The copies are not at Abbotsford, as I can testify.

Like most of the Manuscripts of the Waverley Novels, the three volumes of Scott's unpublished Shakespeare have found their way to America, where they are among the treasures of the Barton Collection in Boston Public Library. After a careful expiscation of all available evidence I am satisfied that the claim made on behalf of these three volumes is trustworthy, and that they are probably the sole extant volumes of the series which Scott and Lockhart undertook to prepare. To be sure, they are bound up without title pages; the



SCENE I. TAMING OF THE SHREW. 153

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*To* Hor.] the lute, and you [*To* Luc.] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both.

—— Greek and Latin books.—In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages; and many pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c., are trite instances.—Pope.

"Lucentio is your name?"—Theobald supposes that something is lost, as the editor, that Baptista learns the name of Lucentio from seeing it on the books.

Facsimile page from Shakespeare edited by Sir Walter Scott.

commentary contains nothing that would indicate its authorship; and they carry no date. But the condition of the books, their broken number, especially in the light of what has been now said, and the imprint, "Edinburgh: printed by James Ballantyne and Co.", seem legitimate argument for their genuineness. Further, on the two fly-leaves of Vol. II is a note written by Thomas Rodd, a London bookseller, in which he says:

"I purchased these three volumes of Shakespeare's Works from a Sale at Edinburgh. They were entered in the catalogue as 'Shakespeare's Works, edited by Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, Vols. II, III, IV. All printed, *unique*.' That Scott entertained the design of editing Shakespeare I know from Archibald Constable, who mentioned it to me more than once, and I sent him a little book of memoranda for Scott's use, but as he, Constable, informed me, it never reached him. The bankruptcies of Scott and Constable prevented the completion of the work. The book bears marks of Scott's usual inaccuracies, as I find on casually opening these volumes."

The date of Rodd's purchase is unknown, but it must have been in the forties or early fifties of last century. In 1860 Dr. James Wynne compiled an account of the Private Libraries of New York, in which he devoted a section to the Thomas P. Barton Library and quoted Rodd's note on the purchase. The Barton Collection became a part of the Boston Library in 1873. Justin Winsor, writing to the *Boston Advertiser* of March 21st, 1874, soon after the publication of "Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents" (1873), said:

"The account of the Barton Collection, which was printed fifteen years ago, contained the earliest public mention, I believe, of the supposition that Scott ever engaged in such a work, which this life of Constable now renders certain. These later corroborative statements give a peculiar interest to the volumes which are now in this Library, and which are perhaps the only ones of the edition now in existence."

Mr. Charles F. D. Belden, the Librarian at Boston, has kindly furnished me with a description of the three volumes for my Bibliography of Scott, now nearing completion: "The volumes are numbered Vol. II, Vol. III, Vol. IV, on the half-titles of the first Plays in each. Each Play has an introduction of a page or two, and notes, not very voluminous, at the bottoms of pages. There is no general editorial matter, and no illustrations. The binding is half morocco, red, with marbled paper sides. The height is twenty-two centimetres [about nine inches]. Vol. II (438 pp.) contains "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Merchant of Venice." Vol. III (474 pp.) contains "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing." Vol. IV (524 pp.) contains "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Measure for Measure," "All's Well That Ends Well," "The Twelfth Night." On the last page of each Volume is the imprint: "Edinburgh: Printed by James Ballantyne and Co."

RUDYARD KIPLING.*

By R. Ellis Roberts.

IT may be of deliberate intention that the arrangement—bibliographically deplorable—of this complete edition of Mr. Kipling's poetry reminds the reader how Victorian the great author is. Too many of our modern poets, if we look at their collected works, remind one of a perfectly arranged room, done in the approved modern style, with no jarring note, no disharmony of colour or rhythm, and, in time, a maddening monotony of effect. If you have read one poem you have read all. With Mr. Kipling precisely the opposite is true. He does of course repeat himself; no author so copious could fail to do so; but there is about his work a variety, not merely of mood, but of thought, of experience, of material and manner which make his work unparalleled except among the great poets. To read Kipling is a general education: and like all educations, it is to the young he will appeal most strongly. To read him, especially in this edition, is like wandering about some enormous drawing-room in which a hundred clashing tastes have been let loose, one of those drawing-rooms in which things have been kept because they are beautiful, or because they are quaint, or because they are familiar, or because they were given in friendship, or because they have always been there. To read him is to make a journey to the unacknowledged and too often decried fountain-head of many more recent rivers of song. To read him is, for youth especially, to be forced into a tolerance for characters and moods, beliefs and traditions which are repugnant or alien, or merely bewildering. The modern young poet seems, as a rule, to be an only child: he has never had to trim his opinions or curb their expression to suit the convenience or convictions of brothers or sisters. To read Mr. Kipling is to realise that we are children of a large family, and that people with strange habits, loud voices and disturbing tastes are entitled to call us brothers and sisters. You cannot read Kipling, whether in verse or prose, without having a world of infinite immediacy and diverse richness forced on your consciousness, a world packed with a "diversity of creatures," our fellow-men, scallawags and saints, full of worldly wisdom, given to coarseness, to meanness, to cowardice, to loving-kindness and to heroism, a world which seeks out many inventions and which yet steps aside for the dreamer, the dreamer whose dreams come true. How good a corrective these poems are to youth's hard contempt for all the square pegs which will not be fitted into the tiny round hole of a world which has been fashioned in the image of his own temperament; that contempt must break or soften a little when it meets the men who "took the Bolivar safe across the bay," or the man who honoured Fuzzy-Wuzzy or sang the praise of Gunga Din.

The modern impatience with Kipling is largely a political impatience: yet who would turn from "Lycidas," "Comus" or "Paradise Lost" because

* "Rudyard Kipling's Verse." Inclusive Edition, 1885–1918. 25s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

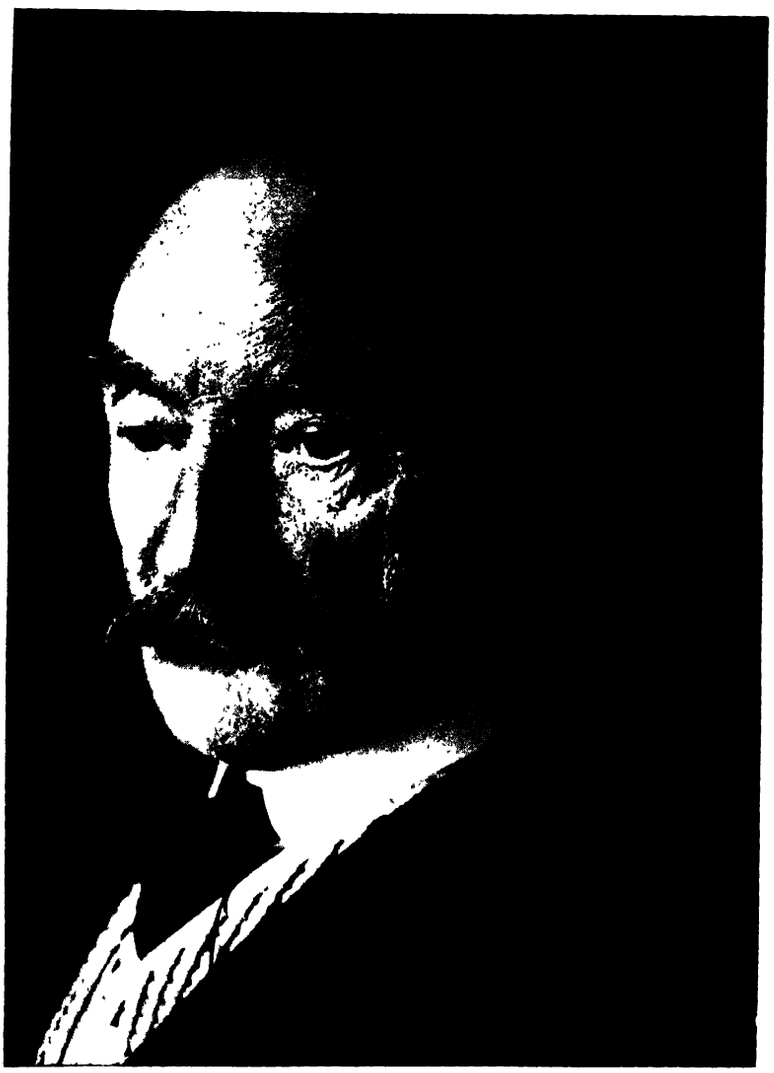


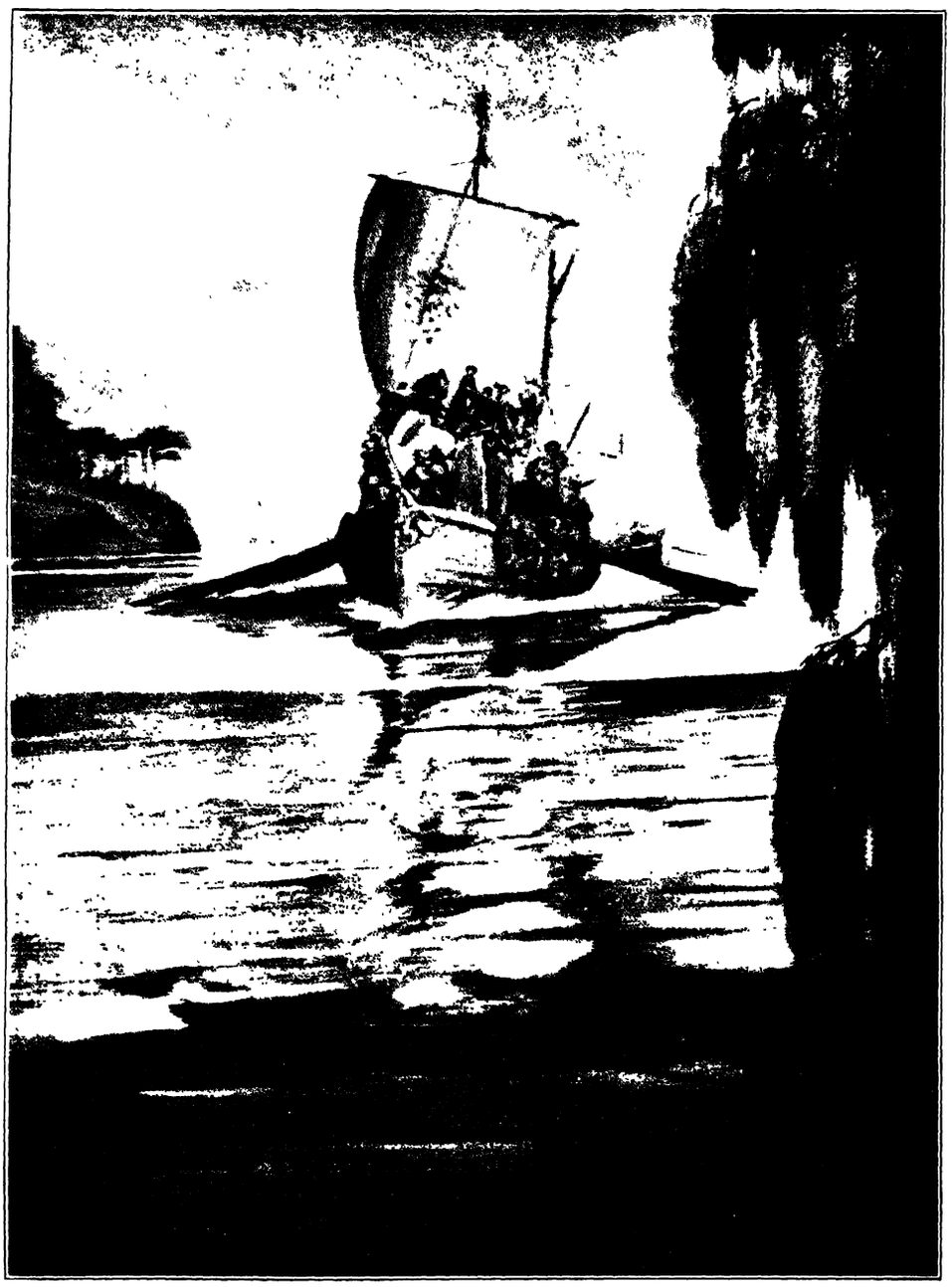
Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.



From a drawing by R. J. Swan

MR. ALFRED NOYES.



From a Painting by N. M. PRICE.
From "THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH POETRY"
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK
(SIR WALTER SCOTT).

' Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.



From a Painting by W. J. NEATBY.
From "THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH POETRY
(*Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.*)

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE (KEATS).
'My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains."



From a Painting by LEWIS BAUMER.
From "THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH POETRY"
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd)

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament,
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn,
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay

W. Wordsworth.



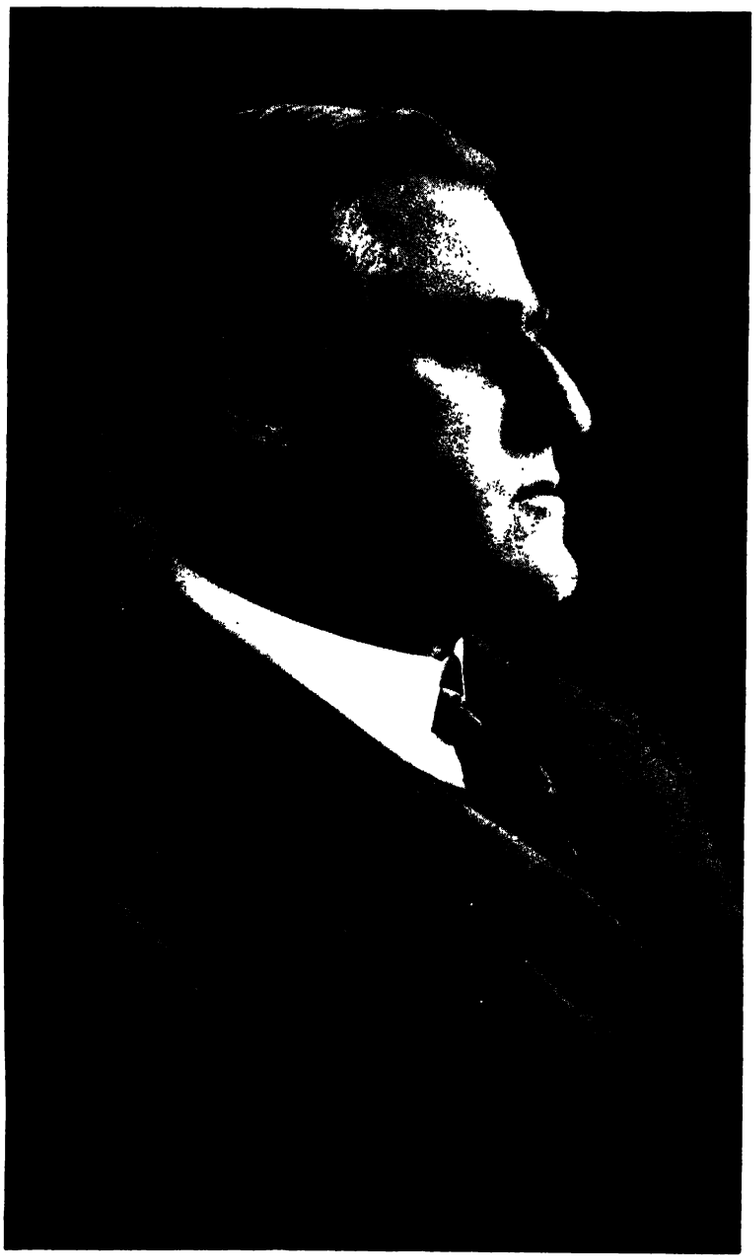
From a Painting by L. WILLCOUSINS.
From "THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH POETRY"
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING (HERRICK).
"Bid me to live and I will live."



From a drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL



SIR WILLIAM WATSON.

he disliked Milton's attitude on divorce or his attack on Charles I? No age has prated quite so much as ours about the need for æsthetic criticism, and few have practised it less Kipling has of course been praised for wrong reasons—no sincere lover of poetry would mind if "Ulster" or "The Female of the Species" were lost altogether but I am sorry for the Radical who cannot discern the poetic passion in 'The Flag of England" or "The Ballad of East and West Yet Kipling's most treasurable poems gay or serious lively or profound are untouched and untroubled by politics If he had written less—had his output for instance been as scanty as Mr A E Housman's—there would no doubt be a cult of Kipling as devout as that which admires the exquisite numbers of The Shropshire Lad With Kipling, to return to my drawing-room metaphor one has to seek out the little quiet things which we love purely for their beauty and when we find them what refreshment they bring

Take of English flowers these—
Spring's full faced primroses
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose
Autumn's wall flower of the close,
And, thy darkness to illume
Winter's bee-thronged ivy bloom
Seek and serve them where they bide
From Candlemas to Christmas tide
For these simples used aright,
Can restore a failing sight

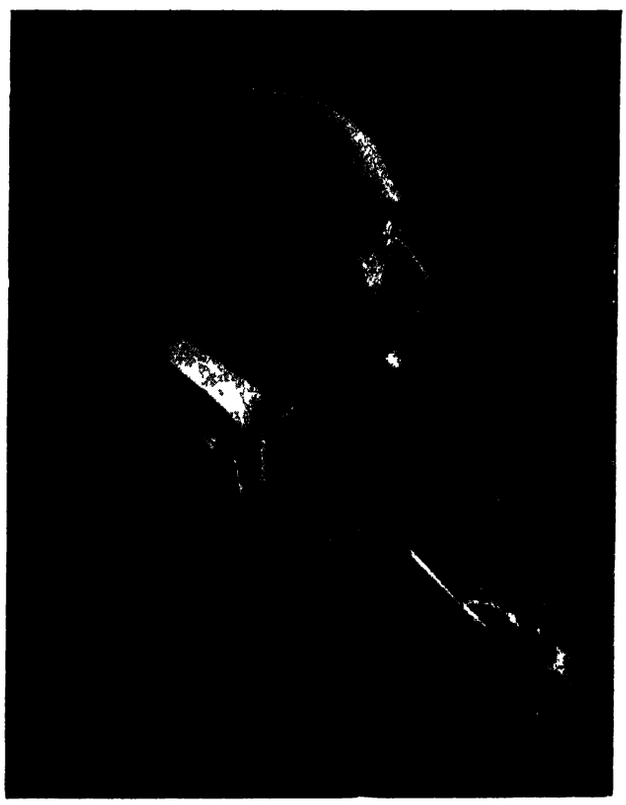


Photo by E. Hoppé **Mr. Rudyard Kipling.**

I am not one who thinks ill of the poems which we consider more characteristically Kipling but for those who dislike his rhetoric, his emphasis, his drumming, unrelenting rhythms and insistent tunes, there are many quiet closes in which he will pick you flowers as fragrant as any in other anthologies And looking through this vast collection, I am struck again by his firm place in the old English tradition a place long ago recognised by Tennyson. In spite of his variety and occasional eccentricity, Kipling is more definitely classical than any living poet of equal rank except the Poet Laureate How deep that classical tradition is in him and how much it means was shown in the 'Epitaphs,' when he wedded a superb reticence with a high emotion as they have not been wedded since Landor wrote. We must not forget that the poet who wrote "The Lesson" and "The Absent Minded Beggar" also wrote "The Coward"

I could not look on Death, which being known,
Then led me to him, blindfold and alone"

And that other, even more heartbreaking, which could have come from no man except the author of "They" and "Wee Willie Winkie"

On the first hour of my first day
In the front trench I fell
Children in boxes at a play
Stand up to watch it well)'

CHILDREN IN ENGLISH POETRY.

By Gilbert Thomas

ONE of the most hopeful features of our time is the revolution that is taking place in education It is true that the revolution does not move so quickly as some of us would like to see it Still, "it moves", and it is possible that in fifty years' time much that is still too generally prevalent in the training of the young, such as mass 'cramming" in schools and repressive discipline, will be looked back upon with as much horror as we now regard the days when children of tender years were sent to break their bodies and hearts in the coal mines We have still a long way to go before we gain an adequate insight into the little folk who live in so wonderful a fairyland of their own—before we properly appreciate their immense and infinitely varied potentialities But we may well gain confidence by realising how far along that way we have already travelled, and we can hardly gauge that distance better than by turning the pages of 'A Book of English Verse on Infancy and Childhood,' edited by Mr. L S. Wood and recently published in Messrs Macmillan's Golden Treasury series More vividly than all the textbooks of the professional historians, this anthology of poems about children reveals the gradually broadening light of understanding that, through the centuries, has come to shine upon the lives of the small people

The earliest child poem in the language dates from the fourteenth century, and is called "The Pearl." It describes how the poet, falling asleep from sorrow

upon the grave of his young daughter, " visits in dreams a strange country, where he meets a white-robed maiden, whom he eventually recognises as his Pearl." The great length of the poem and the difficulty of selection, however, excluded any portion of it from the anthology, which opens with the exquisite fifteenth-century carol :

" He came al so still,
There his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

" He came al so still
To his mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

" He came al so still,
There his mother lay ;
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

" Mother and maiden,
Was never none but she ;
Well may such a lady
Goddes mother be."

The sweet simplicity and tenderness of expression which mark these verses are found in greater or less degree in most of the child poems of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries :

" Sleep, baby, sleep ! What ails my dear ?
What ails my darling thus to cry ?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep "

So sings George Wither, and a similar note, often combined with a strain of religious mysticism, recurs again and again in the poems of such men as John Skelton, Robert Greene, Thomas Dekker, William Drummond, Robert Herrick, and Richard Crawshaw. But, while these early singers of childhood make an irresistible appeal to us, we cannot overlook the fact that, in the light of modern standards, their tenderness and their mysticism are essentially sentimental, and therefore superficial. The tenderness is all in the melody, and it is significant that most of the child poems of the period are either lullabies or laments over children who have died. Of any genuine sympathy, of any comprehension of the thoughts and feelings of the normal, waking, rollicking youngster, there is hardly a trace in these songs. There is nothing that more surely betrays weakness than sentimentality, and these early child poems, with their pretty " conceits," would of themselves be evidence enough that children were neither understood nor greatly considered in the times when they were written. And such we know to have been the case. During this period, as Mr. Wood reminds us, were not boys and girls of seven to nine years " bound to hard service as apprentices in the houses of other people, whence they seldom returned " ?

It is surprising that Shakespeare, to whom the hearts of men and women are open books, has so little to contribute to the interpretation of childhood. It is not until we come to Henry Vaughan that we find a poet who has enough inner light to enable him in some measure, as he thinks of his early years, to :

" Travel back
And tread again that ancient track."

But if Vaughan recaptures something of the atmosphere of childhood, his contemporary, Thomas Traherne, does it far more successfully :

" Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen ;
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white, and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great wonders clothed with glory did appear,
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth was everywhere ;
No joy to this !

* * * * *

" Proprieties themselves were mine
And hedges ornaments.
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn :
For me they all to wear them seemed
When I was born."

There at last we have a real glimpse into the heaven that lies about us in our infancy.

Blake is the child poet of the eighteenth century, and it should be remembered to his greater credit that he wrote during the worst days of the Industrial Revolution, with its callous cruelty to children :

" Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land—
Babies reduc'd to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand ?

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak and bare,
And their ways are fill'd with thorns :
It is eternal winter there."

After Blake come Lamb and Wordsworth. Few of us, probably, would dispute Mr. Wood's claim that Wordsworth is the Laureate of Childhood. Was it because he kept so close to the heart of Nature that he remained so near to the heart of the child ? Be that as it may, his multitudinous pages abound in true and simple pictures of children, and no poet more often or more faithfully brings back to us :

" The hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower "

that was ours before the " shades of the prison-house " closed upon us. And it is in Wordsworth that the sanctity and the deep spiritual significance of childhood, which only in our own day are beginning to receive something like general recognition, first find clear utterance :

" Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou blest philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind—
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by :
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height. . . ."

But quotation is superfluous: has not every lover of children and of poetry this immortal Ode perpetually upon the lips of his heart?

From Wordsworth's day we have an ever increasing volume not only of beautiful, but of wise and penetrating verse about children—the most prominent names of the period being Landor, Keble, Barnes, Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Browning, Patmore, Stevenson, Swinburne, and Francis Thompson. Stevenson's child poems are among the first to appeal to children themselves as well as to their elders. "The Lamplighter" is certainly a poem for children, but equally surely Mr. Wood is right in including it in his anthology as a poem *about* children. Stevenson has had many disciples, and it may be expected that, in proportion as we approach yet more accurately to the heart of childhood, the type of child poem that pleases old and young alike will become more common.

Mr. Wood includes in his volume a fairly representative selection of contemporary verse. His choice will not please the fervent partisans of any one poetical camp, and obviously he has been prevented through lack of space from doing honour to many poems that deserve a place in his pages. It is not, however, to our present purpose to criticise his judgment. It is enough for us to rejoice in the fact that the poets of our own day are writing freely about children from many points of view, happily reflecting the still growing light of imaginative sympathy with which, to the quickening of our own souls no less than to the benefit of the small people themselves, we are learning to illuminate the cradle and the nursery.

THE GOLDEN BOOK.

By Harold Monro.



Mr. Harold Monro.

LET us suppose our Golden Treasury to be *the* Golden Book of English Poetry, an anthology chosen, and enlarged from time to time, by a body of elected persons, called either a Committee or a Jury, consisting of the wisest and most impartial human beings who, with a religious apprehension of their intellectual responsibility, and with their minds riveted to their enjoyable task, would spend their lives investigating poetry, and revising and adding to the Corpus, or Poetic Bible, with a discrimination that would be exact, and an imaginative power that would be able to adapt itself to the fluctuating mind of the race.

Our Committee should have access to all poetry that may appear in print. The nature of their charge would be such that they must be men of learning, and of impartial taste of the non-academic kind. They may be philosophers, psychologists, scientists, historians, or mere literary experts; but they must be what is known as "men of the world." Their intelligence must be able to grasp the human requirement, namely, that sagas, legends, war-songs, love-songs; wise, romantic or pathetic tales; proverbs, rumours and sayings, traditional or sentimental or personal, be preserved in their most appropriate, concentrated and enduring form for perpetual enjoyable repetition.

They would consist of seven persons. Gaps caused by resignation or death would immediately be filled by election (on what system I do not know). Their responsibility would keep them wise; for is it not a universal assumption that the most complete representation of the mind of every human race is contained in its poetry, which is therefore sacred, and should be passed on from generation to generation with a literary carefulness almost, if not quite, amounting to a holy care?

Probably the Golden Book would be kept up to date by the addition of an Appendix at the end of every decade, which would consist of poems selected, though not necessarily produced, during the ten preceding years. Let us hope that it would always have been, and would always remain, an anthology of *poems*, not of *poets*. I mean that no wise Jury would ever decide on the inclusion of any poems because their authors happened to be important men who had made names for themselves, and whose omission might be considered a social error; nor, indeed, because they were all acquainted with any given poet, and were afraid of hurting his feelings.

The decennial Addenda would no doubt provoke much controversy and jealousy. The successfulness of the Jury would depend in some degree on its method. Each member, I imagine, would make up his own provisional selection, consisting, however, of many more poems than he could hope to see embodied in the eventual Appendix. He could ponder on these until he felt his mind becoming quite clear, gradually adding or eliminating, and not forgetting that it has often taken a hundred years, or more, to decide the poetic value of a literary work. Exclusion might of course only mean postponement of decision for another ten years.

Meanwhile the private anthologist would continue his labours; but his selections are usually regulated by his idiosyncrasies, or he is influenced by his personal friendships, or dominated by commercial considerations.

Let us imagine our Jury to have brought the Golden Book up to the year 1850 (the death of Wordsworth), a date which marks the definite close of one of our greatest poetic periods. The controversial questions arising out of that period would mostly have been settled, and a certain mental readjustment will be necessary. Very difficult cases will soon be coming



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Laurence Binyon.**

under consideration; and there will be numerous temptations to resist. A new type of poetry is gaining rapid popularity: the school of artifice is winning its centennial victory over the school of nature. The appreciation of the Jury should be slow and late. They will be confronted with the new poems of Tennyson, besides Browning, the two Rossettis, and, far more difficult, Morris and Swinburne. But think of the difficulty of judging some of the minor poetry; the wisdom required, for instance, to recognise, at such close quarters, the humbug in Stevenson. There would be Coventry Patmore and Meredith. They would have to try to make up their minds about Sydney Dobell (a first class poet surely, with a third class literary reputation). And there would be such others as George Macdonald and William Allingham. It requires more than a single mind, even though it be that of a Palgrave, a Ward, or a Quiller-Couch, to arrive at the broad and fair solution of such diverse problems.

Our Jury, being in charge of the bible of the race, would hold itself apart from all social or literary controversy. It would have to think of all poetry as anonymous. Any members who found themselves becoming too conservative, or too liberal, or too patriotic, or merely too chatty, would make it their duty to resign.

Their ideal, I suppose, would be to collect such poems as they knew for sure to be definitely interpretative of the mind of the race in its successive stages, embodying and illustrating its customs and habits, and revealing its intellectual ideals and religious superstitions or beliefs. A right sense of humour should be one of the more important governing factors of their combined mentality.

The symposium which follows is, I understand, to deal chiefly with living poets. I propose to excuse myself the mention of individual names, confining myself to the conjecture that, if our imaginary Jury had completed a new Appendix at the end of the year 1920, it would have included about one hundred and thirty-five poems by about twenty-seven living poets.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. J. C. Squire.**

PROFESSOR OLIVER ELTON:

I can make no horoscope for the living, and can only offer guesses as to the dead; nor have I troubled you with an anthology of poems. The list I send is not meant to be exclusive; but it enumerates some of the poets who in my belief ought to figure in a good anthology of the year 1970. I take 1900 (about) for a limiting date.

W. Allingham
M. Arnold
W. Barnes
The Brownings
J. Clare
A. H. Clough
W. Cory
R. W. Dixon
A. Dobson
E. Dowson
S. Dobell
Sir S. Ferguson
E. FitzGerald
Gordon Hake
W. E. Henley
J. Ingelow
C. Kingsley
H. Kingsley
W. S. Landor
F. Locker-Lampson
Sir A. Lyall
J. C. Mangan
P. B. Marston
G. Meredith
W. Morris
J. H. Newman
Roden Noel
A. O'Shaughnessy
C. Patmore
T. L. Peacock
C. G. Rossetti
D. G. Rossetti
Alex. Smith
A. C. Swinburne
R. L. Stevenson
Lord De Tablev



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Masefield.**

A. Tennyson
C. Tennyson-Turner
W. M. Thackeray
J. Thomson
Margaret Veley

O. ELTON.

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE:

I think that Miss Charlotte Mew should be represented in any future anthology. Her poems possess passion, restraint and originality to a high degree, and are, in my opinion, the most interesting verse ever written by a woman. I would specially include "The Farmer's Bride," "The Quiet House" and "Madeleine In Church."

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

G. K. CHESTERTON:

I scarcely remember the titles of any poems, but there are several which have caught my fancy, and which I think deserve to be better known, but I can only remember them by their first lines. One worthy of mention, I think, is Mr. J. C. Squire's, beginning: "The dead man's dead, the live man's sad." Then there is one of Mr. Noyes's about King Solomon and his ships, and an absolutely perfect poem, I think, by Mr. de la Mare, "Here lies a most beautiful lady." I consider also that the whole of Mr. Yeats and the whole of Mr. Belloc should be included.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON:

A lyrical poem by a living author, to be added to the Golden Treasury of English Poetry—"When I set out for Lyonesse," by Thomas Hardy.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

THOMAS MOULT:

Many are the names that have burned their golden ways into the scroll of English poetry since Francis Palgrave closed his Golden Treasury, and it is reasonable to suppose that many at the present moment are burning them equally golden. But our judgment is so enfeebled when we attempt comparative estimates of the writings of our own time that we are unable to decipher these later names with anything like the confidence which is ours as we survey the glorious list down to Swinburne, and even past him, to Francis Thompson (with his "Ode to the Setting Sun" and "The Hound of Heaven"), Stevenson (with the "Requiem" and little else), Oscar Wilde (though which of Wilde's poetry is worthy of his name it is still uncannily difficult to say), John Davidson ("Ballad of the Nun" and a short lyric, perhaps "Serenade"), Richard Middleton ("The Glad Nights of Spring" and "Lullaby"), and Stephen Phillips, with a fragment or two from his earlier plays. It is when we come to the poets still living that our task takes on a greater interest, for it is not so much a transcription as a speculation. Thomas Hardy, Robert Bridges, W. B. Yeats, William Watson—these names are plain enough; as plain, indeed, as Swinburne's and Thompson's; so are Mrs. Meynell's, Mr. Chesterton's, and Mr. Sturge Moore's. But for the rest . . . well, some may regard them as purely and rashly speculative. And yet for my part I believe that we shall find the names of Mr. Masefield and "The Everlasting Mercy," Mr. W. H. Davies and half a dozen lyrics ("The Moon," "A Great Time," "On Hearing Mrs. Woodhouse at the Harpsichord," and three others), Mr. de la Mare ("The Listeners," "Arabia," "The Three Cherry Trees" and "An Epitaph"), and Mr. Ralph Hodgson with that unforgettable "Eve." And speculation, that ends for me with these four 'Georgians,' may be additionally cheerful or gloomy, according to the way we view these things, by the doubt lest certain other names, glamorous to-day, will be found to have burned their way into that scroll at all!



Photo by L. O. Hoppé **Mr. Thomas Moult.**

THOMAS MOULT.

PROFESSOR HUGH WALKER:

As I have not to bear the responsibility of editing an anthology of poetry subsequent to Wordsworth, but am asked merely to make a few suggestions, I shall pass over almost completely those poets of the past whose place on Parnassus may be taken to be fully assured. With regard to them there is just one remark I wish to make. If I were editing such an anthology, in my selections from Swinburne I should try to find room for one or other of the two great Jacobite poems—"A Jacobite's Farewell" and "A Jacobite's Exile"; because they are supreme of their kind, and they illustrate a phase of Swinburne's genius which is far less familiar than that which we see in, say, the choruses of "Atalanta."



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Walter de la Mare.**

Swinburne's two poems bring to mind a third, the "Jacobite's Epitaph," for the sake of which I think Macaulay deserves to be admitted of the company. It would be indeed an exacting standard that should reject Landor's "Rose Aylmer" and "I strive with none." I think Noel Paton should be included for the sake of "There is a wail in the wind to-night," and Ernest Myers for the noble sonnet, "Achilles." From John Clare I should select "Last Lines"; from Beddoes, "Dream-Pedlary"; from Sydney Dobell, "Keith of Ravelston"; from William Cory, "Heraclitus" and "Mimnermus"; from George Meredith, "The Lark Ascending" and "Lucifer in Starlight"; from Lord de Tabley, "Misrepresentation"; from R. L. Stevenson, "Requiem" and "To S. R. Crockett"; from Francis Thompson, "The Hound of Heaven," "All Flesh" and "Daisy." Among the women should be included not only Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning, but Emily Brontë. My selection from her small handful of noble poems would be "Often Rebuked" and "No Coward Soul." But I would include also Augusta Webster, who probably of all the poetesses is the least adequately appreciated. Her "Love's Mourner" (from "Mother and Daughter") is worthy to rank with all but the very greatest of English sonnets.

Though Rupert Brooke is no longer alive his place is really with the poets of the present day. From him I should select the familiar sonnet, "The Soldier," and perhaps "Grantchester"; from Drinkwater, "The Dead Critic" and "The Vagabond"; from Masefield, "To His Mother"; from Alice Meynell, "The Shepherdess"; from Newbolt, "The Vigil"; and from Gilbert Frankau, "The Inn of a Thousand



Photo by E. O Hoppé. **Sir Henry Newbolt.**



Miss Charlotte Mew.
Photo by Basil.

Dreams." Kipling must of course be represented, and I think "Recessional," "The Flowers" and "Mandalay" would illustrate well three widely different phases of his genius. It would be unpardonable to omit Roger Quinn's great sonnet, "To a Skylark Singing Above Barnhill Poorhouse," though I know nothing he has written except this solitary specimen in the "Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse." And there are a few pieces printed from time to time in the course of the war, the loss of which would leave us appreciably poorer. I know of nothing finer in this class than Canon F. G. Scott's "Requiescant" (*The Times*, June 19th, 1915). But for one or two phrases which are rhetorical rather than poetic, the same writer's "On the Rue du Bois" (*The Times*, April 21st, 1915) would be of equal merit.

I do not think H. M. Vaughan's "Sonnets of Italy, and Other Poems" is widely known, and from that small volume should be culled "The Merciful Knight" "King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," by Chamelion (privately printed), contains a majestic piece on "Death." "All Souls' Eve," by Michael Barrington, an exquisite translation of a Highland lament, is quoted in Miss E. M. Tenison's "Alastair Gordon." And finally, as Lovelace's "To Lucasta" holds an honoured place in the original Golden Treasury, "From Lucasta," by Mrs. K. Mann ("Old Songs of the Elizabethans, with New Songs in Reply") ought to appear in the new Golden Treasury. Darley caught the tone once, and has been justly praised for it. What is due to Mrs. Mann, who has done it a score of times?

Such, Sir, are my suggestions towards a Golden Treasury of recent poets.

HUGH WALKER.

MURIEL STUART:

The following poems, quoted at random, and mostly from memory, I consider should be included in any further edition of the Golden Treasury.



Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Francis Thompson. "The Mistress of Vision," "The Hound of Heaven," "The Poppy," "To a Snowdrop," "Dream Tryst."
Swinburne. "The Leper," "The Triumph of Time," "Hymn to Proserpine," "Ave atque Vale."
Rossetti. "The Portrait," "Sister Helen."
Christina Rossetti. "Remember," "Goblin Market."
Emily Brontë. "Last Lines," "The Prisoner," "The Linnet in the Rocky Dells."
T. E. Browne. "Mater Dolorosa," "My Garden," "The Well," "Vespers," "The Bristol Channel."
George Meredith. "Theodolinda," "Love in the Valley," "We Saw the Swallows Gathering in the Sky."
Wm. Watson. "In Laleham Churchyard," "Autumn," "Estrangement."
Wm. Blake. "The Tiger."
Wm. Morris. "The Defence of Guenevere"
Stephen Phillips. "Marpessa."
John Davidson. "The Ballad of a Nun," "In Romney Marsh."
Wm. Henley. "Out of the Night that Covers Me," "To M. E. H.," Margaritæ Sorori."
R. L. Stevenson. "Requiem," "I Will Make you Brooches," "To S. R. Crockett."
Thomas Hardy. "Hap," "The Ballad Singer," "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations,'" "The End of the Episode."
Ernest Dowson. "Cynara."
Robert Bridges. "On a Dead Child," "My Delight is Thy Delight," "Elegy on a Lady."



Photo by Central News. **Mr. G. K. Chesterton.**

W. B. Yeats. "Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven," "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," "Rose of the World."
Alice Meynell. "A Girl to Her Own Old Age," "Renouncement," "To a Daisy," "To the Beloved."
Margaret L. Woods. "Gaudeamus Igitua."

MURIEL STUART.

GERALD GOULD:

In answer to your invitation to suggest what poets and poems should be added to the Golden Treasury, I would suggest of the recently dead the following. (I mention particular poems only where I think my choice might probably differ from that of most anthologists):

Rupert Brooke
John Davidson ("Ballad of Hell")
J. E. Flecker
George Meredith (Extracts from "Modern Love")
Wilfred Owen
R. L. Stevenson ("A Visit from the Sea")
Edward Thomas
Francis Thompson.



Miss Muriel Stuart.

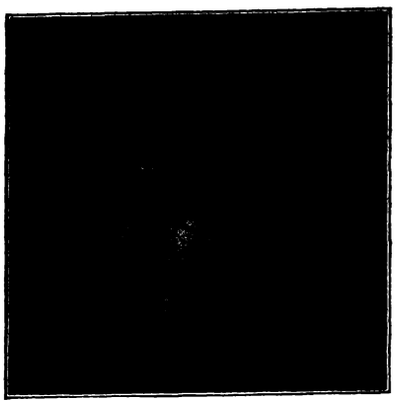
Photo by Kathleen Murray.

Of the living:

Lascelles Abercrombie
Hilaire Belloc
Laurence Binyon
Edmund Blunden
Gordon Bottomley
Robert Bridges
G. K. Chesterton (Extracts from "The Ballad of the White Horse")
Padraic Colum
W. H. Davies
John Drinkwater
W. W. Gibson
Robert Graves
Thomas Hardy
Ralph Hodgson
A. E. Housman
F. M. Hueffer ("Up Hampstead Way")
Rudyard Kipling ("Song of Diego Valdez")
Rose Macaulay
John Masefield ("Biography" and extracts from "Reynard the Fox")
Walter de la Mare
Charlotte Mew
Alice Meynell
Harold Monro
Henry Newbolt
Max Plowman
Siegfried Sassoon
J. C. Squire ("To a Bulldog")
James Stephens
Herbert Trench
W. J. Turner
William Watson
W. B. Yeats.

The majority of these names will, I think, command such general assent that comment would be waste of your space; but I should like to insist on my belief that almost any poem from Miss Charlotte Mew's small collection would be worthy of a place in almost any anthology.

The limitation of your question to one or two poems for each poet makes a difficulty in the case of so rich a field as the poems of Mr. de la Mare or Mr. Hodgson. I suppose the general choice from Mr. Hodgson would be "The Song of Honour" and "The Bull," but personally I think no anthology would be complete without his little "Stupidity Street."



Mrs. Margaret L. Woods.

From a portrait by Sir W. B. Richmond.

I don't know whether you would allow extracts from long poems. I hope so, because Mr. Chesterton, for instance, is so much at his best in his longest poems.

An objection might be raised to the length of my list on the ground that it would overweight the Golden Treasury with poems of this period as against those of former periods even richer in poetry. But to that I think there are two answers. In the first place, contemporary poetry, on which posterity has not yet had a chance of passing judgment, has always a special interest, and in judging it too narrowly we cannot be sure that we are not missing beauties which will be apparent to future generations. It is better to cast our net too wide than not to cast it wide enough.

Secondly, it is a characteristic of the present generation to produce a great number of poems which, though not equal to the greatest masterpieces of the past, are certainly better than the second-rate poems of the past. An anthology which admits Thomas Campbell could not reasonably refuse admission to much less gifted poets than any of those I have mentioned.

I am conscious too that my list has one or two conspicuous omissions. But this means rather that I am not sufficiently familiar with the work of the poets in question to advocate their inclusion than that I should wish to pass a hostile verdict on them.

GERALD GOULD.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THERE can be no worse introduction to Flaubert's genius than "Madame Bovary," which is perhaps his greatest work. By a series of accidents, accidents of time, of temper and of mere circumstance, "Madame Bovary" is still one of the most difficult novels in the world to judge simply, and on its own merits. We know so much of the great Norman's seven years of industry, too much of the scandal and success at the book's first publication, too much of Flaubert's own theories of craft which are so easy to confuse with others' theories of art. If you begin your reading of Flaubert with that great novel you will be in danger of regarding him as a realist, as the greatest member of that school of which Zola was the most formidable. That there is a realism in Flaubert is obvious enough; but if you would know its true nature you will approach his work either through the great gates of Carthage to watch the passion of Salammbô, or by that desert of horror and agony where St. Anthony was tempted. To read "Madame Bovary" first is to give the mind a bias from which it is quite unlikely to recover, and that bias will either make you put Flaubert too low or "Madame Bovary" too high.

There can be no novelists, there are few authors, who have so undisputed a position as Flaubert on so exiguous an output. He was writing for thirty years and he only published five novels, a book of three short stories and a play. In which of these does one find Flaubert at

his most representative? All have the mark of indefatigable honesty, of acute sense of style, of keen judgment of character; but Flaubert was far more than a stylist and an analyst. He was a man for whom ecstasy in control was the sign of life, just as for Dostoevsky, his contemporary, the promise of fuller life was ecstasy uncontrolled. Where Flaubert is far greater than any of his contemporaries in the Naturalistic movement is precisely in this sense of ecstasy which for him was often symbolised in the discovery of the right word, the necessary epithet, the unforeseen significance. If one seeks the more essential Flaubert one may immediately dismiss "Le Candidat," his play, and "Bouvard et Pécanchet," the novel of his failing years, and "Madame Bovary," because it is too bound up with the movement of which it became the manifesto. There are left then "Salammbô," "Le Tentation de St. Antoine," "Trois Contes," and "L'Education Sentimentale." The three tales, beautiful as they are—"Un Coeur Simple" has something of the serenity of "Silas Marner" and is far more effective in composition—do not form the best introduction to Flaubert. The Temptation of St. Anthony is on a different plane. It was the first thing of Flaubert's I read, and I would not quarrel with anyone who argued that it should be the first If anyone does begin with it he will never be able to believe that Flaubert was a dutiful realist whose main interest was in his provincial Normandy, and in a woman who is, with Hedda Gabler, the supreme proof that a quite worthless life can be turned to beauty and wonder. Yet the remote atmosphere of the St. Anthony, its absorption in those strange times when early Christianity was meeting and slowly vanquishing the obscene cults of the desert, remnants of pagan worship, memories of ancient and terrible rites by the Nile—render it a book which needs almost special study properly to understand. It is worth remembering that Flaubert began this book when he was still occupied with "Madame Bovary." I can see in its wilder pages, in its hot colours, its passionate and arid sensuality, a reaction from the deliberate commonplace of the Norman bourgeoisie. Flaubert, too, in this one book only was mastered by his material. He evoked powers which were too great for him: beginning the book in a mood of pure fantasy, he gradually gets possessed, as does the reader, by the real magic, black and white, of it; and as a spiritualist who resorts to fraud, he is overwhelmed by the arrival of genuine phenomena. "L'Education Sentimentale," the greatest analytic novel in the world, is unsuited as an introduction for that very reason. The great traditional novels keep analysis implicit. The more elaborate problems are worked out in the author's study, and he gives us the results as Flaubert did in his other work, as Tchehov does so amazingly in story after story in which one tell-tale moment reveals a character. The book of Flaubert's which should be read first is "Salammbô," the great novel in which, from the hints of antiquarians and the impress on his own mind of the ruined and desolate places, he has recreated for us the civilisation of a forgotten and conquered empire.



Gustave Flaubert.
From the portrait by Paul Baudanin, in the Municipal Library at Rouen.

II

Two criticisms are generally brought against "Salammbô's" claim to be a great novel. One is generic. A school of criticism, very fashionable twenty years ago or so, was fond of denouncing all historical novels as such. Mr. Arthur Symons once put the objection thus:

> "We are at best only half conscious of the reality of the things about us, only able to translate them approximately into any form of art. How much is left over, in the closest transcription of a mere line of houses in a street, of a passing steamer, of one's next-door neighbour, of the point of view of a foreigner looking along Piccadilly, of one's own state of mind, moment by moment, as one walks from Oxford Circus to the Marble Arch? Think, then, of the attempt to reconstruct no matter what period of the past, to distinguish the difference in the aspect of a world perhaps bossed with castles and ridged with ramparts, to two individualities encased in chain-armour!"

There is a double fallacy in this criticism. First, all literary art is based on the assumption that our judgment, our æsthetic vision of other people, has a certain validity: and no one would ever claim absolute validity. Secondly, there is no reason why a great artist, who studies the period, should not write a far more truthful novel about Julius Cæsar, or Solomon, or Queen Elizabeth, than about William Montgomery of Glenlivet, North Finchley. Indeed, in a sense, all fiction is historical fiction, and the novelist who chooses for his characters personages about whom there is already in existence a large body of criticism and appreciation has the advantage which so often accrues to an indirect method of approach. Then it has been complained of "Salammbô" that the figure of the heroine is insufficiently individualised, that she passes through the amazing scenes, painted and hieratic, like a figure in some ancient tapestry. Flaubert himself said that "the pedestal was too large for the statue." No doubt there is something in this; but I am not sure that it would be felt by a reader who read the book without thinking of Salammbô herself as the chief figure. That privilege

really belongs to Matho, the maddened lover who rushes through the story, inhumanly if you will, but with an inhumanity of visitation, a portent of the fierce worship of Ashtaroth in the hearts of savage people. "Salammbô" has all the realism, all the devoted method of "Madame Bovary," and something which, though present in "Madame Bovary," is less in evidence. It is a quality difficult to state. Much good literature—nearly all French and English eighteenth century literature, for instance, except a little of Swift—is without it. It is a quality more spiritual than emotional, and it may be evil as well as good. It has been called, by Mr. Machen in "Hieroglyphics," Ecstasy; and I do not know that anyone has invented a better word for it. It is that in literature and art which removes them from the ordinary activities of life, which insists, by statement or assumption, on the facts of man's capacity for living elsewhere than in time and space. It is even more than that. At its highest in "King Lear," in some of Blake's songs, in "The Ring and the Book," in Ibsen's greater plays, it is an insistence that man never really lives except when he is lifted above the things of this world. It is, in brief, the sacramental aspect of art, the symbolic content, and it is more easily perceived in "Salammbô" than in any other of Flaubert's books. It is not often explicit; but there is one sentence which conveys this symbolic significance with curious force. In the last chapter Salammbô is watching the approach of Matho after he has been flogged through the city:

"With the first step he had taken she had risen to her feet; then, as he gradually drew near, she had little by little involuntarily approached the edge of the terrace, soon all outward things became blotted out, and she had eyes only for Matho. A silence had descended upon her soul—one of those unfathomable depths in which the whole world vanishes beneath the weight of a single thought, a memory, a look."



Flaubert's Study at Croisset, near Rouen.

From a drawing by Lecomte.

III

"The whole world vanishes"—that is the sentence which it is profitable to remember when one reads "Madame Bovary" and "L'Education Sentimentale." They are books, to all outward appearance, terribly preoccupied with the world. As I read again those early chapters of "Madame Bovary" which relate so methodically the drab provincial life of Normandy, the daily routine of Charles Bovary's round, the extreme earthiness of the human animal almost overwhelmed me. In all that opening for Emma's appearance, Flaubert may seem to forget that there are always moments when the world vanishes. Yet it is precisely what "Madame Bovary" shows no less than "Salammbô," no less than the St. Anthony. For it is the peculiar triumph of Flaubert's first novel that it, by sheer alchemy, finds beauty and something eternal in the third-rate selfish, sensual, provincial woman. Wherein it lies, it is hard to say, as in the case of Hedda Gabler. Is it in the mere dissatisfaction with life—a dissatisfaction which, however ignoble, is yet a remote relative of the hunger and thirst of the saintly? Is it in the desire, however shallow, for some beauty which cannot be described, some standard which cannot be measured in money or success? Or is it merely in the sheer humanity of this derelict soul, whose very passion is a *pastiche*, whose very sentiment is pinchbeck and unreal? Whatever it be, it is there. I defy anyone of imaginative sensibility to read "Madame Bovary" and not admit, as he must admit in reading "Hedda Gabler," that there is sorrow and sympathy in his heart, not contempt or misanthropy. That sorrow is phrased beautifully and tenderly in the Trois Contes, as it is proclaimed rhythmically and sonorously in the novel of Carthage and the great monodrama of the desert. And in "L'Education Sentimentale" it is analysed with a sureness, a swiftness of reaction to the niceties of the modern phases of accidie, which has never been excelled, not even by the great Russians. Frédéric is not a magnificent hero: his loves are as pitiful as hate, but in the acute and unrelenting analysis of his life Flaubert has exposed once more the common humanity of us all. Some will always prefer more full-blooded novels, an art more careless than Flaubert's; but the most critical can admire the consummate skill with which, alone among the perfect craftsmen of fiction (and are there more than three?), Flaubert never forgets that there was something which his art could not render, that there come moments when "the whole world vanishes beneath the weight of a single thought, a memory, a look."

A CHRISTMAS BUDGET.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

NOT such a Budget as that with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer distresses your parents, dear children, but a budget of honest delight, a pedlar's pack of dreams and adventures to sell and to be bought.

First, since old friends are best, here is Perrault, the French peer of Grimm and Andersen, with the delightful Fairy Tales[1] that age cannot wither nor custom stale. Long, long after we have embarked on the last adventure of all, golden boys and girls will be drooping their heads and curls over that benefactor of the young, Maître Charles Perrault, who gave us "Cinderella," "Puss In Boots," "Blue Beard," "Red Riding Hood" and all the immortals. This beautiful edition, edited by that whimsical prince of fantasy who has himself travelled in realms of fairyland, Mr. W. Heath Robinson, has given what he has seen so that the Fairy Tales may be more fully realised. To praise Perrault at this day would be to paint the lily. Suffice it to say that here are the beloved things offered in a golden casket. In addition to Perrault there are here Madame Leprince de Beaumont's "Beauty and the Beast," with a couple of tales from that other fairy godmother, Madame D'Aulnoy. There will not be a better book this Christmas nor many Christmases.

"The Empire Annual for Girls"[2] is one of those big Annuals which extort praise, while a professional writer feels that she and her writing brothers and sisters are rather heavily handicapped by such an amount of things that girls want to know, gathered together and presented to them at a most moderate price. I have actually known a grown-up girl, who is writing and publishing stories herself, take this book to bed with her and lie awake to read it. The stories are good and not namby-pamby. These Annuals seem to be edited by very capable people. The names of the writers are doubtless as old friends to the girls who will read this Annual. The quality of their stories is generally so good that many of them will doubtless be known in time to a grown-up public as well.

"The Green-Faced Toad, and Other Stories"[3] assure one that others beside the immortal ones have been to fairyland and have come back again. It is not quite the same atmosphere as that of the great wizards. There is a little flavour of modernity, a certain laughter on the part of the author which *they* never allowed themselves to indulge in, for they were wide-eyed children themselves. But Mrs. Birch's whimsicality is in the picture and never descends to the fooling which disturbs and offends the grave-eyed children. Lois Lenski's illustrations are most ingenious, quite in the atmosphere of fairyland and of a quick imaginativeness.

"Old English Nursery Songs"[4] will bring a Merry Christmas when it comes. Here are all the



By W. Heath Robinson. **He set off over the Country-side.**

From "Old Time Stories" (Constable).

[1] "Old Time Stories" By Charles Perrault. Translated by A. E. Johnson. 15s. (Constable)

[2] "The Empire Annual for Girls." (Religious Tract Society.)

[3] "The Green-Faced Toad." By Vera B. Birch. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. (The Bodley Head.)

[4] "Old English Nursery Songs." 8s. 6d. (Harrap.)

old beloved rhymes, from "Hey-Diddle-Diddle" to "I Saw Three Ships," thirty-seven of them in all, with a special musical setting by Horace Mansion and beautiful pictures by Anne Anderson. It will be the very thing for Christmas festivities. Miss Anderson's delightful title page of a ring of children moving to these rhymes is a sage and happy anticipation. There is no reason why the book should not go to grown-ups as well—to choral societies and village glee-clubs and all such honest lovers of music and that first of instruments, the human voice.



"William had no idea how you picked cabbage leaves with a trowel."

From "The Peek-a-Boo Gardeners" (Oxford University Press).

"The Peek-a-Boo Annual"[5] is for the littlest ones, as its name indicates. It is written and illustrated by Miss Chloé Preston, the pictures very American in the immortal Buster Brown manner. Herein shall large-eyed babes discover the adventures of other large-eyed babes and their large-eyed dogs, all of an irresistible comicality. This will be a book for grannies and godmothers to give to those whose little feet are not yet over the borders of the Kingdom of Seven Years Old and earlier.

[5] "The Peek-a-Boo Annual." By Chloé Preston. 6s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)



"The old man slammed the door."

From "The Last of the Baron" (Oxford University Press).

"Peggy and the Giant's Aunt"[6] follows the somewhat familiar lines of the Child who slips away from the Nursery on a witch's broomstick or something else, and has the most wonderful adventures in the strange lands over the mountains and under the sea before finding himself or herself back in the nursery cot. It is a story that never palls, for it is in the line of the stories the children make for themselves. Miss Hillyard has told her tale with freshness and vivacity, and it will give much happiness to the child who receives it. The illustrations are very quaint and amusing.

"Eileen's Adventures in Wordland"[7] comes to us from America. I wonder if it is all that the publishers claim for it—"One of the rare childhood books which children steadily *grow up* to and *into*, because each year discovers a new interest and a deeper appeal." Well, I wonder! It is a quite ingenious tale of a little girl for whom the dictionary words come alive and make a fairy kingdom. The illustrations are adequate. Miss Zillah Macdonald's acknowledgments to the learned men who have helped her with the book suggest a deeper meaning than appears to the reviewer. Perhaps the child will discover it, and not discover a pernickety design to teach something, if the design is there.

"The Last of the Baron"[8] is the story of two boys who lived in the time when London was a little town. Tom and Gerald have a great many thrilling adventures, but there seems a certain humorous intent on the part of the writer, as though he was travestying some old

[6] "Peggy and the Giant's Aunt." By M. D. Hillyard. 3s. 6d. (Black.)

[7] "Eileen's Adventures in Wordland." By Zillah Macdonald. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes.)

[8] "The Last of the Baron." By E. A Dyke-Smith. 5s. (Milford.)

bombastic romance. Boys may enjoy this or they may not. I should think the former unlikely. If they want to read about knights and heroes they like them to have no shadow of ridicule. Not every man is a Cervantes and not every knight can emerge more knightly from being laughed at. The illustrations by George Morrow are very good.

"A Child's Chaplet of Stories, Retold from the Greek Mythology"[9] will appeal to the imaginative boy and girl and will make them want to read the classics for themselves. The book has educational value as well, but there is no need to wrap up these splendid stories in a sugar-coating of make-believe, for the stories themselves are the sugar and the honey, and they will be sweet on the palate. These great stories cannot be told too often, and here they are well and simply told by an anonymous story-teller.

[9] "A Child's Chaplet of Stories, Retold from the Greek Mythology" 5s. (Milford)

New Books.

MATTHEW PRIOR.*

Mr. Wickham Legg has made an exhaustive examination of such sources, both printed and in manuscript, as were likely to yield information on his chosen subject; he has prosecuted his researches not only in England, but in Paris and at The Hague; and the result of his labours is a book which is at once an interesting study of Prior's public career—a career, by the way, which was often the reverse of public—and a valuable contribution to English diplomatic history, especially in connection with the tortuous proceedings which resulted in the Treaty of Utrecht. To say that he touches but lightly on those details of Prior's private life which may be gleaned from the delightful personalities wherewith Matt was wont to enliven even his letters on affairs of state—for my part, I hope that Mr. Wickham Legg considers this aspect of the matter to have been adequately dealt with elsewhere—and that he enters into no particular criticism of the poetry, though he justly emphasises the excellence of Prior's prose, whether in its epistolary or in its more formal manifestations, is no adverse criticism of his book, for to do so was not his purpose, which was rather to illustrate the diplomatic relations between France and England, in the reigns of William and Anne, from the career of one who played an important, if not a supremely important, part in shaping them.

Nevertheless it cannot be doubted that it was Mr Wickham Legg's interest in Prior's character which prompted him to write the book he has written, and not the history of foreign affairs from Ryswick to Utrecht which he is obviously well qualified to write. And certainly that character is one of extraordinary interest. That a boy who was a peasant by birth (though he was actually born, as has now been conclusively proved, in London) and whose first profession was that of drawer in a tavern, should have risen to hob-nob with princes and to give his name to a treaty, implies remarkable qualities. The initial luck of his attracting Dorset's kindly notice must be granted, though had it not been for his native cleverness that piece of luck would not have befallen him; but thence onward his advancement was due to himself. All his life, it is true, he was helped by powerful friends; but there was no reason why they should have helped one who by his natural connections was so friendless and uninfluential had it not been for the intelligence and the personality which made him attractive and useful to them. That he never made himself absolutely essential to his masters renders his success only the more remarkable. He was no Wolsey—that other "honest poor man's son"—to grasp the reins of government. Favourably inclined to him as was King William, it was not worth his while to carry his favour to the point of thwarting Galway in the matter of the Irish secretaryship; nor were Bolingbroke and Oxford prepared to insist on their friend's inclusion among the signatories of the Treaty of Utrecht when the proud Lord Strafford refused to set his name beside that of the ex-potboy. Moreover, Prior was often kept in ignorance of the inner meaning of the negotiations in which he was an agent; it seems fairly certain that he knew little of Bolingbroke's dealings with the Pretender.

Yet in spite of this comparative lack of importance, the men in power constantly found it convenient to employ him in difficult and delicate work, when there must have been many sons of the great political houses whom it would have been in the order of the day to prefer to him. The chief reason for this was no doubt Prior's great cleverness, his supreme readiness of wit; but it is likely that a weighty secondary cause was his honesty. For in spite of the fierce invectives of Duchess Sarah, Prior would appear to have been an honest man. With the exception of Jersey, he was probably bound to none of his employers by stronger ties than those of interest and gratitude, but he served them faithfully. Mr. Wickham Legg rightly takes the view that his vote for the impeachment of the managers of the Second Partition Treaty was not an act of treachery. He had himself had a share in bringing that treaty into being, but, even if he disapproved of it, it was not his business, as a diplomatic underling, to take account of his own opinions. As a member of Parliament, on the other hand, that was precisely his business. What is more to the point, he had to choose between the King and his ministers, and he chose for the King. As is shown by the interesting letters to Portland in which he adumbrated the idea of a Patriot King, he was already three parts a Tory. His political philosophy perhaps did not go very deep, but it was inevitable that it should wear the Tory complexion. For Prior, it must not be forgotten, was an artist, and art in his day meant form rather than liberty. His spiritual affinity, moreover, was certainly more with Bolingbroke than with Halifax.

The force which shaped Prior's career, however, was something more material than a political ideal. Nor was it anything so lofty as ambition. Prior was a good deal of an hedonist and something of a snob. He loved creature comforts and the society of the well-born. One taste may have been partly due to, or at any rate developed by, his bad health; the other was a reaction from those humble early circumstances over which he was at such pains to draw a veil. But he also loved the diplomatic game for its own sake. It gave him obvious pleasure to hoodwink Villeroy or to fence with Torcy.

Mr. Wickham Legg is severe on Prior's moral character. It is an unkind suggestion that his cough was the result of intemperance. He was undoubtedly consumptive, but the origin of the disease is unknown and there is nothing to show that he drank more heavily than most of his contemporaries. As for his love affairs, Prior, as Pope said, was "not a right good man"; but it should be remembered that he had neither the wealth nor the personal attractiveness which might have found him, in spite of his birth, a wife in the class with which from boyhood he had been accustomed to associate, and he can hardly be blamed for not seeking a permanent, and from the point of view of his career disadvantageous, alliance in the class from which his talents had lifted him.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Matthew Prior: A Sketch of his Public Career and Correspondence." By L. G. Wickham Legg. 22s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

STEPHEN McKENNA MEMORIES.*

In taking "While I Remember" as a title for his studies of men and manners of the last dozen years, Mr. Stephen McKenna unconsciously but inevitably holds out a prospect to his readers of something personal and autobiographical. Disappointment awaits them. The only passages of autobiography are contained in a page or two describing his experiences as a schoolmaster at Westminster, in another page—a most delightful one—describing his relations with the head of the Intelligence Section in the War Trade Department, and in a line here and there of his diary of the doings of the Balfour mission to the United States. Mr. McKenna prides himself on setting down his memories without the introduction of the personalities, which give piquancy to an autobiography, but which he wholeheartedly condemns. It is open to question whether such personalities are more deplorable than a stream of unlimited invective poured on Cabinet Ministers.

From his vantage point of thirty-three years, and with all the brilliant rapier play to be expected from the author of "Sonia," Mr. McKenna as a good Liberal attacks Mr Lloyd George and the Coalition Government in half a hundred pages. Carried away by the exuberance of the fray he occasionally contradicts himself. In one of his most brilliant efforts he declares that their "frightfulness" in Belgium and France "makes the name of a German stink": "Germany must remain branded with the mark of bestiality," and the ex-Kaiser must be hanged. the fear of making him popular by martyrdom is groundless. Yet when the Premier adopts this view he is severely and satirically informed that thirteen years' tenure of office ought to have told him that the ex-Kaiser's asylum in Holland cannot be disturbed. Again we are instructed that by the peace terms Turkey "is first vilified and then skinned alive." Later on we learn that she is "established in Constantinople with licence to misgovern and to massacre as freely as in the past." The two pictures are not wholly inconsistent, but their conjunction is somewhat unusual.



Mr. Stephen McKenna.
From drawing by R. J. Swan.

In justice to Mr. McKenna it must be said that, loyal Liberal as he is, Mr. Asquith is arraigned by him wellnigh as fiercely as his political opponent In fact here again his fierceness sometimes carries the critic off his legs. "Mr. Asquith's friends began to wonder whether the highest statesmanship consisted in overcoming one crisis by creating another, by exchanging an Irish crisis for a European crisis." Heretofore such charges have been made in Germany alone.

Other men of renown suffer from this master of satire—Bishop Furze with his opinions on the supply of shells, and Mr. Birrell, "too busily engaged in concealing his defects as an administrator under his brilliance as an epigrammatist," but the worst fate is reserved for the judge in a famous trial, whose conduct is viewed "with less disgust than pity."

Fortunately there are two Mr. McKennas, and nothing could exceed the charm and humour and delicacy of the greeting sent to his old pupils at Westminster:

> "Sometimes I blush to recall the lessons that I taught. . . . My incompetence was incurable. . . . I should be well pleased to think that your memories of me are a hundredth part as kindly as my memories of you. . . . Does it comfort you to know that my awe of you continued for three terms? If ever the prayer-bell had not rung before I showed that I could not solve some diabolical equation! If you could have seen into my mind during the first week, when I ranged you in alphabetical order and guided myself despairingly by the two red-heads in the form!"

The whole description of Westminster deserves to become a classic. Almost equally good is the impressionist sketch of life at Oxford in "The House," the joyous sense of possession when a freshman enters into occupation of his own rooms:

> "Though the carpet were threadbare and the curtains dingy, though sofa and chairs needed recovering, and the meagre blankets on one bed bore the name of 'Arthur Bourchier' and a date four years before the new owner was born"

The author goes on to dwell fondly on the mystery of a scout's digestion, with its power of assimilating all sorts of scraps and remains, including dressed-crab and "unmortised halves of meringues" In the third fragment of autobiography, the diary kept during the Balfour mission to America, mention is made of the fact, which reflects credit on the German intelligence service, that the night the mission was due to sail "every British west-coast port was carefully mined."

We get into near touch with the origins of "Sonia," when the author dilates on the changes in London society during this period, on the disappearance of the old barriers of good breeding and decency, "the abrogation of all moral standards," culminating in the "orgy" of 1918. But the wisest as well as the wittiest part of the book is devoted to the theme of modern literature. The leading characteristics of the foremost writers are touched off in a few words with the insight of the expert, and the most pointed shafts of ridicule wing their way towards celebrity hunters and those who "try to found a salon and only succeed in opening a restaurant."

W. A. Fox.

* "While I Remember." By Stephen McKenna. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

A POET OF SCIENCE.*

The life of Jean-Henri Fabre, the great Provençal naturalist, provokes the familiar comment upon the stupidity of a society which ignores its finest and most highly gifted spirits while they are alive and raises monuments to them after they are dead. A few years before the war there was hardly an Englishman who had even heard of Fabre's name. In France, where his work was done and his books were published, he was permitted to languish in poverty and obscurity until he was worn with weight of years and labour. It was not indeed until 1910, when the great scientist was eighty-seven years of age, that any national appreciation was accorded by France to one of the most illustrious of her sons. In that year Fabre's "scientific jubilee" was held in the little village of Sérignan, and a great company of poets, scientists and philosophers came from every province of France to do homage to the man whose patient and inspired researches into the lives and habits of the insects had revealed wonders of nature hitherto unsuspected, had shaken the citadel of the great Darwin himself, and had entirely revolutionised the theory of instinct. The recognition, so far as any influence upon Fabre's work was concerned, came too late. His work was done, and the record of it set down in the ten volumes of his "Souvenirs Entomologiques," a work destined to immortality as surely as the "Origin of Species."

* "The Life of Jean-Henri Fabre." By the Abbé Augustin Fabre Translated by Bernard Miall 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Souvenirs Entomologiques" Edition définitive Illustrée, Par J. H. Fabre En onze volumes. (Paris: Librairie Delagrave.)—"The Works of J. H. Fabre." Translated by Teixeira de Mattos. Each volume 7s. 6d. net. (In progress.) (Hodder & Stoughton)

For over sixty years Fabre had struggled against difficulties that would have crushed a less indomitable spirit. Living and rearing his family on a pittance no greater than that of a worker in the fields, without scientific apparatus except such as he could construct himself from a few bits of wire gauze, flower-pots and wooden boxes, he yet achieved one of the greatest scientific conquests of our age, and his work, already the basis of one system of philosophy, may have incalculable results both upon the knowledge and the material welfare of mankind.

The only life of Fabre hitherto available to English readers has been Bernard Miall's translation of the excellent biography by Dr. C. V. Legros, published by Fisher Unwin under the title, "Fabre, Poet of Science," in 1913. At the time of the Sérignan jubilee, however, it had already occurred to the Abbé Augustin Fabre, a distant kinsman of the great naturalist's, that the many personal reminiscences contained in the ten volumes and four thousand pages of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" could be linked together to form the most fascinating biography, or rather autobiography, imaginable. There were gaps of course, but these could easily be filled in by the concisest chronicle. The poet of science, who in addition to all his other gifts was one of the greatest masters of French prose, could be left to tell his own story, and to record in his characteristically simple and unaffected style the ardours and triumphs of a life that must be an example and an inspiration to all upon whom fate presses hard.

The result was a series of articles which appeared in the *Journal d'Aveyron*. They were written in the first place purely for local readers, but forming as they do the most intimate biography of a man in whom the whole cultured world is now interested, it was inevitable that they should be rescued from the files of a provincial newspaper and issued in book form. They have been translated by Mr. Bernard Miall, and are rounded off by a chapter specially written by the Abbé Fabre for the English edition and dealing with the last years of the naturalist's life, from 1910 to 1915.

In the space of a review so short as this must be it is impossible to illustrate by quotation the vivacity and the humanity of these personal records. Readers of Mr. Teixeira de Mattos' admirable translations of the "Souvenirs," now in progress of publication by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, will be glad to have the autobiographical portions thus collected, while those who have the misfortune to know nothing of Fabre's work will be led by this biography to make immediate acquaintance with the master. Fabre was ninety years old when he died, and every outstanding phase of his remarkable career is touched upon with a modesty that is only equalled by the beauty and vigour of his description. We see him first of all on his grandfather's lean farm on the bleak Rouerque table-land, an urchin of five or six in wooden clogs and a soiled frieze frock with his handkerchief tied to his belt by a piece of string. There it was that he made his first scientific discovery, learning by deliberate experiment that he enjoyed the sun's radiance with his eyes, and not with his mouth, as he had supposed. The announcement of this discovery to the peasant circle at home was the occasion of loud laughter at the inquirer's simplicity, but the incident was characteristic of his whole future life.

Then we have a picture of the seven-year-old Fabre at the village school of Saint-Léons, kept by his godfather, who combined the office of schoolmaster with that of bailiff, barber and farm-labourer, and wound the village clock between times. The school itself was at once a kitchen, a bedroom, a dining-room and, at times, a chicken-house and a piggery, but its walls were embellished with a number of halfpenny prints in crude colours, which gave the lad his first vague notions of art, and formed in later years one of the most cherished of his early memories. At ten years old he proceeded to the Lycée of Rodez, getting his education free in return for his functions as serving boy in the chapel. There he learnt his Latin, and began that love of Virgil which was to become so apparent in the writings of his mature years, a love that was dependent perhaps upon the exquisite details of life in the woods and fields enshrined in Virgil's sonorous verse. Fabre's studies at Rodez were interrupted by a family misfortune which sent him out into the world to earn a scanty living, but a few years later he entered for a bursary at the Normal College of Vaucluse and won it with ease. One of the most interesting sections of his memoirs is the account of his life at this time, and the record of the development which led him, through the medium of a schoolmastership in Carpentras, to the Chair of Physics and Chemistry first in the Lycée of Ajaccio, and afterwards at Avignon. It was during this period of his career that he attracted the attention of Victor Duruy, the enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, who obtained for him the Legion of Honour and forced him to attend the reception at the Tuileries to receive the decoration from the Emperor's own hand. Duruy would gladly have retained Fabre in Paris, giving him a position which would afford both leisure and the means to pursue his studies in comfort, but Fabre's one thought was to get away from that whirl of humanity in which he suffered "tortures of loneliness" and return to his own thyme-scented hills and the grey olive-yards rich in grasshoppers.

Then followed thirty years of arduous and unceasing labour. The needs of a growing family made him interrupt his naturalistic studies to write more popular expositions of science for children which are still a model of their kind. Some of them have been translated into English in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's series. The first volume of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" was published in 1879, the year of his removal to Sérignan, where the work was done with which posterity will always associate his name. The biography henceforward is the history of his researches and its background is his beloved Provence, which saw "the unfolding of his rich and vital nature, and lavished upon him all the beauty of its sky, all the brilliance of its Latin soul, all the savour of its musical and picturesque language, and all the entomological wealth of its sunny hills."

C. S. EVANS.

A BAYARD OF LIBERALISM.*

Lives of editors remind us we can make their "Lives" sublime, perhaps, but we can rarely make them active or adventurous. Mr. Saxon Mills recognises at an early stage of his faithful and loyal chronicle that its material must needs be uneventful. Education, search for work, the successive control of three Liberal papers, occupation with a great edition of Ruskin and sundry biographies, and finally the acceptance of a thankless task as Director of the Press Bureau—these things hardly provide those sensations which make the staple of popular reading to-day. Again, Mr. Mills can hardly conceal the fact that Sir Edward Cook was to all intents a misapplied and disappointed man. He never found the recognition at Oxford which his powers and facility demanded, and there were three failures at the close of his academic years there which must remain wholly unaccountable. Journalism afforded as ready an outlet as any other calling could—perhaps better than most—for his exceptional faculties of quick and penetrating thought, clear and characteristic expression, and views which in the main were liberal but vigorously independent at that. Journalism and politics, like Oxford, brought him warm and serviceable friendships, but, like Oxford, they proved as ungrateful as they always must to the man who preserves his own liberty of mind. Without those friendships, and the personal magnetism pervading the author's estimate, this book would be a bitter record. That he has kept it steadily along lines of optimism, and subdued the note of irony to an undertone, is not the least among its elements of success.

It must strike more than one reader of this book that lives of editors never seemed to crowd upon us until lately, when most editors have ceased to count. When Cook began his career as a newspaper man, his exemplar, now Lord Morley, could make terms which in their defiance of arithmetical equity, read like romance to-day. They are

* "Sir Edward Cook: A Biography." By J. Saxon Mills. 16s. (Constable.)

given here in chapter seven, and Cook tried to keep their spirit alive. An editor with a consistent political record was a known factor to be relied upon, which was more than could be said for proprietors ready to sell the paper over his head and into the dark. Papers and politics have not improved in consistency since, commercialism occupies the front benches, and editorship shivers in the cold shades of opposition. The story of Cook's passing from the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the *Westminster Gazette*, which he helped to found, is one of the most dramatic in the annals of Fleet Street, and the gist of it, as given here, is in his own inimitable telling. Before a first-hand version of events becomes available, Mr. Saxon Mills is liable to go astray. For instance, he represents Mr. Frederick Greenwood leaving the "P. M. G." in 1880 rich in "accumulation of manuscript," all pigeon-holed for use, and Mr. Yates Thompson, the new owner, at a loss to find a suitable successor. Lord Morley could tell a different story on both these points, and the only other man aware of the circumstances, Mr. Henry Leslie, told them all to me before he died. Otherwise Mr. Mills's account of the paper is interesting and unexceptionable, and makes a valuable addition to the inside history of Fleet Street and what it stands for, or did once.

Cook's thirty years of active press work formed a period of splendid ardour in furtherance of aims in which he believed profoundly, consequently it was punctuated with more than one tragic disillusion. Chief among them, perhaps, was that Liberalism is a synonym for ingratitude towards her advocates unless these enter Parliament. Cook's temperament was all against entering Westminster, and few men knew themselves better. He had been a brilliant debater in the Oxford Union—too logical, perhaps, if anything—and no man ever makes himself popular who leaves his adversaries no rag of defence. Light without heat is the best way of describing his debating manner, and it might fairly stand as a summary of his journalism. Like Morley and Milner, he had sailed into a difficult profession on his university connection, as so many do who never get beyond the amateur stages; but Cook had a talent for detail as well as a passion for broad principles. Men who came up from the provinces, primed in the all-round training that only the provinces afford, had a poor opinion, even a quarter of a century ago, of the technical equipment of any journalist who had never worked outside London; but Cook changed that opinion rapidly on contact, as I can vouch, for one. He entrusted a task to me once where there was occasion to speak of Ruskin and his influence, but because I ventured to question the infallibility of this idol of his, there was thunder. It was a strange fate that took him from the editor's desk in daily practice, and set him down at the bulkiest edition since the Abbé Migne overhauled the range of patristic theology. Mr. Wedderburn, his Ruskin collaborator, is only one of many friends, many of them of first-class importance, who testify how pleasant Cook was to work with; and men say the same who went down with him into the limbo of the Press Bureau. It was a pitiable finish for a life of strenuous fighting for the liberty of the press to lend himself to this, the worst ignominy it has suffered since the vile old days of Sir Roger l'Estrange. He fought throughout the South African war to keep men and papers sane and far-seeing, and yet in a war that was infinitely greater and more creditable, he was the Torquemada of a futile and absurd Inquisition. It was the last round hole for this squarest of men, and his apologia, "The Press in War-time," shows him in a characteristic aspect, a good man struggling with adversity. J. P. COLLINS.

PERSONALITY IN FICTION.*

For many years Mr. Milne has filled a valuable and prominent place in literary journalism. As editor and as literary editor he has watched and studied the daily and eternal procession of books and men, in infinite variety; and, from the knowledge so acquired of those very human things, has developed a philosophy of life, genial, sympathetic, of generous ideals, which, coloured by his own bent and applied, comprises a most attractive personality; aye, and a compelling personality, marking its particular impress upon everything he has written and said. Indeed, Mr. Milne is one of the writers whose individuality so clearly discloses itself, that even when his articles are not signed one still can say, "A bob to a bawbee, that's by Jimmy Milne!"

"The Black Colonel" is his seventh volume, in a series most admirably diversified—biography, Tommy Atkins' letters, American notes, our wonderful London, and so on. This is a romance of Jacobite times in the Highlands. While it tells a full, round story of love, adventure, fighting and the artful manœuvring of persons—true romance speeding on wings of thought and wit to the right ending of marriage-bells and babies—it is also of interest to those who know the writer, because it expresses—him! And therein dwells so much of the joy of it. Braw Jock Farquharson of Inverey, with loyal Ian Gordon, the red-coat, and Marget Forbes, a girl of humanity and charm, play out their time-old comedy of Jacobitism and rivalry in politics and love, with dirk, strathspey, and divers meetings in midnight darkness; and all the while are speaking the philosophy of Mr. James Milne of Deeside and the Street of Adventure. It is rather remarkable, so modern are his spirit and his thought, that he should have filled the mouths of these seventeenth-century Highlanders with his sentiments and—avoided anachronism. While, therefore, we would give him or anyone else a red bawbee for the original version of that "French chanson," "It's Love that makes the world go round," we congratulate him sincerely and heartily on the way he has joined himself to his picturesque company—in their tartan and their scarlet—and not proved out of place. It must, however, not be thought that Mr. Milne has neglected the purposes of romance His Jock is a bonny fighter, dancer, lover and adventurer, ready with those sharp blades, his sword and his tongue, to meet his rival, Ian, and ready to retire promptly on discovering that their lady loves the prettier man. A gracious book is "The Black Colonel." It is exceptional in its class, for the simple reason that it appeals to the intellect as well as to the fancy.

We pass to Mr. Alan Graham's "The Voyage Home," which lacks such well-knit art as Mr. Milne possesses. The book shows an opportunity lost through inexperience. Paul Brown is a kind-hearted detective, whose duty it is to arrest in Egypt and bring home a gentlemanly thief, one of the adventurers misled by reading "Raffles," who has taken possession too frequently of the over-displayed jewellery of wealthy people, and is caught. Frank Honiton is an attractive fellow, with weaknesses and, alas, even a touch of cowardice. When he discovers that he is to travel home on the steamer in which friends, including the girl he loves, have taken berths, he naturally pleads with Brown to hide the fact of the arrest and allow it to appear as if they are companions travelling together. Influenced by his attractiveness, the detective consents. Before the vessel reaches Malta, however, the over-displayed jewellery of a rich woman disappears and—from that point the theme is too much for Mr. Graham's powers. An excellent idea is brought to nothing; whereas our emotions might have been touched and roused to excitement if a maturer hand had been at work. Instead of marching definitely and with speed to a climax, the story drifts to rather loose ends. The character-drawing is ambitious yet bald; whereas much might have been made of the pawky Scotsmen, Murray and Scrymgeour, of Joan, the distressed wife of the dipsomaniac, of the mean-hearted Corris, and of the others. Mr. Graham writes lucidly, and with experience should do excellently well. C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "The Black Colonel." By James Milne. 7s. (Lane.)—"The Voyage Home." By Alan Graham. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSARY."*

Countless readers know of Mrs. Florence L. Barclay from her novel "The Rosary," but to only a limited number of persons could her real self, her everyday personality, be known. Now, in this volume newly published, written

* "The Life of Florence L. Barclay." By One of Her Daughters. With Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net. (Putnams)

by "one of her daughters," the intensely interesting though comparatively uneventful life of the authoress is revealed.

"Of course this book is not meant to be classed with formal biographies at all," says the writer, "anything as conventional as that would seem, somehow, out of place to those who knew and loved the vivid, unconventional, child-like personality that was my mother. That is why I have called the book just 'a study in personality' . . Her personality was like the sun. . . . She had a radiant and irrepressible joy in life; an unquenchable enthusiasm for everything and everybody; a firm faith in God and in man's possibilities."

So, in this informal labour of love we see first, and very clearly, the little child in her rectory home at Limpsfield, merry, active, clever, often daring, and at the same time thoughtful, and quick in imagination even in the early years thinking stories and sometimes writing them. But when the little authoress was seven years old she had to exchange the Surrey rectory for the rectory in Limehouse, making the journey in a pony-chaise, with her father, and passing mile by mile from the green world to the roar and bustle of East London. When nine years old she met her future husband, the Rev. C. W. Barclay, and soon after her eighteenth birthday she was married. Passing again from London parish to country parish, her life at Hertford Heath was in its way remarkable. The first task that fell to the lot of this eighteen-year-old bride was to form a Bible-class for men on Sunday afternoons, and before long practically every man in the village was a member of it. The fame of it had spread, too, into the country beyond, and a group of men walked up from Hertford every Sunday to attend it. The membership was over a hundred. Year after year of busy life passed without sign of the work which was to make Florence Barclay a public woman. With classes and meetings, with schemes for helping the parish in every way, with eight children in the home, and not robust health, there was little time for imaginative work. The daughter who so lovingly describes her mother's life has made the centre figure live, and has conveyed the sympathetic charm, the force and beauty of her character, the tireless energy of her days. But it was ill-health, after all, that gave Mrs. Barclay the chance she needed, and during the months of enforced idleness, while suffering from heart-strain, she wrote her most famous book, "The Rosary."

"It was one of her elder daughters who was nursing her through this illness. She had gone for a moment into a room adjoining my mother's. . . . Presently my sister heard her call: 'What song shall Jane sing?' 'The Rosary' called back my sister, remembering that the American song had pleased my mother before the commencement of her illness, and that she used to play it and sing it herself. And so Jane sang 'The Rosary,' and gradually the song got interwoven with the story, more and more. But Jane might equally well have sung some other song, and the book still have become a 'best seller' under another title. The incident clearly shows that the book was not written 'round the song,' as is so often supposed, nor 'inspired by the song,' but that the song was quite accidental to the story."

The reception of the book, the letters that came from all countries to the author, her generous use of the money which "The Rosary" brought—form one of the most interesting chapters of a book which is a brightly written and artless "study" of an all-too-short life.

OLD INNS AND OTHER HOUSES.*

Mr. W. L. George has been telling us lately that he takes no interest in famous houses. Well, it can't be helped, some don't, and some do. There was a celebrated curate who didn't like London. Some are susceptible to the fascination of golf; others, who are bored by it, find a charm in tiddly-winks. These things just happen, and it is better not to worry too much about it.



"The George," Huntingdon.
From "Old Inns" (Heinemann).

For my part, I confess I often find old houses curiously interesting, more so now and then than are the people who live in them if they have a story and I happen to know it, if they have associations with men and women of the past who have taken any hold on my imagination, such as it is, I can go and browse about them and get as much pleasure from refilling them with their vanished lives as I can from reading four books out of five. I would sacrifice a good many books to retain a certain court up Fenchurch Street where that deplorable and forgotten poet, Joseph Blacket, once went to call on a patron, and another court opposite the Poetry Bookshop, in Devonshire Street, where you may still see the queer little Georgian house in which Blacket used to live. That old cottage up Colebrook Row means a good deal to you if you know anything of Lamb, but if you don't it will mean nothing at all to you, and you will naturally be unable to understand what it can mean to others.

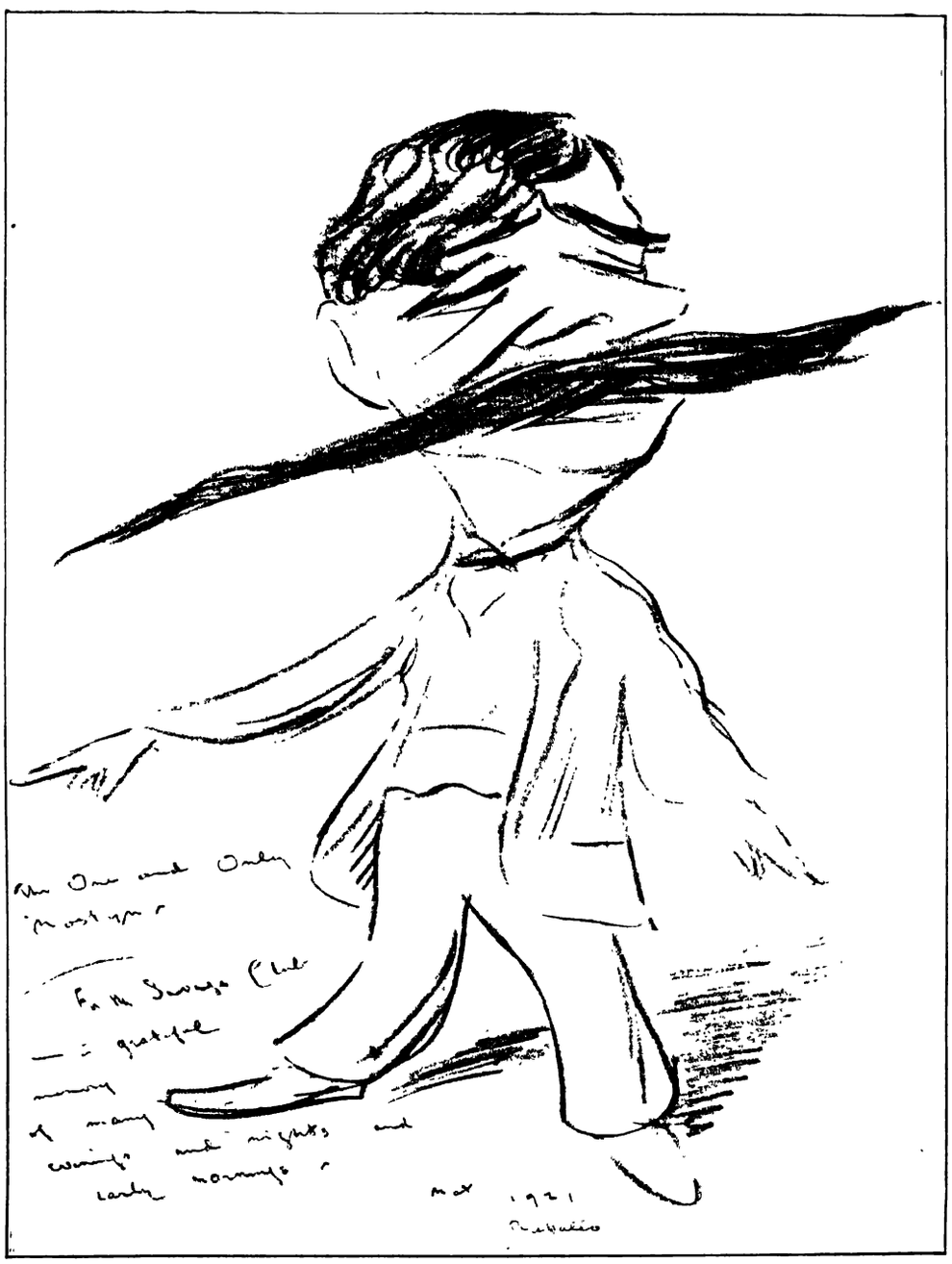
Wherever you go about London you are treading in the footprints of Dickens, whether you are aware of it or not; and you may as well be aware of it, for a knowledge of the facts adds something to the colour and life of the streets and of divers of their houses. Therefore I feel that Mr. B. W. Matz deserves handsomely of his fellows, for he has done more than any other man living to identify and make known the places in London and all over England that have associations with Dickens and his work. In his new book, "The Inns and Taverns of 'Pickwick'," he has strictly limited the scope of his inquiries, as his title indicates. Nevertheless these Pickwickian hostelries number over thirty, and take you not only into various parts of London, but as far afield as Dorking, Rochester,

* "The Inns and Taverns of 'Pickwick.'" By B. W. Matz. With 31 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)—"Old Inns." By Cecil Aldin. With numerous Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White. 25s. (Heinemann.)—"Old Battersea." By Ethel Woolmer and Molly Power. 2s. 6d. (Wise.)



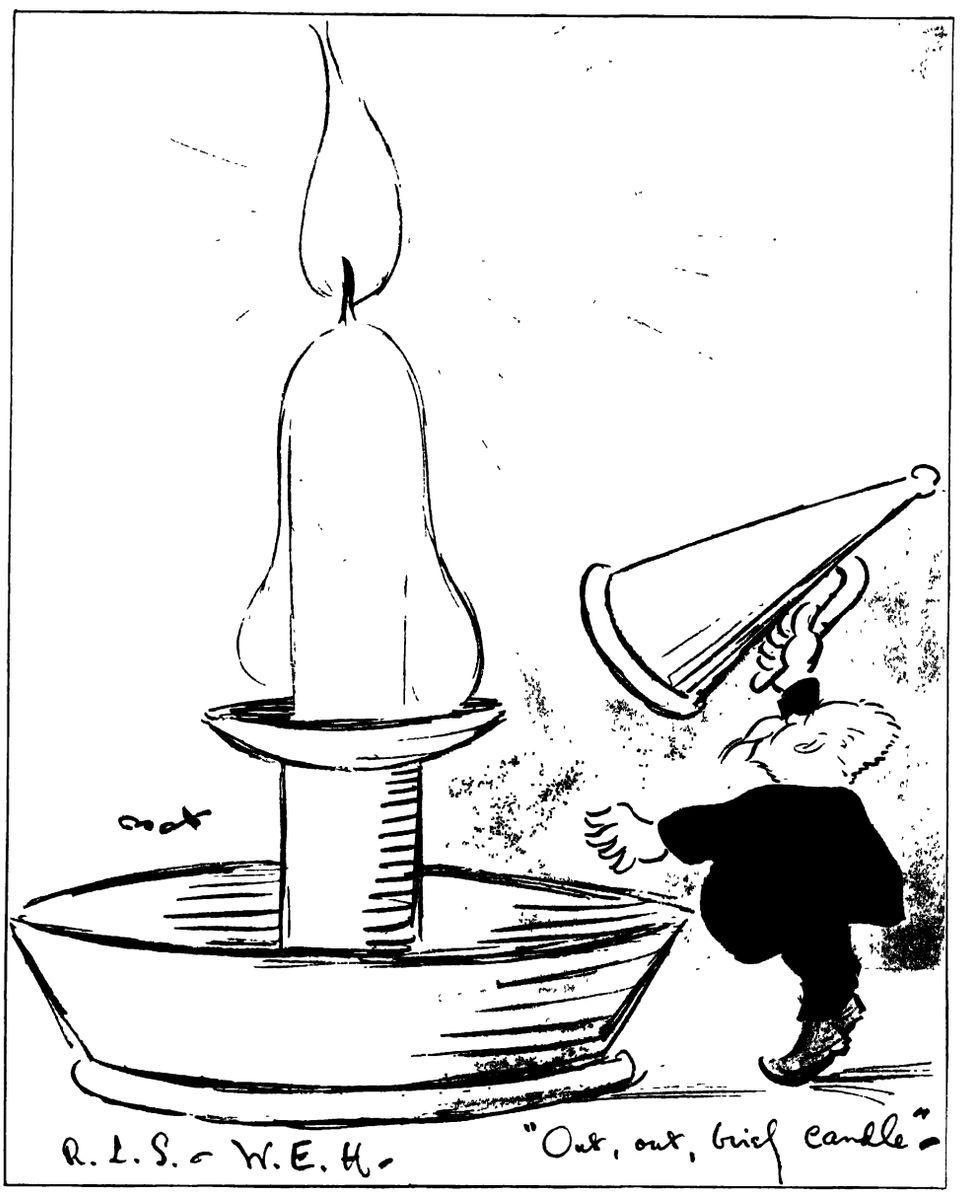
THE HOUSE UNDER THE GROUND.

From "PETER PAN AND WENDY."
By J. M. BARRIE.
Illustrated in colour by MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)



By MAX BEERBOHM.

MR. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



By MAX BEERBOHM.
From a drawing (formerly the properly of Sir H. Beerbohm Tree), kindly lent by Mr. Henry Danielson.

R. L. S. AND W. E. H.



THE WATERFALL FAIRY.

From "THE ENCHANTED FOREST."
By IDA RENTOUL OUTHWAITE and GRENBRY OUTHWAITE.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white
(A. & C. Black).

Cobham, Ipswich, Bury St. Edmunds, Chelmsford, Tewkesbury, Bath and Birmingham. Incidentally he has discovered the hotel — though it has long since ceased to be one— in which Dickens gave a dinner to his friends on the completion of the "Pickwick Papers"; and here atones for an inadequacy in Forster's "Life" by furnishing a full account of the place and the dinner.

Then he proceeds to discourse pleasantly of the "Golden Cross" at Charing Cross, "The Bull" at Rochester; "The White Hart" in the Borough, "La Belle Sauvage" on Ludgate Hill, "The Marquis of Granby" at Dorking; and all those other inns and places of refreshment that were visited by the people of "Pickwick," and formed backgrounds for some of the most memorable of their adventures. Many of these houses still survive, and Mr Matz renders a delightfully gossipy account of their history apart from the Dickensian connections that are their chief and most enduring glory. I have enjoyed a long evening making an arm-chair pilgrimage with him to the miscellaneous inns of "Pickwick," and can warmly recommend other Dickens lovers to do likewise, or, better still, to make the pilgrimage in reality with this friendly entertaining book for guide.

I think the only Dickensian inn in Mr Cecil Aldin's "Old Inns" is the "Maypole" at Chigwell, but Mr Aldin is not concerned with such associations. The ghost of Pepys haunts one of his houses, Queen Elizabeth and other distinguished persons hover about one or two, but he takes his inns for their own sakes, and the glamour of age that is over them. He was fascinated by the oddities of an 1831 edition of "Patterson's Roads," and it prompted him to travel the country and visit all the yet existing inns mentioned in that obsolete handbook. The story of his journeyings makes the crispest, liveliest reading, and the sketches he did by the way to illustrate his book are beautiful enough to move even a Prohibitionist to recant. In colour and black-and-white, with the most exquisite delicacy of touch, Mr. Aldin reveals the quaintness, the homeliness or quiet dignity, the old-world charm and beauty of over forty of these ancient English inns. I have turned again and again to his paintings of "The George" at Salisbury; "The King's-Head," Chigwell; "The Mermaid," Rye, "The Golden Cross," Oxford; "The New Inn," Gloucester; and others, for sheer delight in the loveliness of such antique buildings, the gracious life and colour and atmosphere with which Mr. Aldin has conjured them on to his pages. There is that same feeling and atmosphere, and a subtle sense of colour in the numerous black-and-white drawings—surely as sensitive and finely finished work of the kind as any I have ever seen.



"The Raven," Battersea.

"Old Battersea" (Wise).

Excellent, too, in their widely different manner, and with a quaint charm of their own are the woodcuts with which Miss Molly Power has illustrated Miss Ethel Woolmer's booklet concerning "Old Battersea." Three of the eight engravings are of old inns. That so much must have been lost to art and literature if Pussyfoot had been born before his time should give some of us pause. Others of these woodcuts show the house in which Bolingbroke lived when Pope, Swift and Chesterfield were among his visitors; a windmill on the river bank, the suspension bridge; some old cottages, and the parish church. They are admirable and very effective examples in an art that had fallen into neglect, but of late seems to be in the way of revival.

Any of these books is more than sufficient of itself to account for one's interest in old houses, famous or otherwise, and all three together obviously leave one who finds no interest in such things with something to account for.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A BROAD CHURCH DEAN.*

Dean Fremantle was not a party man, but his affinities were with those who have been called the Broad Church party among the Anglicans. Mr. H. D. A. Major suggests that "the best popular presentation of the Dean's view of the relation of the Church to the State, and so of the religious to the secular life, is to be found in Professor Henry Drummond's little book, 'The City Without a Church.'" The



The "White Hart Inn," Borough.

From "Inns and Taverns of Pickwick" (Cecil Palmer).

* "Recollections of Dean Fremantle." With three Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

odd thing is that Drummond quotes Fremantle in that very pamphlet. But the Dean's influence was rather that of a personality than of a thinker. The interest of these reminiscences, which have been woven together by the Master of the Temple, lies in their record of his career.

Fremantle came to Eton in time to see the last celebration of the Eton Montem, "that curious and unmeaning" function. When he went to Balliol in 1849 he belonged to the serious set in the University. Evidently he was not impressed by Jowett, though he acknowledges his enthusiasm and diligence for the college. "When I came to know him there was nothing to mark him as distinctive, except his intellectual power and his devotion to his work." One reminiscence of the Master is strange:

"I remember on a certain Saint's day in which he had been called upon unexpectedly to read the Epistle his saying to me in a walk in the afternoon: 'Did you see what happened to me in chapel this morning? I read the Epistle in a black tie'—which I certainly had not noticed."

Was this an instance of Jowett's sensitiveness to outward propriety, or was it ironically said? Fremantle got his first class, along with Lewis Campbell and George Brodrick. He was elected a fellow of All Souls, became a curate, and finally rector of Lewknor in Oxfordshire. He then went to be vicar of St. Mary's in Bryanstone Square for seventeen years—the most successful part of his clerical career It was during this incumbency that he published his book on "The Gospel of the Secular Life." Archbishop Tait finally took him to be a canon of Canterbury, and Jowett made him clerical fellow and tutor at Balliol. But the latter post did not suit him. Jowett was unsympathetic. Fremantle shared Jowett's theological position, but he complains that he did not get support from the Master in what he conceived to be his duties at Balliol He delivered his Bampton Lectures, but he admits that he should never have gone back to Balliol. He was an object of suspicion to the High Church party, and Jowett was indifferent to his function inside the college. There is much behind a statement like this:

"Jowett was glad when any of my pupils got a first class in the schools, but he did nothing to help on the work. He very rarely, even in private, inquired about it. Indeed, when I was working on my translation of Jerome's treatises he once wished to say a kind word It was only: 'How do you get on with the works of St. Chrysostom?'"

No doubt he was glad when Lord Rosebery appointed him in 1895 to be Dean of Ripon. Bishop Boyd Carpenter was sympathetic, and the Dean was able to cultivate friendly relations with nonconformists and to work for the broadening of religious interests. He must have been what the Americans call a good "mixer." He was criticised for Erastianism, for heterodoxy and for undue friendliness with dissenters, by many of his fellow Churchmen. But at Ripon he was happy.

The general impression left by the book is pleasant. Fremantle's life fell in the period when the Broad Church movement was coming to its own, as Newmanism faded. He was not a bookman. He was not a man who said good things. But he lived for large, Christian ideals. And he is candid about himself. People who write autobiographies are often candid—about other people. He is candid about his own failures. For example, he admits that, as a preacher, he sometimes failed:

"Chiefly because of a habit I had formed early of attempting to say too much and consequently demanding too much from the attention of the congregation. This, I feel strongly, might have been remedied by greater care and self-control, and the absence of these qualities is rightly to be blamed."

Self-criticism like this is honourable, and it was only one of the honourable notes in Fremantle's character.

JAMES MOFFATT.

THREE FARCICAL AND A FOURTH.*

I have heard it said that "jackets" are much more potent as agents in the securing of popularity for novels than are reviews the most discriminating or laudation the most enthusiastic. The remark probably originated with an artist who was designer of such "jackets," and as reviewer, of course, I cordially disagree with it. Judging by their pictorial wrappers, indeed, these four volumes would all come under the heading of "humorous," which would not be wholly correct, and what is more, though an avid reader, I cannot say that more than one of the four wrappers would of itself have served to whet my curiosity to the point of wanting to know what it was all about. However, the wrapper is but as the bush hung out to hint at the entertainment to be had within—the story is the thing, and varied as they are in themes and treatment each of these four volumes has its merits as a means of entertainment, though readers might well differ as to the order in which they rank as entertainers.

Mr. Hamblin has won warm commendation for his earlier humorous stories and his farcical narrative concerning "Horace and the Bird" will be found to provide some pleasant amusement for readers who can appreciate broadly drawn characters and somewhat exaggerated episodes. Horace Dodley went down into East Anglia from the suburban home which he shared with a giggling mother and two giggling sisters, to make himself known to relatives there at a most inauspicious time. Despite the queer reception that he got, he went again, and yet again—though he had acquired the reputation of a pilferer, and the reputation was justified to the extent of one photograph and one maiden's heart, but quite false in respect of the silver spoon and a certain cuckoo clock. The idea of the lady who wished to evade the death duties that would some day fall due on her estate, and who had a hobby for hiding money presents in the houses of the relatives whom she visited is very good, and though the hiding place chosen on one occasion caused a mort of trouble, it also brought about the undoing of the unworthy Hubert Cheeseman and the happiness of Horace. It is a diverting story, in which the humour is of that somewhat superficial kind which is associated with farce.

Something of the same kind might be said of the very different story in which Miss Caroline Lockhart tells us how "'Gentle Annie' Makes Good." Here we have an American yarn concerning one Wallace Macpherson, who, as the nephew of a rich woman, is content to go with her from one "resort" to another, admired for his good looks and his dilettante accomplishments. Then he happens upon Helene Spenceley of Wyoming, and stung by being dubbed a "Gentle Annie" quarrels with his aunt and goes off to make a fortune in Wyoming. He does not make a fortune, but the attempt to do so makes a man of him, and it is no "Gentle Annie" who faces first those who try to freeze him from the homestead he has taken up, and then the chapter of accidents that attend on his taking a party through the Yellowstone. If Miss Lockhart is on the farcical side in the presentation of many of her characters and incidents, she has also many passages of that humour which compels the reader to chuckle aloud involuntarily.

There is farce, comedy and something of rollicking fun in Mr. Morley Roberts's volume "The Mirthful Nine," which comprises that number of stories. There is furthermore a skill in the mere act of the story-telling which is lacking in the work of many writers of humorous fiction, a skill which while setting forth happenings that are in themselves humorous or ludicrous, invests them as it were in a fitting atmosphere. Too often the writer of a designedly humorous story is like the artist who is able to render a beautiful scene only in flat colours; less often

* "Horace and the Bird." By Robert A. Hamblin. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"'Gentle Annie' Makes Good." By Caroline Lockhart. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Mirthful Nine." By Morley Roberts. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash & Grayson.)—"The Substitute Millionaire." By Hulbert Footner. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

is he able to do as the more gifted artist does and make his scenes more actual by the addition of "atmosphere." Mr. Morley Roberts has certainly devised a series of entertaining extravagant yarns in which, though farcical exaggeration plays a considerable part, the skill of the story-teller is such as to make us accept the incidents for a reading-while and, doing so, to find some hearty entertainment. From the wild happenings when a goat made havoc in a drawing-room because the polite host thought it belonged to his guest and the polite guest thought it belonged to his host, up to the last story—which will surely shock any surviving "Grand Aunt Pamela"—all is lively and enjoyable reading for lighter moments.

With "The Substitute Millionaire," we get back to America, and here we leave our company of humorists for that of a sensationalist. Mr. Hulbert Footner tells the story of a young New Yorker who, reading of the murder of a multi-millionaire, toys with the thought of being his heir, and under the influence of his imagination "cheeks" his employer and so loses the job for which he was receiving twelve dollars a week. Then comes the astonishing news that he *is* the heir, and that not only to some eighty million dollars but also to the threats and hatred of the murderous anarchists He determines to destroy the destroyers, and to effect his purpose gets another man to pose as the new millionaire, and in consequence there are many thrilling happenings before the due happy ending is attained. It is an excellent variant of the crime and its detection story, neatly woven together and capitally told.

WALTER JERROLD

BARBARY: THE ROMANCE OF THE NEAREST EAST.*

Mr MacCallum Scott in this lively book describes a visit to Northern Africa and some wanderings in that historic land that once was populous, productive, civilised, but is now backward and fallen from its fertility It is above all things clear that he enjoyed himself immensely, and he set himself to convey to his readers as much as possible of the zest and delight evoked in him by the things he saw

Well, he has succeeded admirably in doing so Whether he is describing his own experiences in visiting dead cities, once full of life, of people, of noble buildings, beautiful works of Greek art or the derived imitative art of Rome, how he scrambled about the ruins noting the massive walls, the beautifully wrought stone, the visible fragments that give the imagination wherewithal to reconstruct the glories that had been; or giving rein to his own imagination and conjuring up the return of a local magnate from some fête in an evening, with the sun "sinking into a far-spreading zone of orange, deepening into fiery tones of russet, bronze, rose, scarlet and crimson. . . . Against this background rises the *massif* of Chenona, purple and violet, dim and dreamlike, with a shimmering opalescent flush on its summit"—exactly what may be seen at the present day; or telling of his almost arctic expedition from Biskra to Timgad; or describing some of the people with whom he was thrown in his travels; or giving pictures of modern ways of shopping in Tunis; or a rapid survey of the rise and fall of the state of Numidia, with its Rome-trained native princeling Juba, and his wife, the daughter of Mark Antony and Cleopatra; or of Carthage, or its stupendous remains; always he is bright, vivid, crisp and entertaining. We must not look for any profound discussion on antiquities, for new theories on history, or the relations of the peoples that successively occupied these territories; he has no views on art or architecture or government, all is plain sailing. He is the visitor only, not the would-be savant. And a visitor with quick observing eye and admirable powers of expressing what his eyes set before his brain.

It may perhaps not be quite clear why he should devote a chapter to a review of Hichens's "Garden of Allah," and another to an account of Flaubert's "Salammbô." They would hardly be in place in a book of this kind, if it was a book quite of the usual kind. But one feels that Mr. MacCallum Scott put them into his manuscript because they interested him very much, and so, although the reader may know them as well as the author, the reader still enjoys the author's enjoyment, which is a great thing.

But above all else, it is clear that Mr. MacCallum Scott was interested in the work done by France in attempting to restore to European civilisation these lands that Rome held for five centuries, and which in the end broke away and became Oriental, barbarous if you like, African once more. Naturally France has not yet managed to do in Africa what Rome did, for her occupation has not yet filled a hundred years, compared with the Romans' five hundred. But much has been done, and much more will be done. Mr MacCallum Scott thinks France has been politically more successful in Algeria than England has been in Egypt, while economically England has done better in Egypt than France has. But while he sees the problem and owns its fascination he does not venture on more than a very cautious statement of it. Will France succeed where Rome failed? Perhaps—perhaps not. Our author, perhaps wisely, does not attempt any serious study of what France is doing, what she aims at and by what methods. There is a great deal of material for such a study, many theories could be propounded, much discussion might be set afoot. He is cautious, and is clearly sceptical as to whether Europe can ever hope to bring Africa into her borders politically or in civilisation But we might hope that his glimpse at northern Africa and France's task there might inspire him to study the question in detail and profoundly, and to give us an essay upon it from the point of view of a statesman. Such a book would be a happy pendant to the present very attractive volume.

F M ATKINSON.

* "Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East" By A. MacCallum Scott, M.P. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

MRS. INCHBALD.*

During her lifetime, which nearly reached its seventieth year, Mrs. Inchbald was actress, playwright, author and editor of several collections of plays. Apart from her friendship with those of her first calling, she was on terms of more or less intimacy with many of the celebrities of the time—Godwin, Holcroft, Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), Mrs. Opie and Charles Lamb. Her personal and other attractions, too, led to her introduction to people of higher rank. In the memoirs of the period her name is occasionally to be found George Dyer gave a short biographical sketch of her in "Public Characters of 1799–1800," from which one gathers that he was not unacquainted with her. Charles Lamb refers to her "as the only endurable clever woman he had ever known," though elsewhere he classed her with Mrs. Barbauld as one of the "two bald-women," and in one of his notes to his "Elia" essay, "On Some of the Old Actors," he shows that he knew her edition of collected plays ("The British Theatre"). Further, we know that he had read her "Nature and Art," which he characterised "a dainty, sweet book." It was Coleridge apparently who called his attention to it on its publication in 1796.

Modern playgoers have no opportunity of seeing any of her plays, which are as if they had never been, though in their author's day some of them were fairly popular. Readers of Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park" will remember that it was one of her plays—"Lovers' Vows"—adapted from the German of Kotzebue which the amateurs were to have played at Sir Thomas Bertram's but did not.

To serious students of the theatre her editorial works—"The British Theatre," etc.—are not unknown, and copies now and then turn up in secondhand booksellers' catalogues. Her two novels, "A Simple Story" and "Nature and Art," have occasionally been re-offered to the general reader.

* "Elizabeth Inchbald and Her Circle." By S. R Littlewood. 10s. 6d. net. (Daniel O'Connor.)

The former was reprinted by the Clarendon Press in 1908, but it does not appear to have reached a second edition. "Nature and Art" was one of the volumes of that most treasured series of reprints, "Cassell's National Library," but that was thirty-five years ago. Both are really interesting stories, though they do not make much appeal to modern taste. The present writer remembers the intense pleasure with which he read the latter work when a boy of seventeen or thereabouts, which may or may not speak much for *his* taste, but the recollection remains as a delectable possession. Whether a reperusal would renew or diminish that pleasure is doubtful.

There was a spice of romance in Elizabeth Inchbald's life, and Mr. Littlewood has written a pleasing and interesting sketch of her story. He states that he has made no attempt at a minute record. That is certainly the case; so much so that we wish he had been less sparing. He does not burden his readers with dates, at any rate, for he gives us only two—the date of Mrs. Inchbald's birth and that of her death. No doubt a careful reader could with due attention supply the others, but some concession to his ease would have been not too great an indulgence to indolence.

As the author has been so chary of minutiæ he might at least have shown just a little less carelessness in the composition of the book. One glaring mistake is made on page eighty-two, where, speaking of the one dramatic incident in "A Simple Story," he makes a statement which proves either that he has not recently read the novel or has misread the passage.

Of the six portraits which he gives us, one—that of Fanny Kemble, the daughter of Charles Kemble—has no connection whatever with Elizabeth Inchbald's life story. A Fanny Kemble married a friend of the latter, but she was the aunt of the other Fanny.

S. BUTTLERWORTH.

JAMES HUNEKER'S SUCCESSOR.*

Mr. H. L. Mencken is at last being introduced to us by an English publisher, and we find in him a critic of life and letters whose enthusiasm, sharp and spiced and stinging, reminds us of no one among modern literary observers so much as the late James Huneker. Not that Mr. Mencken is discovered beaming across the dinner-table, as Huneker was, with talk that actually identifies artistic masterworks and the wine, the dishes, the cigars—very seldom indeed does Mr. Mencken's dissertation take place, metaphorically, of course, on that common ground of social fellowship. His gusto is of a different kind; for while Huneker was the epicure of American letters, docketing his artistic heroes as madmen, wits, saints and sinners just as the epicure of another sort will docket the various brands of wine, Mencken is the castigator, with far more antipathies in literature than preferences, finding huge relish in the ridicule of other people's preferences. Huneker made us warm towards good art. Mencken makes us hate bad artists.

With Huneker he shares the ability to endear himself to his readers or to send them away reviling the country that produced him. It must be confessed at once that such writing as his in the volume before us is at first liable to shock those who have been reared exclusively on the output of *littérateurs* who write their criticism sadly—our own zestless authoritarians. Here, for example, is his estimate of the American short story:

"The same hollowness that marks the American novel also marks the short story. Its great masters, in late years, have been such cheesemongers as Davis, with his servant-girl romanticism, and O. Henry, with his smoke-room and variety show smartness. In the whole canon of O. Henry's work you will not find a single recognisable human character; his people are unanimously marionettes; he makes Mexican brigands, Texas cowmen and New York cracksmen talk the same highly ornate Broadwayese. The success of Edward J. O'Brien's 'Best Short Story' series throws a vivid light upon the feeble estate of the art in the land. . . . He has yet to discover a single short story that even the most naive professor would venture to mention in the same breath with Joseph Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness,' or Andrieiff's 'Silence,' or Sudermann's 'Das Sterbehed,' or the least considerable tale by Anatole France."

His criticisms are always made as frankly, and without any of the customary sitting on the fence, although in these second essays there are fewer personal criticisms than there were in the first series. There Mr. Mencken made mincemeat of our leading contemporaries—Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr Arnold Bennett. Here he aims (apart from the devastating essay on the late Theodore Roosevelt) rather at principles. He seems to be a genial materialist, believing that all human activity is physical in origin. Love, for example, is a biological manifestation, inspiration a metabolic function, idealism a form of insanity. And he ridicules in turn the general, or, as he would put it, the Puritan conceptions of them. So thorough is his knowledge of the Puritan attitude to all these things that we can only suspect he once subscribed to it and was somehow rapped on the knuckles hard enough to bring about his present revulsion. He is saturated with the thought and aspect of modern America as only a Puritanical American can be. One would almost say he has a complex about it.

Mr Mencken's judgment in literature is generally sure and sound, but he makes his approach to it more as a critic of life, and thereby combines with his ruthlessness a rigidity which narrows his outlook instead of, as he himself imagines, widening it By the possession or lack of ideas a writer does not always stand or fall—he certainly does not if he is a creative artist. Mr. Mencken is too impetuous to realise that there are times for withholding the test as well as times for applying it But he has an uncanny instinct, none the less, for detecting the spurious in creative art; he plays ducks and drakes among the "best sellers" in American letters. And, alternatively, he does not hesitate to proclaim the merit of men whose work may have fallen into such neglect or disfavour that they are never mentioned in the fashionable drawing-rooms. Writers like Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Frank Harris may, and we hope will, with such an influential personality at their side, find themselves once again coming into their own.

THOMAS MOULT.

* "Prejudices: Second Series." By H. L. Mencken. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape)

F. W. H. MYERS.*

The poet Myers is worth understanding, and to do so it is requisite in the first place to set aside his autobiographical fragment, having made two or three mental notes therefrom. The influence of Hellenism in his youth left little behind it. He tells us that he was converted by the "Phædo" and not by the Gospel; but the proper word is tinctured, and even then not deeply, not so deeply at least as he seems to think in the fragment. Through Josephine Butler, of happy memory, it came about, however, that he was converted later on by the Gospel, and "in a potent form," as he tells us; but again the word is tinctured, and not in the sense of regeneration, not in a lasting sense. After writing "Saint Paul" and "Saint John the Baptist," both memorable poems within their particular measures, the "creed" which gave them birth uplifted its light yoke in the normal manner of that Victorian time. Myers refers it to increased knowledge of history and science, and to a wider outlook on the world. He uses also a more pregnant term, namely "insufficiency of evidence," which notwithstanding he clung eagerly to "the implied promise of immortality." In turn, however, it failed him, and he was now in the mode of agnosticism, otherwise "virtual materialism." The fragment speaks eloquently of the dull pain of this period, when all hope had failed him in respect of the spiritual order, when he saw too deeply for common or exotic subtleties to deceive him, the indifference of the "gay licentious crowd,"

* "Collected Poems, with Autobiographical and Critical Fragments." 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

taking its joy in the moment, or the sentimental dust and ashes of the Positive Philosophy. He was on the threshold of this state when he wrote the "Promise of Immortality," though it remained in manuscript for quite a number of years. It is like a "lone ocean," full of sublime sorrow, but instead of a poem of intimations, such as the great ode of Wordsworth, it is the record of a curious research in thought, a "faltering message," errant in a realm of doubt, and giving forth "wavering words" at one point and another of the desolate track. If the soul emerges for a moment as "parcel and part of sempiternal things," it reappears as a severed "fragment of the Master Will" and lamenting any immortality which it may own as such. That is no gospel, nor again is the ice-bound consolation which suggests with half a heart that some assurance may be gained perchance by renouncing all hope and falling into an abyss of self-forgetfulness which seems relieved of any counsel respecting others. "Forget, forswear, disdain," but the purpose does not appear, though there is a suggestion of giving. We hear otherwise of love, endowed with divine prevision and crying for eternal things, but its concern is worship rather than union. The promise settles sadly into dubious hope and closes on a despairing note, in place of any promise expressed or implied.

A passionate aspiration after God sends up its lambent flashes through the best poems, the motto is "I must have Thee," that ever eloquent line of the "Last Appeal." It is as if faith in this primary direction had never quite failed him, as if he recognised and felt that the sure groundwork of any doctrine concerning immortality is our need of God. The very beautiful poem called "Love and Faith" offers another typical example, erecting a "lucent ladder, travelled up and down by angels." Yet these and the rest are moods, the proof of which is that Myers came out therefrom, feeling that "the hope of the whole world was vanishing" and not his own only. That "promise" on which I have dwelt is a register of moods, and a little lyric on pre-existence represents a mood of another kind: it does not derive from conviction and is therefore powerless to communicate. After much the same manner and for much the same reason Myers conceives in a reverie—and reflects in so doing from the "Promise"—how it might be possible for one like him to be "homeless in the heart of Paradise" and for the Blessed Vision to cease from being a Vision that blesses, when contemplated with "exhausted eyes." To vary a title of Lytton's, these pieces and others like them—for they are many—are but conversations of an ambitious student in sore ill-health of the soul. He had seen God outwardly as a mental possibility, and there is no question that he loved the Image, but he had not conceived Him inwardly. Now, the mind tires of its images, and moreover they shift and change, but there is such a state as the realisation of that God Who is an Abiding Presence within. This is the state when the thing called faith, having fulfilled itself, is merged in experience, so that the soul says no longer "I must have Thee," but rather "Thou in me and I in Thee," looking towards a deeper oneness, wherein there is no distinction between the soul and the Holy One—a statement which will not of necessity contravene the theological distinction between the Creator and the creature. But it does not appear from his life or writings that Myers had any awakenings into the world of mystic life.

He was destined, however, to take a long journey in another direction, and it is on account of this travelling that his poems—which have their place in Victorian literature—are themselves a fragment only of his intellectual life. There came a time when he ceased from poetry and followed his quest of the one and immortal life in paths of psychical research. Those who would understand Myers—and I began by saying that he is worth the pains—must take up his literary record in this direction, being one in which he sought a living reality, as it was bodied forth to him. With all his powers he explored that difficult and problematical region, and it is known that he returned with light in his mind and something of peace in his heart, for he had reached what to him was experimental certitude on the soul's survival of the event of death. In the decades which have elapsed since he died, the research has gone much further, but his books about it are memorable. The age which scoffed and denied has passed with him. Materialistic science itself is dead, and a reign of the spirit is beginning in all worlds of knowledge. Myers is one of the precursors, and reading over, in the light of this fact, the somewhat faded but ever beautiful and fragrant leaves of his poems, one is thankful for the quest which he followed and that as a result of its leading he was "tired" no longer "of all the years can give," and regarded life no longer as "all but death."

A. E. WAITE.

FIVE BOOKS OF VERSE.*

Here are five books of verse, and in each of them are some grains of real poetry. In two, "The Eternal Helen" and "I Bhreasail," the rarer element is bright and frequent.

In Torquil Argestoile's "Love Lyrics," "Non Autel," a long poem in French, is of distinctly higher quality than any of his English work. Were the author to confine himself to the other tongue I believe his verse would be more successful. French is far better suited to express the almost excessively delicate thought of Torquil Argestoile, for which English is too boisterous and vigorous a mode of speech:

> "C'est ici que m'attire, à la pointe du jour,
> Le doux chant des oiseaux, pour verser mon amour,"

is expressive and pleasantly turned:

> "Thou
> Reflectest Life's God-flasht triplicity"

is not, but one more hideous warning that in our rough English the use of concrete images may succeed, but the worded abstract never.

Neville Brand, like too many of his contemporaries, would be more effective with the help of a little metre. In many moderns I suspect this lack is irremediable, but in this writer there are traces that the singing sense is not altogether absent. I wish he would use it. There seems to be no reason for the form and rhythm (if there is any) of his first poem. I hope Mr. Brand will think it no critical impertinence if I refer him to another poet who, in the days of his pride, turned for a while from the straight path of English verse to dally with tuneless discords—the noble-minded Sidney. Our poet, despite this fault, has two fine virtues: an obvious sincerity, sometimes almost painful, and, more precious, a love of the sea and ships.

Danford Barney is an interesting writer. Nearly every poem in his book holds the reader's attention and makes him think. In style there is a flavour of Kipling and Swinburne, and at times this is effective. Unhappily these two poets are like onions, excellent in themselves, but when transmitted second-hand, nauseous. Yet this is a minor matter, and Mr. Barney's virtues outweigh his faults. Particularly I commend a certain quiet reverence for those dead, whom the England of 1921 sometimes appears to have forgotten:

> "Jewels that under flodden meadows lie"

I like Daniel Corkery. I don't know what "I Bhreasail," the title of his book, means, but suppose from a chance reference that it is some Irish place-name. Our author is not a Mangan or a Ledwidge, yet among his Celtic forerunners he seems to stand near Tom Moore. I know it is now the fashion to depreciate Tom Moore, but it is a bad fashion. Mr. Corkery has something to write of besides

* "Love Lyrics" By Torquil Argestoile (Edinburgh: William Brown)—"Perspective Poems" By C. Neville Brand 3s 6d (John Wilson.)—"In the Comet's Hair" By Danford Barney. 5s (Elkin Mathews.)—"I Bhreasail." By Daniel Corkery 5s. (Elkin Mathews)—"Eternal Helen." By Pearce Sturm. 5s (Oxford. Basil Blackwell)

his own soul, and his work is refreshing for that—and also for a certain Celtic mysticism :

"We cannot tell, though hard we try,
Whither our feet are bound."

In the primitive Irish style Mr. Corkery is not so successful as in the modern. He has tried the old theme of the "Gentle Maiden," but somehow I prefer the words of the original song ; perhaps because so many a gentle maiden lives in the memory of that sweet old air.

Pearce Sturm is altogether a modern. I do not know if he would be flattered or offended by such a label. He writes of Helen and Maeve, and "dream dark heavy Egyptian eyes" ; in fact he writes too much of these. But he writes of them well, though he lacks the polished grace of a Keats or a Yeats. The conception worded in :

"I thought I saw the changeable forms of Gods
Moving at high noon in an ilex grove"

is nobly planned, but the execution is not perfect. At his best Mr. Sturm is a translator. Here he has laid fast hold of brevity, that soul of wit and all poetry. In a translation from the Chinese he writes :

"I sought her while a thousand years took flight,
Through lonely hours too bitter to recall :
I held her in my arms for one brief night
And was repaid for all."

This is admirable.

ARTHUR BRYANT.

PROLETARIANS AND PEASANTS.*

We are most of us glad to meet the quiet, cheerful man who is what is termed a Sane Optimist. He may seem to be a little perverse at times, to ignore what are to us definite and certain indications of coming trouble, but he does generally help us to carry on ; for to him the evil day was always yesterday. But, unless he is a great artist in words, he must be met in the flesh and not introduced to us through the medium of print. We must feel the glow of his personality ; he must impress us as a figure of some power, competent to deal with life's difficulties in as cheerful a manner as he belittles them, otherwise we may become critical of his sane optimism. And that is our trouble with Mr. Gilbert Stone. Diligent, good-natured as a writer—though not an artist in words, an enthusiast where modern progress is concerned, his latest work, "A History of Labour," fails to satisfy us. In spite of all his efforts he leaves us, not merely in a critical, but in a hypercritical mood.

Beginning with the slaves of ancient civilisations, he loosely but laboriously works his way through the centuries to the present day. The Feudal System, the freeing of the serf, the mediæval Guilds, the early factory system, the agrarian and industrial revolutions, and the rise of trade unionism, are all passed in review in Part One of the book ; Part Two being devoted to the present—the factory, the home, reforms and general tendencies. In the nature of things these many difficult matters cannot be exhaustively dealt with, and in the effort to give as wide a survey as possible, Mr. Stone fails to achieve anything definite or convincing. His canvas is too wide, his conception too vague, his interests are too narrow. His admiration for the work of dead reformers blinds him to so much of what is ugly but living reality. Entirely preoccupied with sentimental and much advertised political reforms and philanthropic efforts, he largely ignores the more brutal economic and financial facts which are making quite a large number even of "sane optimists" apprehensive regarding the near future. The blessings of Old Age Pensions, the Factory Acts, Poor Law Reform, Workmen's Compensation and other measures designed to ameliorate the lot of the sick, the aged and the unfortunate, will be belittled by nobody, and if we heard Mr. Stone descanting on their benefits we might feel a glow of pleasure ; but on reading him in cold print we are forced to meditate on the fact that millions of workers are to-day unemployed or partly employed, and to speculate on what is likely to happen in the future when already policemen's batons are needed in half a dozen towns as arguments to remind the unemployed of their duty to starve and suffer in silence.

One of Mr. Stone's difficulties is, of course, that he is obsessed with the political idea. Is not political power in the hands of the masses ? They have the vote and can make whatever laws they desire ! He apparently fails to realise how limited is the power of the masses to affect legislation, and how limited is the power of Parliament itself in the face of determined economic and financial interests. Finance, which can make or break governments, does not seem to interest him at all. How long can manufacturers hold out against the hostility of the financial interests, politics or no politics, and what can Labour do but tramp the streets when these great powers go to war ? These are questions vitally affecting Labour to-day, but they are questions Mr. Stone does not seem inclined to consider. From 1832 onwards the centre of all our activities seems to have been the ballot box. A century ago, we are told, "Whatever the evils of the system might be, however much the worker might object to the rough and abrupt change he was compelled to make, he had but little option in the matter. He had either to fall in with the new order of things, or go to the parish, or starve." That was at the beginning of the industrial revolution, and most of us would agree that the position of the industrial worker has vastly improved since those days—but hundreds of thousands of our countrymen who are now trying to rear families on the unemployment dole—so grudgingly paid ! —would disagree with us.

From Mr. Stone's generalities it is a real pleasure to turn to Mr. Sydney Herbert's clear and competent survey. His exhaustive examination of original documents, his cool judgment, and a true appreciation of real values have enabled him to produce a history of that part of the French Revolution which has been most positive and durable, the peasants' revolt. On the political side, French feudalism was destroyed by the monarchy. "The royal armies overthrew the feudal fortresses ; the royal law courts filched jurisdiction from the feudal judges ; the royal tax-gatherers thrust themselves between the noble and his vassals" ; but the economic power of the nobility was strengthened. With the extent and effect of the economic oppression of the nobles, their continual cry to the unhappy peasants of "give—more and yet more," and the consequent final destruction of feudalism, this book deals.

After outlining fully and clearly the state of the country under feudalism in 1789, Mr. Herbert steadily leads us through the first peasants' revolt, the insurrection of 1790, to the rural revolution of 1790–1 and the end of the feudal system. One conclusion Mr. Herbert draws from his study of the period should be seriously considered by every conservative-minded man to-day, when not merely a country, but a continent is cluttered up with clinging, outworn institutions. "The primary cause of revolutions," says Mr. Herbert, "is the survival of institutions, whether political or economic, which no longer fulfil their original function." That statement may not be entirely new, but it is profoundly true. When such institutions have outlived their utility, impeding the growth and hindering the development of the social organisation, it must free itself or perish. As French feudalism became functionless and yet remained obdurate, whilst the peasantry outgrew its oppressive and obsolete spirit, a clash was inevitable, and in the resulting struggle feudalism was shattered. It is the custom nowadays to pretend that the French Revolution was merely an orgy, achieving little but a welter of blood and misery ; but that is merely a pretence. As Mr. Herbert so succinctly states, "Governments have come and gone ; France has changed from Republic to Empire, from Empire to Monarchy, from Monarchy to Republic again, but two things have never changed : the peasants' grip upon French soil, and the rule which makes all Frenchmen subjects of an equal law."

ROWLAND KENNEY.

* "A History of Labour." By Gilbert Stone. 15s. (Harrap.)—"The Fall of Feudalism in France." By Sydney Herbert. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)



SIR SIDNEY COLVIN'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

The sloven style, the trivial matter, of so many of the reminiscences, padded out into large volumes, which every publishing season pours forth, makes all the more welcome by contrast a book of memories that is both rich in interest and itself a piece of literature. Such is Sir Sidney Colvin's "Memories and Notes." It is a pleasure to read from beginning to end, if only for the exact and vivid phrasing, the sustained felicity of cadence, at times touching emotion and imagination at once with just that kind of beauty of sound in the words which is proper to fine prose. "With the deaths of these two, Trelawny and Severn, the great romantic age seemed to many of us to have receded out of living touch and reach into a past nearly intangible and remote." How much is conveyed through these quietly modulated words, and how movingly! They collect, too, as it happens, the pervading fascination of these pages. Any man who has lived through the Victorian era to this present day of ours has tasted an experience of world-change such as probably no other generation of men ever knew. But to have known so well so many of the great figures of that past time, already so queerly distant, to have been on terms of intimate and affectionate friendship with some of the most brilliant and most lovable among them; this is indeed an experience to be envied. Sir Sidney Colvin is familiarly known to all lovers of letters as the author of a classic life of Keats and an admirable and authoritative monograph on Landor; to an even wider circle as the dearest and closest friend of Louis Stevenson. To special students he is well known for his scholarship and learning in the history of the arts, the writer of works of research and insight on certain chapters in that history, especially the early engravings of Italy and of England, and the drawings by old masters of all the European schools. He is equally at home with classic literature and with antique sculpture. But even had he none of these acquirements and interests, he would have found material for fascinating reminiscences in a life rarely enriched by the genius for friendship.

In the opening of one of the best of these papers—that on Meredith—there is a beautiful description of Box Hill and of the associations called up by those slopes—"the steep, chalky declivities and gullies thicketed with juniper and boxwood"—which crowded on the writer's mind as he wandered over them alone on a clear autumn evening after storm; and he reminds us that when Meredith first settled at Flint Cottage it was just half a century since Keats made that fruitful stay at Burford Bridge, close by, when he wrote the last five hundred lines of "Endymion." It is over half a century now since Meredith settled on Box Hill; and the reminder of the dates seems somehow to bring Keats nearer, since it seems so short a time ago that Meredith passed "from his green hill." But to have shaken hands with Trelawny, to have grasped the hand which snatched Shelley's heart from the fire and still bore the scar of the burning on it, and to have heard that old rebel rouse himself from the lethargy of his eighty-eight years and recite, "with the full force of his tremendous voice," stanzas from Blake's "Songs of Experience" (how interesting to hear of Trelawny's enthusiasm for Blake, a poet only revealed to him through Gilchrist and Rossetti and unknown to Shelley and his circle); this is indeed a wonderful experience which seems to bridge the ages. Sir Sidney is master of a terse and vivid touch in portraiture: he makes us see as with our own eyes this strange and formidable figure of legend sitting in the parlour of his Sussex cottage, with his "face of ashen colour, the rough grey hair and beard and firmly modelled mouth set slightly awry, the hard, clear, handsome, aquiline profile, the masterful scowling grey eye"; an embroidered red cap with a stiff projecting peak of the fashion of Byron's day was on his head and two black-and-tan terriers at his feet. It was 1881, and Trelawny hoped the Boers would beat the British; he shouted defiantly, "I would fight for the Boers, I would fight for the Boers!" But this is only one of many living portraits that the book brings before our eyes. Here is Gladstone, whose electric personality was so forcibly present to the English mind while he lived, and whose tremendous prestige must seem rather difficult to account for to generations which only know him by name.

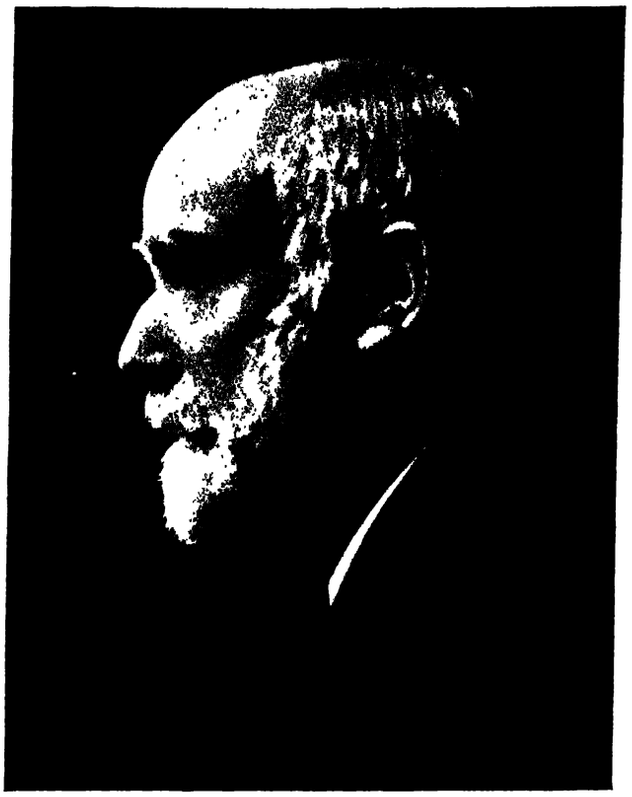


Photo by L. O. Hoppé. **Sir Sidney Colvin.**

"The spare, erect, commanding figure, the grandly modelled and deeply furrowed features, the vivid, almost luminous alabaster-like pallor of the skin, with the pure tint, even in extreme age, of the rare flush when it came, the formidable roll and far-reaching flash of the eye, like that which I have seen an old condor in captivity cast from his rock-perch in the public garden. . . ."

It is to be noted of Sir Sidney's portraiture that while his pen is not pointed by malice (so often a prompter to graphic wit), he is no soft idealiser, nor one who adorns the dead with haloes to contrast them with degenerate successors. No, it is a keen veracity, a profound belief that nothing is so interesting as human character in its full complexity of strength, weakness and good will, which gives so real a presence to the figures that appear in these pages. Of some, like George Eliot, we have only glimpses: but Sir Sidney Colvin, while still a small boy, made his first visit to Ruskin, whom his parents knew, and with whom he was never to be quite out of touch, though early enthusiasm for his writing became tempered by critical knowledge: he was consulted by Rossetti when preparing his poems for publication; he was a yet closer friend of Burne-Jones: he knew Browning, he knew Victor Hugo (the chapter on Hugo contains an unforgettable, a priceless anecdote), and better than any of these he knew George Meredith. There is a chapter on Sir Sidney's boyhood in Suffolk, where Edward Fitzgerald was a familiar figure; another on the British Museum, in which he lived and worked for thirty years, and on his senior colleague, Sir Charles Newton, to whom classical archæology in England owes so much and of whom no biography has been written. But the chapter to which perhaps most readers will turn first, and the longest in the book, is that on Stevenson. Already Sir Sidney finds that a legend is growing up about R. L. S., effacing or blurring the real image of the man as was, even as regards his personal appearance. We are assured that his complexion was never pale, nor his figure shadowy, nor his hair black. "The main physical fact about him

* "Memories and Notes of Persons and Places, 1852–1912." By Sir Sidney Colvin. (Arnold.)

was that his heart was too big and its blood supply too full for his body." Well, whatever false pictures may have become current, they should be wiped out by the brilliant portraiture of these fascinating fifty pages. They contain several things which are new and unknown, and though no man of letters of our time is more familiar a personage than Stevenson, this chapter adds a bloom and sparkle to the picture we have of him in our minds, we who never knew that child of romance in the flesh. No reader will close this book without envying Sir Sidney the many friendships of a full life, but this friendship most of all.

LAURENCE BINYON.

THE JUNIOR TRENCHARDS.*

Having now a settled foundation to work upon—personalities already created and characters already formed—Mr. Hugh Walpole can carry on the family history of the Trenchards until time or disinclination puts an end to his task. We shall not complain if, after this novel which takes Henry and his sister Millicent through their first struggles to earn a living and their first love-affairs, he continues until Henry's children and Millicent's children have grown old enough to have love-stories of their own. Henry, as a father, would be a fascinating study with his sudden weaknesses, his quick impulsive actions, his dreamy industry; and Millicent, practical and strongly-loving, could hardly be less interesting.

In the present volume we have two distinct stories—that of Henry and of Millicent, which is a fault in construction; but the two are linked so finely by the beautiful sympathy between them that only academic and inhuman criticism could emphasise it as detracting from the pleasure or effect of the book as a whole. The letters of Henry to Millie, of her to him, stitch or weave together the plots into one piece, we feel how closely the two lives—the Trenchards—are united, and it is significant that in trouble they turn to one another as naturally as children to motherly arms. The scene where the girl, in a crisis of mental and spiritual anguish following the revelation of her lover's deception, finds her relief and salvation in Henry's sudden appearance and instant comprehension, is the finest thing in the novel, and the complete episode, covering two chapters (VIII and IX) forms perhaps the best and most moving climax of emotion to be found in any of Mr. Walpole's novels.

Henry is a "queer" fellow, and into what shape life will finally mould him is uncertain. His first fixed position is as secretary to an aristocrat of the old and outwardly chilly school; here he muddles the historical letters which he is engaged to set in order, but shows his genius in writing up the period and getting the "atmosphere," and his employer and friend, who dies, leaves him enough money to keep him for three years, by which time, presumably, the work contemplated will be published. Meanwhile Henry has fallen in love—with the face of a young girl seen in Piccadilly Circus, and though he follows the girl and eventually rescues her from a mother whose profession is clearly indicated, she, we are given to understand, has no awakening, and can respond only by friendship and gratitude. We feel that something better must be in store for the gentle, lovable Henry; it will be difficult to find the right mate for him, for he is of the class which often makes a failure of married life simply because he is too capable of entering into the feelings and moods of others, too responsive to sudden appeals.

For Millie, there remains the sturdy Peter Westcott, whose poor frail wife reappears for awhile, only to die in his rooms, sarcastic and uncomprehending to the last. Again we hardly see happiness on the horizon; but they are not yet avowed lovers.

The novel is one of a set, of equal value with its forerunners, neither greater nor less, but conceivably of a firmer, fuller texture. In the new characters introduced—the household of Victoria Platt, Millie's employer, and of Sir Charles Duncombe, among whose family archives Henry delved—Mr. Walpole's humour and interpretative gifts are admirably toned to produce some remarkably entertaining scenes which never touch an exaggerated note. Whether these people will reappear upon a fresh stage we do not know; but the whole story leaves us with a distinct impression, not definitely explicable by any particular evidence but caused by the richness of the general picture, that in Mr. Walpole's next essay in the history of the junior Trenchards we shall have something exceptionally fine.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

* "The Young Enchanted." By Hugh Walpole. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

LEADERS UPON LEADERS.*

"Since the *British Weekly* was founded in 1886 I have been in the habit of writing tributes to notable figures in the Christian world." Sir William Robertson Nicoll generally did this when the man died, or when his biography was published. One of these appreciations was elicited by the centenary of F. W. Robertson's birth, but the rest are practically contemporary estimates, often penned under the immediate sense of loss. It is hardly necessary to say with what skill they are done. The salient points are seized, in a few deftly-drawn lines the figure is recalled to the memory, and the desired impression is made. It seems easy. How hard the art is, we only know if we read the recurring attempts to excel in it, frequently blurred by adulation or conventionality. This book is a short collection of first-rate examples, and its merits are more than literary. Its pages bring back to the mind men like Father Stanton, R. W. Dale, Henry Drummond, Martineau, and Lightfoot. Scotsmen predominate in the series, but its range is catholic. When D. M. Moir died in 1851, *Blackwood* paid a generous tribute to its old contributor, remarking at the end that "Bright as the flowers may be which are twined for the coronal of the poet, they have no glory when placed beside the wreath which belongs to the departed Christian." It is the Christian quality in these men which Sir William singles out, and to which he pays delicate, discriminating homage. The result is a delightful book, which stirs reminiscences, and pleases by its accurate perception and fresh phrasing.

"A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one." Carlyle's grumble is echoed by anyone who has had to dip into ecclesiastical biographies. Good men are often buried hopelessly in a dull, inartistic biography compiled by some one who has never learned the art of compression and never realised how to use letters. In speaking of the biography of Dr. Begg, the truculent Free Church leader in Scotland of last century, Sir William notes, for example, how badly the great leaders of the Disruption have fared in their official "Lives." "With two or three exceptions they are deplorable, presenting the images of fussy, bigoted ecclesiastics, always making speeches or taking part in petty quarrels, and completely dissociated from the larger world of culture. In comparison with Dr. Begg's life, however, the worst of them is a classic. The book is, in short, a heap of hay and stubble with one or two needles hopelessly lost therein." Dr. Martineau's composite biography was an English counterpart.

It is the preaching genius which is hailed as a rule in men like Dr. Parker, Canon Liddon and Mr. Spurgeon. But Dean Church is singled out for his journalism. It is well to be reminded that he shone as a Christian journalist, and that his main interest lay in the *Guardian*, "which he helped to found, to which he was a constant contributor, and by which in many anxious crises he virtually shaped the policy of the Church of England."

I find it difficult to share Sir William's regret that Lightfoot was not spared "to accomplish the next labour he had proposed to himself—a commentary on Ephesians." Lightfoot, as Sir William admits, "does not yoke himself with the mind of St. Paul." His interpretations of Pauline

* "Princes of the Church." By Sir William Robertson Nicoll, C.H., LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

thought are never equal to his historical estimates of evidence. Hort was right in missing the effort to collocate Paul's thought with the facts of life, such as is made in Jowett's pages. And Ephesians has soaring passages which would not have appealed to Lightfoot. Consider how little even Westcott made of them in his edition! What Lightfoot would have done superbly well was an edition of Acts.

One of the incidental pleasures of reading this book is to come across remarks like these. "The public ear, though easy to gain, is hard to keep." "Drummond did justice to that restfulness of Christianity which lies behind its spiritual sharpness and searchingness" And this on personal injuries—"We may sin by resenting them, and we may sin by forgiving them." "We cannot think," says Sir William, "that such a book as 'Types of Ethical Theory,' can easily be dethroned."

We are told that the biographer of Professor Flint "does not tire us with the dreary drip of incessant panegyric, but he knows, and makes it clear that he knows, how great and noble was the man he is dealing with." These estimates are real and appreciative We are grateful to Sir William Robertson Nicoll for what he has done, and for the style and spirit in which he has done it.

JAMES MOFFATT.

Novel Notes.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE. By Hamilton Fyfe. 7s 6d (Parsons)

The ideal of the first woman in this story is intellectual advancement, independence; that of the second woman is maternity. The first detests children; the second adores them. Given a normal, healthy man, married, as one might say under false pretences, to the brilliant unemotional first, meeting afterwards at a critical point the sweet, physically attractive second, and we have the framework upon which Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has stretched a canvas for his picture of life. If the framework is familiar, the picture is one that few novelists could have painted so unfalteringly, and the last strokes, where we almost held our breath lest his hand should fail, are the strongest and best of all. To betray any more of the plot, or to hint at the ending, would be unfair; it is enough to say that with fine courage, skill and clearness the author handles a situation which could have been irremediably spoiled by a false touch or a concession to the conventional. This of course we say in the name of art; how the problem thus solved would work out in actual life depends upon the temperament of those who might be concerned; conceivably it might lead to happiness, but more probably the position would be one of unstable equilibrium. In the exposition of his principal characters nothing could be better than Mr. Fyfe's method of conversational lucidities. Muriel fascinates Halstead, the rising barrister, by her ability, her knowledge of the law, her taste, her quick response to intellectual stimulus; Margaret wins him by her glow of womanhood; she is the potential mother personified. Every other person is placed clearly in relation to these two principals, and in the good, bewildered Bishop, whose wise and well-meant counsels become so irritating to everybody in turn, is a figure who may well stand for conventional morality with its back to the wall when confronted by a puzzling proposition—the "hard case" which makes "bad law," or, as Edward Halstead says, the "bad laws which make hard cases." The book is an acute social study, with none of the "dryness" usually coupled with such a phrase, and it is written without the slightest levity, yet with a constant sense of the humorous. Behind it all there is the perception of serious matters which sooner or later will demand more attention than to-day is given to them, and we extend cordial congratulations to Mr. Fyfe for presenting a complex situation so cogently and brilliantly.

THE QUALIFIED ADVENTURER. By Selwyn Jepson. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

At the outset Peter Duff was a journalist; sub-editor of a popular series of "Adventure Novels" in a large publishing house which we think it would not be difficult to identify. But he was not contented to edit and occasionally write stories of adventure; he was always hankering to live such stories as he had read and written, and one day he was offered the chance to do so and took it. As agent for a soft-voiced, mysterious little man whom he met in the café where he always took his lunch, he went a voyage in search of a lost treasure, the secret of whose hiding place the little man had bought; and with such a captain as Captain Fellowes, so charming a girl as his capable, unmanageable daughter Jimmy, such a treacherous ruffian as Weames, and that excellent Chinese cook, Yen San, keeping a surprise up his sleeve, all aboard with him, things were bound to happen, and they did, before the treasure was secured, and especially afterwards. It is a capital tale of love and adventure among lawless people and in wild places. Well contrived, written crisply, vividly, with a touch of humour and a sense of character, it is as glamorous and exciting a sensational romance as any we have read for some time.

MENDOZA AND A LITTLE LADY. By William Caine. 6s. net. (Putnams)

Mendoza bids fair to become a character in fiction who will live outside the confines of the novel in which he is placed. He is a rare creation. "If he was drawing slums out of doors for his own amusement, until the impulse to draw slums out of doors for his own amusement should leave him, it was a thousand to one he would decline to undertake any sort of commission. Yet one never knew. Success was always possible. The proposal might say something to him, whisper some happy idea; and then he would drop his slumming (or what not) at once and resume money-making. He refused work, now because he disliked the way it was offered, now because his mood was for a pen-picture story and a coloured poster was wanted, again because he was busy on an etching." Yet no less real, and only a little less magnetic, is the careless Raymond Adkin—besieged, if anyone was, with the artistic temperament. And no less real, and scarcely less lovable, the little lady herself, who drew minute pictures of the decorative type and "liked to see how much she could get on to the back of a postage-stamp." These three form the trio in a romance where humour and pathos mingle in a manner essentially Mr. Caine's own—a romance in which Punchester, the Righteous Man—with whom "to have to pay a fair price for a beautiful thing robbed it at once, in his sight, of all desirableness"—plays the rôle of ogre, keeping Adkin and Ottilie on tenterhooks, between hope and despair, that he may get good material dirt cheap for his influential journal, *The Useless Magazine*. Punchester is a masterpiece—so suave, so contemptible, that we share Adkin's triumph to the full when, instead of agreeing to the Righteous Man's low terms, he is able to treat him airily and refuse to take on any further work for him at the moment. Of course he has to thank the little lady for that glorious independence, and Mendoza too—for Mendoza, at some personal inconvenience, is adept at executing the duties of guardian angel. Yes, Mr. Caine has achieved another novel that is sparklingly alive; something real, not in the sordid sense, but with the reality of laughter and tears.

ANTHONY LYVEDEN. By Dornford Yates. 7s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

For its abundant wit, never due to the fortuitous use of clichés, and never "cheap," the discriminating reader will thank the author of this delightful novel. Major Anthony Lyveden as footman, in love with a society girl who knows all about his state of mind, presents opportunities for farce which might easily tempt the unwary and unwise; we are pleased to see that they are ignored and that the truer humour of situation and clever dialogue is developed. The fun, however, is merely incidental to an absorbing

story which contains some very serious work; and a word or two of praise must go to the style of the prose. Without pronouncing that double-edged dictum to the effect that the author has "evolved a style of his own," we may express pleasure at the fact that Mr. Yates can apostrophise the reader and use the first person singular without inducing —to put it mildly—annoyance, and that the interludes of the fate-buffeted Major with "Patch," his beloved terrier, are not introduced at haphazard. The dog in fact is charming, a splendidly drawn portrait, a character having his lawful place in the plot; he is on the first page, and on the last. The end is not a "conclusion"—it is on the note of crisis, with promise of a sequel. To this all readers, we believe, will look forward eagerly.

GENTLEMAN — UNAFRAID. By M. P. Thomasset. (Drane.)

The theme of the wounded soldier requires delicate treatment if it is to serve as the basis of a novel. Jimmy Charteris, the hero of this story, has been very badly wounded, so sorely that he cannot speak, but has to write what he wishes to say; also he is on crutches, having lost a leg. As "a remnant of a man" he feels that any definite advances to the girl he loves are out of the question; he becomes morbid, and is inclined to isolate himself from all healthy friendships. The story tells the method of his healing; it traces the slow change in his outlook, until at the finish we find all misunderstandings cleared up and the lovers at peace. Considered critically, there is too "sweet" an atmosphere, too generous a sprinkling of pathos and sentiment, especially in the scene where Charteris visits the church. This lack of strength and restraint, however, does not materially hinder the reader's appreciation of a gentle, pleasant tale, and there are pages in which a quiet humour gives colour to some excellent dialogue. The various adventures of the principal character in his wanderings are well described, and there is much skill in the gradual development of his attitude towards life, from the misanthropic stage to optimism and sanity.

THE RED KNIGHT: A ROMANCE. By F. Brett Young. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

For his new novel Mr. Brett Young has hit upon an excellent idea, which he has handled most happily. He imagines a Mediterranean island, called Trinacria, the ancient name of Sicily, revolting against and massacring its hereditary king and subsequently submitting to the dominion of a fanatical Communist who quickly finds himself compelled to establish a dictatorship and to rule by fusillades, executions and bombardments. A young Englishman, whose mother was a native of the island and who had been a friend and disciple of the dictator when he was an exile in London, manages to get to Trinacria and promptly enters the Bolshevik service as secret agent. The course which the narrative subsequently runs every practised lover of romance will easily guess. Robert Bryden, the agent-provocateur, falls in love with Maddalena Farace, the very girl on whose movements he has to spy. In the end, distracted between love for his Royalist sweetheart and loyalty to his Communist chief, Bryden blows out his brains just as Enrico Massa, the dictator, is returning triumphantly from the thirteenth attempt to assassinate him. The interest is tense from start to finish, the descriptions are admirably graphic, and the scenes between the lovers are highly wrought but never hectic. "The Red Knight" indeed is a thoroughly lifelike and absorbing romance. With Henry Ainley for hero and Cathleen Nesbit for heroine it would make a fine stage play.

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE. By Harold Bell Wright. 8s. 6d. (Appleton.)

Distinctly a novel with a lesson, if not with a "purpose," "Helen of the Old House" will make a very strong appeal by reason of its clever treatment of love and labour questions. It is a strange mixture, but not altogether new; Robert Herrick, Mr. Wright's compatriot, has dealt with the same theme, if we remember rightly. Helen, the daughter of a mill-owner, is brought into contact with a lower level of existence when she makes friends with two ragged children whose father is employed in the mill; through her talks with them she begins to think things out for herself. Her brother John, with ideas which compel him to fraternise with the workmen, is a well-conceived character, and the story of the labour crisis and strike engineered by a foreign agitator is vividly told. There is rather too much "talk" on socialistic matters and the relationship between capital and labour, several people of the book committing themselves to pages of platitudes; but apart from this the change in Helen's views and the general situation between the employers and the union of mill-workers is conveyed with skill. The love story of John, who wins the daughter of one of his father's employees, and of Helen, who emphasises the position by falling in love with one of her father's workmen, give a pleasing thread of colour to a novel which is constructed on the most approved lines of transatlantic "uplift."

TONY SANT. By Mrs. C. S. Peel. 8s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

In spite of the quiet humour that pervades this book, its theme is essentially sad: the innocence of a young girl misinterpreted so that her whole life is embittered and she herself driven to the infamy for which she was blamed. The truth that Tony Sant learns from this hard lesson compensates in some measure for her unjust sufferings—in that, and in the excellent character studies, lies the chief motives of the novel. Tony, driven from her native town by a cruel misunderstanding, accepts the help of a man who later demands more than mere friendship; ill-health and inability to find work force her hand, and she accedes to his suggestion, only to be left friendless and penniless when he dies. From a guileless, weak, unthinking girl, the woman Tony develops, and we follow her progress with interest to the realisation of her life's philosophy. That the book is written with charm and artistic finish goes without saying—it is a worthy successor to Mrs. Peel's previous novels and should secure her an even larger circle of admirers.

THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER. By F. E. Penny. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Penny has long ago established herself as one of the most faithful and vivid writers upon Anglo-Indian life, and her wide knowledge of its inner phases has enabled her to keep her work fresh and interesting. In her new novel she has once more taken a real as well as a modern problem for her central theme, and has woven around it with her accustomed skill a deeply interesting and human story. We should not be surprised if "The Rajah's Daughter" proves one of her most popular, as it certainly is one of her best books. In this novel Mrs. Penny is rather more concerned with native life than Anglo-Indian life. But readers are unlikely to grumble because at the present time native India and its inhabitants bulk large in the public eye. Most readers will fall in love with the chief girl character, the Princess Charma, whose misfortune in a sense it has been to have received a Western education, and to have tasted the sweets of Western freedom. She is exceedingly well and clearly drawn. One understands her and knows her. She has spent the war years in England, and when the story opens is about to return to her native land. She has acquired much during the years of her stay, but Mrs. Penny's picture of her shows very plainly that Kipling was right when he gave us the dictum, "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." It is not easy perhaps for the Western reader to accept the fact that ten years in England and the freedom she experienced should leave the little, dainty and charming Princess to fall so easy a victim, on her return to India, to the rules of her caste and creed. But one grasps in Mrs. Penny's pages at least some idea of the

futility of struggling against the traditions of an Eastern people. Not the least interesting feature of the story is the vista one gets of the inner life of Indian women. The members of the Rajah's family are described in some detail. In Raman Das, the secretary who, like the little Princess, has received a European education, one has a finely-drawn character. There is pathos indeed in the picture of the little Princess, who at first has some considerable liberty given her, until she is purified from the contamination with a Western race and can be received again into the zenana, and go to her elderly husband by whom she was espoused as a mere child. As the matter is left it would appear at present that a Western education can only lead to tragedy in the case of an Indian woman.

ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE. By Denis Macail 7s 6d. net (John Murray)

Elizabeth Smith has disappeared and left no address with her friends, and John Ormroyd is thinking of inserting an advertisement when he comes across one already in *The Times*. He brought it to Mrs. Cartwright. "'What do you think of that?' asks John, in the tone in which Michael Angelo may be imagined to have shown visitors the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel." To say the least, this is not the most natural comparison, and may be taken as an illustration of how the author is continually drawing his reader's attention away from the story. Of course to some such a reference will be illuminating and add its own flavour, but to the many it will be just an irritation. This is to assume that even the general reader is not likely to skip much of this story, whilst the more penetrating reader will quietly add one more character to the book—the author. Mrs. Cartwright very quickly realised that she must leave her husband She was hard hit but not broken. One by one, beautiful things passed out of her life, but she believed in the light that had failed for her. Disillusioned, she was not dismayed and thus her heart kept young though the years were added. In a gripping story which takes us not only behind the footlights but within the intricacies of theatre management, the author shows how light and healing comes to those who sit in darkness—but with their face toward the east. As you finish the book you think of the sun rather than the spots.

The Bookman's Table.

IN MANY KEYS. By Millicent Wedmore. 3s 6d. (Elkin Mathews)

How to allot, in right and just proportion, his judgment between intention (which may be taken as always good) and performance (which is often poor) when poising his pen for the verdict on a volume of poems, is often the critic's serious dilemma. By the performance, the actual printed verses, the poet asks to be judged by the public; and it is a happy case when, as in the present slight but not negligible book of varied lyrics, intention and its fruit are not easily separated. Miss Wedmore fails here and there through lack of sufficiently stern self-criticism, but she has inspiration, the faculty of interpreting a scene or an event in terms of more than mere physical vision, and, in some of the poems here collected, she gives clear proof of creative power. A few of the poems are suggested—not inspired—by the war, and in the colloquial method used, for example, in "The Connaughts at Cambrai," there is little distinction. It has been done too often, and rarely with a thrill; Gilbert Frankau's "Rifleman Brown" was one of the striking instances of recent years. But in a grimly moving lyric such as the one entitled "Concussion," Miss Wedmore reaches a higher plane; she touches the reader's heart; dread, tenderness, pain, the relief of death, are entangled in the mesh of living, simple words, and the reason is that it was inspired, not suggested only, by a familiar yet never insignificant



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Miss Millicent Wedmore.**

experience of war's horror. Turning from these poems to those on gentler themes, we find the appeal of the West Country strongly expressed in several charming stanzas, full of feeling for beloved Cornwall, its spacious seas, rocky coasts and heathery moorlands. If a critic who loves Cornwall is confronted with a poet sharing that love, what hard words can be said? None, obviously, if the poet has any right to the name; and Miss Wedmore has the indisputable right. "Cornwall in Hospital" is a little picture, a miniature of memory, which leaves a smile and a sigh; and "A Grave in the Sand Dunes" has the mysterious call of the West in every line. In the purely lyrical vein one of the best poems is "Pisky Gardens." It has the real melody, and the whole poem is successful. With a little determination to make "good" into "better," we shall have from Miss Wedmore more that is creative, and less that is merely the recording of impressions in a beautiful manner.

THE EVOLUTION OF CIVILISATION. By Joseph McCabe. 3s. 6d. (Watts.)

Mr. McCabe is doing splendid work in bringing a comprehension of evolution within the reach of those who have not leisure to make an exhaustive study of the subject. To many the somewhat heavy and technical volumes published on this all-absorbing question appear too formidable for intimate acquaintance, and they are satisfied with a rough idea of the principles of evolution, regarding it as dull and tedious in detail. Mr. McCabe's writings are a direct contradiction to such an assumption. His little book last year, "The A B C of Evolution," whetted the appetite for a fuller knowledge of the causes and development of the life teeming around us. Several who read that have since gone probing deeper and deeper for themselves, and will be eager to possess the sequel which goes on where the "A B C" left off, and traces the evolution of society. The volume comes at an opportune time, and concerns itself with vital matters of to-day. Its point of view is sane and unbiased: "It is knowledge of reality that counts. We have created a social environment which, however little it may promote fine sentiment or fine character, does beyond question promote intelligence." Mr. McCabe argues that we have far outdistanced every previous civilisation in knowledge, science and intellectual development. The book concludes on a high note of hope for the future: the end of life is what man chooses to make it. "We are going to develop what is most clearly worth developing in us. . . . We are going to eliminate

pain, unhappiness, ignorance, coarseness, violence and poverty, as far as possible. We are going to have a hundred commonwealths, ten thousand cities, competing with each other in realisation of this ideal . . . when the war drums beat no longer and the strong have ceased to exploit the weak." With so much of promise in the progress of science he makes us feel we dwell in a dark age indeed, where the light of to-morrow has only just commenced to glimmer.

AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR EVERYBODY. By S. P. B. Mais. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

All the usual defects of Mr. Mais are here, for he seems to be quite incorrigible. He quotes profusely, making his essays another mode of anthology, and he is slangy, rowdy, and confident. He tries to show us how to read, how to speak, how to write, how to criticise, and how to enjoy books, and his own writing is an example of how not to do it. But the point not to be overlooked is that Mr. Mais really does enjoy good stuff, and is energetically fervent in his attempts to make other people enjoy. He feels that in this age of low pleasures he must get down to the lowest level to find his converts, and he therefore talks to his readers in their own slang, and tries to jazz them into seriousness. Perhaps the safest thing we can say about the volume is that readers for whom this sort of thing is suitable will find this very suitable.

THE HISTORY OF THE 9th (SCOTTISH) DIVISION, 1914-1919. By John Ewing, M.C. Illustrated. 36s. net. (John Murray.)

Everybody knows Ian Hay's "First Hundred Thousand" which describes life and training in a Scottish battalion of the new army raised in response to Kitchener's call in 1914. That battalion later formed part of the famous 9th Division, whose plain, authentic history is here set down from its beginning to its close, when the division—then part of the garrison of defeated Germany—was dissolved in March, 1919. It went to France in May, 1915. Keen, home trained, eager to take on itself some of the burdens that weighed so heavily on the British troops, after three months' training in trench warfare it was entered in the battle of Loos, and bore a splendid, stubborn part in that enterprise of mingled success and failure. Having measured themselves against the best of Germany at its height, the men were imbued with the sense of superiority and esprit de corps that went on growing and deepening throughout the course of the war. The division shared in practically all the important actions of the struggle except Messines and Cambrai—Vimy Ridge, the Butte de Warlencourt, Arras, Passchendaele. It was immortally part of the immortal Fifth Army under Gough in March, 1918, and on March 24th the South African Brigade, reduced to 500 men all told including Head-quarters Staff, after three nights without sleep, held up the whole line of German advance for over seven hours. Completely surrounded but unconquered until all their ammunition was gone, the Germans flooded over them still desperately fighting, the Brigadier himself still firing a machine gun as the enemy laid hands on him. The whole narrative is a sober epic, balanced, critical, candid as to mistakes, ripe and complete in information—indeed it is almost a model of what a divisional history should be. The illustrations in colour, after paintings specially made by Captain Hodges, are remarkable records of the places with which the division and its heroic feats were conspicuously connected.

SEX AND COMMON SENSE. By A. Maude Royden. 4s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

At a time when there is so much loose talk of "superfluous women," Miss Royden's book comes as a light in the darkness. Those who attended her Sunday evening addresses in the Kensington Town Hall will remember the controversy and enthusiasm they evoked. Here the lectures are reproduced almost in their original form, together with further matter on the same subject. She attacks questions which prudery and convention gloss over and try to ignore, with a courage and clear-sightedness that compel admiration, taking up cudgels on behalf of the "superfluous" women, and stating in plain terms what is so obviously common sense that it seems impossible any should dispute it:

> "I want to combat with all my power," she says, "this ancient but un-Christlike belief that women miss their object in life if they are not wives and mothers. . . . I ask you to consider for a moment what your attitude to men on this subject is. . . . If a man does not marry, or if there are more men than women in a certain country, as for instance in Australia or Western Canada to-day, nobody speaks of those men as though they were 'superfluous,' as though they had ceased to have any real object for existence. People will realise that it is a hardship—a very great hardship—in their lives; they will be apt to excuse them for getting what they can get if they cannot get everything; but no human being talks of the 'superfluous man' in any of our great Dominions. People always realise that a man has a *human* value, and that however great the influence of the sex side of him, he still is a human being, he still has his value in the world, even supposing that he should live and die celibate. If you can try to put your mind into that attitude towards women, you will, I think, see . . . that a woman may and does suffer if she does not fulfil the whole of her nature, and yet that it is a monstrous fallacy to affirm that, because of that, she ceases to have any reason for existence; that she is a futile life, a person who does not really 'count.'"

Miss Royden opens a way out to the woman whose natural instincts have been thwarted; she has a message for the woman who must look for her vocation in the world, and not in the home. And her personality which has made itself a poignant factor in the church and on the public platform, finds expression here in a difficult and much misunderstood problem. Every thinking man and woman should have a copy of her book; it says the things that have been waiting to be said for a long while; says them boldly but with a tolerance and largeness of heart such as we expect, and never fail to discover, in this pioneer in spiritual and moral thought.

A HISTORY OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS. By S C Roberts, M.A. 17s. 6d. net. (Cambridge Press.)

Mr. Roberts has not merely told the story of his own University Press, but made a pleasant contribution to literary history. Merely to handle the finely printed volume, with its excellent paper, print and illustrations, is a real pleasure. The author begins with John Siberch, printer of the first Cambridge book in 1521—in the very dawn of English printing—and brings us right up to the present year, telling us something about such famous persons as Erasmus, Fuller, Milton, and Sir Isaac Newton. His lists of printers and publications at the end of the volume are of high bibliographical value. How accurate the press-work and reading can be at Cambridge is known to every one who has had occasion to use that press. An American professor records with gratitude in one of his volumes that five hundred quarto pages of elaborate mathematical tables were set up with less than a dozen printers' errors; and, recently, the compiler of a large dictionary printed at the Press insisted on presenting a copy of his volume to the reader whose eagle eye had contributed so much to the accuracy of the work. The present volume is a thoroughly enjoyable piece of reading.

THE BOOK OF THE PISTOL AND REVOLVER. By Captain Hugh B. C. Pollard. 15s. (Philpot.)

As a history of the small, handy firearm, and a guide to its practical use, this well-written and arranged volume is invaluable to those who are likely to require the aid of "powder and shot" in an emergency. Full descriptions of the various types are given, special chapters dealing with "The Automatic Pistol" and "The Pocket Automatic and Revolver" in a very clear and interesting manner. The sections on "Learning to Shoot" and "Speed Shooting" are thoroughly up to date and instructive; in fact no point which can be of use to the student appears to have been overlooked. With this reissue of an excellent book to consult, and a fair amount of practice, we can imagine the most peacefully-inclined citizen tempted to become a "crack."

Music.

BEETHOVEN TO-DAY.

By GEORGE SAMPSON.



Beethoven in 1817.
From a painting by Kloeber.

IT is given to a few of mankind to become immortal through the enduring life and energy of their deeds or creations; and of these human immortals some three or four are raised higher still in heaven's hierarchy, as part of the world's mythology, typifying for ever the whole art or activity of which they were a portion. Thus, Socrates is more than a philosopher: he is Philosophy; Newton is more than a scientist: he is Science. Dante is more than a poet with extant works: he stands for the "something after death," as Shakespeare stands for the whole human comedy of loves and griefs and terrors:

> "Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
> Gaudia, discursus, . . ."

and more even than that. So, when we imagine a figure who shall body forth the beauty and majesty of music and its mysterious power over man, it is of Beethoven that we think, and of no one else. Beethoven is not only a musician, he is Music.

This deification of mortal man is sometimes hard on the innocent person. Even the Roman emperors found it tiresome to be gods. Man not only deifies instinctively, he defies instinctively, and rebels against the gods he cannot help creating. And so one mocker denounces Socrates as the arch-humbug; another declares of Dante that his reputation will never wane, because no one ever reads him. The denials of Shakespeare would need a whole book for their record, and even then a multitude of minor rebellions would be left unregistered. Thus, recently, one man, a doctor of letters and a power in the world of education, informed me peremptorily that he preferred Webster to Shakespeare, and regarded the matter as officially settled. Another enthusiast confessed to preferring Otway. There were some who even preferred Sheridan Knowles.

We need therefore be neither alarmed nor surprised that there exists at present a reaction against Beethoven. His most vociferous opponents are to be found among the ultra-modernists (mostly very young), the disciples of Stravinsky and the disciples of Satie, who correspond in music to the numerous and irreconcilable groups of rebels in the world of pictures. Living art cannot stand still repeating the utterances of the dead. It must always go forward, and it will go forward by means of the young, who, with the impetuosity of youth, will go not merely forward, but go too far, and sometimes get lost. For such there are no search parties. The impatient young will always be found denouncing some or other of the mighty dead, whose calm, statuesque supremacy appears to obstruct the revolution they are in such haste to effect. When a Gainsborough and a Reynolds are sold for two hundred thousand pounds can we be surprised if a wail of horror goes up from Chelsea? Youth is always eager, hasty, anxious to clear the ground for its own accomplishments by destruction and extermination. It is the story of all progress, of all revolution; and those who know even a little about the history of human art and society will be able to recall many risings and reactions, advances and retreats, that have ended in giving mankind just as much actual progress as mankind can safely put to use. It is certainly better for music in England that Lord Berners and Arthur Bliss should go on composing their own odd stuff than that they should follow the Victorian composers who sheepishly imitated Mendelssohn and Brahms, and left nothing really English, except the comic operas of Sullivan, which were deplored by the academics as a degradation of talent. There is nothing extraordinary in the exuberance of youth. Musical young men decry Beethoven as sporting young men take to ski-jumping, or doing the Cresta Run, for the sake of the sensation they make. Those whose instrument is the pen indite a Swan song to help their friends; and these are sometimes geese.

But the plain man is disconcerted by what may be called the election literature and political riots of art. He has just enjoyed the Leonora Overture or the *Allegretto* of the Seventh Symphony, and then reads with distress and discouragement that Beethoven is a back number and his music nothing but rhetoric. Here are two mild examples of what I mean. One musical critic, who takes a serious view of his duties as a public educator, warned the readers of his column that it is impossible to be interested in Beethoven's *Adagios* now except historically. Another (and this a wit, you will perceive) observed something to this effect: "But then I remembered that Beethoven was dead, or, rather, I reflected that he had never been alive." The music-lover need not, I repeat, be perturbed by utterances like these. They are no more than what I called them, samples of election literature, or coterie criticism. They are impotent against greatness.

Certainly there is nothing fresh in a revolt from Beethoven.

> "The world rolls round, mistrust it not,
> Befalls again what once befell."

The noble ideals, the sense of national exaltation and spiritual destiny, called out by the tragedy of 1914, have collapsed and left us bankrupt and desperate. But it was the same in 1814. The high hopes that thrilled good men at the great uprising of 1789 were gone. No longer was it "bliss in that dawn to be alive"; and with the hopes of the lofty had gone the fears of the base. The hungry kings were brave again, and sat round their board in Vienna to part mankind once more among them; and in that false, heartless capital of an empire about which history can hardly say one good thing, the trivial hearts of the princelings turned from Beethoven and found their measure in Rossini's "Tancredi." Beethoven and Mozart were denounced as pedants, amusing only through their stupidity. "Fidelio" was discovered to be not only wearisome (as some later persons have found it) but utterly unmusical; and melody was declared to have been restored to the world by the roulades of Rossini. I should be loath to say a single word against Rossini, whose light frivolous music is delicious everywhere, except in the "Stabat Mater." But, after all, the great heart of mankind knows in the end the difference between "The Barber of Seville" and the C minor Symphony. Even Vienna returned to Beethoven. But the Vienna of 1816 hadn't the ever-delightful "Barber," it had only the would-be tragic "Tancredi"; and declaring Beethoven and Mozart unmelodious, it went mad over "Di tanti palpiti."

What is it that we of to-day find better than Beethoven? I sat not long ago in the stalls of a theatre when a new Russian ballet was produced. Immediately in front of me was a young woman with short dyed hair and with her back naked almost to the waist. In the interval, in the full glare of the theatre lights, she produced a mirror and a stick of carmine and publicly coloured her lips; she then took out a comb, and proceeded to comb her unnatural hair, calmly and elaborately. On the stage, a woman (known by the audience to be a young man in disguise) was "married" to a drunken merchant, whose amorous attentions became so persistent, that the young man feigned an attack of diarrhœa and fled hastily through the window. The music, ultra-modern, cleverly and faithfully accompanied all the incidents presented on the stage, and the audience laughed in enjoyment. Well, the preference of the Viennese may have been unworthy but it was not detestable. "Tancredi" does not need disinfection. The Overture may still be heard tinkling under the hands of elderly lady duettists in remote rural drawing-rooms, and men have been known to recognise "Di tanti palpiti" when they hear a phrase of it in the Meistersinger. It is not surprising, then, that the election agents for Prokofiev find it necessary to denounce Beethoven as the abhorred leader of the "rhetorical," the "subjective," the "emotional" realm of music.

It is his glory, not his shame, that he is so denounced. Beethoven was, in the noblest sense, a Puritan and a Republican, a singer of the liberty and dignity of man, a lofty spirit who stood proudly erect among the German lordlings when the supple and successful Goethe was bareheaded, bowing to the ground; a reverent Pagan, a great lover of nature in all her moods, tender to every living thing, and almost a worshipper of trees and flowers and rural beauty. In personal rectitude he was a "man of Plutarch," the noblest Roman of them all, and his life, under the closest scrutiny, shows, indeed, the weaknesses of a proud spirit and a heart almost dog-like in response to affection, but nothing, not a trace, that can be called mean or base or unclean. It was his fate to love man, woman and child, not wisely, but too well, and never to have love returned to redeem his tragic isolation. Deafness lacks the romantic appeal of blindness; but a deaf musician is stricken in the very heart of life, and so deaf Beethoven lives always in our minds with

> "Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
> And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old"

Play over the "Grave" introduction to the "Sonata Pathétique," written when, in the dawn of maturity, he first realised the incurable horror of his fate, and you will hear the cry of a great heart, just as in the "Adagio"—the despised, historical "Adagio"—you will hear a great heart's resignation. Note the "Grave" passage, too, for another reason. It is the first time that note is heard in music, and its utterance is so deeply tragic, that Wagner remembered it and used it when he came to write "Tristan."

Let the healthy music-lover of to-day, then, haunting the Promenade Concerts on Friday evenings or making acquaintance with the finer pleasures of chamber music, pay no more heed than he wishes to the election literature of the latest candidates for fame. Beethoven remains where he was, master of masters, the initiator of modern music, making old forms live again and filling them with unimagined significance. Compare the great "Fantasia" Sonata of Mozart with Beethoven's last Sonata in C minor and observe how much further into the infinite the music has gone. If "difficulties" attract you, there are difficulties enough here for any virtuoso. I have heard many pianists play at or with this Sonata, but only one have I heard play it. Consider the "Adagio" (another despised, historical "Adagio") of the "Hammerklavier" Sonata, and ask if any other musician before or since has got that measure of music out of two hands on a keyboard, even though the piano has conquered new worlds since Beethoven's day. Think of the Sonata called "Appassionata," and the irresistible march of its dramatic utterance. Or turn to the Sonatas for violin and piano, especially the C minor, the popular A major, and the G major, and find, if you can, anything finer for that combination of instruments. In the world of quartet music Beethoven's supremacy is indisputable. With all their difference of scale and scope, there is scarcely one, from Op. 18 to Op. 135, that cannot be called great, and there are some that must be called greatest. Let us be definite and say, for instance, that no finer music for strings has ever been written than the three quartets forming Op. 59. Even the quartets do not exhaust his chamber music, for are there not the great piano Trios? It is now almost unnecessary to speak of his orchestral music, for the symphonies of Beethoven have become part of Everyman's music; but among the shorter pieces let us not forget to notice those perfect tragedies in little, the "Coriolan" and "Egmont" overtures.

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But Beethoven was human, remember, and sometimes wrote beneath himself. We do wrong to a great memory if we try to pretend, for instance, that "The Mount of Olives" is interesting for any reason—except perhaps for some surprising reminiscences of Mozart's operas and some even more surprising anticipations of Gilbert and Sullivan. Yet though he wrote things that are inferior, he wrote nothing that was bad. In the many works his patient industry put forth he touches upon all that is best in us and upon nothing that is worst. He is tragic, sublime, reverent, serious, passionate, romantic, consoling, cheerful, gay and humorous: but he is never petty, or hectic, or abject, or sordid, or vile. His music, like his mind, is essentially clean. To man, as to Leonora, in the depths of despair, he darts a ray of light in the moving strains of "Komm Hoffnung"—not vain, delusive Expectation, but a sure and certain Hope; and to all the world of living things his message comes in the magic of "Freude! Freude!"—not mere gaiety, or pleasure, or empty mirth, but Joy begotten of the gods.

A great writer for the voice—a Mozart or Wagner—Beethoven is not, even though the memory turns with gratitude to a few beautiful songs, and at least one that is great. Nevertheless it is in two vocal works that we find his most sublime achievement. The Choral Symphony and the Mass in D are among the world's greatest possessions. In the region of art, where the loftiest and deepest aspirations of man find their embodiment, where man, though man, is made conscious of his divine soul and spiritual supremacy, these works of Beethoven stand almost alone—almost: for, a century before, Bach too had touched that height, and, earlier still, another, in a different medium. To the greatest of Beethoven's work there is one expression of the spirit of man strangely comparable—strangely, because to sound we find a parallel in silence; and we find it in that bare and almost overwhelming sanctuary of San Lorenzo, where the enigmatic and elemental figures of Michelangelo body forth the destiny of man from the Dawn of his beginning to the Night of his end. Since Beethoven, many new things have been accomplished and the limits of musical art extended; but the height he touched has never again been reached. Beethoven, tender, mysterious and mighty figure, stands erect and pre-eminent, not merely a musician, but Music.

SONG STUDIES IN SIMPLICITY.*

The difficulty of simplicity is that it appears so simple. Reading a song which really achieves simplicity, it seems the easiest thing by reproducing its methods to reproduce its delicate charm. The result is usually either pale emptiness or, what is worse, a self-conscious *naïveté* as distressing as the attempts of forty to imitate the simplicity of sixteen. On the other hand the song-writer with a simple subject to treat, distressed at its apparent baldness, may be tempted to achieve a meretricious importance by overloading his material. This last vice is only too well exemplified by Oskar Merikanto in two songs—"Evening" and "Merella." Judging by the translations, the lyrics, without being bad, are of no particular importance; and the settings do not assist them. The former has at least the advantage of brevity, but even in its two pages the repeated right hand chord becomes wearisome. "Merella" is much worse. Of its ten pages four are occupied by piano solo, which not only effectually breaks the song into halves, but sounds in itself like a bad adaptation of cinema orchestral music. Mischa-Leon's setting of Passerat's "J'ai perdu ma tourterelle" is better than these, in spite of a dully conventional piano part, in that it has pleasant words and a vocal line grateful to the tenor voice. It represents well enough the deliberately simple type of song.

To real simplicity in song-writing there is only one road—literary perception. The simpler the poem to be set, the more acute the penetration necessary to realise its true atmosphere. It is good to see the attention which is at last being paid to the exquisite art of Mr. de la Mare. Scores of his verses call in their fragile voices for setting, and doubtless will get it. The majority of the results will probably be either feeble or bad because they will attempt to paint the lily. In "The Stranger" Mr. D. M Stewart has wisely avoided that folly. The song is interesting and of a certain charm. It does not attempt great things but it achieves its aim. Mr. Stewart himself would probably be the last to claim that his song exhausts the atmospheric possibilities of the poem. He recaptures little of that curious elfin quality so characteristic of this author's work—the mystery of the Stranger who held in one hand "the fruit that makes men wise," of the earth that became "wonderfully strange to see"; but he achieves a just richness of texture and a tranquil atmosphere. His other song, "The Morning Moon," is less interesting because it fits admirably the lyric by Elizabeth Bridges. Both are pleasant enough confections, but somehow the old romance of a Tennysonian

> "Lily-lady
> Dreaming serenely alone in cloud-garden shady"

seems nowadays somewhat pale. The chief interest of the verse is metrical and of the song its deft workmanship The result is a song that will please baritones and tenors capable of delicate singing

In "Petites Litanies de Jésus" Gabriel Groules achieves by an admirable economy of means the effect indicated by his initial direction: "naïf, tendre et fervent." He catches the spirit of the girl kneeling before her little image of painted wood with its robe sprinkled with stars and flowers. The words are delightful, the translation is adequate, the harmonic method interesting, and the voice part, sung by the right sort of soprano, should be a winsome thing.

A very different sort of simplicity is achieved by Mr. Gustav Holst in his "Seven Choruses from the Alcestis of Euripides," translated by Professor Gilbert Murray, set to music for voices in unison, with accompaniment for harp and three flutes. It is impossible in this short space to attempt to catch the flavour of so notable a work. The qualities that stand out upon a first reading of the choruses are those that make the composer's Hymns from the Rig Veda so impressive—their directness, the austere dignity that never falls to pomposity, the economy of means, the absence of the sort of mannerisms which are usually the downfall of composers attempting to reconstitute the atmosphere of a past age. The choruses march forward with a fine momentum, massive, broad, suitable to the work upon which they are based.

RODNEY BENNETT.

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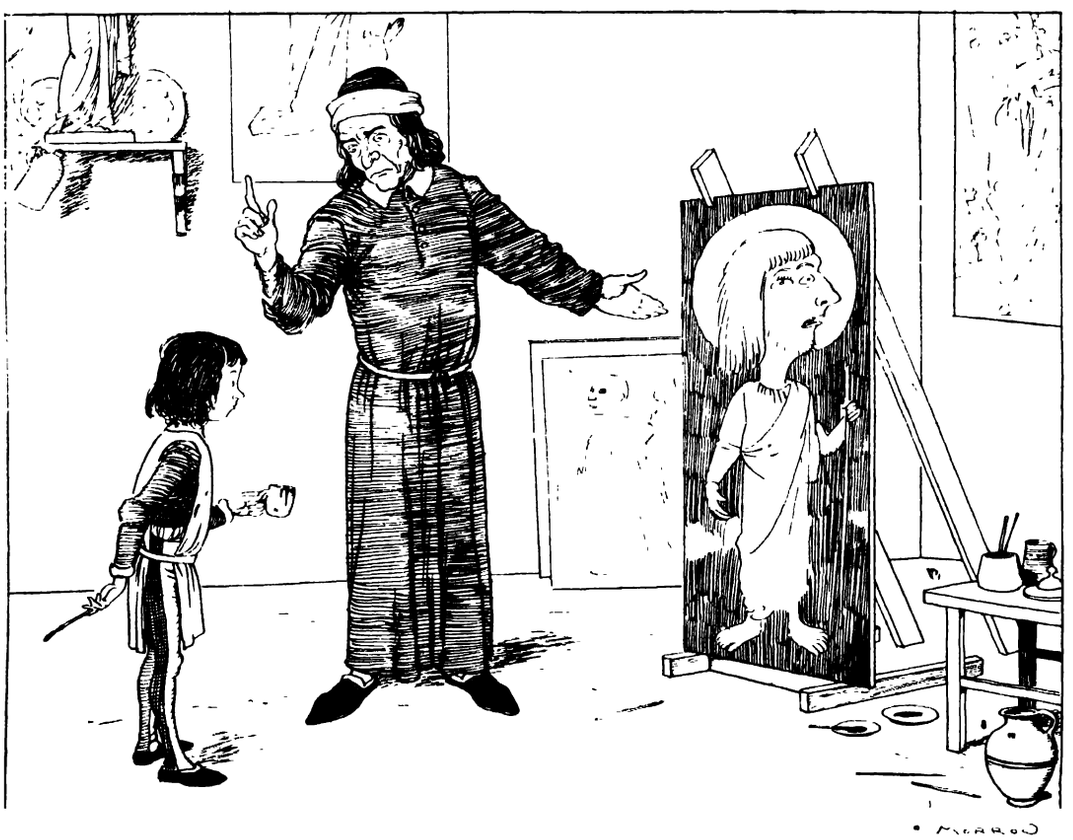


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From "HUMOURS OF THE STREET" *By G. L. STAMPA*
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From "REYNARD THE FOX"
By JOHN MASEFIELD
Illustrated by G. D. ARMOUR
(Heinemann).

HARK THERE TO DAFFODIL—HARK, HARK!'

which raise them well above the rank and file—these are by no means as plentiful as blackberries. When, in addition, they are sympathetically written for the voice and considerately instrumentated for the average pianist, they constitute a real find.

So here is a small treasure-trove for the music-lover: not of dazzling and superlative value, but decidedly desirable to acquire. In "The Ringdoves," by Oskar Merikanto, we have a gentle, contemplative, wistful little song, very much akin to "the moan of doves in immemorial elms." What the original words were, is not stated, but Elisabeth M. Lockwood has supplied a very sweet and suitable "English version." A pretty figure in the accompaniment is also to be noted. This is a fascinating nocturne for a voice of no great compass. In "Give a Man a Horse He can Ride," S. J. Rowton has essayed a new setting of James Thomson's spirited words, and has treated them in a spirited fashion, with a bold, swinging melody, and excellent opportunities for the vocalist. I wish he had broken away a bit in the last verse, because "a horse he can ride" and "a pipe he can smoke" are not authentically in the same category as "a girl he can love." But this, perhaps, is hypercritical. With "Four Songs" by the same composer, words by Rupert Brooke, we find remarkable variety of subject and rendering. No. 1, "Spring Song," is light, simple, graceful; it is reminiscent of Mendelssohn's "Maiglockchen" and other classical "Fruhlingslieder," but is none the worse for that. The finale is clever and touching. No. IV, "The Way that Lovers Use," is a dainty little ditty—words and music an admirable pair. But S. J. Rowton is not yet, as a musician, what Rupert Brooke was as a poet, and I feel that he is inclined to be too meticulous. It is because these songs are so good that one wants to warn the composer against over-elaboration. In setting the lovely opening lines of "Day that I have Loved," why must he spoil all the tender nuances by a startling accent and chromatic effect on "fold your THIN dead hands"? And again, in the last verse, "we who held you DEAR"? The thing hurts: and yet, as a matter of fact, there is "no cause to make lament, or beat the brow" in this quietest of requiems. In "Night and the Woods and You," intrinsically the best song of the four, Mr. Rowton tries to convey the subtle gradations of atmospheric effects by means of disturbed tonality; and, knowing the secret identities of colour and pitch, I hesitate to say that this can't be done at all. Only, in this particular instance, he hasn't quite achieved it. But here is a composer strangely susceptible to colour, and to the beauty of words. He has charm, insight, quality, deep feeling: may his future be commensurate with his gifts!

MAY BYRON.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

SUNBEAMS AND MOONBEAMS. By Percy Elliott. (Leonard.)

Here are four contrasting "pictures," starting with a graceful and vivacious glimpse of "Dancing Sunbeams" and ending with "Moonset," a study in tranquillity. The third piece, "Flaming June," is a waltz of much charm and "goes with a swing."

HUNGARIAN SUITE. By Stepan Esipoff. (Reid Bros.)

To the casual music lover peasants and shepherds must seem to be very well looked after with regard to their dance music. They appear to be a never-failing source of inspiration to composers, and it would be interesting to know how many dances peasants and shepherds have had inscribed to them, and how many composers there are who do not plead guilty to at least one (published or unpublished) peasant or shepherd dance. In his Hungarian Suite Mr. Stepan Esipoff has dances for both. And churlish indeed would be the peasant or shepherd who was not grateful for these delightful additions to his stock of music.

QUAND IL PLUT. . . . By Leff Pouishnoff. (Enoch.)

A rather difficult but clever descriptive piece for the piano.

O WESTERN WIND. By May H. Brahe. (Enoch.)

There is a plaintive, haunting atmosphere about this song, which is by the composer of "I Passed by Your Window." The words of "O Western Wind" are adapted from a fifteenth century lyric by Helen Taylor, and the composer has set them with true appreciation and feeling.

FIRST ADVENTURES ON THE KEYBOARD. By Ernest Austin. (Larway.)

Mr. Ernest Austin, who has done much very distinguished work in music, has a recognised place also as a composer for the young, and in his two albums, "First Adventures on the Keyboard," he demonstrates how music lessons can be easy, interesting and jolly. The books should be an invaluable aid to music teachers, and any child who does not find them absorbingly interesting does not deserve to "learn the piano" at all.

The Drama.

BOOKS OF THE THEATRE.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Galsworthy.**

THOSE who remember the acting of Henry Irving may feel inclined to dispute Karl Mantzius'

* "A History of Theatrical Art." By Karl Mantzius. Vol. VI. 28s. net. (Duckworth.)—"The World of the Theatre." By J. T. Grein. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)—"The Comedies of Harold Chapin." 12s 6d net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Six Short Plays." By J. Galsworthy. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)—"Angels and Ministers." By L. Housman. 7s. 6d. net. (Cape.)

statement that with Kean's death passion in the grand style died from off the English stage; but on the whole his history of theatrical art is as remarkable for the soundness of its judgments as for the fullness of its information. Apparently Mr. Mantzius does not intend to carry his work any further than the limits set by this volume, which ends with the early romantics, not even including Macready in England. I hope he will be persuaded to give us another volume which will discuss the theatre of the nineteenth century; for the romantic movement which began with Kean and Talma did not end till the last years of last century, with Irving and Coquelin; and is not one of its greatest exemplars, Sarah Bernhardt, still with us? This volume is to the full as interesting as its predecessors; perhaps the most exciting section is that which deals with the Paris theatres during the Revolution. The translation is not

always very happy: Mrs. Siddons's well-known respectability is not well conveyed by such a sentence as "on the erotic side she was unapproachable."

Mr. Grein's record of the plays produced in London during the past year will be useful to those who collect the annals of the London stage. Mr. Grein is not as serious as Mr. Archer nor as amusing as Mr. Walkley; but he has a good eye for acting, and a genuine liking for a good play. He is perhaps unduly severe on such experiments as the Everyman Theatre, whose opening may yet be recorded as marking an epoch in the much-needed and long delayed reform of the London theatre. It is, indeed, as my other three books show, only the theatre, not the drama, which now needs reforming. While in Vienna and Berlin, Schnitzler and Shaw and Wedekind are being played to crowded houses, we still have the dreary spectacle in London of theatres given over to prettiness, emotional poltroonery and debased music. All the while there are plays, light or serious, by dramatists living and deceased, which all of us would like to see. How long is it since Hankin was represented in a London theatre? Why should we not have a revival in nineteenth century social comedy and domestic drama, as displayed in the plays of Hankin, Barrie, Pinero, Jones, Davies, Carton and Chambers? The Everyman Shaw season proved how keen an audience there is for such a revival. Meantime a start might be made with the plays of more recent authors. Chapin's early death deprived us of a playwright who was, as Sir James Barrie says in his preface, "the born dramatist who did not know how it was done, but could do it." The four plays in this volume show a very varied talent. The best is certainly "The New Morality," one of those dramatic meditations in character which derive ultimately from Molière, through Wilde and Shaw. There is a minimum of action, but what there is is relevant and even piquant. It is true that Chapin relied a little too much in his play on the intelligence of his audience, thereby correcting his own tendency in "The Marriage of Columbine," when he stresses his points with a youthful eagerness, pleasant in spirit but dramatically laborious. In his assumption of cynicism he recalls Hankin, and his most ambitious play, "Art and Opportunity," is almost a rewriting, from a different angle, a *naissance-de-siècle* point of view, of Hankin's "The Cassilis Engagement." The gradual meeting of those two comrades in arms—Bentley, the pushing politician, and Pauline Cheverele, the pretty, candid, untruthful adventuress, is wittily and delicately managed. Chapin's dialogue is not quite equal to Hankin's or Mr. Milne's; it is a little too much of the theatre for our natural taste, but in moments of emotion it is more serviceable than the extremely plain style now affected by most dramatists.

To that plain style no author is so tied as Mr. Galsworthy. He only breaks away from it in his new volume—in one play, "Defeat," a tragic and moving little episode between an officer on leave in London and a German prostitute. It is by far the best piece in the volume, though "The First and the Last" might seem as good if I had not too sharp a recollection of the story in "Five Tales," from which Mr. Galsworthy has taken it. In the lighter pieces—"Hall-Marked" and "Push And Go"—Mr. Galsworthy fails; and it is not surprising that the author of "Justice" and the "Silver Box" should fail in farce. Mr. Galsworthy cannot frivol easily, and the subjects he has chosen here must be taken frivolously if at all. Remain "The Sun" and "The Little Man," which are striking as essays rather than plays; and it is a pity that the hero in "The Little Man" should have the futility without the fascination of St. Francis. Or is that perhaps the curse of our modern world—that the weak have no longer the spiritual strength they possessed in a time when Christianity was at any rate the touchstone of values, if not the standard of practice?

The rare and various talent of Mr. Housman finds fresh expression in these witty, graceful and interpretative little dramas of Victorian history. He writes of Queen Victoria, John Brown and Disraeli—of the dying Beaconsfield dreaming of primroses—and of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone on the eve of the statesman's final retirement. All the plays are good, fanciful with a mannered elegance which itself helps to produce the illusions of the age of the sofa and the bustle. The best is perhaps "The Comforter." "The Queen! God bless her!" runs it close. In "The Comforter" we are shown John Morley breaking the news to Mrs. Gladstone. They are discussing the situation made by the Premier's resignation.

> MORLEY . . Ireland remains, and the problem will get worse.
>
> MRS G. But indeed you are wrong, Mr. Morley! It was not Ireland that kept my husband in politics—it was Mr Chamberlain.
>
> MORLEY. That is a view which, I confess, had not occurred to me. Chamberlain?
>
> MRS G. No one could have kept Mr Chamberlain from leading the Liberal Party, except Mr Gladstone. And now he never will!
>
> MORLEY. That, certainly, is a triumph of a kind. You think that influenced him? Chamberlain was a friend of mine once—is still, in a way. (*He pauses, then adds ruefully*) Politics are a cruel game!
>
> (*He sighs and sits depressed. But mention of her husband's great antagonist has made the old lady brisk again.*)
>
> MRS G. Do you know, Mr. Morley, that if Mr. Gladstone had not made me pray for that man every night of my life, I should positively have hated him?
>
> MORLEY (*with a touch of mischief*). You do that?—still? Tell me—I am curious—do you pray for him as plain "Joe Chamberlain" or do you put in the "Mister"?
>
> MRS. G. I never mention his name at all; I leave that to Providence—to be understood.

The naturalness of the dialogue, the careful avoidance of any artificial aid, the reliance on the intrinsic interest of the subject, make these plays remarkable in modern drama. I suppose, under our present regulations, there is small chance of getting any of them publicly acted, but I hope we shall have them presented by some of the private societies. Henry Ainley should make a most interesting Disraeli, and how fascinating Ellen Terry would be as Mrs. Gladstone!

R. F. R.

"IN THE RUSSIAN MANNER."*

By E. GRAHAM SUTTON.



Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith. **Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.**

THE despair of some dramatic critics, the day after "Heartbreak House" was produced, was both ludicrous and pathetic: ludicrous, because one might reasonably expect a dramatic critic to betray some acquaintance with modern drama; pathetic, because their bewilderment argued a complete national indifference to Mr. Shaw's sources, ideas and achievement which to a later age will seem not only a reproach but an enigma. A prophet is not without honour, and so forth—his play had already been produced in Vienna, Stockholm and New York; yet the many years which had elapsed since he first came before us, and the fact that this play and preface had been available in print since 1919, had surely earned him better consideration.

But first, a word of warning. It may be objected that the preface, like others by Mr. Shaw, has too little obvious connection with the play. Let anyone who has ever tried to write a play reflect upon that painful process, and he will find Mr. Shaw's method explained. Playwriting requires compression, selection, even narrowness; there are endless by-products of philosophy and imagination which "for lack of space," as the editors say, must needs be scrapped; that is why each Shavian preface contains many ideas arising out of the play, but not necessarily coincident or even harmonious with it. Yet in this instance at any rate Mr. Shaw gives us a clear lead, not only by using the sub-title which heads this article, but by the deliberate specification of Tolstoy and Tchekov as his models.

All three have shown us over Heartbreak House, and each characteristically. The implied reverence of Mr. Shaw for Tolstoy's method is a little misleading, because—well, frankly, his own method is so much more effective. Both preach one gospel: but the Russian's "Fruits of Culture" (though a light, frivolous affair compared with his more well-known "Powers of Darkness"!) is worked out in a depressing gloom which, by repelling so many readers, must in the end win far fewer proselytes than the Irishman's more sprightly treatment of the same theme; for the best gospel, preached unattractively, falls on deaf ears. Tolstoy uses the steam-hammer to crush his butterflies: Mr. Shaw breaks them on the wheel of laughter: Tchekov again, no less clearsighted as the same wheel flies round, weeps over the futility of his victims' beauty and the inevitability of its decay. That is the main difference of the three.

The recent production of Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya" has put all students of "the Russian manner" in the Stage Society's debt. If Mr. Macdermott can find room in his International Season for the same author's "Seagull" or "The Cherry Orchard," we shall be fortunate indeed. These three are all studies of Heartbreak House: they may be true to Russian life—though it is not easy for anyone lacking the advantage of a fortnight in Russia to be dogmatic about this; what is abundantly clear is their fidelity to the psychology of country-house existence, irrespective of nationality. Read Tchekov's trilogy, and you will see that no mere caprice has built Heartbreak House in the country; indeed, its events are hardly imaginable in town. It is a study of country-house life (not country life, a very different affair which the three dramatists have all treated elsewhere). In his preface Mr. Shaw analyses its two main types, the intellectual and the philistine, Heartbreak House and Horseback Hall; but from his play, as from these three of Tchekov, Horseback Hall is eliminated. True, both writers include characters not quite at home in Heartbreak House: there is Telegin in "Uncle Vanya"—poor Telegin with his guitar, his routine, his cheap reach-me-down sentiments, who is too unimaginative to catch the infection; there are Ellie Dunn and Trigorin, both Heartbreak Housers, but both exiled by the necessity to labour definitely in their respective vocations; there is Lady Utterword, who escapes Scylla in time, and by the mere accident of not marrying a country squire avoids falling into the Charybdis of Horseback Hall. It takes all sorts to make even the microcosm of Heartbreak House; "people don't have their virtues and vices in sets" explains Hesione: "they have them anyhow, all mixed." And Mr. Shaw, by greater variance of the type, achieves a wider view than Tchekov, though at the price of that discursiveness of which some critics complain. He also complicates things further by the introduction of flat incongruity in Mangan and the burglar—the latter frankly irrelevant in the best Shavian, not the Russian, manner. Tchekov used such contrast only once in a central character—in Lopakhin, a sort of peasant Mangan-Broadbent who buys up the cherry-orchard to build villas there. Mr. Shaw has too impish a humour to be obsessed exclusively by his main theme. This gain in contrast connotes better craftsmanship: but it makes "Heartbreak House" more baffling than any of Tchekov's plays.

Yet both he and Tchekov are concerned chiefly with Heartbreak House itself—these aimless, amiable folk ("colourless shadows," Helena in "Uncle Vanya" calls them) who live on imaginary fantastic emotions, not on the real struggles, hardships, aspirations of Captain Shotover's lamented youth. Their tragedy is their awareness of their own futility, the great future they all have behind them, the impossibility of their escape. Treplev relapses from success to suicide: Serebrakov's wife flies headlong from one hell to another: the

* "Heartbreak House." At the Court Theatre.—"Uncle Vanya." By the Stage Society.

Ranevskys are driven from their ancient home, and even before they are well out of it, the axe rings in the dear cherry-orchard they have been impotent to save For they can neither act efficiently nor vegetate in content. Their affairs are managed by subordinates, the Marinas, Shamraevs and Guinnesses of their shadowy world They are a waste product · that is all

Tchekov weeps for them, satirist though he be, more subtly, he even suggests a certain social value in the frail beauty of their uselessness Mr Shaw has caught some faint echo of the Russian's pity—this is what makes "Heartbreak House" so strangely different from his other plays But in the main he turns more to that ironic humour which, no doubt intentionally, is the salvation of "Heartbreak House", from the propagandist standpoint, and makes even his air-raid climax no more sensational than Treplev's suicide or the Ranevskys' downfall He is the giant, in humour, of the triumvirate Tolstoy's temperament was too grimly serious to admit much of it, and a certain childlike plaintiveness in Tchekov's attitude often makes his humour childish—or is this only the fault of the translations? The latter certainly leave much to be desired, and (as in Ibsen's case) are almost solely responsible for the exotic flavour of his plays The mere retranslation of versts, vodka and roubles into terms of miles, whisky and £ s d would go far to remove the Russians' handicap of unfamiliarity Even so I fancy that, of the three methods of exposition, Mr Shaw's would still retain the advantage

—

"IF *

It is well to have this printed version of the play which ran for an unexpectable number of weeks at the Ambassadors' Theatre Unexpectable because, as was proved by chance-heard opinions of the stalls and the pit, with its wit and suggestion, its irony and paradox If is not a play for every normal playgoer As a lady of the stalls said, "I prefer to carry something away with me" and a lady of the pit, "But it hadn t a plot! In the face of such evidence—however unjustified, for these witnesses were not quite just—unexpectable must be the word

"If" was enjoyable while it lasted, especially in the first two acts, and enjoyable it has proved to read Indeed, in spite of clever acting, I feel that it reads better than it acted, for when it was heard and seen by the playgoer's ears, eyes, heart and mind, the Third Act appeared thin and unable to rise to those heights of tragic irony, of humanity, which the theme—even the fantastic theme—required One felt let down, a condition not so apparent away from the circumstance of the stage, with the scene set in the largeness or the limits of one s own imagination In the theatre, Daoud's wisdom, so admirably spoken, seemed too leisurely and long-drawn, the action waited upon talk, and the battle between John Beal's determination and the wilfulness of those who were destined to deprive him, the Bromley cockney, of the panoply and glory of Eastern rule and circumstance, might have been more vigorously sustained for John already had his readiness, resource, courage and the practised authority of seven convincing years He followed the fatal oars with an undue precipitancy.

Yet how good the play is, and how grateful we ought to be for everything Dunsany gives us! He, more rapidly than any contemporary, wafts the reader up from everyday commonplace to the infinite ironic; having the key to those magic casements of which Keats sang. And the crown of the wonder is that these impossibilities are all so easily possible Catching the eight-fifteen, which ten years earlier he had missed, John Beal, the smug, contented, twentieth-century citizen, his views, his life, satisfactorily wedded to humdrum circumstances—the red sofa, Aunt Martha's portrait, the morning round, the day's dull profit of business, the evening rest in the company of his suitable wife—becomes an adventurer, as true a buccaneer as Drake, the slaver of a brigand, the viceroy of a country, with the possibility of kingship glimmering beyond It hardly needed the touch of Ali's crystal to bring the change and realise the splendid paradox, for, as Mr Kipling has shown, transformations as wonderful have happened in India under the ordinary administrations of service, when a beardless subaltern—or a subaltern with his tuft—has administered a province and been saluted by princes Let us hope that If, ' with its excellent, unexpected success will prove encouraging to other managers so that more from the same fount of imagination may be offered to the entertainment of the public

C E LAWRENCE

* "If." A Play in Four Acts. By Lord Dunsany 3s 6d (Putnams)

THE RACE WITH THE SHADOW. At the Everyman.

The directors of the Everyman Theatre could hardly be congratulated on the second production of their International season The Race with the Shadow ' translated from the German of Wilhelm von Scholz by Graham and Tristan Rawson is a pretentious and unconvincing play steeped in Ibsenic gloom humourless from start to finish, and marred by dialogue which instead of revealing character and motive only renders them the more obscure The hero of this new version of the eternal triangle is a novelist who by some obscure process of divination or telepathy, writes a book which his wife and her old lover at once recognise as embodying the story of their own past The lover, who strongly objects to this parallelism between his own life and that of the novel, at first attempts to obtain from the author the secret of how the story ends Failing to secure this and taking advantage of the absence of his rival, who has retired into the country to complete his book he resumes his old relations with the wife under threat of shooting himself and her But the novelist finishes the story with the betrayal of the husband by the wife and with the subsequent suicide of her seducer so that when he returns home with this unpleasant *dénouement* ready-made for the double story, a *dénouement* accepted by his repentant wife he finds little difficulty in persuading the lover to blow out his brains It was scarcely the fault of the players that they failed to bolster up so absurd and revolting a drama Mr Franklin Dyall was so natural and sincere that he almost made a human being out of the callous husband And by sheer weight of personality Mr Felix Aylmer succeeded in saving the suicidal lover from being laughed at But Miss Ruth Bower as the wife was quite at sea In reproducing the tones of Mrs Patrick Campbell she was not very happily inspired, while all through the evening she never once seemed to give her facial muscles rest "The Race with the Shadow ' was brought out on Monday, October 31st A fortnight later—on Monday, November 14th—four plays from the pen of Lord Dunsany were staged at the Everyman Theatre, too late for notice here

W A L B

Miss Clemence Dane's brilliant play, "Will Shakespeare," which was produced at the Shaftesbury on the 17th November, has been published in book form by Messrs Heinemann, and a special article by George Sampson on the play, as written and as acted, will appear in the January BOOKMAN, which will include articles on "The Gilbert and Sullivan Operas," by T. Michael Pope, "English Authors and American Reviewers," by Mary Austin, "Ehe Metchnikoff," by Dr Ronald Campbell Macfie, "Caroline Poets," by John Freeman; "A Great Musician," etc

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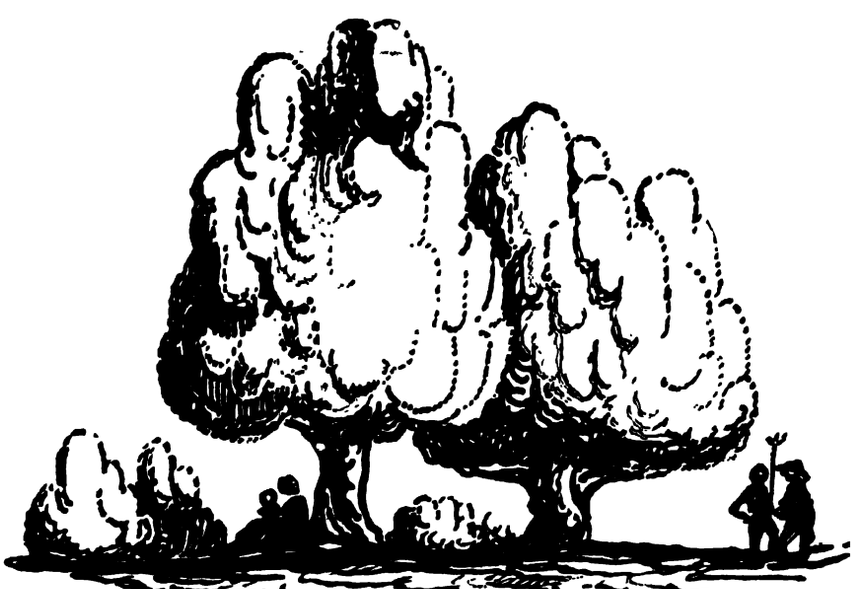
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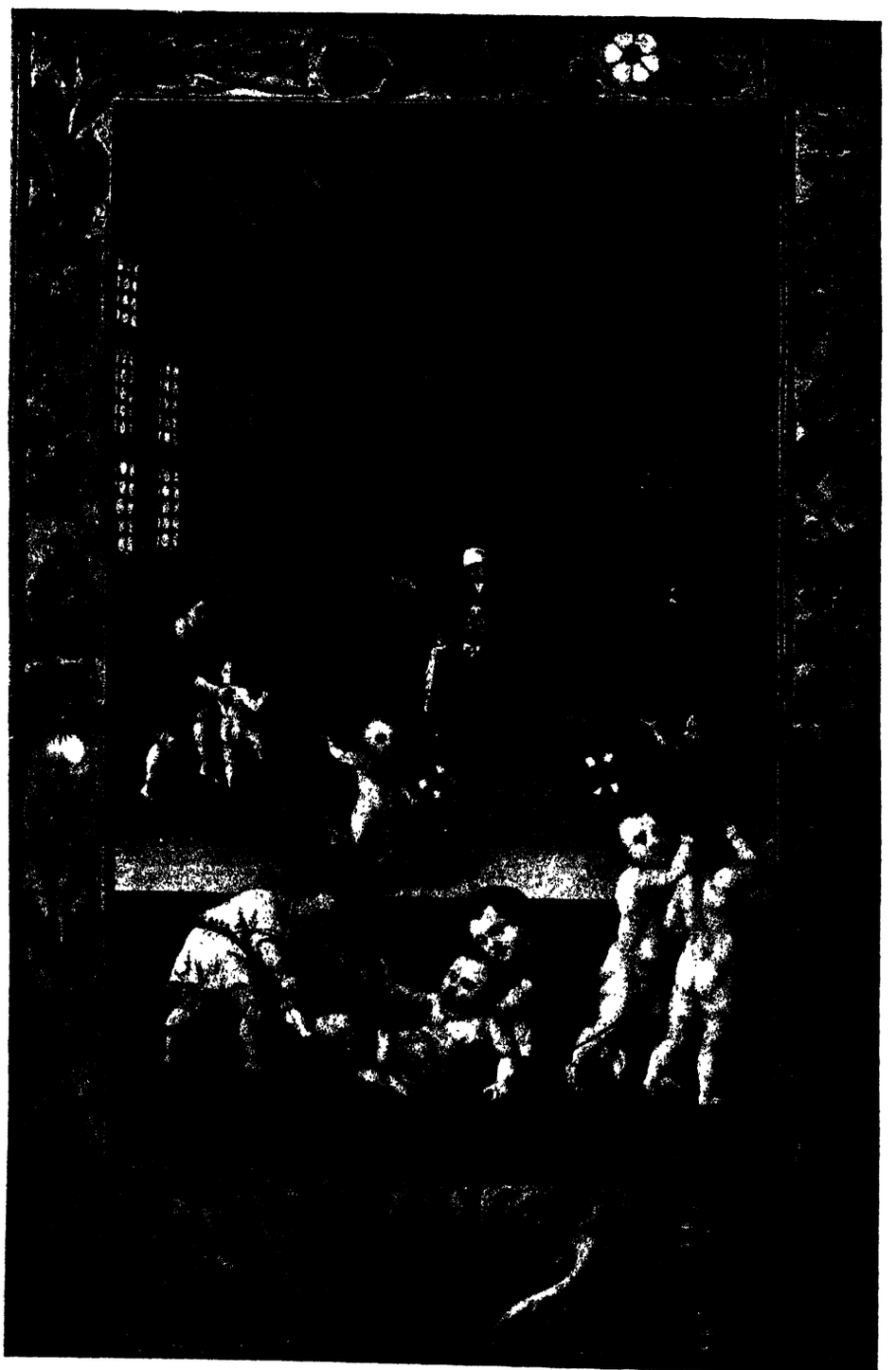
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"I desire from art
And from creation not repeated things
Of every day, not the mean content
Or discontent of average helpless souls,
Not passionate abstraction of loveliness,
But unmatched moments and exceptional deeds
And all that cannot happen every day
And rare experience of earth's chosen men
In which I cannot, by my intermitting
And narrow powers, share unless they are held
Sublimated and embodied in beauty."

I make no apology for quoting these lovely lines, not alone because it is always of concern to hear a poet speak of his craft, but rather because, with them, Mr. Bottomley gives us the very key of his secret. It is just by reason of his search for "unmatched moments," "exceptional deeds," "rare experience," all "sublimated and embodied in beauty," that his dramatic poems derive so frequently from the chronicles of old time. He loves barbaric periods when men were more frankly themselves for good or evil than to-day, and flaunted their passions nakedly. He is no devotee of the fine shades, nor yearns to clothe his heroines in Liberty art fabrics, when they can go in rich primary colours. Moreover it is Mr. Bottomley's persuasion that Imagination furnishes forth beings of more dynamic equality than does Life itself. An intensity of vitality far beyond the anæmic condition of commonplace humanity is exhibited, for example, in the characters of Shakespeare. There was never a maid like Miranda; no kiss so perfect as that of Romeo and Juliet; no laughter so huge as Falstaff's; no jealousy so searing as that of Othello. Consequently Mr. Bottomley has come to brood much upon the overwhelming and tragic figures of the Shakespearean stage. His best known drama deals with Lear in his lusty prime, before the king sank into the foolish, fond old man; and pries curiously into the shaping of the personality of Goneril. Now, in the volume under notice, the first play, "Gruach," may be considered almost as an introduction to the study of "Macbeth."

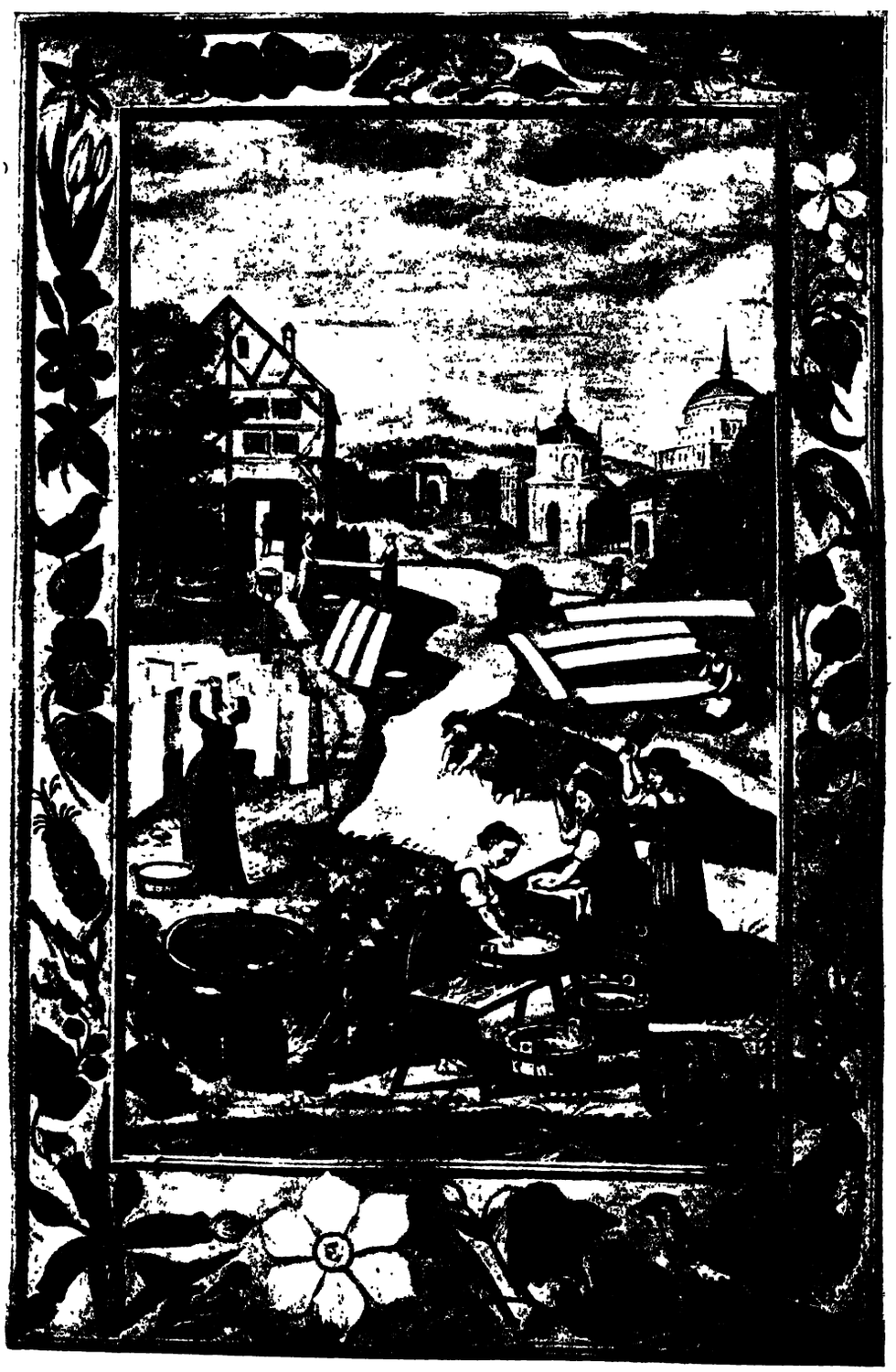


From Splendor Solis (*Kegan Paul*).

THE 5TH TREATISE. PT. 1, 3RD CHAPTER.

"Gruach" is the story of the meeting of the unwedded Lady Macbeth with the king's envoy, destined to become her groom. Quite plainly the interest of the writer is concentrated on the enigma presented by Lady Macbeth. What fashion of woman was she who so dominates Shakespeare's mighty tragedy; who swayed so imperiously her hesitating husband; who marched so firmly through evil to a throne? What was she like as a girl, before she was so dreadfully caught in the coil? In two short acts of remarkable interest Mr. Bottomley propounds the riddle, and gives his answer. The girl, Gruach, is Lady Macbeth in chrysalis—a Lady Macbeth according to the opportunities her hidden life affords. She fascinates the king's messenger by her physical beauty, beauty enhanced by her appearance before him in the castle gallery wearing her wedding gown of heavy white silk and gold, together with a flowered veil of golden tissue falling to her feet. Her

very weaknesses fight for his favour Gruach is a sleep-walker, and in a scene adequately prepared and cunningly realised she comes in her nightdress to the guest in the hall, and innocently confesses her love. The scene is an excellent example of Mr. Bottomley's gift of dramatic dialogue, presented in the form of passionate and lovely verse. Gruach's attitude to her lover in the scene of their escape is convincingly suggestive of the domination exercised later by Lady Macbeth over her husband. The thane does everything that this fair stranger urges, for "the provocation of all disquieting women" is upon her. At her word he abandons the horse that saved his life; he connives dishonourably at the tampering with Duncan's letter committed to his charge; he becomes pledged to destroy her kinsman's home to gratify her hate. We can but follow a story so richly motived with the liveliest attention; and the two short acts are so full of colour, of poetry and of tense situation that it would be of much interest to see them upon the boards, for Mr Bottomley's knowledge of stage-craft seems very considerable.



From Splendor Solis (*Kegan Paul*).

THE 5TH TREATISE, PT. 1, 2ND CHAPTER.

The second play included in the volume, entitled "Britain's Daughter," must be dealt with more summarily. It derives from the history of Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, and narrates the treatment of her daughter Nest by the Roman conqueror. The play is intolerably moving, and almost hauntingly beautiful, but its effect is that of a picture rather than that of a drama, for through nearly the whole action, and afterwards when the book is closed, the eye is filled with the pitiful and patient figure of the young princess, tied by the wrists to a post higher than her head, a pale, blood-bedabbled cloak hanging about her shoulders. Somehow it seems painter's canvas, even more than drama. I have occupied myself with the qualities of Mr. Bottomley's work rather than with its defects. It may be flaws can be found. The verse is sometimes experimental; servants have an odd habit of talking like queens; the character of Gruach is not indicated sufficiently on the side of ambition; but when the outstanding merits of a performance so far exceed a few trifling faults, the critic may well be excused for filling his allotted space with praise.

EUGENE MASON.

THE THOMAS HARDY CALENDAR.

Compiled by C P 2s. (Palmer)

The "Calendars" compiled by "C. P." are very attractive little books, meant of course for occasional dipping into, not for steady reading. Few people, we suppose, will actually use them as calendars, reading the selected "verse" for each day in the manner of the "text-books" of Victorian times; but that does not matter. They act as refreshers, bringing back to memory choice passages, quoting others which may be unfamiliar; and the present calendar is obviously the work of one who took a pleasure in it. The only drawback is the lack of any title to signify from what novel the prose quotations are taken. Many of them, and most of the verse, we can locate; others are less easy to place, and the name of the novel after each passage would have been a welcome addition.

LIFE: HOW IT COMES.

By Stephen Reid-Heyman (Mrs. Laurence Parsons, M.D., Ch.B.) 5s. (Blackwell.)

With a perfectly clear and tactful series of gradations the author of this study in elementary biology leads the reader from the methods by which the simplest forms of life reproduce themselves to the processes preceding birth in the highest forms, the concluding chapter being entitled "Man, the King of the World." The treatment of these vital facts is beyond praise, and, the book being intended primarily for children, great care was needed in the choice of easy and yet unambiguous language that should convey the essential knowledge in a pleasant manner. Many sketches and diagrams are included, all being well designed to assist the comprehension of young readers who are approaching these important, but too often neglected matters for the first time. Nothing but good can come from the placing of this most useful little volume in the hands of a child at the age when it is so easy to gain distorted knowledge in dangerous ways. The Bishop of Birmingham contributes a brief and appreciative foreword.



From **Wild Life in the Tree Tops** (*Thornton Butterworth*).

"Suspicion."

A TEXTBOOK OF EUROPEAN ARCHÆOLOGY.

By R. A. S. Macalister. Vol. I: The Palæolithic Period. Illustrated. 50s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Professor Macalister is professor of Celtic Archæology in University College, Dublin, and the present work is based upon lectures given from year to year in that college. It is, naturally enough, a work of immense scope, difficult and dangerous, for there are innumerable schools of thought in this department of knowledge, and guessing and conjecture must necessarily play a large part in many conclusions arrived at. Professor Macalister prefaces his book by a masterly introduction in which he describes briefly the course and progress of archæological studies, which properly speaking began in the nineteenth century, and very clearly indicates the essentials for the proper pursuit of those studies, the obtaining of true materials, the identification and classification of the materials, and the most desirable way of disposing of them. It is not within the scope of this very brief notice to describe any of Professor Macalister's conclusions. It is enough to say that he has approached his subject with great knowledge, and has treated it with what might be described as constructive scepticism. His style is clear, flexible, even witty, and this gives a great charm to his handling of a subject upon which it is very difficult to make definite authoritative pronouncements. He is above all most cautious not to make positive assertions based upon data and materials that are debatable and conjectural, and in consequence he wins the reader's confidence in a way that makes us look forward with the greatest eagerness to the other volumes which are promised, to deal with the succeeding ages of pre-history. His work is above all solid, competent, enduring, and seems to offer the best foundation for the acquiring of genuine knowledge.

FOUR BIBLICAL PLAYS.

By W. H. T. GAIRDNER. 5s. (S.P.C.K.)

These plays are respectively "Joseph and His Brothers," "Passover-Night," "The Last Passover-Night" and "Saul and Stephen." They may be obtained separately. Full directions are given for the dresses to be used in "Joseph and His Brothers" ("Jacob—stripy waistcoat, loose baggy trousers, or a skirt to the toes; fur lining to a long flowing cloth coat with long loose sleeves"). The stories that Mr. Gairdner has chosen are in themselves so intensely dramatic that he will forgive us when we say he has not had a very difficult task. But he has carried it out with much vigour and enthusiasm: JACOB (*holding Joseph away from him*): "Let my old eyes see him. Is it Joseph, Joseph of my heart, my Joseph? Oh, apple of my eye! Oh, my life! Oh, son of my heart! Surely it is a dream! Oh, is this thy face, thine eyes, thy cheeks? Is it Joseph?" "The Last Passover-Night" is simply the dramatisation from Edersheim of the scene in the Upper Room on Good Friday Eve. The author's object in writing it is to stimulate the imagination; he does not feel the play will ever be acted, as the figure of our Lord appears.



From **Wild Life in the Tree Tops** (*Thornton Butterworth*).

THE HERONS.

DOGS, BIRDS AND OTHERS.

Natural History Letters from "The Spectator."

Chosen, with an Introduction and Notes, by H. W. MASSINGHAM. With a Preface by ST. LOE STRACHEY. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Dog lovers, bird lovers, lovers of animals of every kind, should not be without this book. It will afford them endless amusement, endless food for cogitation, it will supply them with endless anecdotes to repeat whenever the occasion warrants—and it's rarely a good dog story or a good bird story fails to "go down." Generosity among dogs does not seem to be such an infrequent occurrence as some would imagine. Numerous letters, here reproduced, testify to their altruism. One terrier, Rough by name, always shared his master's breakfast, receiving three pieces of bread spread with cream. Two he ate, of the third he licked the cream, then carried the crust to a hen, who each morning waited at the gate for her friend's arrival. If other hens appeared, Rough drove them off while his favourite devoured her portion. In another case a dog presented his master and mistress every morning with two biscuits saved from his supper; when a visitor arrived he increased the number to three. There are bird stories, cat stories, squirrel stories, and a delightful story concerning a pig that was "a perfect gourmet for sentiment" and developed a marked attachment to Sir Walter Scott. The book may be included in the pleasant bedside variety which can be picked up and dipped into indiscriminately, with the certainty of finding a choice morsel to create laughter or amazement.

BRITISH INSECTS.

By ARTHUR O. COOKE. 3s. 6d. (Jack)

There is a certain period in the progress from infancy to manhood when "bug-hunting" (a term of scorn, signifying

a preference for natural history studies to football and cricket) is looked upon with contempt; but for children who have not reached that age, the teeming life of the earth possesses a fascination, second only to fairies. It is for this taste that Messrs. Jack's admirable "Shown to the Children" series, which is edited by Louey Chisholm, caters. The latest volume, "British Insects," provides children with exactly the sort of information they want. The author deals with insects in the house, in the garden, in the orchard, in the fields and woods, and by pond and stream. The forty illustrations from photos by Harold Bastin are wonderful examples of how the camera can be brought to the aid of natural history study.



From The Sport of Our Ancestors (*Constable*)

THE FOX.

STORIES OF COURSE.

By HILDA FINNEMORE. Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW. 7s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

With a clever play of language and some ingenious conceptions the author has written a charmingly inconsequent series of episodes and conversations which would be jollity itself, even unassisted by pictures; but when such an artist as Mr. George Morrow adds his merry drawings no youngster who can read passably well will leave this book—except, perhaps, for a meal. And even after that interval the reader will return to finish the story of John-a-Dreams, the Weather Man, the Top Hat Man, Mrs. Frog, and a number of other entertaining folk whose doings are recorded so quaintly.

MEN I HAVE PAINTED.

By J. MCLURE HAMILTON. 30s. (Fisher Unwin.)

An artist who has painted many of the celebrated men of his generation naturally has a store of memories well worth placing on record for the benefit and entertainment of others. Mr. McClure Hamilton tells us, in this handsome volume, of his famous subjects, which range from King George V to Mr. Gladstone, from George Meredith to Bismarck; and of them all he finds something to say which bears the critical light. One of his best and friendliest sitters was the King, who gave him a very pleasant and intimate hour. Now and then the author makes a gratuitous excursion into the field of politics, and being an American, he expresses his views with frankness; it might have been better had he occupied the space with more details upon his art or method of work, a theme upon which we can listen to him with more pleasure. However, there is not a great deal to complain of, and when Mr. Hamilton retails some of the conversations he had with men such as Tyndall, Spencer, and other giants of intellect, we can forgive him his digressions, even the political "essay" which is entitled "Arthur James Balfour." The reproductions of his work are lifelike, and often happily unconventional.

RING-A RING OF FAIRIES.

By MADELEINE NIGHTINGALE. (Blackwell.)

The fairy-verses in this little book are "real" poetry, and not merely jingling rhymes; they have a lilt which is quite charming, and are very happily conceived. With these, and some of the cleverest and prettiest of woodcuts by Charles T. Nightingale, also a little dainty music by Elsie Hart, a book is composed which is far above the average of the children's rhyme-books. The illustrations themselves are dainty poems of fancy upon which we especially congratulate the artist.

THE SPORT OF OUR ANCESTORS:

Being a Collection of Prose and Verse setting forth the Sport of Fox-hunting, as they knew it.

Edited and Selected, with Introduction and Appreciations, by LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE 21s. (Constable.)

In a beautifully-produced anthology edited by Lord Willoughby de Broke—"The Sport of our Ancestors"—we find ourselves confronted with the confident assertion that "fox-hunting will revive, and the generation born about the beginning of this century will enjoy their lives just as keenly as English sportsmen can, but the setting will be different"—different, that is to say, from the environment of the Golden Age of fox-hunting in England. We have called Lord Willoughby's book an anthology, but in truth he contents himself with extracts from half a dozen writers, viz., Whyte-Melville, Egerton Warburton, Beckford, Bromley-Davenport, "Nimrod" and Anthony Trollope. As for Surtees, instead of including extracts the editor confines himself to a charming little essay upon the author of "Handley Cross." Indeed, in each case the extracts are prefaced by an informing and reasoned chapter of biography and appreciation. Warburton is represented by his ballads of "Tor Wood" and "Hunting the Fox," and Whyte-Melville by apt quotations from "Market Harborough" and from "Holmby House." "Whyte-Melville's heroes and heroines are usually like himself—without fear and without reproach," is the editor's comment, and he happily includes the late Lord Rosslyn's touching tribute to the poet-novelist's tragic death in the hunting field:

> 'But thou, dear George, in thine own sport thus ta'en,
> In all the pride of manhood, and the swing
> Of gallant gallop, struck stone-dead—the thing
> Appals, and petrifies the mind with pain"

From Bromley-Davenport we get his "Dream of an Old Meltonian" and his irresistible parody of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall"; from Beckford "A Fox Chase"; and from "Nimrod" his lengthy dissertation on "The Road," which, as Lord Willoughby is careful to point out, is "the only extract in this book which has no direct reference to fox-hunting." (It occupies upwards of fifty pages.) Keeping one of the most enjoyable things till last, the editor concludes with several of the best hunting passages in Anthony Trollope's novel, "The American Senator," prefaced by a particularly sympathetic appraisement of that writer's art and the neglect of it. One of Lord de Broke's happiest conclusions is that "the new yeoman class . . . are the best friends to fox-hunting, and are a class more essentially English than any other that the British Isles can produce" A word must be said for Mr. G. D. Armour's delightful illustrations, several of them in colour.



From **The Sport of Our Ancestors** (*Constable*).

"NOW LET YOUR HUNTSMAN THROW IN HIS HOUNDS."

THE EDINBURGH LECTURES ON MENTAL SCIENCE.

By T. TROWARD. 6s. (Philpot.)

Upon so finely-wrought and competent a metaphysical study as this series of lectures it is impossible to pass adequate judgment in a note that is perforce brief. We can only say that the late Mr. Troward possessed to an exceptional extent the power of psychological analysis, and that his choice of language, his selection of parallels and illustrative examples of physical processes, whereby his

arguments were elucidated, was wise and well considered. The book is one for the thoughtful reader, anxious to learn something about the mysteries of his own mentality, and our highest praise will be the assertion that these lectures are worthy to stand by the side of the memorable and closely-reasoned expositions of the late William James.

MODERN DECORATIVE ART IN ENGLAND.

By W. G. Paulson Townsend. Vol. I. (Batsford.)

The purpose of the series of volumes of which this is the first is to show the character and development of British decorative and applied art from the end of the last century to the present day; and if each issue maintains the excellent standard set by this one, its success is sure. Mr. Townsend is a well-known authority on the subject, and he here deals with textiles, printed fabrics, wall-papers, lace, and embroidery. A very fine collection of plates is an integral part of the book, and will interest all; from them it is clear that the old country is by no means played out in matters of art, however prosaic some critics may consider it. With some of the work of Mr. Arthur Wilcock the present writer is familiar, and the reproductions here of his very beautiful treatments in printed linen give a very fair idea of this artist's skill and taste, though naturally the final charm of the fabric itself cannot be captured on paper. The introductory essay on "Embroidery and Lace" is a tightly compressed and competent study of the subject, with some sound hints upon the necessity for a thorough training in drawing and design when the work is taken up as a permanent means of earning a living. The whole book is an ideal example of exposition and instructive illustration on which both publishers and author are to be congratulated.



From Modern Decorative Art (*Batsford*).

EMBROIDERED PANEL FOR A PIANO FRONT.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PASTON LETTERS.

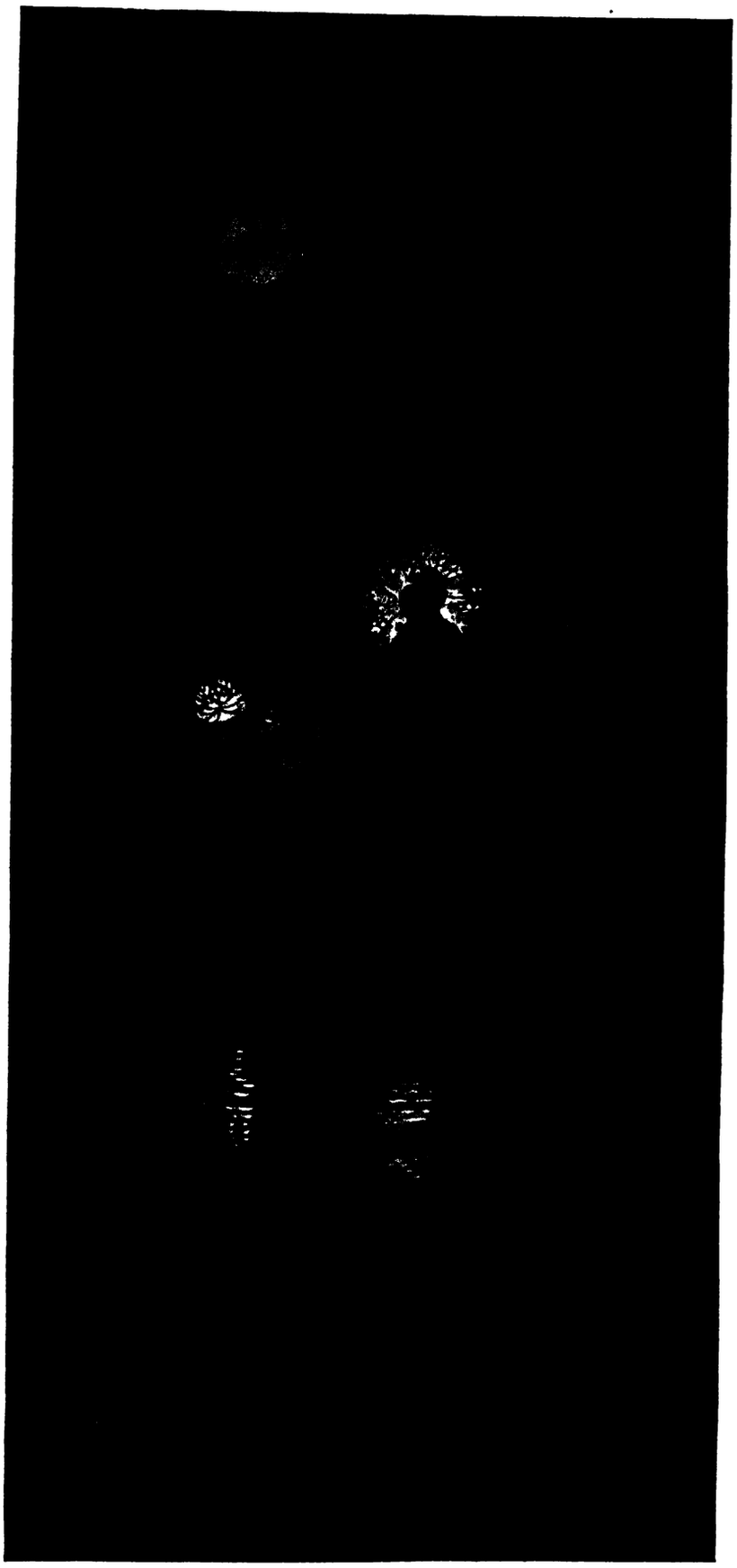
Arranged and Edited by Alice Drayton Greenwood, F.R.Hist.S. 15s. net. (Bell.)

The famous Paston Letters were first published in 1787, and were edited by Sir John Fenn. Another edition was brought out in 1874 by the historian, James Gairdner, Assistant Keeper of the Public Record Office, and a final edition, consisting of six volumes, appeared in 1901. The letters numbered between ten and eleven hundred. From these Miss Greenwood has made an excellent selection, consisting of a little over three hundred, and her aim has been, as she states, to exhibit "the home life and ordinary occupations of a middle-class family of good standing in what was, in the fifteenth century, a principal manufacturing and business county of England, and to show, from their letters, how the public and political disturbances of the age affected them." These letters of the Paston family, their friends, and dependents, were written in the reigns of Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, and Henry the Seventh, and are, besides being of interest for the general reader, of great importance for the historian of the period. The first member to establish the fortunes of the family was Sir William Paston, Justice of Common Pleas under Henry the Sixth, who was succeeded in his possessions in Norfolk by his son John. By his marriage the latter added considerably to the family's position, which was also enhanced by his succession to the various manors of Sir John Fastolfe, though his claim to these was contested by others, and led to disputes and armed conflicts during not only his own life but also that of his successors. Miss Greenwood has performed her part excellently, and in her useful introduction has given such details as are necessary for an understanding of the state of England during the fifteenth century and of the various references to events in the letters. We wish she had added an index.

THE TIGER IN THE HOUSE.

By CARL VAN VECHTEN. 25s. (Heinemann.)

Why have so many bookmen taken pleasure in the society of cats? Mr. Van Vechten is the latest of a long line of literary men who have written in praise of those graceful and enigmatic creatures, and his book, which is a compendium of the cat-lore of all times and all countries, can be placed without hesitation on the same shelf as Champfleury and Moncrif. Within its pages we can renew our acquaintance with most of the famous cats of life and letters. Dr. Johnson's "Hodge" is here, a cat for whom his master, as Boswell tells us, "used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having the trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature." Here, too, are Sir Walter Scott's "Hinse of Hinsfeldt," "a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive"; Southey's "never-to-be-enough praised 'Rumpelstilzchen' and the equally-to-be-admired 'Hurlyburlybuss,'" whose stories are written in the "Memoir of the Cats of Greta Hall." But the roll of famous cats is almost as long as the list of ships in the "Iliad," and Mr. Van Vechten does not forget Pierre Loti's "Moumette Blanche" and "Moumette Chinoise," Anatole France's "Hamilcar," Borrow's Llangollen "ecclesiastical cat," Victor Hugo's "Chanoine," the favourites of Théophile Gautier and Alexandre Dumas, or Jeremy Bentham's mouser, whose company was preferred by the utilitarian philosopher to that of Madame de Staël.



From **Modern Decorative Art** (*Batsford*). **WALL PAPER.**

A cat, as Mr. Van Vechten reminds us, shared Petrarch's heart with Laura, and poets, perhaps because they can mount into the more recondite realms of thought and fancy, seem to be in closer touch with the spirit of pussydom than are writers of prose. In English literature, Horace Walpole's "Selima" was a cat who shared with "A Distant Prospect of Eton College" the distinction of inspiring one of Gray's odes, while Matthew Arnold's portrait of "Atossa":

> "Cruel, but composed and bland,
> Dumb, inscrutable, and grand;
> So Tiberius might have sat,
> Had Tiberius been a cat,"

the late Dr. Richard Garnett's lines to "Marigold," and the poems on cats by Cowper, Christina Rossetti, Prior and Swinburne, all deserve to be remembered. For the best cat poetry we must, however, turn to France. Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier, as everybody knows, celebrated their pets in undying verse, but Taine's poetic flights in praise of his feline friends are less familiar. That distinguished historian, essayist, and critic wrote no fewer than twelve charming sonnets to his cats, tributes from "their friend, master, and servant, Hippolyte Taine." In this indeed he was but following a well-established tradition. Moncrif has demonstrated that, from the days of the cats who purred and arched their backs in the *salons* of the ancient regime—"Ménine," "morte vierge au printemps de la vie," owned by the young Duchesse de Lesdiguières, was one of them—poets in France have not disdained to look for inspiration to cats. What could be more wistful, suggestive and pathetic than this epitaph:

> "Ci-git une Chatte jolie:
> La Maitresse qui n'aima rien,

L'aima jusqu'à la folie;
Pourquoi le dire? on le
voit bien."

"When I play with my cat, who knows whether she diverts herself with me, or I with her?" Thus, as Izaak Walton comments, "freely speaketh Montaigne concerning cats." Perhaps this enigmatic characteristic explains the fascination which the cat has for so many minds. A god in ancient Egypt, endowed with royal attributes in modern Siam, persecuted in mediæval times with the sorcerers whose secrets she shared, adored alike by Mohammed and Cardinal Richelieu, the favourite of Popes, prelates, and poets, the pet of old maids, and the admiration of all men and women of discernment, "the tiger who eats from the hand," as the cat is called in Japan, condescends to live among mankind, graceful, mysterious, elusive, and even those who know and love her best have no secure feeling that their warmest efforts to please or propitiate her are not regarded with something not far removed from tolerating contempt.

A. W. E.



From Sculpture of To-day
By Kineton Parkes
(*Chapman & Hall*).

THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING.

Vol. I recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN. Vol. II just published.

THE IDOL OF PARIS.

By SARAH BERNHARDT. 7s 6d.
(Cecil Palmer.)

A novel of the French stage written by Sarah Bernhardt cannot fail to excite curiosity and attention. It tells of the career of Espérance Darbois, the fifteen-year-old daughter of the philosopher, François Darbois, whose secret longings and ambitions impel her to the theatre. Reluctantly her father agrees, and the girl enters the Conservatoire, achieving immediate success, so much so that Sardou writes a play for her in which she has a great triumph, and almost at once is invited to join the Comédie Francaise. Her beauty and charm attract lovers, one of whom, Count Albert Styvens, a Belgian noble, young, wealthy, honourable, athletic, but in spite of his really beautiful and admirable character, repugnant to Espérance, becomes betrothed to her with the benediction of parents and relatives on both sides. Espérance nevertheless falls in love with the handsome, witty, gallant Duke de Morlay-la-Branche, and after a long struggle confesses as much. The two men fight and Styvens is killed, but we are left to expect that in time Espérance will find happiness in a love-marriage. There is immense *naïveté* in the story, and yet a curious appeal in the gentle simple girl and the really gallant gentlemen who surround her, and Madame Bernhardt has more than once a sincere and strong word to say in defence of the theatre against the common accusations of vice and baseness. "In this temple vice is punished, and virtue rewarded; the great social problems are presented. In this temple instruction is less abstract, and therefore more profitable for the crowd. The apostles of this temple are full of faith and courage; they have the souls of missionaries marching always toward the ideal."



From Drawing from Memory
(*Pitman*).

MODELLED FROM NATURE.

KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

By DORIS ASHLEY. 6s 6d.
(Raphael Tuck.)

The fascination of the legends which centre in King Arthur never fades, but it is not always that younger readers can wrestle with the story in its customary form. In this beautifully illustrated volume the language is simplified and to a certain extent modernised — a difficult task, but carried out with good taste and a feeling for the period; and the exquisite illustrations by Mr. Arthur A. Dixon give a real amplification of the magical and mysterious atmosphere. Some of the full-page colour plates are works of art on a very high plane, particularly those depicting the encounters of the knights. We assume that "Linet" should have been "Lynette," but Arthurian critics may differ; in any case, the point is not an important one, and does not detract from the artistic value of this fine production.

THE WRINKLE BOOK.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS. 7s. 6d. net (Nelson.)

Mr. Williams contends that though a little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, it is "vastly preferable to total ignorance." Few will dispute the assertion. It is certain that the ten thousand hints in his gorgeously fat, yellow-covered volume will prove invaluable to many a budding housewife, mechanic, cook, gardener, smallholder, sportsman, entertainer, hostess, and indeed almost every sort of person under the sun. If you want to do anything and are not sure of the way, you just turn over the pages, and it will be the exception to the rule if you don't find any mention of it. Here is compiled an amazing collection of titbits of information, each subject presented in heavy type under a variety of headings, such as The House, Clothes, Laundry, Medicine, and so on, and reference is thus made as quick and easy as possible. For further guidance there are any number of sketches and diagrams, and drawings indicating the best method of doing all manner of things. Those who come by this book will have cause to appreciate the care and patience expended on it, and will derive real help from the result.



From Sculpture of To-day
By Kineton Parkes
(*Chapman & Hall*)
Vol I recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN. Vol. II just published

FAMINE RELIEF.

ROSE GARDENING.

By MARY HAMPDEN. 7s 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Surely Miss Hampden has given us the last word in rose culture. Her book on the subject is a most exhaustive work and will prove invaluable to both the amateur and professional gardener. Yet it has none of the dull, textbook manner, but is written in a light, pleasing vein which makes it delightful reading apart from the wealth of information it contains. All the knowledge of roses and rose-growing up to date is set forth, embellished with many beautiful illustrations in colour by Miss Maud A. West, and a host of diagrams and line drawings by the author herself. The lists of roses, giving the best bedding effects and recently introduced varieties, chapters on planting, pruning, grafting, budding, disbudding, feeding, layering, watering, on the enemies of the rose, methods of protection and curing ills, roses in pots and roses in the house—in fact, every conceivable thing relating to roses, will undoubtedly help to establish the book as a standard work. It is a very handsome production and will be highly prized by every lover of a garden who numbers it among his possessions.



From Drawing from Memory
(*Pitman*).

MODELLED BY A YOUTH.

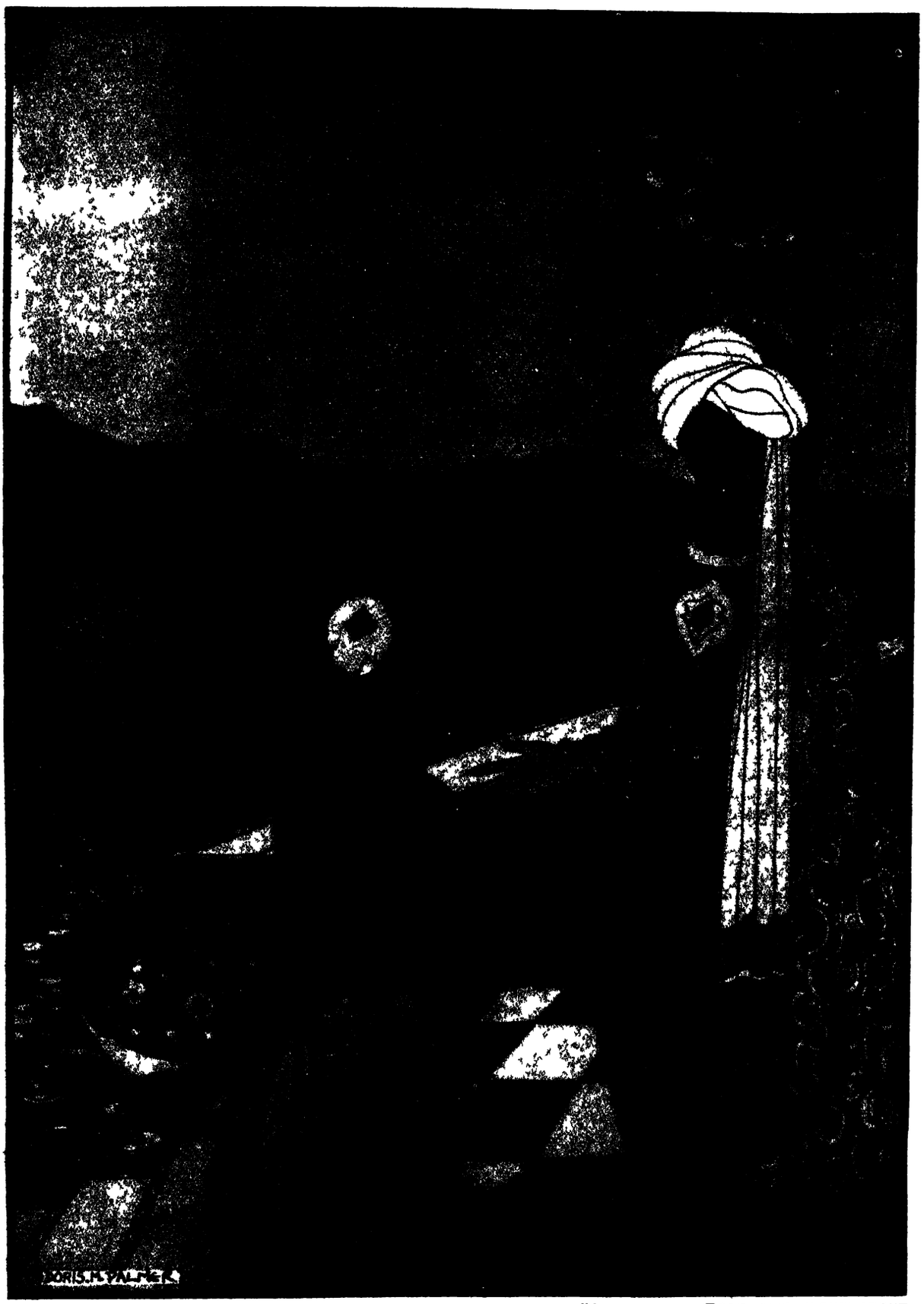
URBANITIES.

By E. V. LUCAS With a pictorial commentary by G. L. STAMPA. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The charm of Mr. Lucas's essays is a charm of personality. Subject is of no consequence to him. They have the lightness, ease, intimacy of casual and pleasant talk. This new volume is made up, as the title page tells us, of essays new and old; but the old will be new to some and others will find a new pleasure in re-reading them, and the delightfully whimsical drawings of Mr. G. L. Stampa give an air of newness to the whole book How is one going to decide which are the best of these essays, having enjoyed them all? If it must be done, let us say "The Cabman and the Coin," "The Ring" and "Romance While You Wait" are that, and for the old ones—what could be better than the genial whimsicality of "The Fatherly Force" (surely the most wonderful tribute ever paid to the London police), "A Little Child" and "Some of Our Conquerors"? But all such selection seems invidious and unnecessary. Here is a book you don't want to criticise but only to read and enjoy. Lucas is Lucas, and if he has cast his spell upon you, you don't care what he writes about—he has the gift of making any subject entertaining, and it is enough to say that "Urbanities" is airily alive with the true Lucas humour and laughing fantasy, and one of the most happily entertaining books he has written.

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

Illustrated by DORIS PALMER £1 1s (Leopold B Hill)



From Omar Khayyám
(Leopold Hill)

—"LOOK TO THE ROSE THAT BLOWS ABOUT US . "

There have been so many editions of Omar, beautified by so many distinguished illustrators, that it needed courage both in the artist and the publisher to embark upon yet another, but you will not have turned over more than a few of these pages before you will recognise that they were justified in having that courage Omar has suffered at the hands of some brilliant draughtsmen who have been much more bent on exhibiting their own eccentricities of style and doing something startling than on literally translating the life and significance of the poem

into their pictures. Mrs. Palmer has not attempted any vagaries of that sort. She would seem to have set herself simply and whole-heartedly to interpret to the eye in colour and line the magic and beauty that the old Persian poet and his translator have so wonderfully revealed in word and phrase. Her figures suggest the leisured movement and gracious dignity that harmonise at once with Oriental habit, and with the deliberate, unhurrying metrical beat of the poem. She has dipped her brush into the bright hues, the bizarre loveliness, the sleepy laughter and fantasy of the East, and touched them sensitively into her paintings. Perhaps the richest and most beautiful in design is that which illustrates the quatrain beginning, "Look to the Rose that blows about us . . .", but those



From Omar Khayyám
(*Leopold Hill*).

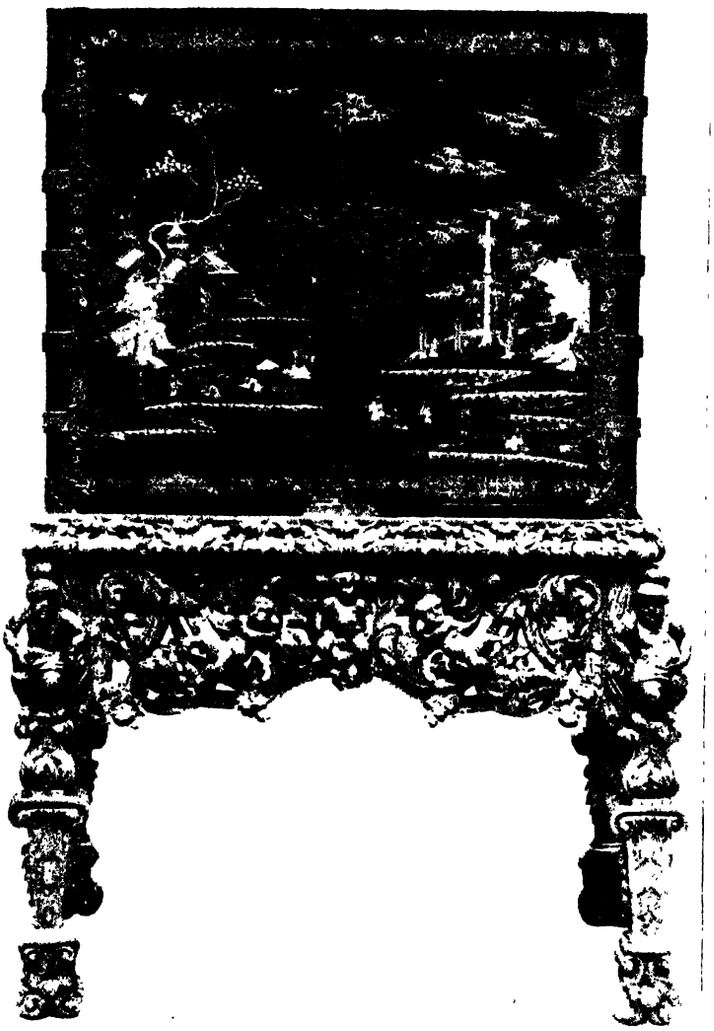
"AND LOOK—A THOUSAND BLOSSOMS WITH THE DAY WOKE . . ."

for "Ah, my beloved, fill the cup . . ." and "Think in this battered caravanserai . . ." are scarcely less finely imagined, and are equally true to the lines that inspired them; nor could anything be more satisfying and effective than "Oh, Moon of my delight . . ." with its blue lake, sharply reflecting the long, solitary bulrushes, and the quaint, long-legged birds loitering on its bank. The charm of all these things lies in a certain large simplicity of design and treatment that seems submissively and happily to recapture the changing moods of Omarian thought and philsosphy. The book is handsomely produced, with decorative title pages and ornamental borders, and may justly challenge comparison with any of those many artistic presentations of the Rubáiyát that have preceded it.

THE PRESENT STATE OF OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE.

By R. W. Symonds. 63s. (Duckworth.)

The collector of old specimens of English furniture will receive this comprehensive treatise with delight. It is not only descriptive—the author deals thoroughly with the subject of spurious and "faked" furniture, and gives most interesting hints on how to detect these frauds, whether wholly bad or only partially "doctored." Historical surveys are given of various periods, and there are over a hundred finely reproduced photographs of oak, walnut, lacquer, mahogany, and satinwood pieces. The chapter on "Mirrors" is exceptionally interesting, and supplies evidence in plenty of the thoroughness with which the whole book is permeated.



From The Present State of Old English Furniture (*Duckworth*).

CABINET SHOWING ITALIAN AND FRENCH INFLUENCES.



From Spanish Royal Tapestries (*John Lane*).

SANCHO MARCHES TO TOBOSO.

THE SPANISH ROYAL TAPESTRIES.

By A. F. Calvert. 15s. (The Bodley Head.)

A valuable addition to the important "Spanish Series" issued by Mr. John Lane. It is necessary to distinguish between tapestry and mere embroidery. Tapestry is woven all in one piece, the worker weaves directly from a design or cartoon, which is supplied to him. As originally used in ancient buildings, it was hung some feet from the walls to serve as a draught screen; or was suspended between pillars to shut off one apartment from another. It was generally hung, therefore, in undulating folds. The decorative value of such hangings—as Mr. Calvert points out in his impressive first chapter—was of course seized on at once by the wealthy, who alone could afford them, and, from the earliest times, tapestries became things of beauty. Dull and sombre colourings are bad. "The richest dyes, enriched with metallic threads of gold and silver, should glow against the background of the cold stone pillars." We are given a wonderful series of plates at the end of the book, numbering nearly three hundred, in which work by Raphael, Van Eyck and Goya is represented.

IN WHIG SOCIETY.

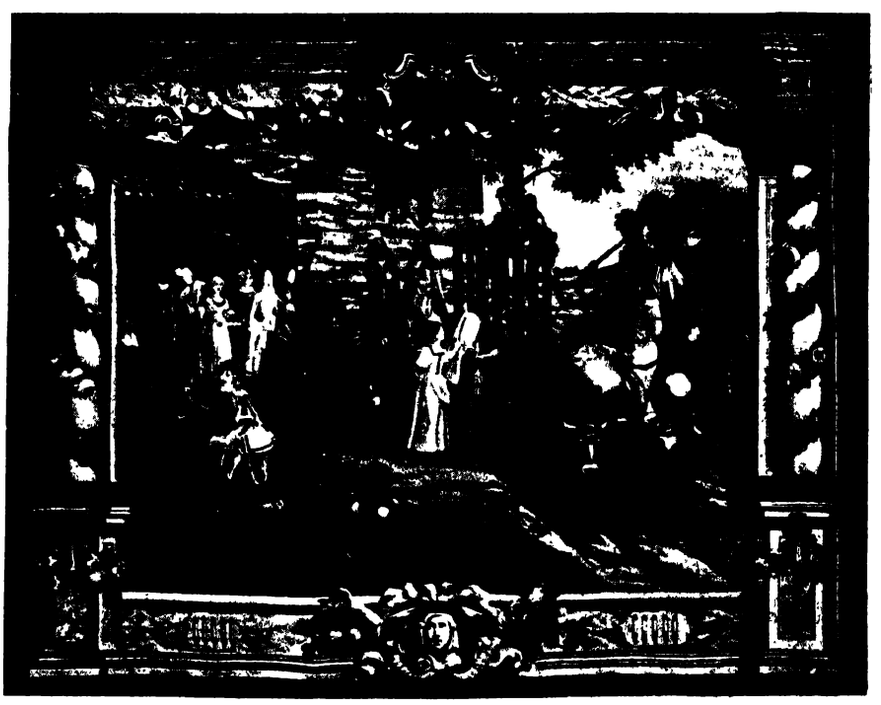
By MABELL COUNTESS OF AIRLIE. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

That history repeats itself is a truism aptly illustrated in the Countess of Airlie's book, compiled from the hitherto unpublished correspondence of Elizabeth Viscountess Melbourne, and Emily Lamb, Countess Cowper, afterwards Viscountess Palmerston. The situation of this country at the close of the Napoleonic war was in many respects similar to that of the present time, and the utterances of statesmen, politicians and others during the Regency were very like those to which, for our sins, we are compelled to listen to-day The book is a mixture of political and social gossip, and in the latter respect is by no means flattering to the morality of the period it describes (1775–1818). Lady Melbourne was a woman of remarkable mental powers. Byron said of her that she was the best friend he ever had and the cleverest of women, and her son William—who was Queen Victoria's Prime Minister in after years—described her as "not merely clever and engaging, but the most sagacious woman I ever knew. She kept me straight as long as she lived" Byron, of course, like King Charles's head in Mr Dick's writings, obtruded himself in the Melbourne *ménage*, and not the least interesting feature of the book is the way in which Lady Melbourne handled this erratic genius and his acquaintance with her daughter-in-law, Lady Caroline, the wife of her son William. Lady Airlie has treated the subject with commendable delicacy. Lady Caroline unfortunately was a difficult person to live with, and her relations with her husband were very unhappy. Her flirtations, not only with Byron, but with others also, were the subject of bitter recrimination; on the other hand, Lady Caroline, to her confidante, Lady Morgan, complains: "He (William) cared nothing for my morals. I might flirt and go about with whom I pleased. He was privy to my affair with Lord Byron, and laughed at it." Again in a letter she says: "Some heads may bear perfect happiness and perfect liberty, mine cannot, and those principles which I came to William with—that horror of vice, of deceit, of any thing that was the least improper, that Religion which I believed in then, without a doubt and with what William pleased to call superstitious enthusiasm—merited praise and ought to have been cherished. . . . William himself, though still unconscious of what he has done, William himself taught me to regard without horror all the forms and restraints I had laid so much stress on" Lady Caroline's behaviour became more and more eccentric and culminated in a painful scene when Byron cut her dead at a reception at Lady Heathcote's house. There are too many interesting things in the book to be dealt with here, but one must just refer to the delightful (!) Mrs. Hawk, Lady Cowper's head nurse, who ruled the nursery with a rod of iron. "Was a child naughty? 'No child is naughty if it is well,' said 'Hawkey'; 'bring me the Jalap pot,' and plunging her thumb into the nauseous mixture she held it out for the child to suck." And again: "Miss Tomkinson was like a governess in a book. When she wished to tell her pupil to shut the piano, she said, 'Fanny, close the instrument'; and when she wished her to ring the bell she said, 'Fanny,



From **The Present State of Old English Furniture** (*Duckworth*).

CABINET IN ENGLISH BLACK AND GOLD LACQUER.



From **Spanish Royal Tapestries** (*John Lane*).

"DON QUIXOTE IS ENCLOSED IN A CAGE."

agitate the communicator." But, as Lady Airlie says, those were days when the best people said "chaney" for china, "yaller" for yellow, and sent to the "chimist" for their medicine.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

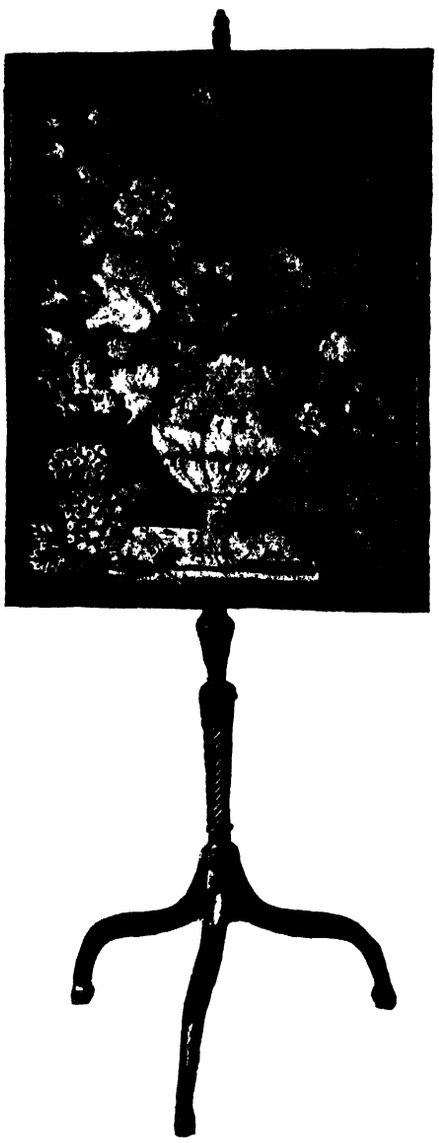
ARTHUR MEE'S HERO BOOK.

10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

How R. L. S. would have smiled had he known that one day he would take his place among the company of heroes! Has his genial ghost, we wonder, peeped between the covers of this brave book and read the glowing tribute to his memory? Well, Mr. Mee did right to put him there; it is certain that it must be the fate of some of the countless bright children who will read this book, to fight against delicacy and lassitude, and here they can read how one man fought, and made the best of things. What an eye Mr. Mee has for gallantry and pluck! He swoops down on his characters like a benevolent hawk and, hastily stripping off all the human weakness that doesn't count, he extracts a body of pure gold. We are grateful for all the modern folk in this book. After all, we were reading books of heroes which gave Joan of Arc and Drake many years ago, and dearly though we love them, we are pleased to hear of people with whom we are not so familiar—Benjamin Harrison, collecting stones on the North Downs and alive to-day, the man who has proved to us that the world is older than we thought; Sir Ronald Ross, and Sir Walter Reid, battling with mosquitoes and yellow fever. By the way, the chapter on "the Panama Gang" is one of the best in this admirable volume. It is told with a rush and an enthusiasm that carry the reader with it. The facts are not taught as a rule in school, but it is a tale worth the telling. Again, the section on the great war is amazingly well done, the poets are briefly sketched (not forgetting Hodgson and Sorley), and also there is a set of thrilling and almost unknown anecdotes of courage. His faithful public ought to present Mr. Mee with a pair of jewelled scissors. No one but a prince of cutters-out could amass so much treasure. He gives us records of beautiful deeds that would otherwise lie forgotten in the files of country newspapers. This is a book for our troubled times. It will rouse endeavour and purpose in boys and girls. To the obstinate, cynical grown-up we recommend a perusal of the tale of the noble Socrates (page 115).



WALNUT MARQUETRY CLOCK.
From **Collecting Antiques** (*Werner Laurie*).



NEEDLEWORK BANNER ON TRIPOD STAND.
From **Collecting Antiques** (*Werner Laurie*).

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

By CHARLES DICKENS. 12s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The familiar illustrations to Dickens, which have been reproduced times without number, must often have struck many readers as unduly exaggerated. They fascinate, of course; over some of them one can spend an hour in studying the maze of figures, picking out characters here and there, noting the quaintness of costume and attitude. Here, however, is an edition of "David Copperfield" with sixteen illustrations in colour, by Gertrude Demain Hammond, R.I., which really convey the impression of human beings, not caricatures; some of them bring quite a thrill, and seem to persuade the reader to go through the ever-welcome story once again, to see it in a fresh light. Micawber, in his great scene with Heep, for instance, is exactly as we might anticipate him to be—not a battered nondescript with a ragged coat and bashed hat, but a slightly eccentric-looking middle-aged gentleman; and the grim expression on Uriah's face is a triumph for the artist. Each illustration is on the same high plane, and for her insight into the story, and her courage in getting well clear of the traditional conception of Dickens's characters—who, we may be sure, were very like the people we meet every day—she is to be heartily congratulated. For the very beautiful production of this handsome volume there can be nothing but praise.

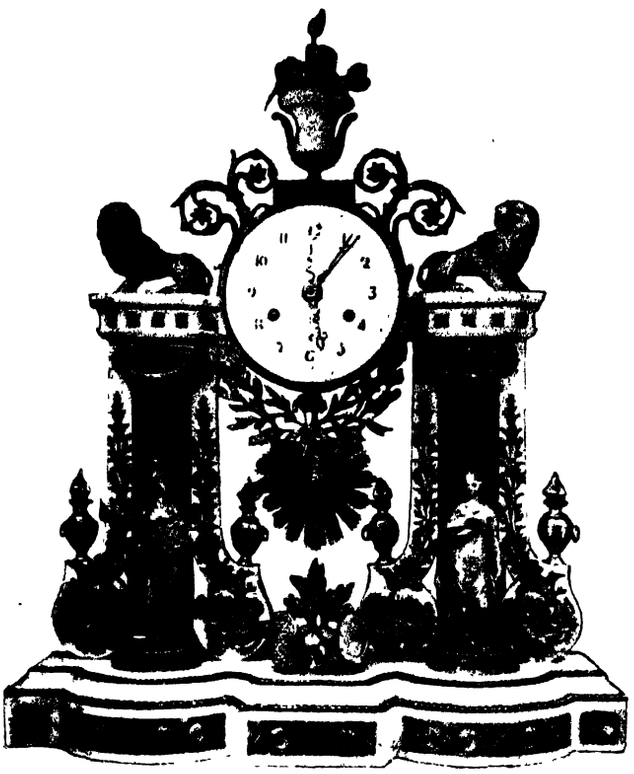


WALNUT MARQUETRY CLOCK.
From **Collecting Antiques** (*Werner Laurie*).

"PUNCH" DRAWINGS.

By F. H. Townsend. With a Foreword by J. Bernard Partridge. 31s. 6d. (Cassell.)

For sixteen years, from 1904 to 1920, the pages of *Punch* were enriched by the work of F. H. Townsend, and the drawings—nearly three hundred of them—selected from those pages and gathered into these form a representative and very worthy memorial of the genius of one of Mr. Punch's most brilliant artists and his first Art Editor. They range over social and political affairs of the time, sports and pastimes, town and country life, and his draughtsmanship was as shrewd and finished as the wit and humour of idea that he put into his pictorial comment on the world as he saw it. He could be grotesque in caricature when occasion required, but he was not dependent on extravagance or raw eccentricity of line for raising a laugh. His humour is not of the broad pantomime type—it is the subtler, finer humour of high comedy, and his drawings both move you to laughter and to admiration of their beauty and delicacy of treatment. This handsome volume is an altogether desirable possession; the art and the wit of it are each the real thing. Mr. Bernard Partridge in his foreword pays an admirable and sympathetic tribute to the artist and to the man.



From **Collecting Antiques** (*Werner Laurie*).

A Directoire Clock.

NEW POEMS.

By Clifford King. Vols. I, II, and III 18s. (Drane.)

An enormous amount of work, and much study, must have been devoted to the production of these three volumes of verse. Lyric, dramatic, epic, all come easily to Mr. King's Muse, and his unwearying pen transcribes her message with no illiberal measure. Naturally no poet with abundant ideas can hope to maintain the sacred fire at glowing heat; there are periods where it may be said to smoulder. And it would be of no use to ask the author for greater restraint, for more concentration—even though there were beauties yet unachieved as the reward; restraint is not his strong point. He has the poetic sense, however, and his ideas and images come plentifully; for this reason, no doubt, his work has been accepted and praised by the Greek Academy, which may be assumed to lack no critical qualities when judging any form or expression of art. A life spent in the endeavour to render in verse the classic stories of olden time and the events of our own day, in addition to the composition of hymns, rhymed epigrams, and miscellaneous pieces, bespeaks a whole-hearted devotion to poesy which needs no further tribute of praise.



From **Collecting Antiques** (*Werner Laurie*).

Charles II Lacquer Cabinet on Carved Stand (Open).

THE JOYOUS TRAVELLERS.

By Maud Lindsay and Emilie Poulsson 6s. net. (Harrap.)

"Once in the month of May, when the cuckoo sang and the hawthorn bloomed, certain Joyous Travellers met at an inn by the King's highway. And . . . they agreed to travel together. . . . And so it befell that when they stopped to rest at inn, or brook, or 'neath some greenwood tree, first one and then another told a tale to please the Squire's Little Son." And every child who hears these stories told by the Nurse, the Elder Sister, the Farmer, the Aunt, the Scholar, the Scotch Maid and all the rest of the Joyous Travellers, must indeed be hard to satisfy if he is not as pleased and interested as the Squire's Little Son himself. The tales are charmingly written by Maud Lindsay and the verses by Emilie Poulsson, and both are illustrated very beautifully by W. M. Berger.

TEXTILE DESIGN AND COLOUR.

By William Watson. 21s. (Longmans.)

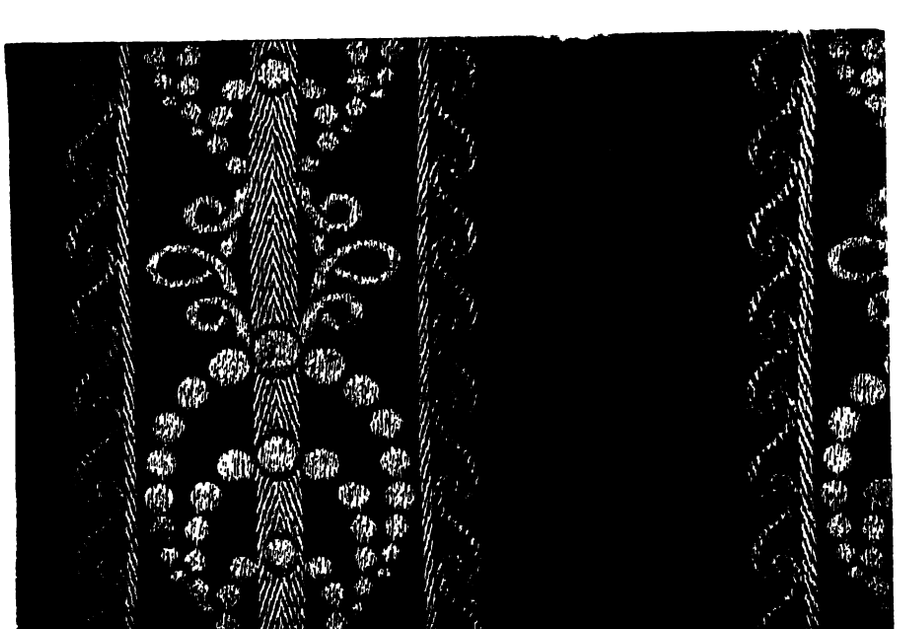
The first edition of this treatise appeared in 1912; in the second edition, here briefly noticed, some corrections



From **Samplers and Stitches.**
By Mrs. Archibald Christie
(*Batsford*).

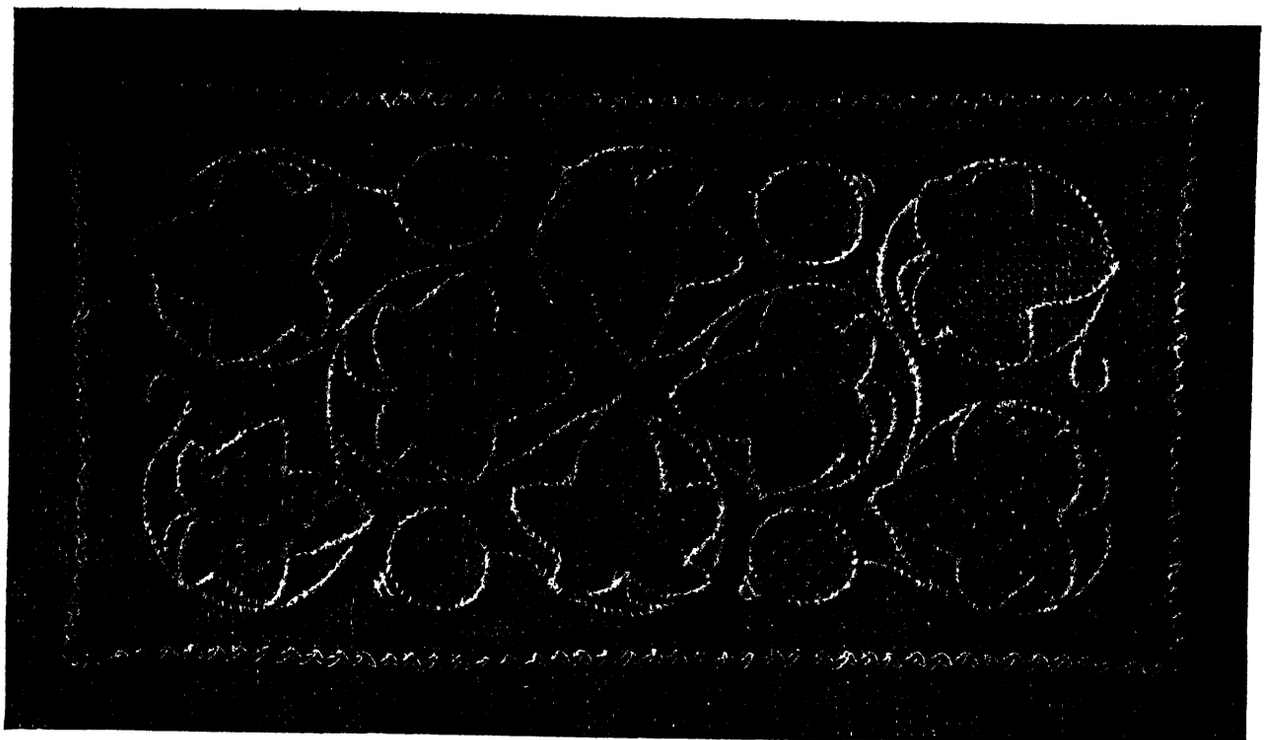
SAMPLER V.—THE PARK.
WORKED THROUGHOUT IN BUTTONHOLE STITCH.

have been made, and a new chapter in the form of an appendix on "Standard Yarns, Weaves, and Fabrics" has been added. Although this is not the place for a lengthy review of a book which is essentially somewhat technical, it must be said that the work is produced and illustrated in a style and with a clearness which could hardly be rivalled, and that even to the reader who may not be a specialist on textile matters there is much fascination in following out the details of various "weaves" and designs. Many of them are very beautiful indeed. As superintendent and lecturer in textile manufacture at the Royal Technical College, Glasgow, and formerly head of important centres in the same industry, the author has had every facility in his work, and has spared no efforts to secure authentic and up-to-date information. The result is a very valuable book which will constitute for many years to come, we imagine, a work of reference to those engaged in the more advanced branches of the textile industry. There are not very many books in existence dealing with the wonderful and complex processes by which single threads of various colours are arranged in such a way as to represent elaborate patterns. The elementary treatise on weaving often stops short just at a point where the curiosity of the student is aroused; from this point the present work carries on the interest skilfully.



From **Textile Design and Colour**
(*Longmans*).

FABRIC DESIGN.



From Samplers and Stitches. By Mrs Archibald Christie (*Batsford*).

SAMPLER XX.—DRAWN FABRIC FITTINGS. Outline of leaves and scrolling stems in Overcast Chain. Marginal lines in Zigzag Chain.

VERSES OF A HOUSE-MOTHER.

By FAY INCHFAWN. 3s (R.T.S.)

The "house-mother" has what the psycho-analysts term a desire for introversion; but she is by circumstances forced into extroversion. To put it more plainly, she is a Mary by nature, obliged to play the part of Martha. Her case is that of tens of thousands of women, to whom the kitchen, the delinquencies of the general servant, and the drudgery of washing-up, are not all-sufficing. This little volume of verses, therefore, will make a wide appeal; they breathe a keen, fresh and plucky spirit, and a great determination to make the best of things and to keep near Reality.

"Chained? Not a bit
of it! I'm free!
It is my attitude to
things,
Which makes them
bearable or not."

"What a Mere Man Said" would be an excellent poem to recite at any women's meeting:

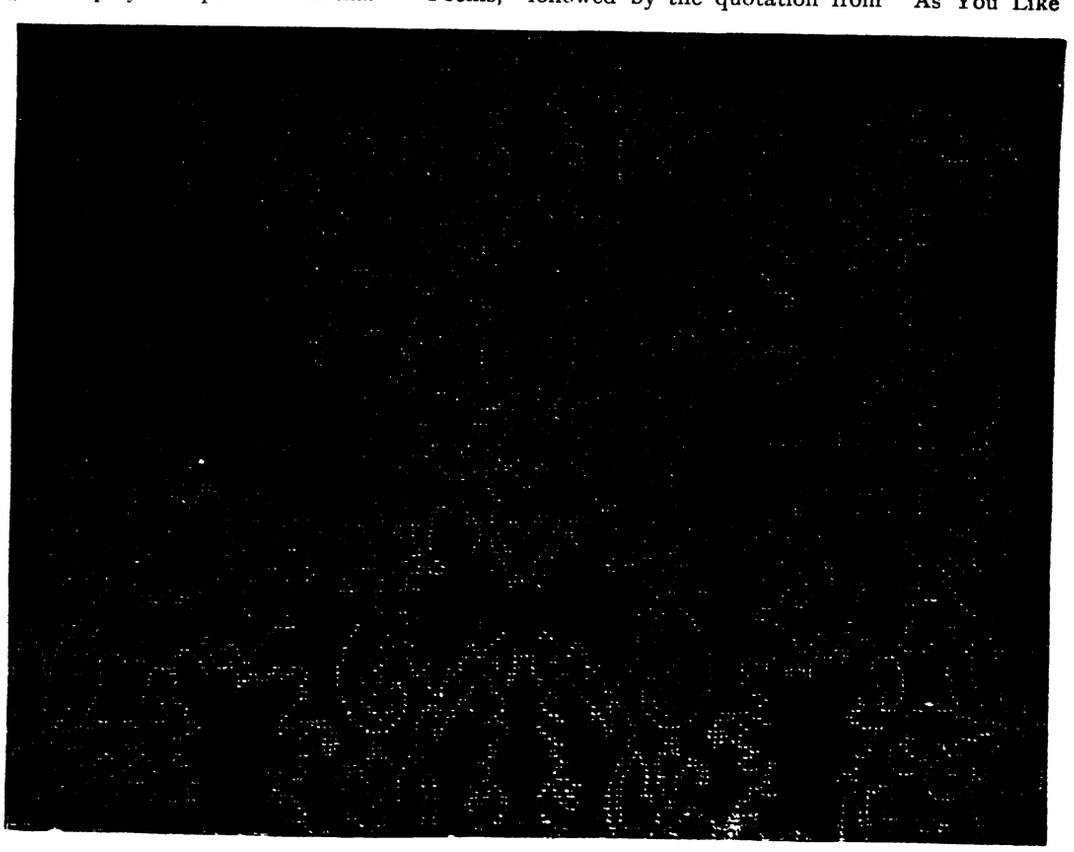
"Then can you peel an
apple, bake a pie,
Or wash your pots and
pans without a sigh?
Can you scrub your
sink, and never stop
to think
You lose somewhat of
dignity thereby?"

"Submit and create"—create something fine out of the material life puts before you; that is Miss Inchfawn's admirable message.

POEMS—GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT.

By EDITH ALLEN. 3s net. (Daniel)

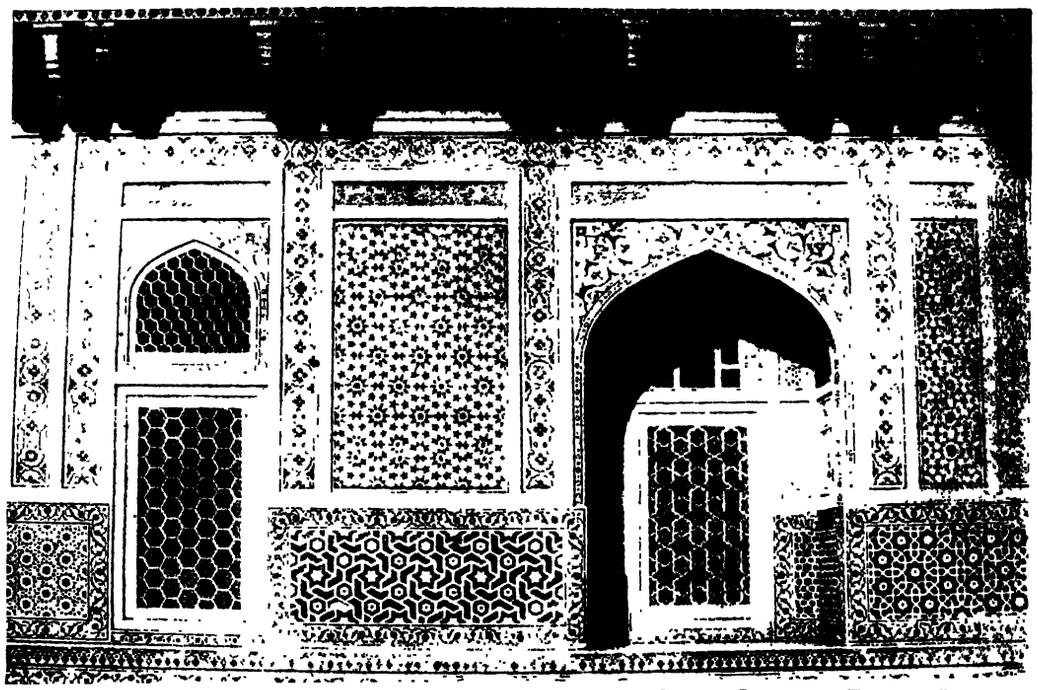
It is not often a poet's modesty runs to the extent of including only a blank page under the heading of "Good Poems," followed by the quotation from "As You Like It": "I pray the gods make me honest." Miss Allen has not merely done this, but has classified her work as Bad and Indifferent, leaving to the critic nothing except



From Textile Design and Colour (*Longmans*).

FABRIC DESIGN.

remonstrance at her own devastating criticism. An intense love of nature and sensibility to colours and fragrances characterise the verses thus gathered together;



From A B C of Indian Art (*Stanley Paul*).

INSIDE GATEWAY, ZENANA, RAMPUR.

she is conscious of "sharp spears of silver rain," "lamp reflections wrinkled on the road," and

"... the mist-drenched winds up on the fells,
And wallflowers after warm rain
When the sun comes out again."



OLD SOUTHERN INDIA BRASS ELEPHANT WITH IDOL INSIDE.
From A B C of Indian Art (*Stanley Paul*)

She writes with fervour:

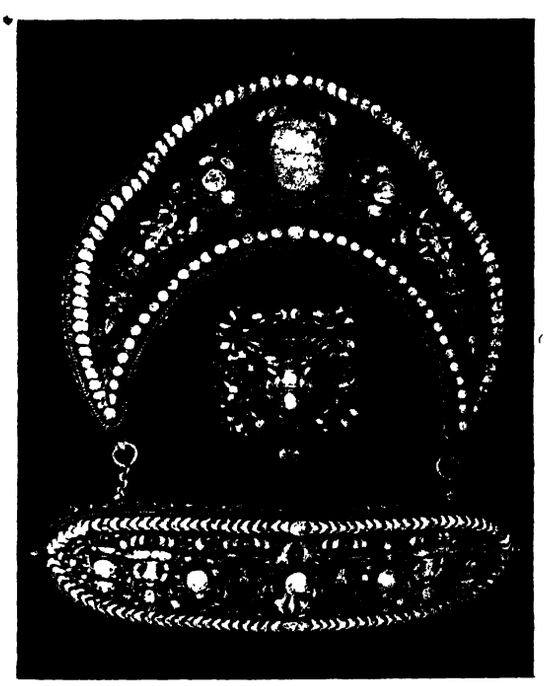
"I have breathed beauty to-day,
And for it I thank God
Who gave it; wind and skies,
Brown sails, like butterflies,
Driven clouds and restless trees
And a thousand beauties, dear as these. . . ."

There are fresh breezes and a wholesome gladness of life in her poems that make them pleasant reading.

LOYALTY.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

A thrilling story of Spain under that Philip whose queen was Isabel of France, "Loyalty" is packed with intrigues, plots and counterplots, and has a final scene which should appeal strongly to the film producers. The author has captured the spirit of the times, and uses his material to such advantage that the reader is kept thoroughly interested



From A B C of Indian Art (*Stanley Paul*).

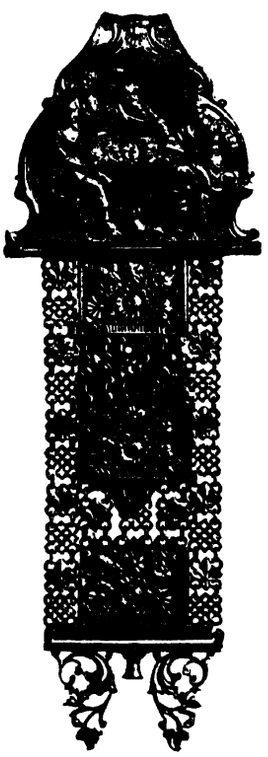
SILVER-GILT HEAD ORNAMENT OF AN IDOL, SET IN TURQUOISE, CORAL, AND LAPIS LAZULI, ETC.

from beginning to end of the story. With considerable skill the characters are shown each with certain likeable qualities in them, which humanises them and adds to the reality of the tale. Mr. Hamilton Drummond has now a good many historical novels to his name and deserves all the popularity he has achieved; he has a considerable vogue with the public that delight in real live romances of old times, and "Loyalty" cannot fail to add to it.

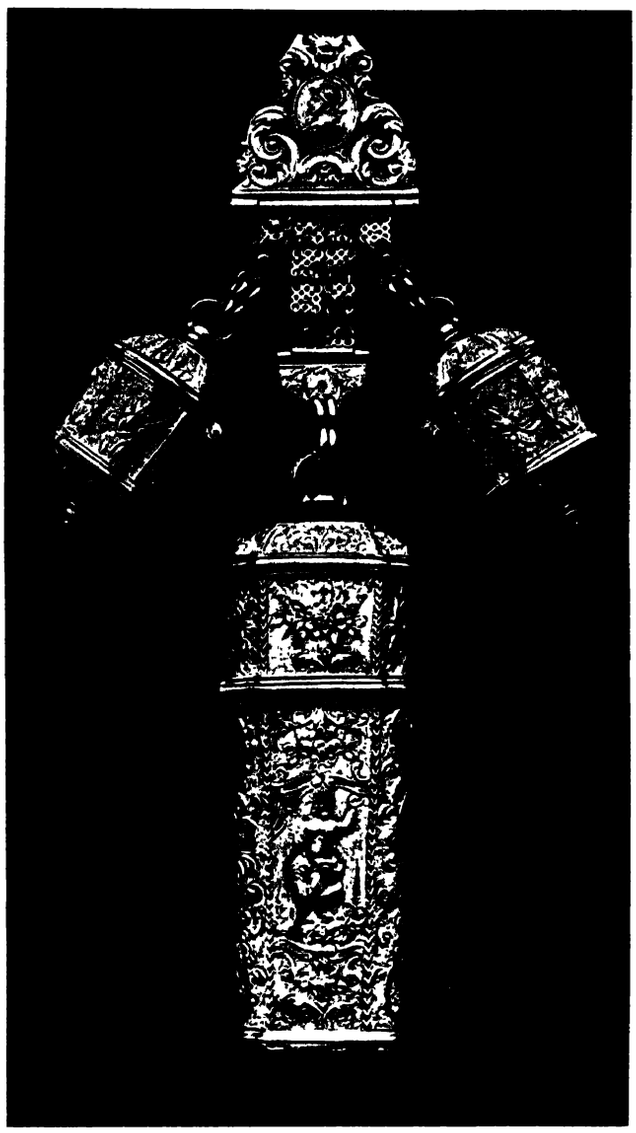
A POLITICAL PILGRIM IN EUROPE.

By MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

In her wide wanderings through Europe during the two years that followed the armistice, Mrs. Snowden had splendid opportunities of meeting and exchanging views with some of the most interesting European personalities. She made the most of her opportunities,

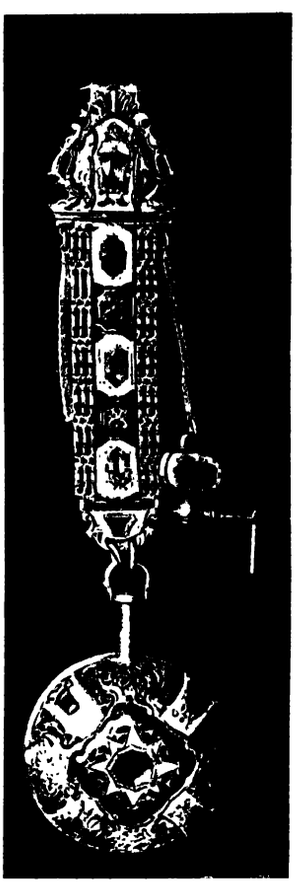


From English Jewellery (*Methuen*).



From English Jewellery (*Methuen*).

and the result is an informative and entertaining book a fascinating one; indeed it must be said that her pen is much surer and much more convincing when describing individuals than when discussing policies and affairs. She introduces us to all sorts and conditions of men with comments of a frank and engaging candour. Of M. Jean Longuet, the French Socialist leader, grandson of Karl Marx, a well-known figure in London Socialist circles, we learn that when excited "he assumes an attitude and appearance which remind one irresistibly of a genius of another sort—Charlie Chaplin. Given Charlie's creased trousers and big feet, the picture would be complete." Such men as Hjalmar Branting, Camille Huysmans, the ill-fated Kurt Eisner, Count Karolyi, Trotzky, President Wilson, Tchicherine, Rabbi Wise, Teleki, Prince Wied, Hugo Stinnes, Gmoviev, and a host of others are passed in review. We meet that mystery-man of the Second International, John de Kay, of the French, Swiss and Mexican palaces, for ever promising millions to all sorts of causes—millions which never materialised, Freidrich Adler, "the man who killed Count Sturgh," the gentlest murderer who ever pulled a trigger, and Rosika Schwimmer who, by the most ostentatious luxury, squandered so many of Henry Ford's dollars the dollars that were to bring peace to a stricken world. And so we progress, amongst most interesting people, from the Caucasus to Ireland, from Moscow to Paris, back to the conclusion reached by another two thousand years ago—"that for the evils which afflict mankind there is no remedy save the elimination of selfishness."



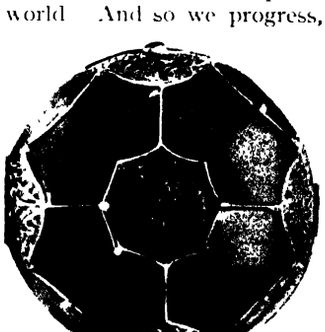
From English Jewellery (*Methuen*).



From English Jewellery (*Methuen*).



From English Jewellery (*Methuen*).



From English Jewellery (*Methuen*).



From The Art of Drawing in Lead Pencil (*Batsford*).

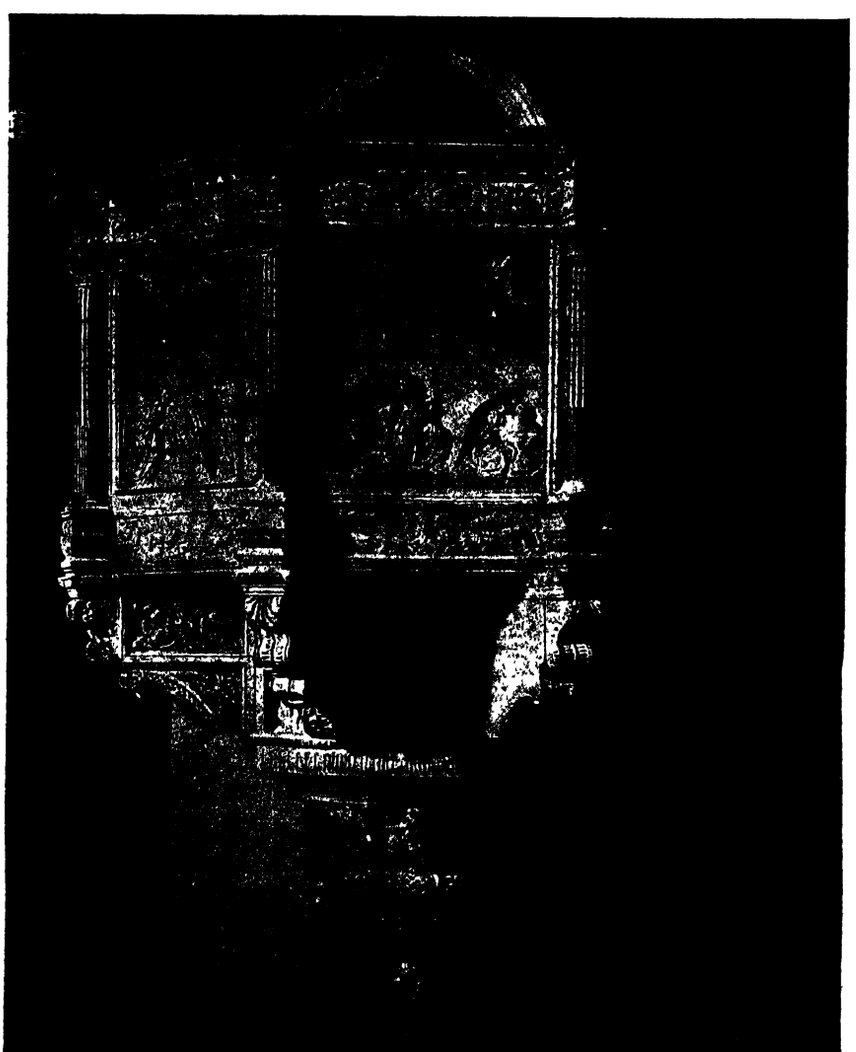
ABBEVILLE.
By John Ruskin.

in the Roman Church who still regards Milner's "End of Religious Controversy" as a textbook of the faith that is in him, he should put this latest contribution to Latin apologetics on the shelf beside it; but we may be doing scant justice to good old Milner. It is more comparable, perhaps, to that other controversial landmark of past days, "The Papist Represented and Misrepresented." In other words, its kind of considerations no longer belong to the job; it is *nihil ad rem*, *pace* the *Censor*

REBUILDING A LOST FAITH.

By AN AMERICAN AGNOSTIC.
10s. net.
(Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

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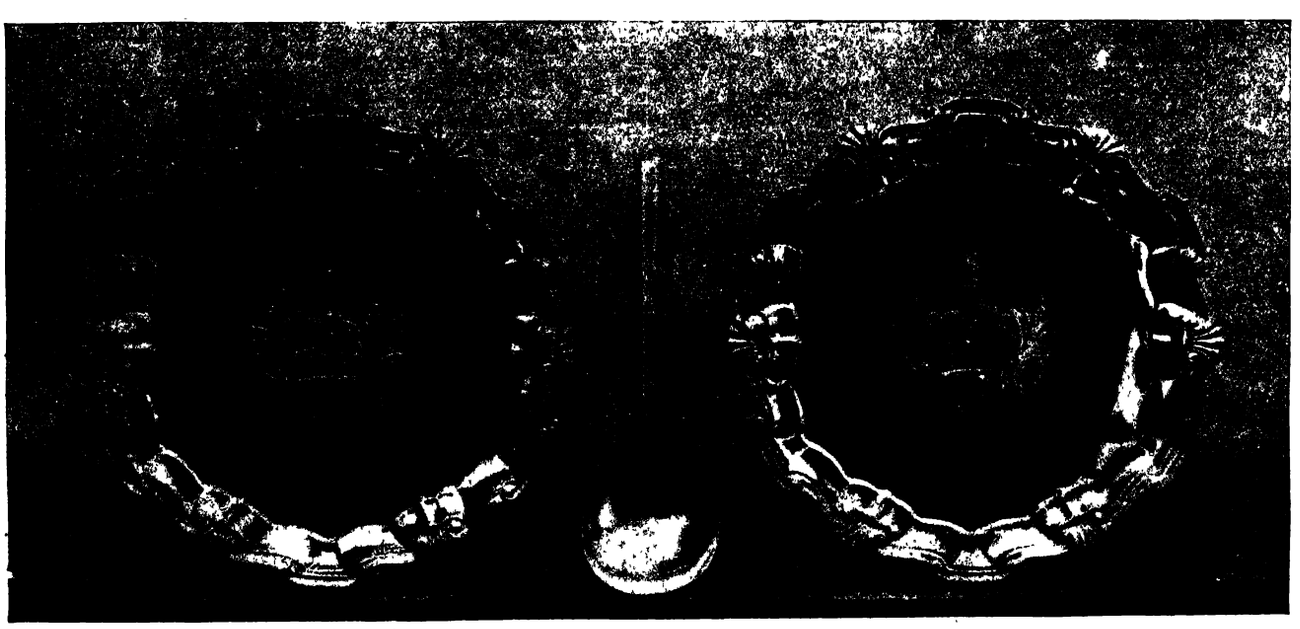
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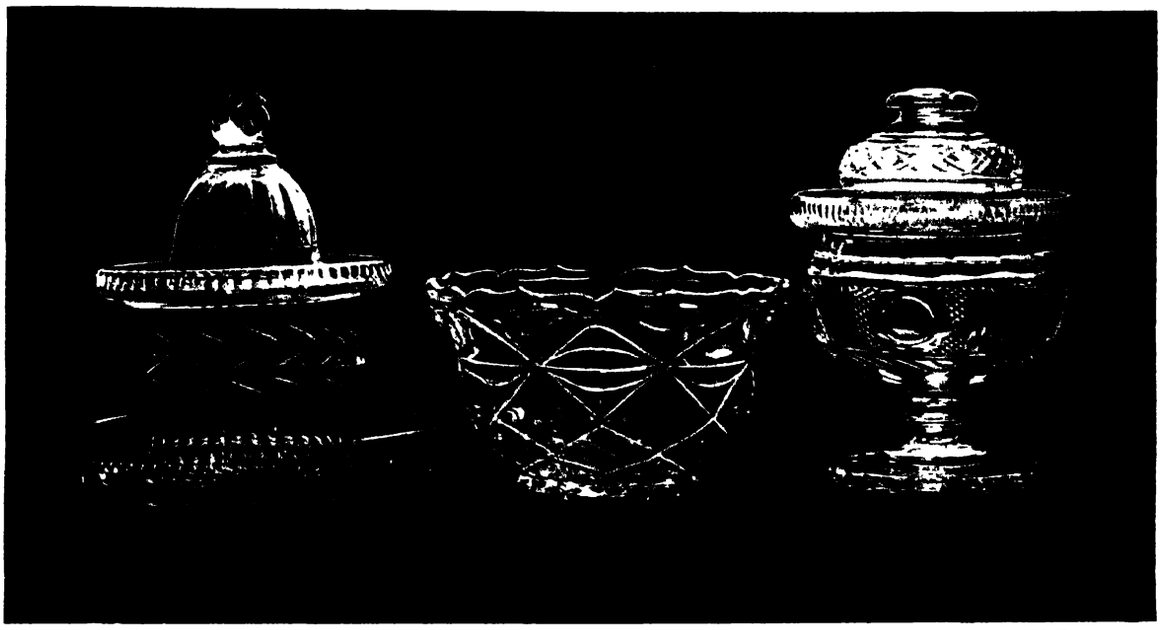
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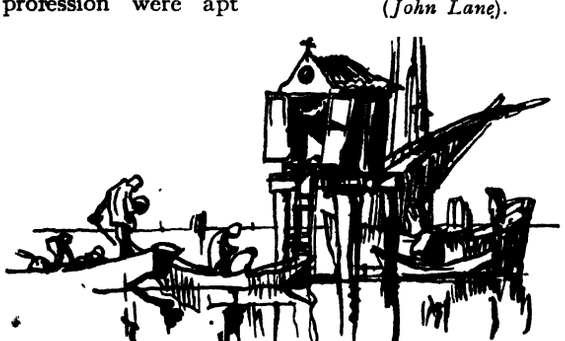
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For Dame Pomona's gracious brow.

"And did we leave him there, we might
Still wish him well and speak him fair,
As something worthy, rich and rare,
Respecting such a joyous sight
Without a nudge from appetite

"If we but walked the orchard shades
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With lesser, modest beauties hung,
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Of apple-scented, sweet arcades;

"Then all were well; but it annoys
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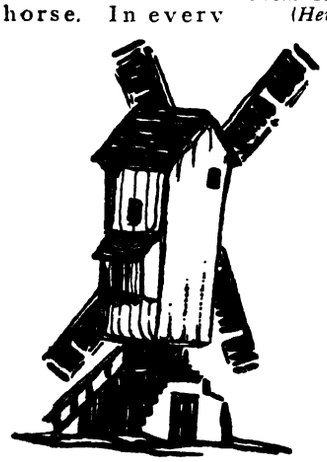
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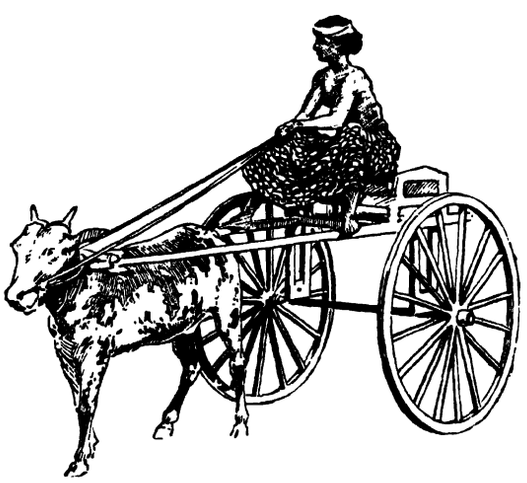
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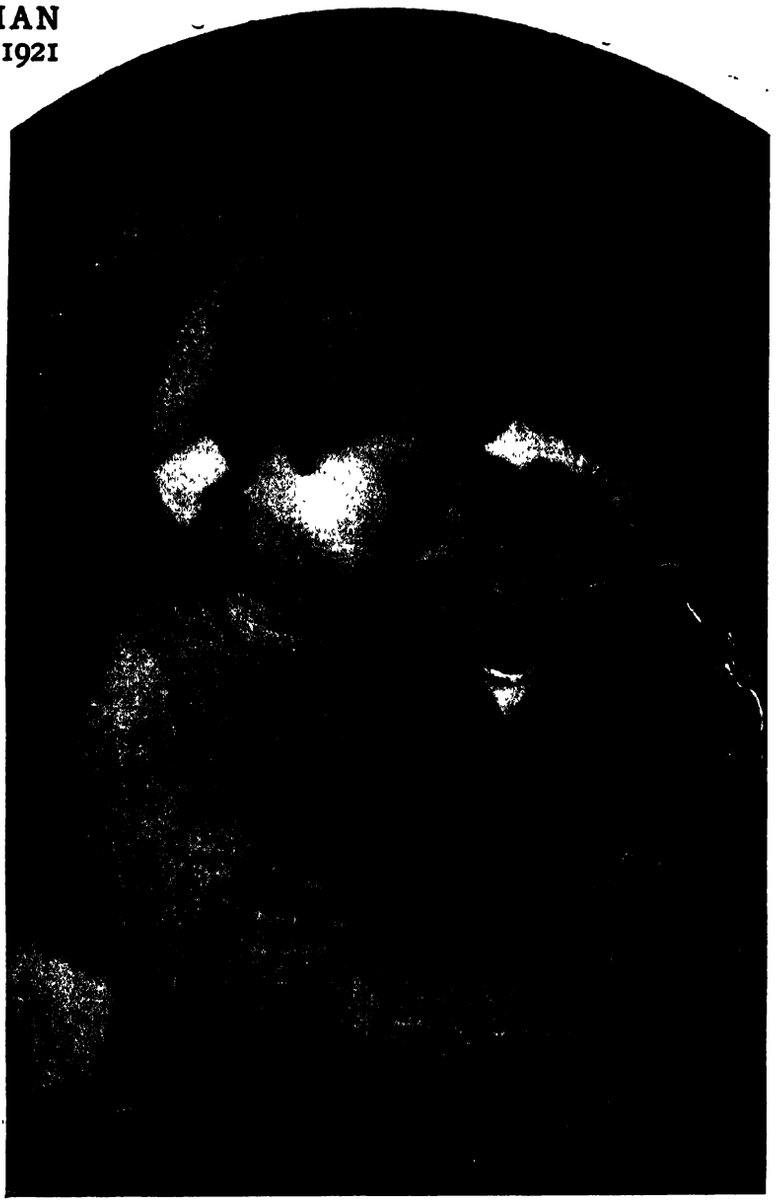
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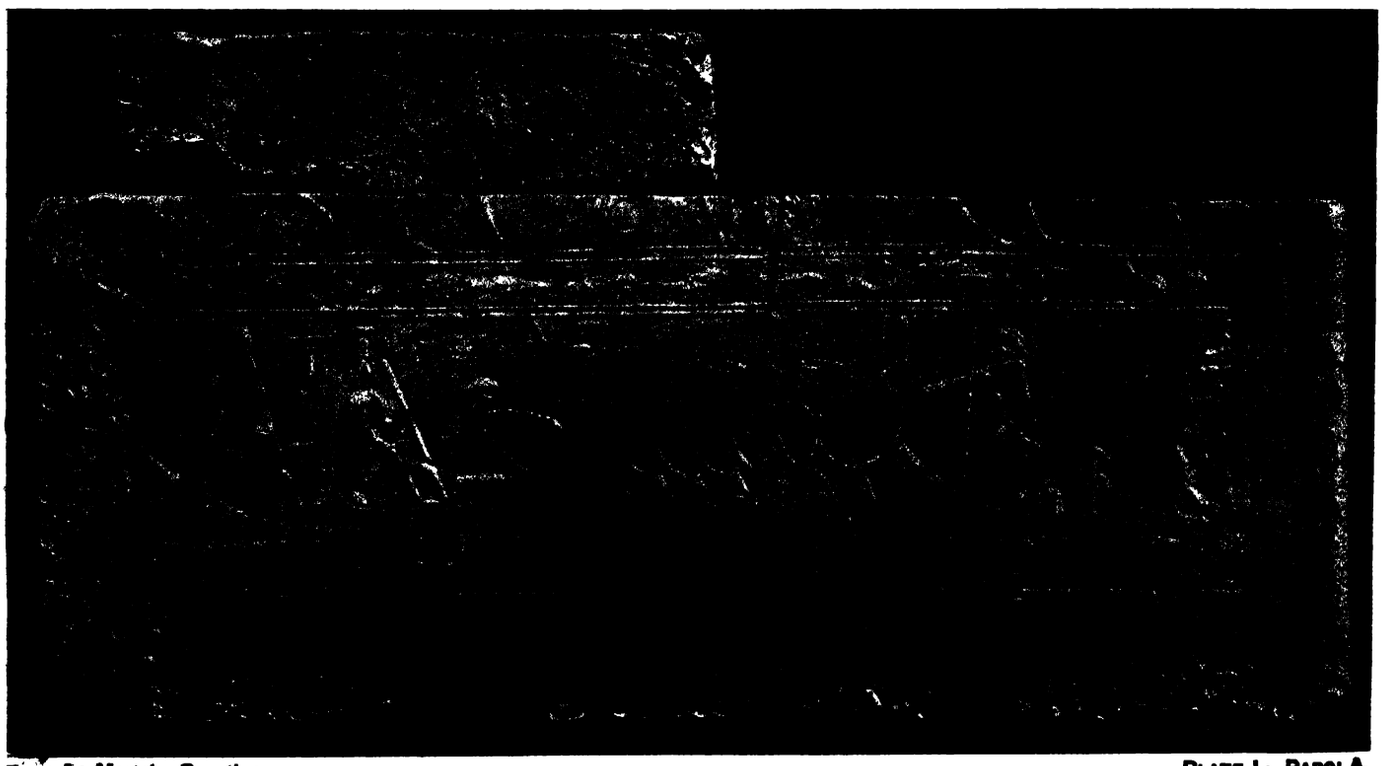
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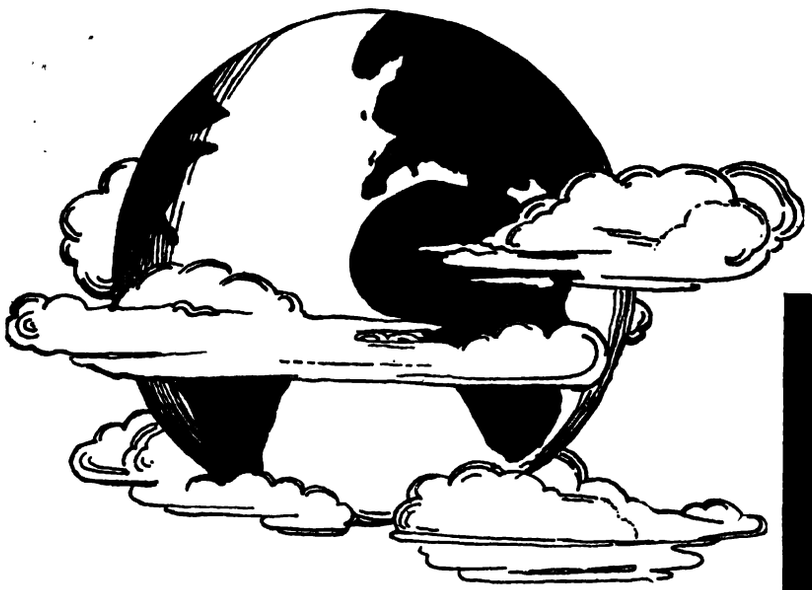
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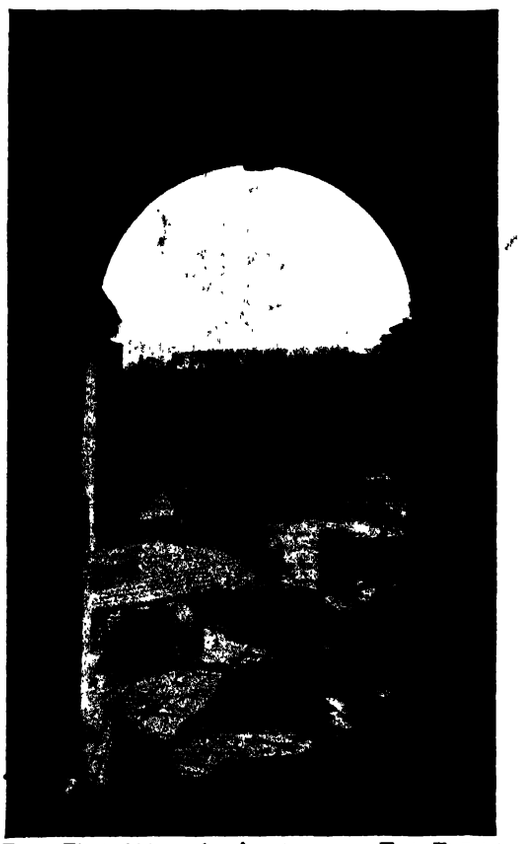


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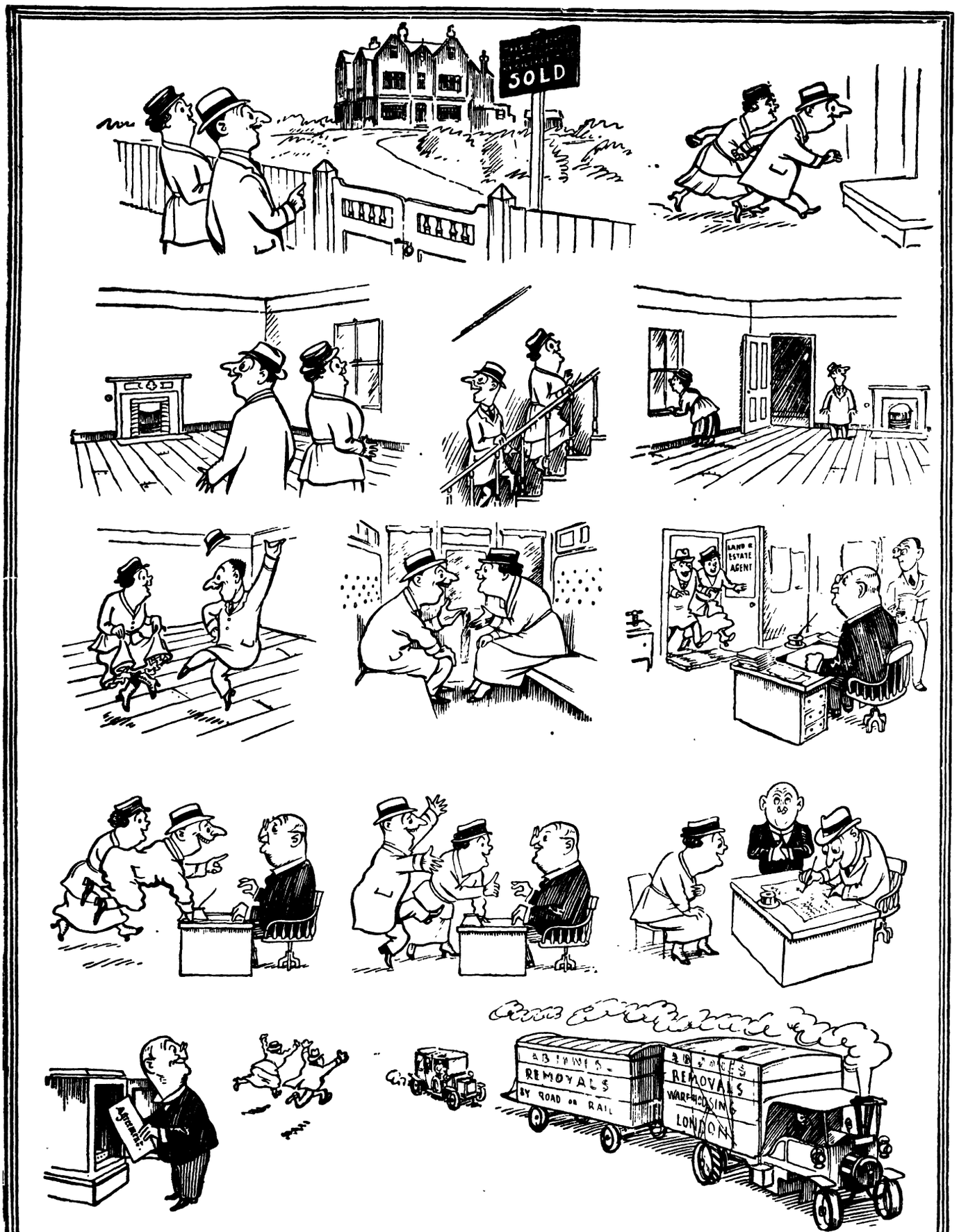
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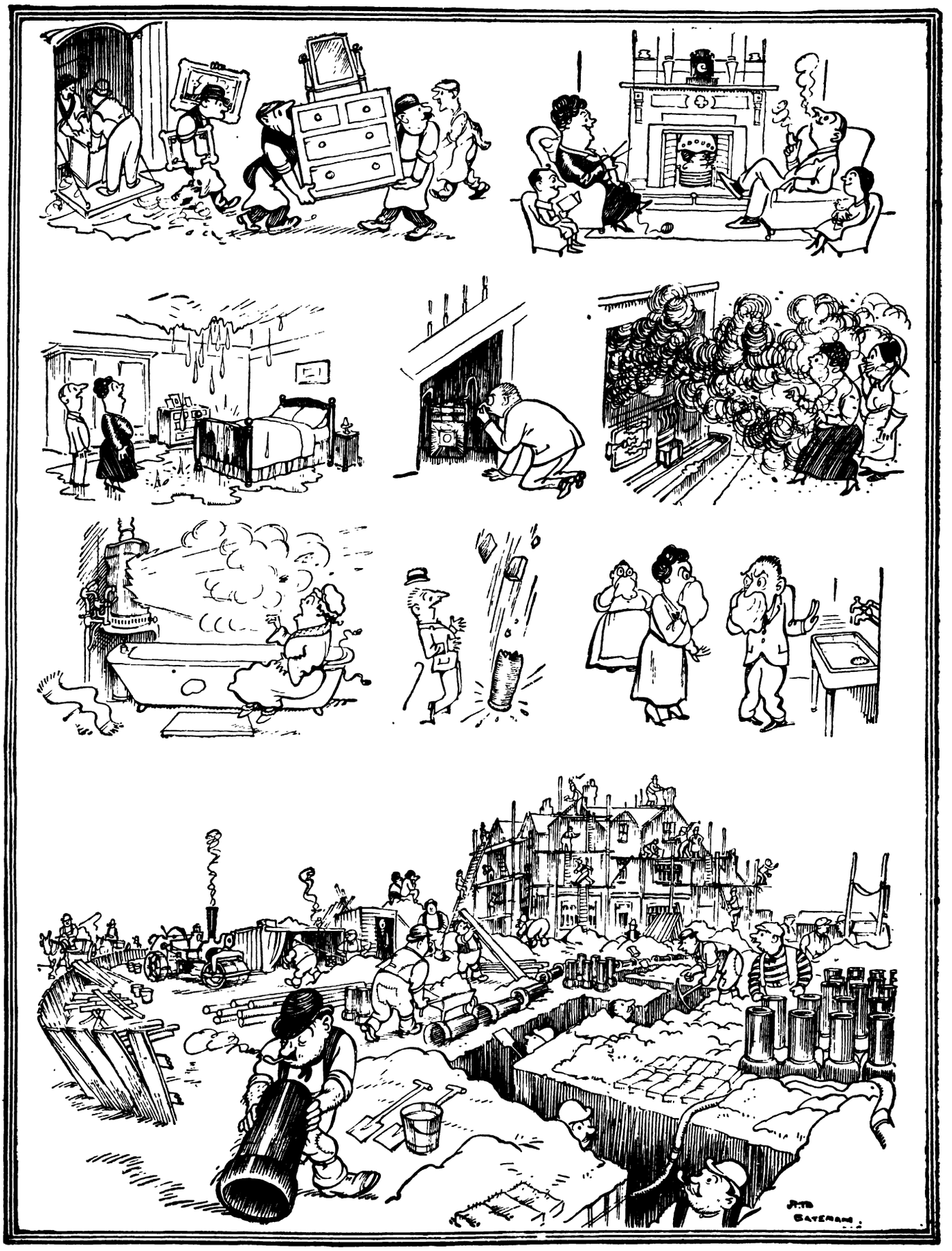


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COMUS.

By JOHN MILTON. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 25s. (Heinemann.)

If there has ever been a more beautiful edition of Milton's famous masque, the present writer has not seen it. The volume is satisfying in its outward appearance — print, paper and binding are worthy of the poem they embody, and the colour pictures and black-and-white drawings and decorations with which Mr. Arthur Rackham has illustrated and embellished it most sensitively interpret the beauty and bizarre magic of the poem and give artistic completeness to a book that will appeal not only to collectors but to all who like to possess great literature in a setting that is in keeping with it. "Comus" lends itself wonderfully to Mr. Rackham's delicate, eerily imaginative art. Milton himself has said nothing more graceful and charming of his Wood-Nymphs, his flowery-kirtled Naiads, nor of Sabrina fair than Mr. Rackham has put into his paintings, and always when it comes to presenting the elvish, ghostly things that haunt the night or Comus's rabble of obscene monsters, the artist's vision and grim or elfin fantasy keep pace with the poet's. This is high praise, but not too high. Mr. Rackham has found a great subject for his brush and pencil in "Comus" and in the result is fully justified of his daring in choosing it



From Comus
(*Heinemann*).

CIRCE.

THE HILLS OF RUEL AND OTHER STORIES.

By FIONA MACLEOD
Illustrated by M. H LAWRENCE
15s net
(Heinemann)

There are seven stories and eight coloured illustrations, beside the head- and tail-pieces in black-and-white Miss Margery H. Lawrence is to be congratulated on her part of the work, for her pictures make a fair marriage with the strange and haunting text. An illustrated Fiona Macleod is good to have and to hold, since this other side of William Sharp has often high claims on literature. If we take these stories, we may be drawn by one more than another, by the "Yellow Moonrock" more than "The Sad Queen," and the terror of "Dàn-Nan-Ron" is greater work than "Ahèz the Pale"; but there is little to choose between them, because there is nothing like any, unless it be other some in the gift of Fiona Macleod They are all echoes of that "long wailing shout" in the forest of Brouliande, which is heard by Ahèz, and of this is their spell. We who have the freedom of Arthurian romance know well that adventurous wood, but not assuredly in the guise presented here, nor have we heard anywhere of such happenings among its "giant thickets of oak and beech." It is so of the rest. The lore of "changelings" is with us in tales without end, but none of them are like Morag in "Fara Ghaol"—no, not among all the Morags, all the seal-women and women of the sea. Yet if it be said that "The Dàn-Nan-Ron" stands out in the whole collection, there may be no denial after all. So the counsel is, See and choose.

History Biography & Travel



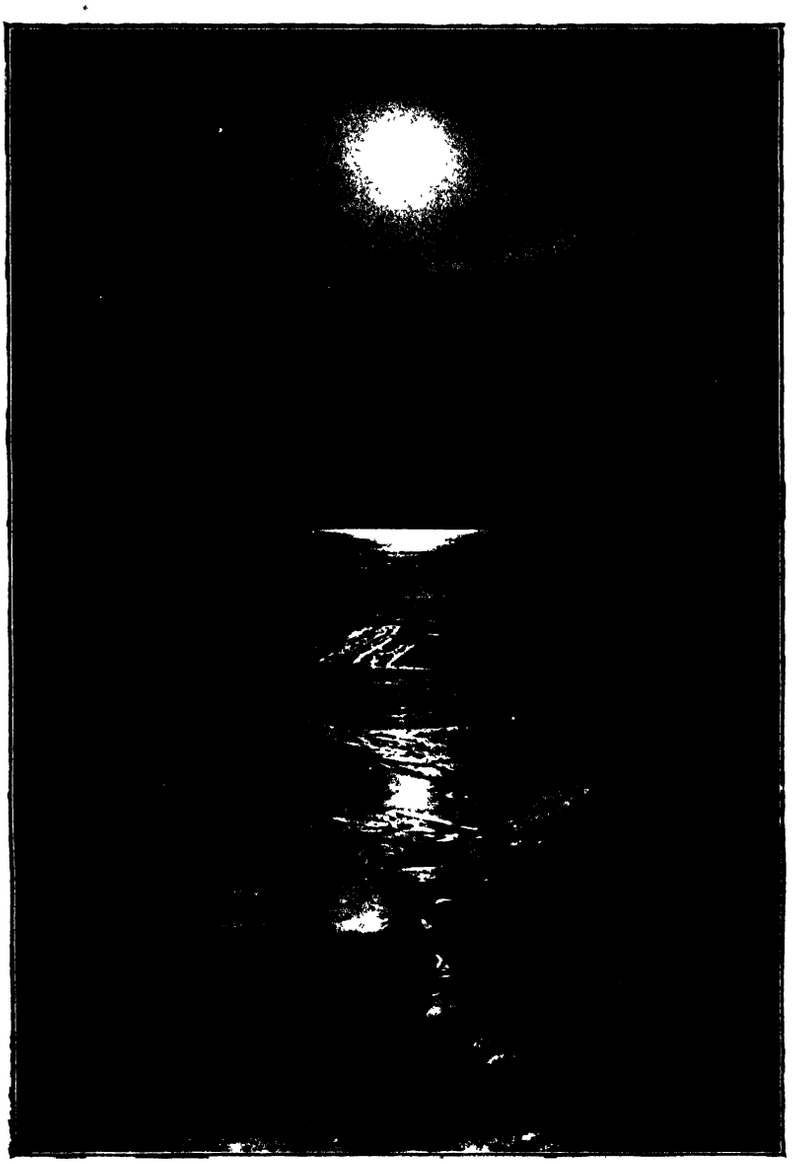
From Sisters' Quarters, Salonika (*Grant Richards*).

ARCH OF GALERIUS.

THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH.

By HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S. 30s. (Duckworth.)

The British Antarctic Expedition, 1910–13, was one of those magnificent adventures that go down the ages as history, and it will never fail to arouse a thrill. Not one per cent. of the total number of applications to join it could be considered, and of the little company who set out from Port Chalmers, New Zealand, on November 29th, 1910, some were never to return. The story of the whole expedition is told by Mr. Ponting, who was its "camera artist" (a term well deserved), in this bulky book, of which no reader can afford to skip a single page. The photographs alone—there are 175 of them—would be worth the price; but, fascinating and beautiful though they are, it is the simple, straightforward story that one dare not miss. And after troubles and hazards innumerable, the selected party reached the South Pole at last on January 16th, 1912, only to find that the Norwegians under Roald Amundsen had been there before. "It is a terrible disappointment," wrote Captain Scott in his diary, "and I am very sorry for my loyal companions." Then came the awful return, through inconceivably bad weather, in temperatures ranging from sixty to eighty degrees of frost; the death of Evans; the death of heroic Oates, who walked out into the blizzard knowing his certain fate, with the sole idea of relieving the rest of the little band of an ill man; and the death of the brave leader himself. Eight months later the search party found the bodies of Wilson, Bowers and Scott, and some of the photographic films then recovered are reproduced in this book. The pathos of it is that the party had arrived within a very few miles of one of their camps, and for four days were unable to leave the tent owing to the gale. "No one in the world," runs an entry in one of Captain Scott's notebooks, "would have expected the temperatures and surfaces which we have encountered at this time of the year. . . . Our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather. I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through. . . . We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past." There is a heartache in the record of the final stages of this prolonged and undaunted fight against intolerable cold and fierce blizzards, with food inadequate and hope diminishing every hour; but it is an epic story, one that belongs to the world as surely as the stories of olden-time heroes. For the manner of its relation, and the skill of the vivid and often humorous pictures, the tales of the strange fauna of that ice-bound continent, the general presentation of the life of the friendly little company on board the *Terra Nova*, we are beyond measure indebted to the author. To his companions he pays generous tribute of praise; and in spite of disaster, we feel that the end was in one very real sense success, and that the world is the better for such an adventure, so greatly undertaken.



From The Great White South (*Duckworth*).

THE FREEZING OF THE SEA.

SISTERS' QUARTERS: SALONIKA.

By MARGUERITE FEDDEN. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Miss Fedden, as a V.A.D. nurse, received her sailing orders for the East in May, 1916, two others besides herself being detached to proceed to Salonika and establish a Red Cross Invalid Kitchen. All she has to say about the journey, and her varied experiences on active service, is full of interest; we see the strange eastern phases of the war from a fresh viewpoint, and naturally many details are mentioned which a man would probably have passed over, but which add greatly to the clearness of the picture. The preparation of delicacies went on under difficult conditions, for example in draughty bell-tents with obstinate oil-stoves for the only heating apparatus; the tents fell down; the whole scene was "a mass of half-set jelly, lemonade and cornflour well mixed with sand and dust, and affording a delicious meal for the flies." But the British girls and the British soldiers had the same genial philosophy, and, nothing daunted, they all got on with their jobs whatever happened. General Sir Bryan Mahon, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., contributes a pleasant foreword, and the woodcuts by Lieutenant F. V. Carpenter, R.F.C., are excellent.

THE BLOCKING OF ZEEBRUGGE.

By Captain ALFRED F. B. CARPENTER, V.C., R.N. 15s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

One of the most striking and gallant deeds in naval history is described, from its inception to its tremendous climax, in this book. Plans, maps and photographs make everything clear, and the story is thrillingly told by one who knows it thoroughly.



From Barbary : The Romance of the Nearest East
By A. MacCallum Scott, M.P.
(*Thornton Butterworth*)

CARTHAGE, THE ANCIENT HARBOUR

Reviewed in this Number.

SOUTH.

By SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, C.V.O. 10s. 6d. (Heinemann)

The adventurous journey of Sir Ernest Shackleton's 1914–1917 Antarctic Expedition, with the object of making the first crossing of the South Polar continent from sea to sea, is here recorded in a cheaper and handier edition than the large original book, and in view of the author's recent departure for the far south once again it will be welcomed by the public, without doubt. In his preface, dated September last, Sir Ernest explains the aims of the expedition and disposes of the last vestige of prejudice, felt by some when the party sailed in the very opening week of war, that a ship's company of fit men should leave their fellows to do the fighting. The whole company instantly volunteered, only to be told to "carry on" with their exploration; and "finally," says Sir Ernest, "when the expedition did return, practically the whole of those members, who had come unscathed through the dangers of the Antarctic took their places in the wider field of battle." The story of those years of trial is well told; and one of its more enthralling incidents, which nearly culminated in disaster, will bear reading many times over—the life of the men who were marooned on Elephant Island, and their rescue just in time. At the fourth time of trying, the leader managed to reach the island, and his account of the welcome by the tiny black figures on shore brings a lump into the throat. For ten months they had not washed, since "had one man washed, half a



From South
(*Heinemann*).

"ONE OF THE GLACIERS WE CROSSED."

dozen others would have had to go without a drink all day"; appalling weather had harassed them, and their food was perilously near the end, limpets, seaweed and stewed seal bones being the fare on the final day. That day was August 30th, 1916, and the resolve was made that "we intend to keep August 30th as a festival for the rest of our lives." It is a great and stirring record, and one of the world's splendid stories of courage and endurance.

RUMANIA IN LIGHT AND SHADOW.

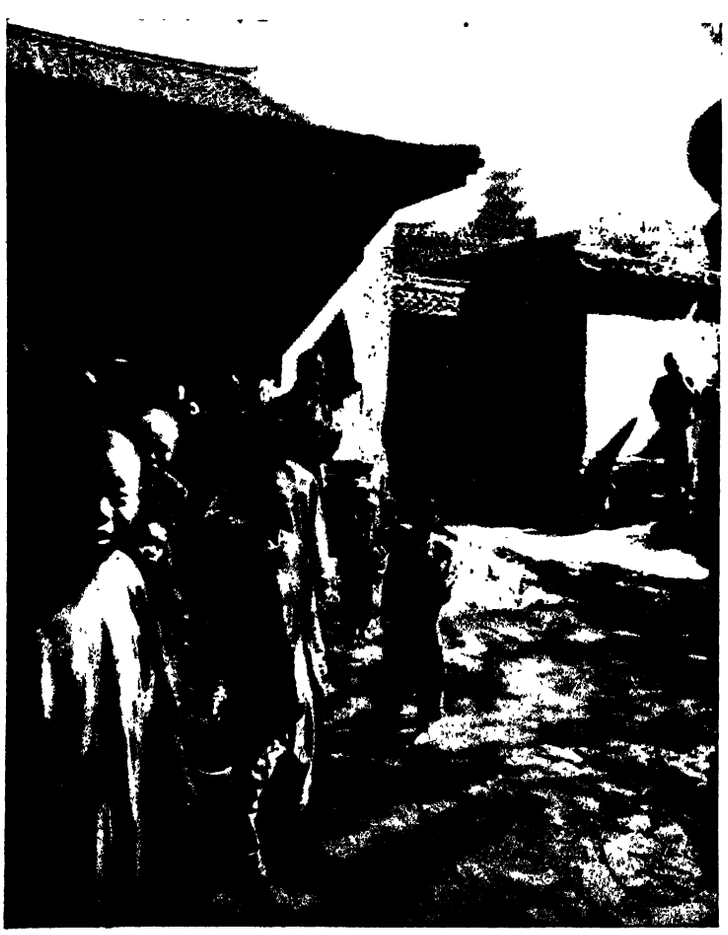
By Ethel Greening Pantazzi.
30s. net.
(Fisher Unwin.)



From Rumania in Light and Shadow (*Fisher Unwin*).

PEASANT GIRL GOING TO THE WELL.

To most of us Rumania is an unknown country; it was the fortune of the author of this book to become thoroughly familiar with that land during years of peace and war, and it is our good fortune to read her vivid account of her experiences. As the wife of Commander Pantazzi she shared in the terrifying events which came thick and fast after Rumania became involved in the spreading European conflagration, and her account of the flight to Odessa, the rule—or rather misrule—of the "Reds," the plots and intrigues and daily dangers, and finally the entry of the Germans and her troublous journey back to comparative safety, form a sequence of exciting adventures which could not have been told to nearly such good effect had a less simple and colloquial style tempted her. The first part of the book treats of the years from 1909 to 1916, and contains a very charming description of the people, their general mode of life, and the various interesting and amusing features met with in travelling, at festivals, here, there and everywhere; as a Canadian by birth, the author had a fresh viewpoint, and her comments are vivacious and full of excellent appreciation of the humorous side of things. Serious matters begin with the second portion—1916 to 1919—and we feel that out of the severe test Madame Pantazzi came heroically. The many excellent photographs add much to the reader's enjoyment of the valuable work of this gallant lady.



From The Rainbow Bridge (*Arnold*).

A Village Inn.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

By Reginald Farrer.
21s. (Arnold.)

A little over a year ago the author of this book died in the wilds of Upper Burma, on a journey of adventure probably undertaken with an object similar to that of his well-known Chinese travels—the collecting of new species of plants and flowers. The "Rainbow Bridge" is the bridge of his memories, and instead of his book being the kind of volume one might expect from a specialist, of interest only to his fellow-specialists, it is a record of all kinds of quaint experiences in districts of China and the borders of Tibet where the Britisher was a rare bird. Written throughout with a strong predilection for the humorous side of things, it has also a manner of its own in the use of words; sometimes almost conversational, and always just right in tone, never exaggerated. It is one of the best travel-books of the season, and many of its photographic illustrations are exceptionally charming.



From The Secret of the Sahara : Kufara (*Cassell*).
By Rosita Forbes.

THE AUTHOR ASLEEP ON A CAMEL

IN THE LAND OF LALLA ROOKH.

By A. S. WADIA, M.A. 6s. net. (Dent.)

A thousand miles' tramp through the Vale of Cashmere—the mere idea of it sets us longing; and to read the account of this excursion as presented by "one who did it" increases the desire of stay-at-home readers to see some of the beautiful places—and people—here commemorated. Mr. Wadia has a pleasantly-flowing narrative style, and he is well informed in the literature of the district; he also loses his heart with charming *naïveté* every now and again to ladies whom he meets on his travels, and the ability to do this gracefully lends, as we all know, a gentle glow of human interest to any record. With such accomplishments it would be difficult not to write a good book. The journey was not all tramping—it was varied by boating days and pony rides; and it had its moments of excitement and danger. There are interludes of quiet philosophising wherein the author talks with refreshing sincerity, and his descriptive passages often reach a high level of beauty, especially when, after arduous climbing, he is rewarded by views of "the roof of the world"—the giants of the Himalayas. As the author kept no diary and writes, upon his own admission, entirely from memory, his book is something of a feat. A map, and two excellent photogravure plates, add to the interest of the itinerary.



From Exploration of Air (*John Murray*).

OSTRICHES.



From More Experiences of a New Guinea Magistrate (*John Lane*).

BUSHIMAI, HIS WIFE, AND SON OIA.

EARLY TRAVELS IN INDIA, 1583–1619.

Edited by WILLIAM FOSTER, C.I.E. 12s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

In this well edited and well annotated volume we have the narratives of seven Englishmen who travelled in Northern and Western India during the reigns of the Emperors Akbar and Jehangir. Not one of these narratives appears to exist in manuscript form, and the editor accordingly has taken them from the earliest printed edition. That of Ralph Fitch first appeared in Hakluyt, the other six, the adventures of John Mildenhall, William Hawkins, William Finch, Nicholas Withington, Thomas Coryat and Edward Terry, appeared in Purchas in 1625, and are taken from that collection, except that Coryat's letters are reprinted from the original pamphlets from which Purchas made his selection, and Withington's story is taken from a later and fuller version. All these travellers were concerned with opening up trade in India and the East. They were shrewd, energetic men, who described what they saw with so much close observation that their narratives give an invaluable picture of the gorgeous El Dorado then claimed by the Portuguese as their own, and can be studied with profit and interest to-day. And the touches of humour and human nature are frequent and delightful, so that besides a picture of India, we find materials for understanding the Elizabethan Englishman in his habit as he lived.



From **All Hands on the Main Sheet** (*Grant Richards*).
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN

THE KING'S CUTTER.

WILD LIFE IN THE TREE TOPS.

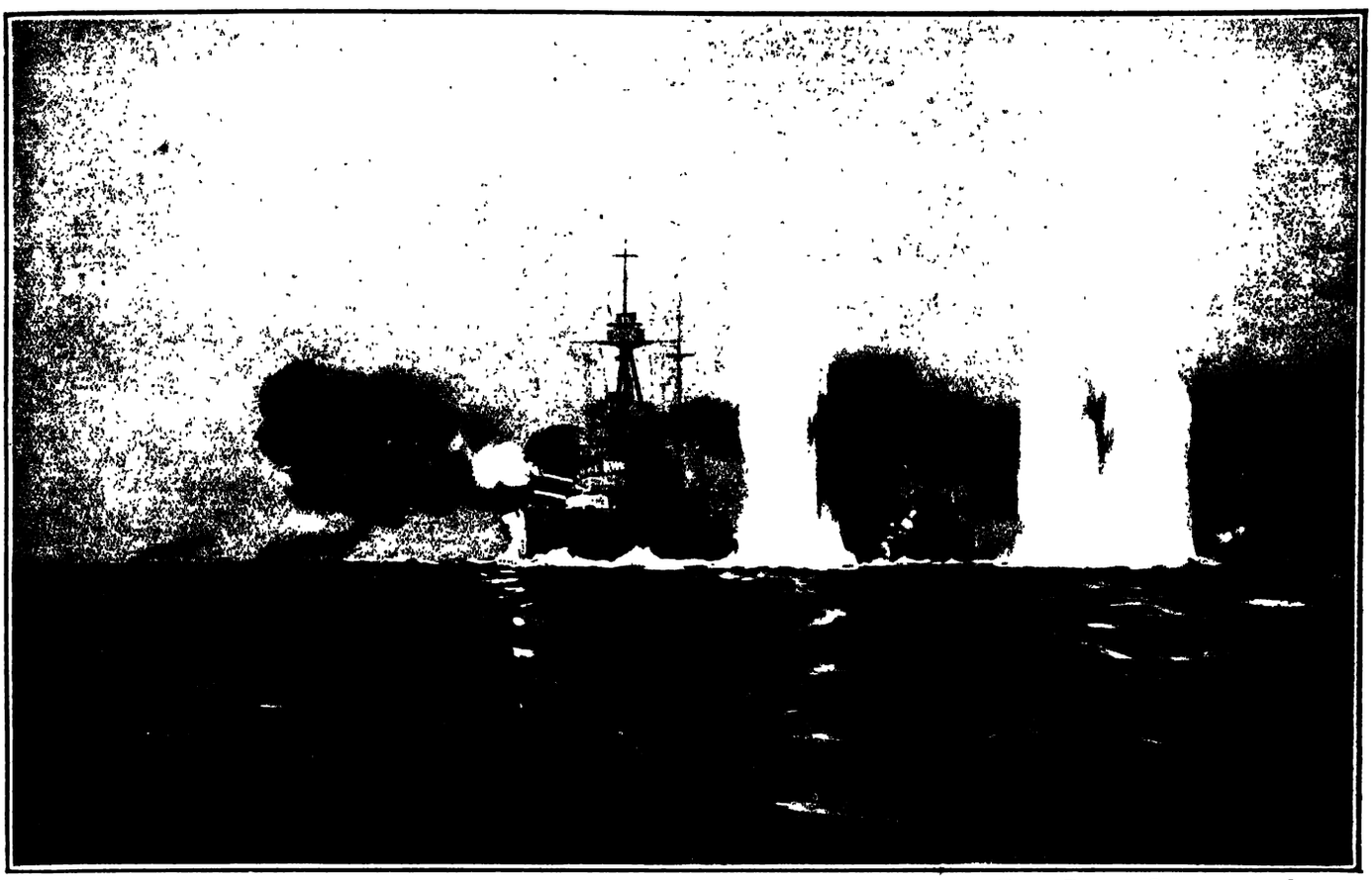
By CAPT. C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C., F.R.P.S., M.B.O.V. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

The real naturalist, in these days, does not content himself with studying nature from books; more often than not he goes out with a high-class camera and a stock of plates, and, by exercising great care, "snaps" his subjects while they are engaged in the most intimate details of their everyday life. So might some visitor from another sphere catch human beings unexpectedly in the business of making the beds, or washing up, or setting the breakfast; and, unless the visitor was extremely tactful, we might object. Tact, however, was a strong point with Captain Knight in his wonderful tree-top explorations. Some of his photographs are surprisingly beautiful and strange; he thought little of building a retreat, slowly, day by day, amid the branches of a tree, in order to occupy it and await with his camera the favourable moment for a picture of avine domestic operations The result was nearly always worth waiting for, and the author's descriptions show how deeply he has studied the bird-life which goes on in the forests and woodlands high over our heads. When we remember that every bird we see in spring has a definite home and, probably a family, somewhere not far away, and is busy about very particular and pressing work—perhaps nest-building, or food-hunting, or giving lessons in flight to timid youngsters—we can realise how much is to be learned by the man who has time, opportunity, inclination and patience to observe bird-habits closely. The rook, owl, woodpecker, heron, bat and many other more or less familiar flying friends have posed unknowingly for Captain Knight's first-class studies. He has added considerably to the general store of knowledge concerning British birds and their ways, and only a sincere enthusiast in photography could have secured such exceptionally fine records under great difficulties.



From **Early Travels in India** (*Milford*).

THE GHATS AT BENARES.



From The Fighting at Jutland
(*Macmillan*).

FIFTH BATTLE SQUADRON IN ACTION.

THE FIGHTING AT JUTLAND.

(Abridged Edition.)
Edited by H. W. FAWCETT, Royal Navy, and G. W. W. HOOPER, Royal Navy. 21s. (Macmillan)

The record of the personal experiences of seventy-two officers and men in the big naval battles of the war which Messrs. H. W. Fawcett and G. W. W. Hooper brought out in the spring under the title of "The Fighting at Jutland," has just been issued in an abridged form at the price of one guinea net. The main difference between the earlier and



From **Beautiful Ireland**
(*Gresham Publishing Co.*)

CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE.

the condensed edition consists in the fact that the original seventy-two narratives have now been cut down to forty-five, and that these selected stories have been rearranged and in a few instances shortened. As an attempt, unhampered by discussion of tactics and of strategy, to give some idea of the character and courage of the men who served Jellicoe and Beatty in the one fleet action of the European War, the book will be found an admirable supplement to the official histories of the action, British and German, as showing the nature of the experiences that must be gone through in modern naval fighting. The illustrations to the volume, drawn by an officer who was himself present at the battle, should be useful in enabling the reader easily to visualise the matter of the text. The photographs too are really illuminating.

OXFORD POETRY:

1917-1919.

6s. net. (Blackwell)

CAMBRIDGE POETRY:

1914-1920.

7s. 6d. net. (Heffer)

The Cambridge anthology before us covers a much larger period than the Oxford volume, and consequently it contains more well-known names and more poetry of intrinsic worth. It includes the work of such men as Rupert Brooke, James Elroy Flecker, Mr. Martin Armstrong, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, Mr. Edward Shanks, Mr. J. C. Squire and Mr. R. C. Trevelyan. The Oxford book, since it represents the product of only two years, boasts but two or three poets who have already won some reputation in the big world beyond the quadrangle and the cloister; but to our mind an anthology of this kind gains rather than loses in interest by limiting itself to the work of young 'varsity men with their futures yet to make. Much as we may admire the poetry of Rupert Brooke or Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, it is already available for us in many volumes; and for ourselves we favour the Oxford custom of publishing an anthology at more frequent intervals, and confining it to the verse of men who are still actually "in residence" or have only recently "gone down." After this criticism (with which not every one will agree) we have nothing but praise for both of these volumes. The idea that inspired them is excellent; they are both admirably edited and produced; and, though the number of contributors is large, the level of accomplishment is commendably high. Since in the two books together no less than one hundred and fifty poets find a place, it is manifestly impossible to do any sort of justice to their individual merits. We can only point to certain characteristics common to both collections. In spite of the period which they represent, there is in them both, for instance, a conspicuous absence of poetry even indirectly reflecting the war. Then, for the most part, there is a lack of experiment. This is rather remarkable when one considers the popularity of the experiments and the eccentricities of some of the coteries in London. Indeed, we might have welcomed a little more adventurousness, as an indication of vigour; but we are grateful for the absence of the merely clever and the merely grotesque. The majority of the poems are written around traditional themes and traditional metres, and the prevailing note is that of a quiet, tender, somewhat pensive appreciation of the hidden beauty of common sights and experience. It was only by coincidence that the first poem to which we turned in each volume was one bringing (and each by very similar methods) the breath of romance into the railway station. But that, we soon found, was but a typical example of the unity of spirit between the young poets of Oxford and Cambridge, and of the sort of subject that is inspiring them.



From The Days that are No More (*Nash*).

PRINCESS METTERNICH, 1861.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

By PRINCESS PAULINE METTERNICH.
10s 6d.
(Nash & Grayson.)

Princess Metternich, who married Prince Richard Metternich, son of the famous diplomatist, made her first appearance in Paris in 1859, at the outbreak of war between France and Italy. As the foremost of the company of ladies who amused the court at the Tuileries, at Fontainebleau and Compiègne, and one who was intimately acquainted with the principal figures of French history from that time onward, who was the guest of the Sultan at Constantinople in 1869, and who has been concerned in the life of the political world to a greater extent than is generally known, Princess Metternich was bound to have a store of more than usually interesting reminiscences. Upon that store she has drawn in this book, and chapter after chapter enthrals the reader. The great events that lighten or darken the story of nations often have their origins in the conversations of the salon or boudoir, and the Princess was not behindhand, we may be sure, in her reception of state gossip and the rumours of commotion which mean so much more than appears on the surface. Stories abound, of all kinds—of Wagner and Franz Liszt, among others, and of Home, the spiritualist. All readers of taste will thoroughly enjoy this lively series of memories, and we are glad to hear that a second volume, "My Years in Paris," will follow. Mr. Edward Legge contributes some good explanatory notes in his preface.

LONDON OF THE FUTURE.

By THE LONDON SOCIETY, under the Editorship of SIR ASTON WEBB, K.C.V.O., C.B., P.R.A. 42s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

In this very finely produced and handsome volume are collected the ideas and ideals of many clever and thoughtful men upon the artistic and commercial future development of the first city of the empire. So many are the contributors that we can mention but a few, but there is hardly one view-point overlooked. The smoke question is dealt with by the late Sir William Richmond, founder of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society; the streets and traffic are discussed by Colonel R. C. Hollard, C.B., formerly Superintendent of the London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade; Lord Montagu of Beaulieu writes on "Commercial Aviation and London"; Sir Reginald Blomfield on "The Bridges of London"; the East End, the parks and open spaces, the railways, the Channel Tunnel—all receive the attention of specialists, and the general result is a most suggestive book of incalculable value to all who have the interest of London at heart; of value also to those who regard the problem of the growth of the vast city as a civil problem to be solved by prolonged study and endeavour. The numerous photographs, plans and diagrams are definitely chosen to illustrate points of argument, and are not merely decorative or casually introduced; thus we find excellent pictures of the marred approach to London Bridge Station, of congested traffic in Brentford High Street, of open spaces in the East End, of Hampstead Garden Suburb, and other pertinent views. The members of the London Society and the editor have done a good work in planning and completing a book of such copious information and such varied and considered suggestiveness.



From Queen Alexandra (*Fisher Unwin*).

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, 1863.



From The Book of Great Musicians (*Milford*).

EDWARD GRIEG.
From a painting by Eilif Peterssen, National Gallery of Christiania.

THE BOOK OF GREAT MUSICIANS.

By PERCY A. SCHOLES. 4s. 6d. (Milford.)

Within a few months of its first issue, a second edition of this useful little book has been called for; at this we are not surprised, for in simple language Mr. Scholes manages to convey information, biographical, technical, and incidental, with a jolly, companionable, colloquial air which relieves the young student of every suspicion of unrequited effort. As we read, we smile and learn—cannot help learning, when we have such a tactful and friendly teacher. Many photographs, portraits from old paintings, and musical examples are included, and for the technical expositions we have nothing but the highest commendation. If there is any writer who could put into more attractive setting the chapter, "All About Fugues, and How to Listen to Them," we have not yet heard of him.

DOWN THAMES STREET.

By MARK ROGERS. 25s. (Robert Scott.)

Thames Street is hardly known, except by name, to thousands of Londoners; yet it is full of historical associations, and has a character of its own. The story of the street and its churches as told in this book forms an important addition to the library of the antiquary and archæologist, besides being of great interest to readers



From Studies in North Africa (*Simpkin, Marshall*). CAPITOL, DOUGGA.

who are not specialists in these matters. Mr. Rogers's expert pencil has aided his researches into the past of this waterside thoroughfare, and as several of the old churches which here and there rise above its rows of warehouses have lately been in danger of destruction, his book, if the worst comes to pass, will be of added value as a memorial of their dignity and beauty. It is a commercial age, and Wren's fine work cannot compete against our revised ideas of the value of space for industrial purposes; but we may hope that this aspect of the author's artistry will not need to be considered for some time to come.

STUDIES IN NORTH AFRICA.

By CYRIL FLETCHER GRANT. 8s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

The history of Northern Africa, of its magnificent ruins and relics of lost and forgotten empires, is full of wonder, and in this book the author has condensed an astonishing amount of information which appeared in a different form, and in a larger and more expensive edition, in 1912. Facts are here, copiously presented, but with the vivifying influence of a keen mind behind them. The photographs, clearly reproduced, arouse endless speculation upon the subject of the vanished populations which once must have thronged these sandy wastes. With a store of learning which enables him to make illuminating comparisons and to impart no small knowledge to readers who have not studied the subject, the author succeeds in his task of description and elucidation admirably. His book would make good reading in conjunction with certain sections of Gibbon's famous History; and this suggestion, we believe, he will accept as a high tribute of praise in a notice necessarily brief.

SOME CAIRO MOSQUES AND THEIR FOUNDERS.

By MRS. R. L. DEVONSHIRE. Thirty-two Illustrations. 17s. 6d. (Constable.)

Mrs. Devonshire has already to her credit a quite excellent book on Cairo, written and intended largely for the information of soldiers quartered in the city during the late war. These "Rambles in Cairo" proved an excellent guide-book, and now she has followed it with the present volume, which gives more detailed descriptions of a number of the finest mosques in Cairo, with historical notes which serve to explain something of the periods and the culture out of which these beautiful buildings arose: the Mosque of Es Sāleh Talāyeh who became Wazir under romantic circumstances neatly recounted in this book, the College and the Tomb of Sultan Es Sāleh Negun ed Dîn Ayûb, who was defeated by St. Louis and his Crusaders at Damietta, but whose widow, Princess Shagarat ed Durr, a woman of remarkable talents, held the power of the state together and even seems to have directed the military operations that ended in the smashing defeat of the Crusaders and the captivity of the French king, whose prison is still pointed out at Mansura; Queen Shagarat's own tomb, the exquisitely beautiful tomb of Zein ed Dîn Yûssef, various buildings of the epoch of Sultan Qâitbây, the Mosque of Khâirbek, and the Mosque of Malika Safîya are the chief monuments included in these chapters. Besides the well-chosen historical account of each, there is an adequate artistic and architectural description, while the really excellent photographs give the reader an opportunity of following the text with understanding. The book cannot but prove a most desirable companion to any visitor to Cairo.

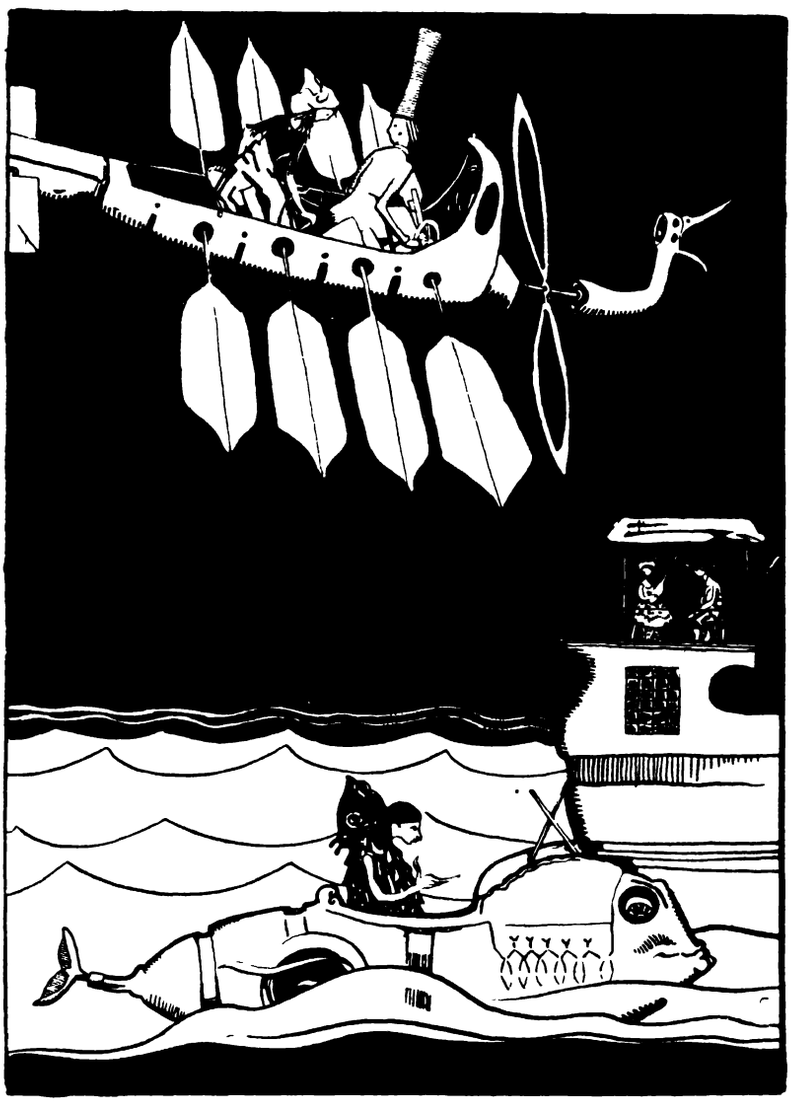


From Some Cairo Mosques (*Constable*). MOSQUE OF MALIKA SAFUJA.



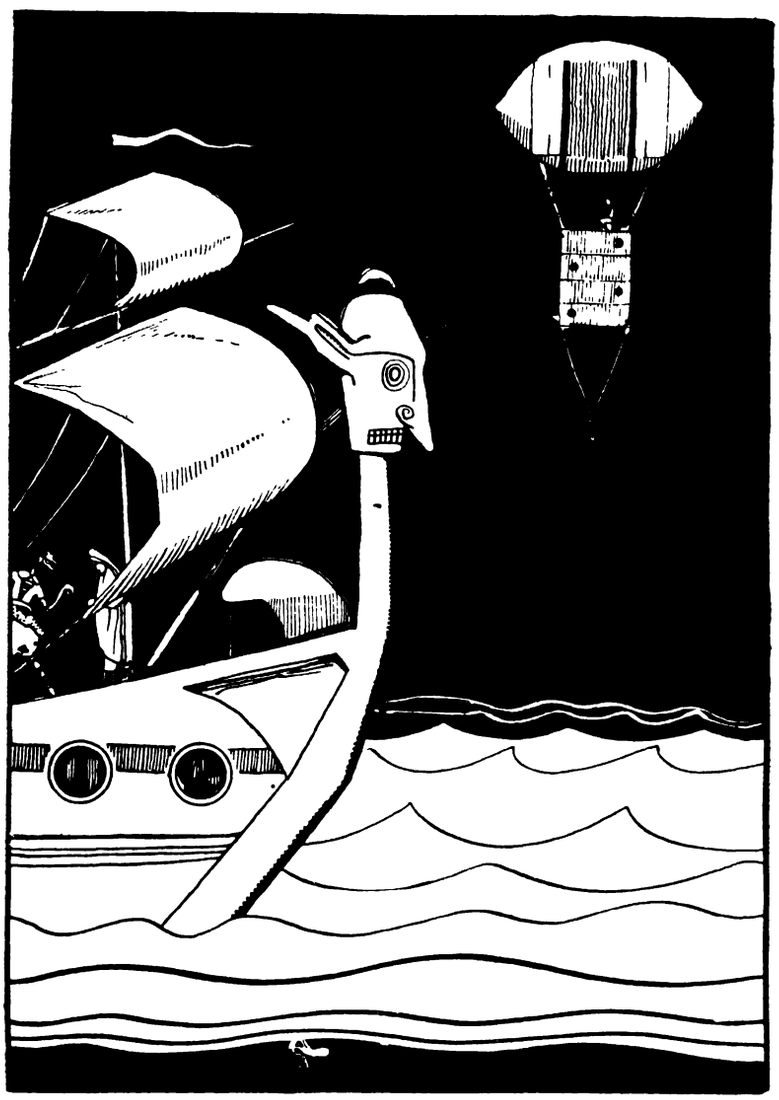
A drawing by EDMUND BLAMPIED.
From a new edition of ANNA SEWELL'S famous romance, "BLACK BEAUTY," which Messrs. Jarrold have in preparation.

"HAVE YOU SEEN MY BOY?" SAID MR. BUSHBY AS WE CAME UP.



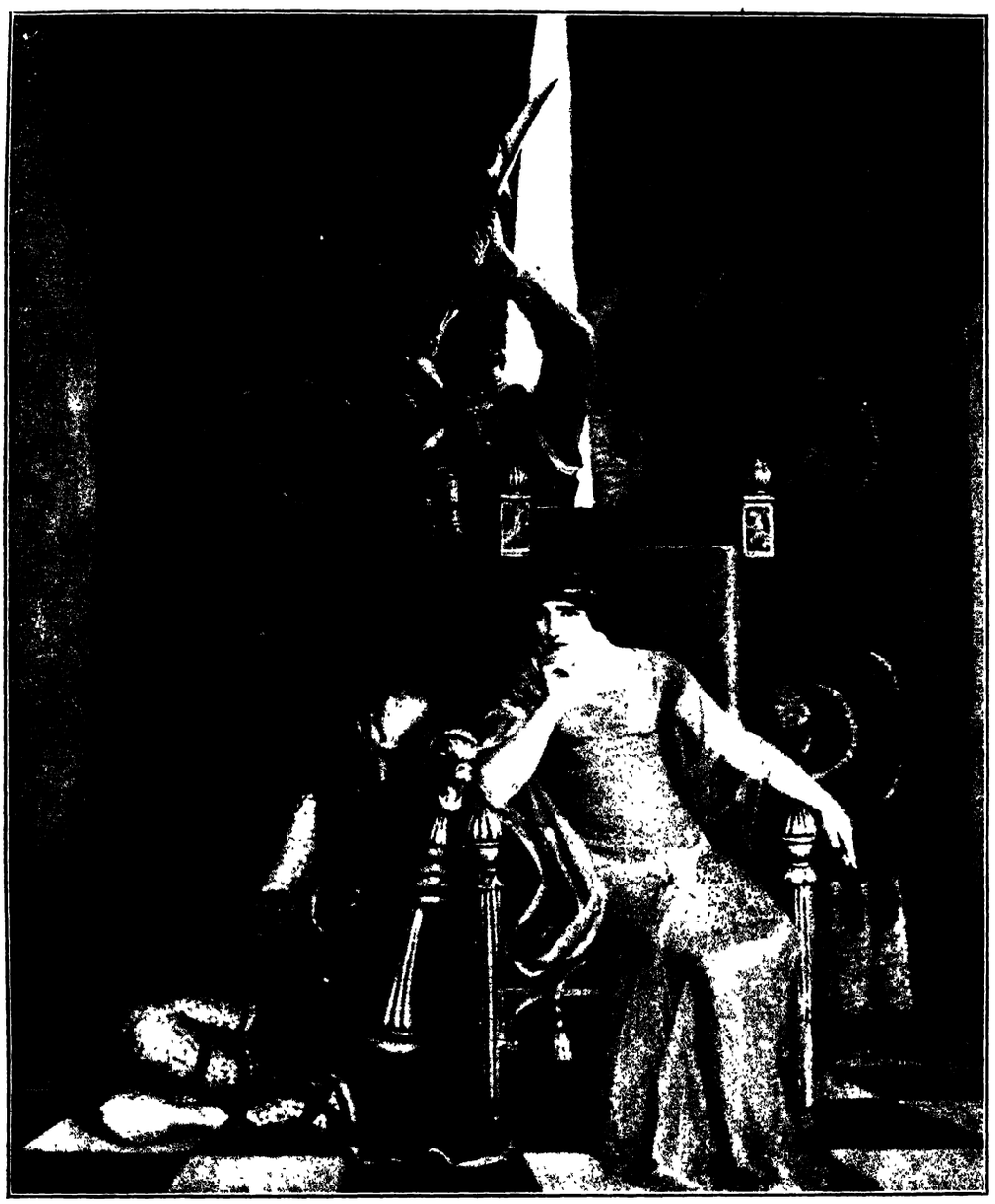
From "WEIRD ISLANDS"
By JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(Chapman & Hall).

THE AEROPLANE AND THE SUBMARINE.



From "WEIRD ISLANDS"
By JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(Chapman & Hall).

THE BLUE BOAT AND THE AIRSHIP.



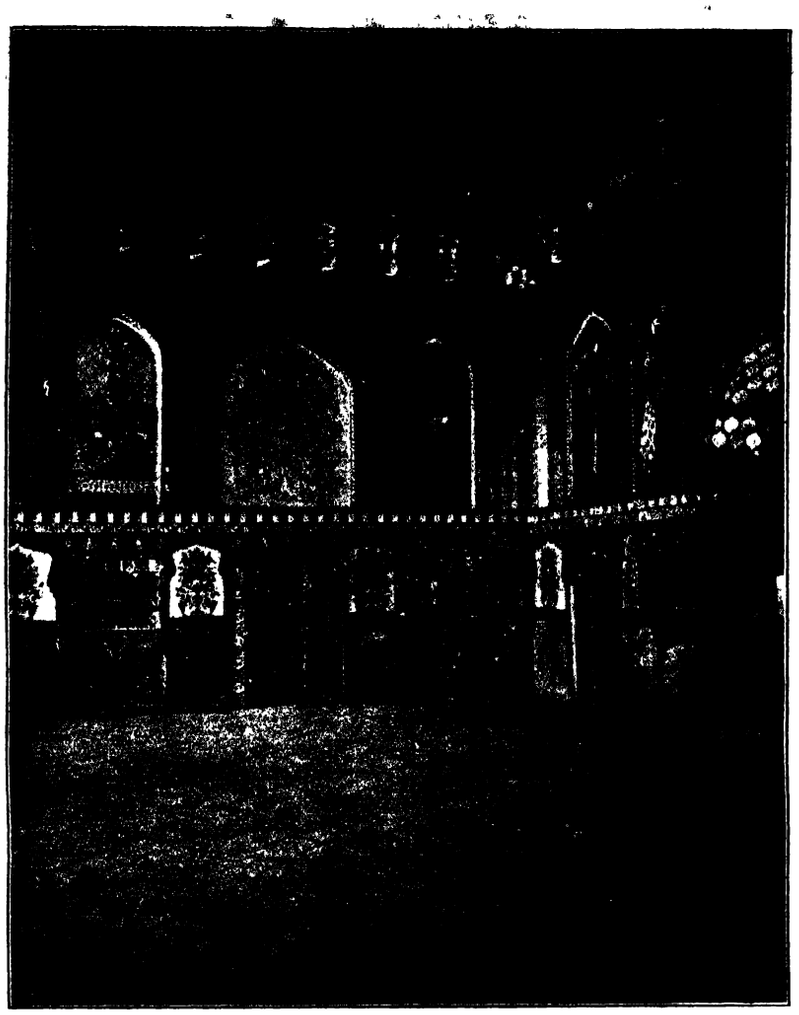
From "THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR."
Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.
Illustrated by N. C. WYETH.
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

KING MARK SLEW THE NOBLE KNIGHT SIR TRISTRAM AS HE SAT HARPING BEFORE HIS LADY, LA BELLE ISOLDE.

A HISTORY OF PERSIA.

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR PERCY SYKES, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G. Second Edition. 2 vols. £3 10s. (Macmillan.)

The first edition of this well-planned and magnificently illustrated History appeared in 1915, and in the present issue the events in Persia due to the war are recorded, and the entire text has been revised in the light of more recent exploration and study. The result is an extremely valuable work, full of research and considered judgment—the more valuable because it is practically the only one in existence with modern discoveries included which deals with Persia so comprehensively. Sir Percy Sykes is the Gibbon of Persia; could higher praise be given?



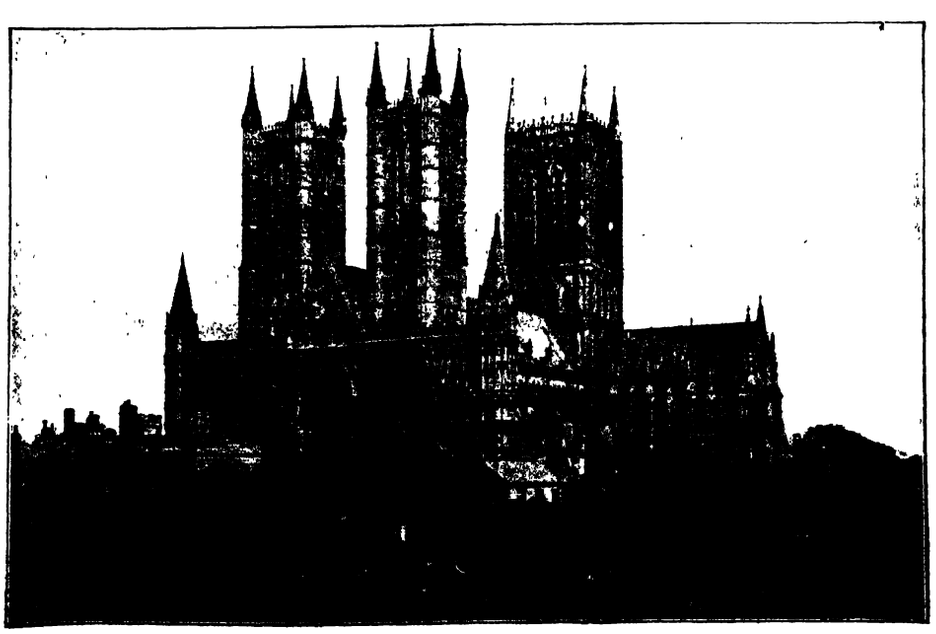
From A History of Persia (*Macmillan*).

PAVILION OF THE SIRDARS AT ERIVAN.

MY LIFE OF SONG.

By MADAME TETRAZZINI. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

Sydney Smith's famous figure which reduced the notion of Heaven to eating *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of silver trumpets, seems to pursue us remorselessly throughout this dazzling book. It traces our popular diva from a precocious childhood and a daring offer in her teens to take the place of a failing prima donna at short notice; and it carries her forward to the present sublime retrospect where she has been received "like a queen" in a round of capitals east and west. It is awkward to remember that some capitals which grow so effusive over visitors have a way of giving their royalties short shrift now and then, so the comparison, we hope, is only metaphoric and proverbial. One exception to the welcoming chorus of fervour, one notes, is London, and it seems just like the perversity of the British race not to launch into ecstasies every time it finds that other capitals have done the same. Possibly Madame Tetrazzini may find the cool beginning make the longer friendship, and perhaps this is a case where, as Mrs. Malaprop said of marriage, it was all the better for beginning with a little aversion. In any case, whether London was chilly in its first reception of the songstress or not, it has made amends since, and even if it never had done so, the diva is too robust of disposition to take it long to heart. Saturation with success has not deprived her of a saving grace of humour, and her path is strewn with stories of all sorts of experience, from the days when in Mexico she saved a touring troupe in an evil hour, to the climacteric honours of Boston and New York. One of the most dramatic things she records is finding the walls of a dressing-room scribbled with strange legends, and learning that this was once the local children's prison. The incident is one to make a theme for some ultra-modern composer. Every one will admire the beautiful way in which Patti greeted Madame Tetrazzini on their first encounter, and the answer that is recorded here—the hope to hail similarly "some one who appears on my horizon, and so pass on the pleasure that Patti's message gave to me."



From The Cathedrals of England and Wales (*Laurie*).

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



From Kashmir in Sunlight and Shade (*Seeley, Service*). LEAVING SCHOOL

Underneath all this glow of popularity there is, however, a real and sentient woman, with a truly Italian passion for visiting the graveyards of her friends, and a disposition to be frank and businesslike whenever she meets humbug or conceit. Better still, there is a chapter of advice to singers which contains the psychology of a real artist. The book is heartily welcome, and is assured in the vast literature of music of a deserved and ungrudged place of its own.

DAYS AND WAYS OF AN OLD BOHEMIAN.

By Major FITZROY GARDNER. 16s. (Murray.)

Born in the year of the Crimean War, Major Fitzroy Gardner is still a young man, if good spirits and a lively interest in the world count for anything. He has played many parts, both in real life and in connection with the theatre; he has been a Government official, a journalist (editor, proprietor and contributor); he was Sir Herbert Tree's friend and manager; he has toured with theatrical companies in America and the Far East; he has undertaken all kinds of commissions and, at the age of nearly sixty, had the quite delightful effrontery to "join up" in 1914 as a man of under forty in order to serve in any position that might be assigned to him. From such a career good stories flow naturally; the style of the book is that of the easy raconteur, and it is simply full of anecdotes and interesting comments upon persons whose names have been well known to the public—which means the public of thirty and forty years ago as well as of the present day. Perhaps the best chapters are those which centre on Tree and his personality; the author gives intimate sketches of the famous actor-manager and brings him vividly before the reader's eyes. There is something good, however, on almost every page, and we believe that many will envy Major Gardner the activity, the general enterprise and hearty enjoyment of life which has bestowed upon him such a store of memories and left him still eager for more experiences.



From Days and Ways of an Old Bohemian (*John Murray*). A THEATRICAL TOUR IN THE EAST.

A SINGULAR PEOPLE.

By SYDNEY A. MOSELEY. 8s. 6d. (Stanley Paul)

Mr. Moseley has written an extraordinary book in this study of the Jewish race, and there is evidently much investigation and sureness of knowledge behind it. The young hero, a poor youngster who rises to a high and honoured position in the counsels of the nation, is so strongly and finely depicted that one is convinced, for the moment, of his reality and the integrity of his history; into his mouth the author puts some most effective conversation, and through him illustrates the ever-recurring antagonism between the Jew and the rest of the British population of London. Incidental to the career of Avrom, this energetic youth, many events occur in the East End of the city which are related with skill and a power of pathos, occasionally of humour, which places the author in a new light; and the later scenes, in Egypt and Palestine, are equally well conceived. As novelist, Mr. Moseley proves his competence; that he is equally at ease in other spheres is well known.



From Happy Hours in Foreign Lands (*Wells Gardner*). A TREE HOUSE IN NEW GUINEA.

MANUAL OF MODERN SCOTS.

By WILLIAM GRANT M.A., and JAMES MAIN DIXON, M.A. 20s. (Cambridge University Press.)



From The Angami Nagas (*Macmillan*).

NAGA HAIRDRESSING (AOS).

There are those who clamour for a consideration of everything belonging to the Scottish dialect, and who even think it should be taught in schools. But this persistency in the matter fails to recognise the difficulties involved. What is generally forgotten is that the Scottish dialect is not a uniform entity but exhibits a vast variety of pronunciation—the North differing from the South, and the Central district of Scotland differing from both North and South. The authors of this well-executed and scholarly manual have aimed at finding an average pronunciation which might to some extent represent all the above, while at the same time avoiding the more extreme peculiarities associated with special districts. It must be said, however, that some partiality has been shown for Northern forms, as was to be expected indeed from writers who themselves hail from the North. An offset to this has been provided, however, by a large number of specimens of Scots dialects written in the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association—an alphabet which is very fully explained and illustrated in its relationship to Lowland Scots, in the first fifty pages of the book. These specimens comprise selections from at least a score of celebrated writers, past and present, including Burns and Scott, Allan Ramsay, Robert Fergusson, Galt, Hogg, Susan Ferrier, "Delta" Moir, George Macdonald, Ian Maclaren; and the modern authors, Logie Robertson, Joseph Laing Waugh, J. J. Bell, and Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman"). The best of the ancient ballads and songs form also an interesting conspectus of phonetic transcription, and cannot but prove exceedingly helpful to all students of the subject. It may be pointed out that the example of Southern Scots extracted from Sir J. A. H. Murray's classical monograph on the "Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland" is not now found in Teviotdale, but, curiously enough, in Liddesdale, with which Murray does not treat. In some respects, from a dialectical point of view, this is the gem of the book, though by only a native



From Kashmir in Sunlight and Shade (*Seeley, Service*).

FOUR LADIES OF LADAKH.

perhaps can it be best appreciated.

Within recent years Scottish literature and history have been experiencing a steady revival both in England and America. One of the main difficulties has been the question of pronunciation and intonation. Except Murray's book there is probably no other which expiscates the matter so thoroughly as the book under notice. For all who desire to possess a perfect knowledge of that *lingua Scotica* which has enshrined itself in so much that is immortal of the world's literature, or for those who seek to interest others therein, or to train them as reciters and prelectors of the Doric, this manual is indispensable. It appears at an opportune time, and it deserves a wide recognition.

W. S. CROCKETT.



From Chapters from Childhood, By Mrs. Juliet M. Soskice (*Selwyn & Blount*).

MRS. FORD MADOX-BROWN. After a pencil drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

CHAPTERS FROM CHILDHOOD.

By JULIET M. SOSKICE. 10s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mrs. Juliet M. Soskice, being the granddaughter of the late Ford Madox-Brown, daughter of Mrs. Francis Hueffer, and niece of William Michael Rossetti, could not be otherwise than interesting in her reminiscences of childhood's days. As Mr. A. G. Gardiner says in his foreword, "to have lived in the Rossetti circle was to have an introduction to life of a quality that falls to few," and it might almost be termed a duty to literature and art to recall those wonderfully full years. The author has wisely chosen to frame her memories and word-pictures with perfect simplicity, the child's eyes, and not the adult mind, being the medium through which everything is seen; though we suspect her of a considerable proportion of more than childlike penetration and criticism when she describes at some length, and with infectious humour, her visits to various spiritualist meetings in search of "something to believe in." A vein of irony, subtle and restrained, yet inherent, seems to come to the surface here and there throughout the book, and so far from objecting to it, we feel that it adds a piquancy which is undeniable. Her experiences at a convent school, and at school in Germany, are related in extraordinary detail, and almost every page contains this curious, provocative, ironic humour, so that the effect at times is really brilliant. To a great many readers, however, the most appealing part of the book will be the story of the earlier days, when she was constantly in touch with men and women who made literary and artistic history, seeing and knowing them intimately. For thus placing before us vivid pictures of her childhood we are grateful to Mrs. Soskice, and feel, at the same time, that stored in her memory there must be equally delightful records of the subsequent period of girlhood. Seven striking collotype illustrations add to the charm of the word-portraits.



From An Onlooker in France (*Williams & Norgate*).

"GOING HOME TO BE MARRIED."

IN DENIKIN'S RUSSIA AND THE CAUCASUS, 1919-1920.

By C. E. BECHHOFER. With an Introduction by A. E. ZIMMERN. 10s. 6d net. (Collins.)

This is a remarkable and unusually interesting book. It contains no "revolting revelations about the Bolshevists" manufactured for the great newspaper-reading public that wants to read about atrocities and is therefore provided with atrocities to read about. It has nothing to do with reigns of terror in Petrograd or Moscow. It is the record of an independent person's adventures in South Russia, the Crimea, Armenia, Georgia and Baku during 1919 and 1920. Some of it is amusing, and some of it is tragic. The amusing parts are provided by the semi-civilised barbarians of remoter Europe; the tragic parts are provided by the great civilised nations of the West. At times we seem to be in the realm of comic opera with humorous comic opera generals and comic opera armies of two men and a drummer who come round and round with impressive regularity; but at times we seem to be assisting at a sordid and shameful tragedy with our noble selves figuring as the villains. Great Britain not only raised hopes that she made no attempt to fulfil, she gave definite pledges and deliberately broke them. It is not only Turkish hands that are red with Armenian blood. The British public does not like to hear about these things, and so is never told them. The nation that governs Ireland likes to be assured that she is the protector of the little nations; and so we cannot promise the author that his book will be popular as history, either here or in America. We are therefore compelled to recommend it as a mingled yarn of travel and adventure, full of fascinating detail and exciting incident and illustrated by some wonderfully clear maps.

COMRADES EVER.

By ESCOTT LYNN. 6s. (Chambers.)

A stirring tale of adventures in German East Africa during the recent struggle for its possession cannot fail to absorb the attention of any normal boy, and as this book contains incidents taken from the diary of one who went through that campaign it has the added fascination of a basis of actual fact. The night attack on the big estate by frenzied natives, the plucky defence by the surrounded Europeans and their followers, and the escape from the burning house into the bush, form an episode of thrilling excitement; but there are several others in the book, and in some of them the tragic realities of war are emphasised. The author has shaped his material into a well-wrought and fascinating story, and the illustrations by Percy Tarrant have caught the spirit of it completely.



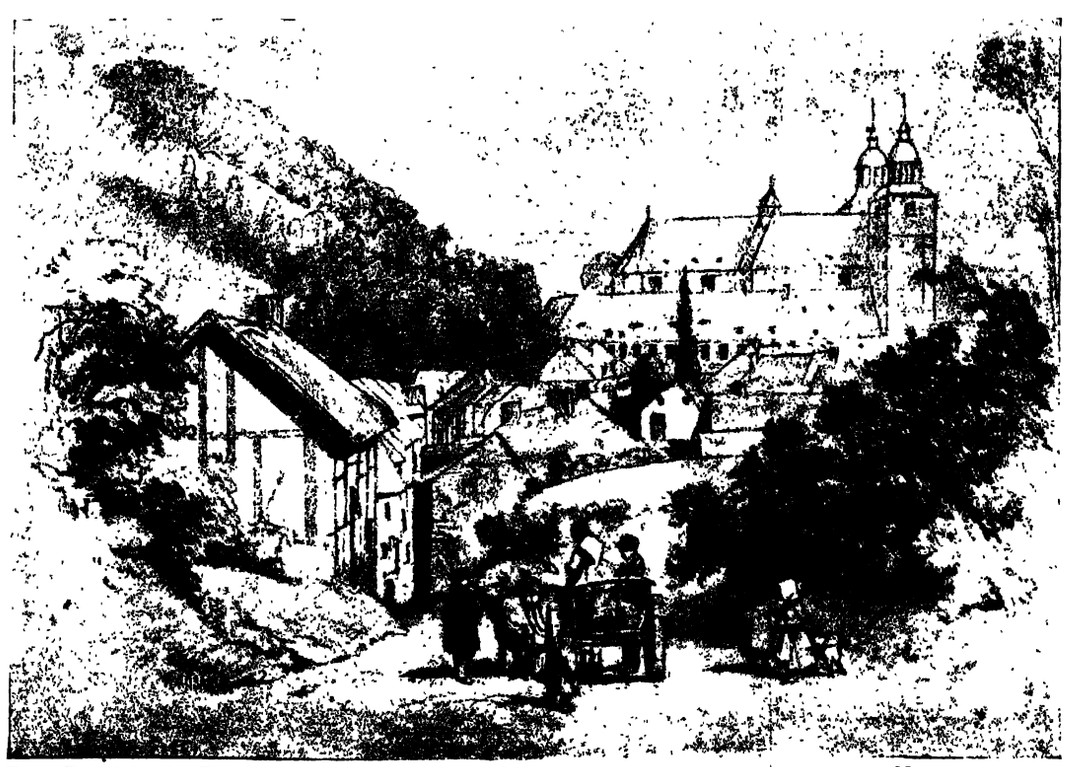
From Edward Prince of Wales, By G. Ivy Sanders (*Nisbet*).

THE PRINCE AGED TWO MONTHS. From an original drawing by the Duchess of Rutland.

TRAVEL IN THE TWO LAST CENTURIES OF THREE GENERATIONS.

Edited by S. R. ROGET, M.A. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)

It was an excellent idea of the editor and part author of this book to collect from family papers, dating back to the era of sailing ships and oil lamps, records of travel at home and on the Continent. We are so accustomed to "pop across" to Paris in a few hours, to take through express trains from Ostend to Constantinople, to "run over" to New York in a few days, to breakfast in London and dine in Newcastle or Edinburgh, that we are apt to lose sight of the difficulties which surrounded a journey even from London to the north a hundred years or less ago. The records here so judiciously preserved include, among others, a journey from Lausanne to London in 1783; from London to Geneva, through Paris, in 1802; a tour on the Continent in 1844; and there are other extremely interesting chapters, one extending the account beyond the general boundaries and dealing with a tour in the United States in the year 1818. The illustrations are unconventional; some are from old pictures, others are reproductions of sketches by Mr. Roget's father; and a facsimile is given of the actual passport which enabled Dr. Roget to leave Geneva in 1803, when the English were detained and the good doctor had rather a strenuous time. The section entitled, "The Transition Period, 1820–40," is full of



From Travel in the Two Last Centuries of Three Generations (*Fisher Unwin*).

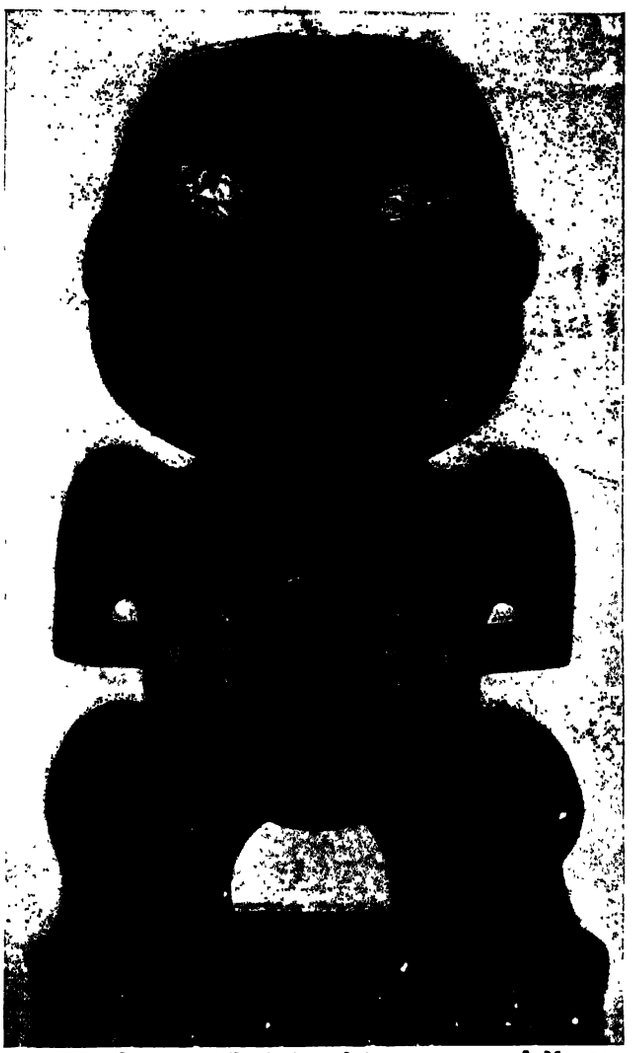
MALMEDY, 1851.

interest; we find the mention of travelling "by steam packet" in a "voyage" from Liverpool to the Isle of Man, and of a fourteen-hour crossing from Southampton to Havre. The book, in fact, is a fascinating treasury of the olden days, for which every reader will owe Mr. Roget a debt of gratitude; it is a happy idea, well carried through.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

By SUNITY DEVEE, MAHARANI OF COOCH BEHAR. 12s. net.
(John Murray.)

India is so much in the air just now that this intimate glimpse into the thoughts and actions of the daughter of a famous leader of Indian religion will be greatly in demand by all who wish to know more of that unsettled corner of the Empire. The Princess writes with evident anxiety to make her meanings clear to English readers, taking pains to explain any obscurity, so that her book, as a study of Indian life, will appeal even to the most casual student of Eastern affairs. Her accounts of the struggles against "caste," of the development of the Brahmo-Somaj creed, of social functions, of her travels, and personal experiences at home and abroad, make extremely interesting reading. Especially curious is the docile attitude of the Indian wife to her husband; and the description of the betrothal and marriage of the Princess indicate the wide differences that divide the East from the West. But it is just these differences that make the autobiography the fascinating document it is.



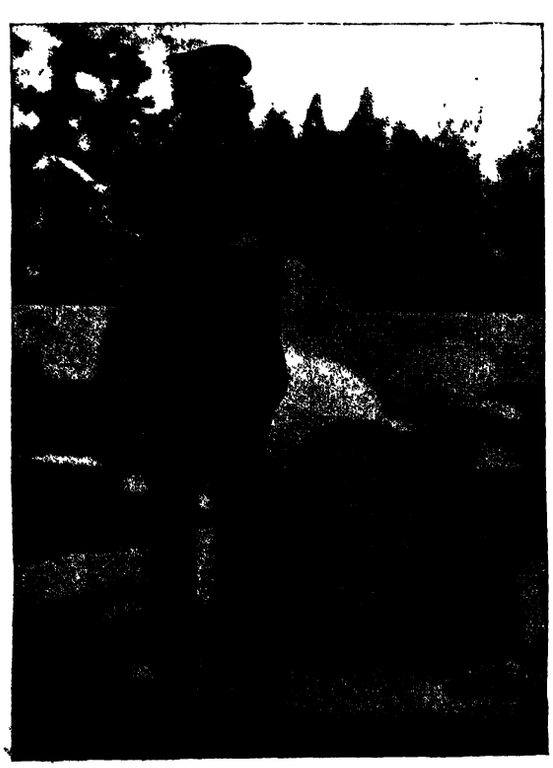
A MAORI TALISMAN.

From The Origin and Evolution of the Human Race
By Albert Churchward
(*Allen & Unwin*)

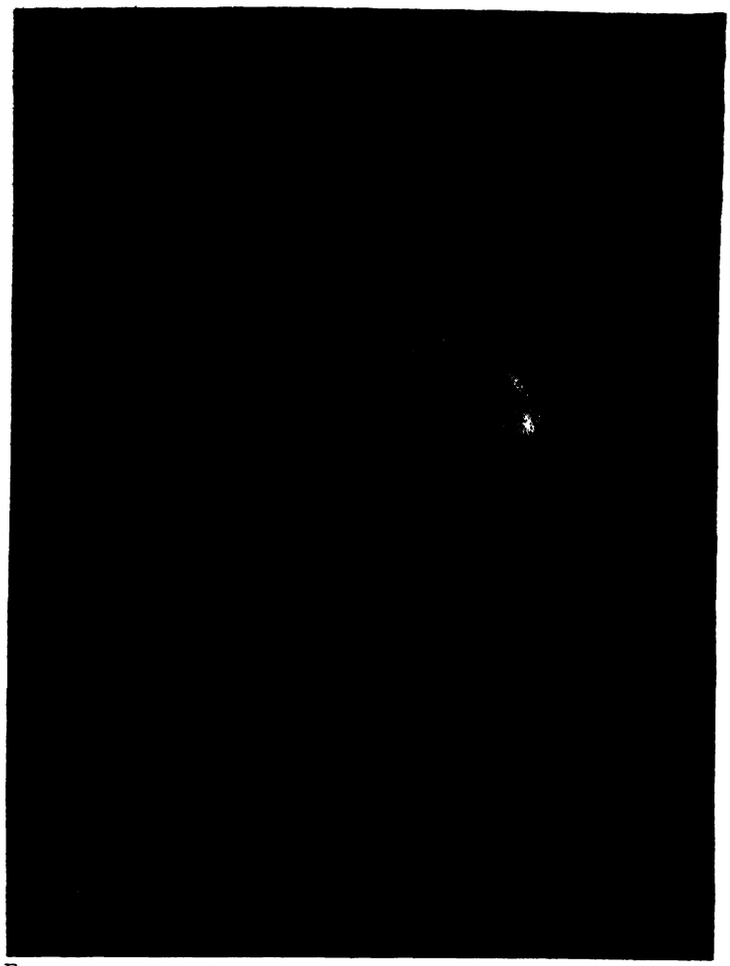
THE ENGLISH DOMINICANS.

By BEDE JARRETT, O.P. 18s. net.
(Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

We are told that St. Dominic was the first to establish a Religious Order in the modern sense of the term, meaning an organised society, "divided nationally into provinces," having each of them their own assemblies, but with a central chapter, "wherein the whole Order met." The foundation of St. Dominic was approved by Pope Honorius III, on December 26th, 1216, and a General Chapter, held at Bologna in 1221, the founder himself presiding, set up a Province in England, which was established accordingly by Gilbert de Fresney, who became the first Provincial. He was accompanied on his mission by twelve other friar preachers. They reached Canterbury, and were presented to the Primate by Lord Peter des Roches, then Bishop of Winchester. Gilbert was ordered to preach before the archbishop, who was so edified that he promoted the Order and its work during all his episcopate. This is how the Dominican Order began in England, and the Very Rev. Bede Jarrett's volume contains its history, onward from that date, to the year 1916, when he himself, a *Lector in Sacra Theologia*, was chosen Provincial. In a few introductory lines he calls it a cursory survey and affirms that the fact will be apparent immediately to any "real student of history." It appeals to us as an excellent account, containing in its annotations all requisite materials for the few who may wish to carry the research further, but sufficient—as we should think—on its own merits for all practical purposes. It has the advantage moreover of being written in a simple and lucid style, while between the subject matter of the narrative and the mode of treatment, we are in possession of a living story, reminding us in this respect of that other excellent book, "The Cistercians in Yorkshire." Monastic life in England is an important subject, and those who enable us to know it better are doing good work. There are illustrations of historical interest, and the volume looks very well indeed; we wish only that the exigencies of printing had made it possible for the pages to be set closely.



From Working North from Patagonia
(*Fisher Unwin*)



From Pillars of the State (*Nisbet*). EARL GREY.

PILLARS OF THE STATE.

By HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM. 12s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

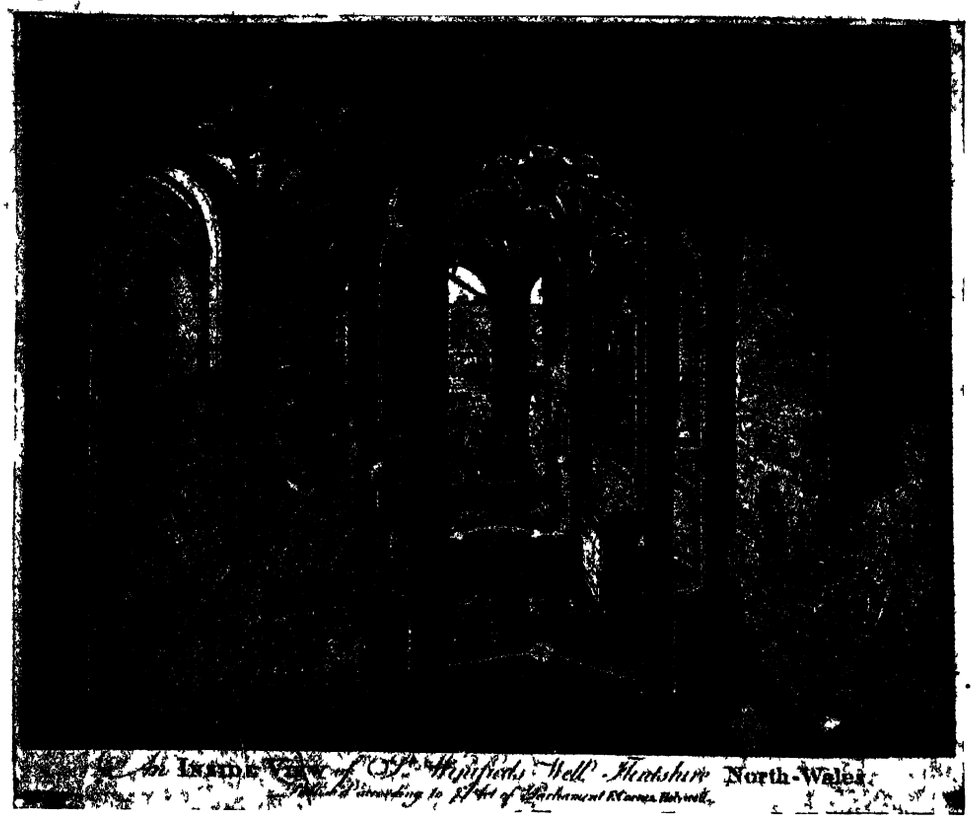
A gallery of contemporary portraiture is never easy to arrange. Even Hazlitt's masterpiece, "The Spirit of the Age," suffered from this fact, and his disposition prevented him from treating party men and public characters with anything like impartiality. It calls for a curious order of mind, to be interested in men as well as measures, to turn the cross-benches into a sort of barricade, and tackle the antagonists of both sides under the cross-fire of current politics. Few men have occupied this No Man's Land to better purpose than Mr. Sidebotham. He has done brilliant service in journalism, and this by virtue of a sound political equipment. He has mastered a keen and incisive style of his own, and he has reduced a talent for the picturesque aspect of things into a delicate and admirable turn of phrase. Since he left, Printing House Square has discovered no man who can equal him for distilling the essence of Parliament into a daily column, or condensing many hours of conflict and boredom and platitude into a sketch that can be read with enjoyment in ten minutes. The lobbyists, as he says in a preface on the Press Gallery, "wear for the most part a sad and anxious look," or else the in-and-out occupants of the boxes over the Speaker's Chair are kept so busy and attentive that they have no chance of cultivating any looks whatever, unless it is a look of annoyance at the poor acoustics of the House. But the third class, the sketch writers, to whom Mr. Sidebotham belongs, must be entertaining whether the debates are so or not; they must pluck interest and humour out of the jaws of dullness, and wear a super-phosphorescent sparkle when the rest of the world is dark. It seems easy for any facile expert in descriptive effects to furbish up for a morning paper the overnight antics of several hundred gentlemen engaged in a jig-saw puzzle of more or less veiled disagreement. But to do it properly the said expert must be versed in all pros and cons on most of the subjects of the day. He must be ready to readjust the balance when fallacies go unchecked, and round things off when the closure or some other rule has left a discussion hung in air. Above all he must be a master of Parliamentary diction, and never sink under the weight of it. In a word, he must translate back into terse and vivid English the proceedings of a chamber which prides itself on nothing more than its passion for clinging to an ancient vocabulary, and worrying a few Latinisms and abstractions like "policy," "programme" and "nationalisation." That way leads to ponderosity and office, perhaps, but it is the death of all interest, that is to say, outside the leading article. Sometimes Mr. Sidebotham is guilty of tying irreconcilable metaphors together in one sentence, as for instance when he says of Lord Reading: "Law to him was a



SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.
From Private to Field-Marshal (*Constable*).



From Northmost Australia Prospectors By R. Logan Jack (*Simpkin, Marshall*). PORTRAIT OF AUTHOR.



From Mary Davies and the Manor of Ebury (*Cassell*)

SAINT WINIFRED'S WELL.

fulcrum of affairs, and though his time had to, his mind never willingly consented to wear its fetters " Not even an eagle at Skibbereen could wear the fetters of a fulcrum with any sort of dignity, and the sentence requires re-writing But it is a rare event to catch our author napping like this

Our author's manifest success consists in his use of what the art critics call the " pointilliste " style, and he accumulates a number of deft dabs and touches until the portrait is complete Any observant reader of the papers could fill out a dozen pages about a leading politician by assembling current anecdotes from the " London Letter " the " Londoner's Diary " But Mr Sidebotham rarely descends to anecdote, his aim is to confine himself to traits and turns of character, and say nothing of any man which could be said of anybody else This means the closest possible observation and a long memory, and here he does not fail us He is very nearly right when he tries to compare the Lloyd George of twenty years ago and reconcile him with the Lloyd George of to-day.

" His agitation against the Boer War reflected the country-bred man's dislike of industrialism and of the power of the purse in politics (a sentiment visible also in the country towns of England at this time), and was the passionate protest from a small nation against overwhelming physical odds, not the expression of any theory about Imperial questions "

One cannot stow all history away in a paragraph, but this view omits the well-remembered fact that some of the worst enmity towards the Boer War came from Exeter Hall and the Fabian group, which were more metropolitan than provincial in their origin Otherwise, if there was any part of the kingdom more hostile to that campaign than either Wales or Ireland it was Scotland, and this chiefly from a sense of affinity between Presbyterianism and the Dutch Reformed version of Lutheranism. Enough of this. It is much more effective to be metaphoric than explanatory, and a few of our author's characteristic figures will illustrate this quality :

" His " (Mr. Lloyd George's) " gift of accommodation degenerates into ambiguity, his originality into a fitful tyranny and a system of personal rule. He is a hawk that can no longer swoop, but must flutter like a bat amongst the Tory rafters "

" Office he loves " (this of Mr Balfour) " not for the sake of exercising power, but for the feeling it gives him that he could exercise power if he chose to do so In fact, he no more influences the policy of the Coalition than Jonah steered the whale "

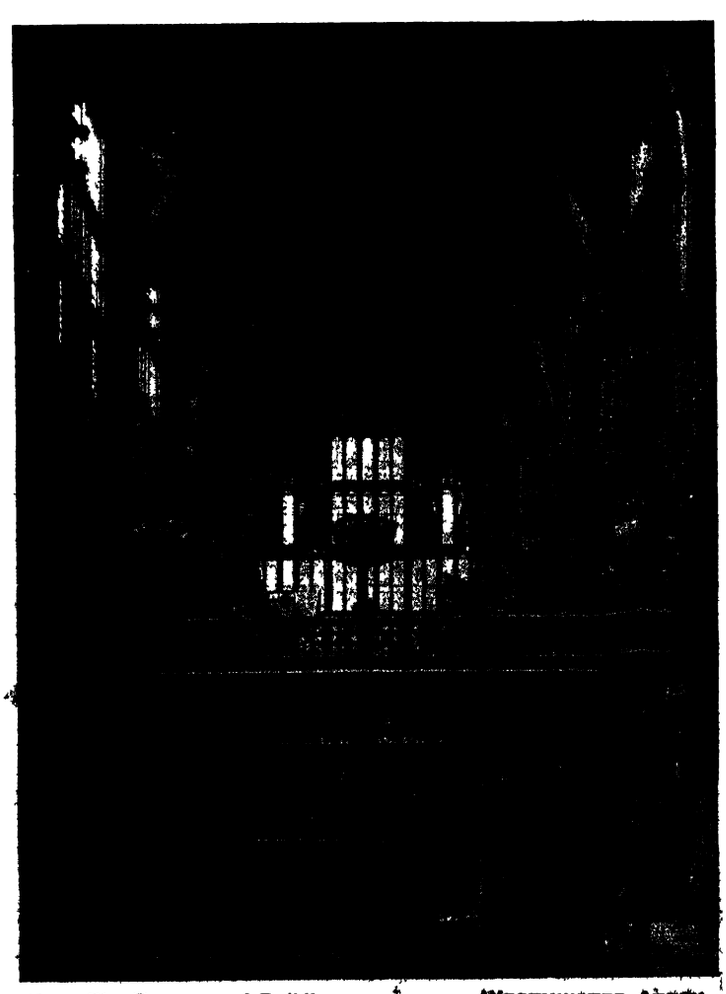
" He " (Lord Curzon) " has never quite got rid of the durbar manner He is heard at his best in the House of Lords, but even that is liable at any moment to become a gilded howdah swaying in time with his stately head "

" Power is in the man himself, not in his office, and in a sense, Mr Asquith has just as much (and just as little) power now as when he was Prime Minister "

Wherever he is " (Mr. Churchill) " there is his party He is even more dangerous as an enemy than as a friend "

(Mr Austen Chamberlain is) " the best representative among politicians of the Civil Service mind "

(Lady Astor) " has the simple, direct logic that gets things done . The man is for ever balancing alternatives It was Lady Macbeth who said: 'Give me the daggers ' Lady Astor



From The Romance of Building (*Philip & Son*).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. HENRY VII'S CHAPEL.
(Copyright, Valentine)

is like that when she is denouncing the liquor trade."

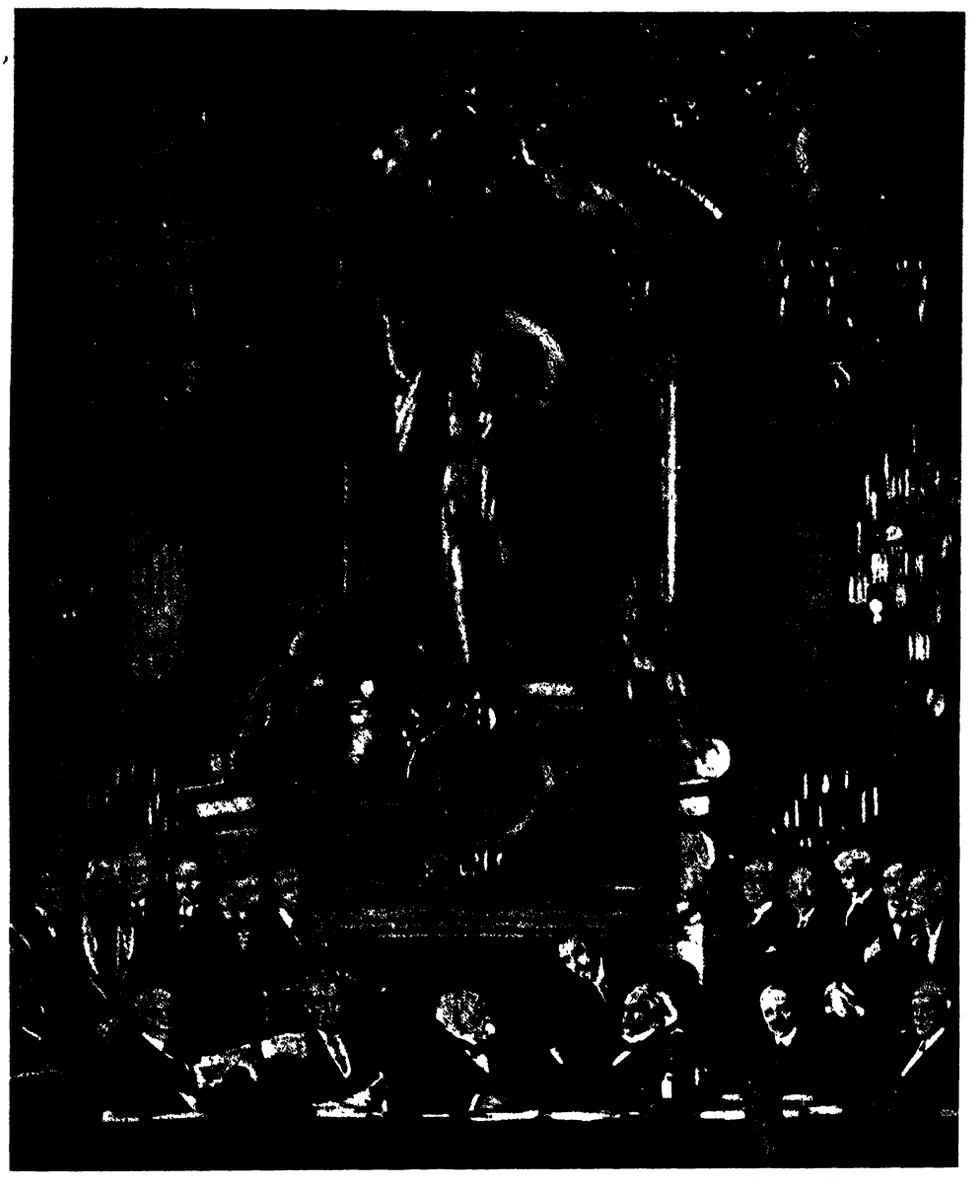
Anyone can see and feel that these are not chance flukes. They reveal accurate knowledge, close reflection, perception of the kind of message that will "carry." And the result is that since Mr. Gardiner's books of character-sketches years ago we have had many imitations, but few till the present so full of pithy things that are sure to be quoted far and wide.

J. P. COLLINS.

GERARD'S SCOTTISH ADVENTURES.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE. 6s. (Black.)

In the *Boy's Own Paper*, more years ago than we care to mention, the stories of Ascott R. Hope were a feature to be watched for with unfailing anticipation; and here, with his never-weakening skill, he delights the youth of another generation. Gerard Lumsley's time at Kippenkeith gave him some useful experiences, and enabled him to draw many contrasts between English and Scottish ways; some of the descriptions of life in the old-fashioned, strict household of his Uncle James are very amusing in a quiet way. Unintentionally, poor Gerard gets into trouble through going for a walk and having a bathe on Sunday morning. "I am not strict," says his Aunt Joanna; "I don't say it is wrong to take a quiet turn in the afternoon, the length of the cemetery; but in this country we don't go about amusing ourselves on Sabbath before breakfast." And, although the boy managed to enjoy himself fairly well, it must have been a relief to get clear, and to hear the great news that after all his father had not been lost in H.M.S. *Thunderbolt*. The dramatic meeting of father and son is an excellent finish to a good story.



From An Onlooker in France (*Williams & Norgate*).

A MEETING OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

THE ROMANCE OF BUILDING.

By ALLEN S. WALKER. 3s. 6d. (Philip.)

The "New Era Library," a series of which this book is one of the most recent, is designed to meet the demand for educational works on special subjects which shall introduce the reader pleasantly to the main and easily-grasped principles, while not wearying him with much technical or advanced detail. Under the modest title of "The Romance of Building," Mr. Walker gives a most competent little treatise on the evolution of architecture and the essential reasons why certain styles are suitable to certain countries or natural to particular districts. Many of us admire a cathedral, a church or a famous building without knowing why, without being able to give definite grounds for the faith we hold that the architectural effect is beautiful and pleasing. With this book as a guide we shall not be at a loss when on our travels we are confronted by celebrated specimens of architecture, and the pleasure given by the cathedrals, castles or churches with which England is so richly endowed will be doubled. The volume is well illustrated with photographs and sketches, which add to its usefulness.



From The West Riding of Yorkshire (*Cambridge University Press*).

FOUNTAINS HALL.

THE HEART OF THE WEST.

By Arthur L Salmon Illustrated by Fred Adcock
8s. 6d (Robert Scott)

To the artist the appeal of the West Country is a never-failing source of inspiration, and when author and artist combine sympathetically in description and illustration the result is bound to be a book of value from every point of view Mr Fred Adcock's drawings have caught the spirit of the western scenes admirably, and though the district covered by the book is fairly well known to many holiday-makers, fresh and interesting knowledge of the archæological treasures of the localities visited is added, and all who contemplate spending any time in England s loveliest corner should read and enjoy the work of these two artist travellers For both are artists, and both interpreters of beauty, each in his way.

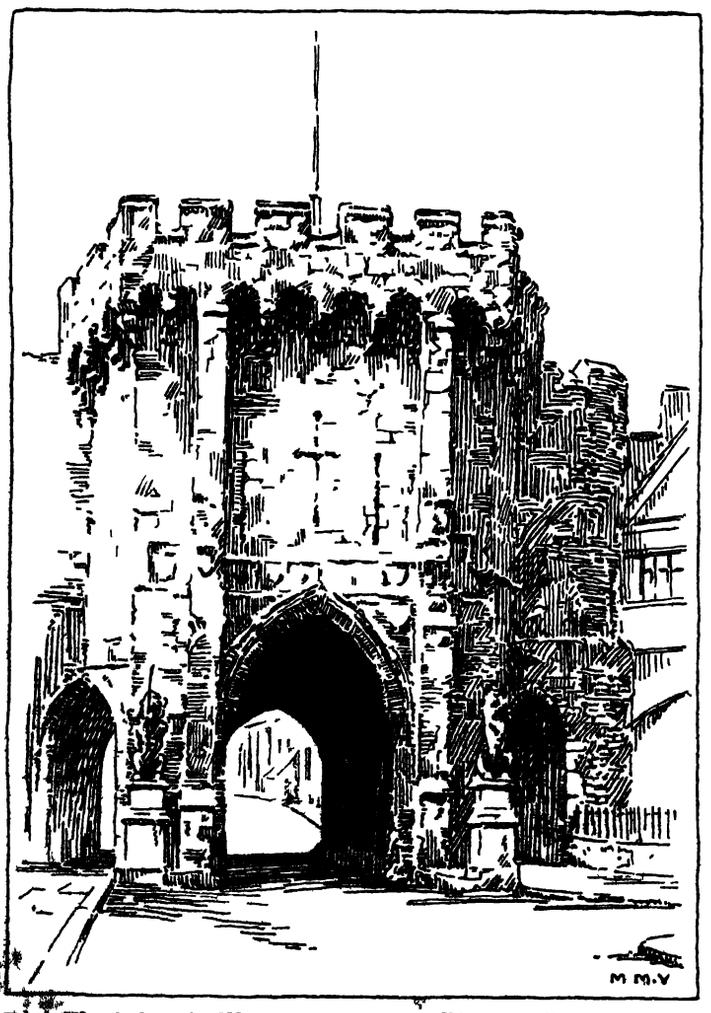


From The Heart of the West (*Robert Scott*) EAST GATE, TOTNES.

WANDERINGS IN WESSEX

By Edric Holmes Illustrated by Margaret Vigers
8s. 6d (Robert Scott)

"Wessex" is a comprehensive term, and though Mr Thomas Hardy did not invent it or discover the country so named, many people probably think he did, and it is inevitably associated with him These "wanderings" take the reader through some of England's most beautiful by-ways, and the pen-and-ink sketches by Miss Margaret Vigers are admirably calculated to enhance the appreciation of the visitor who has an eye for the charm of the country-side Nothing of interest is forgotten, and many new things are brought to light The book is not merely a picture-book, but is a valuable addition to the shelf of the library devoted to home travel



From Wanderings in Wessex (*Robert Scott*). BARGATE, SOUTHAMPTON.

THE HOME OF FADELESS SPLENDOUR: PALESTINE OF TO-DAY.

By George Napier Whittingham
24s (Hutchinson)

After the passing of twenty centuries, as the author of this book points out, there is little change to be noted in the habits and customs of the East "Nothing in Palestine has really changed", yet in 1912 the journey from Cairo to Jerusalem occupied from eight to ten days, while to-day it takes from twelve to sixteen hours, and in a few years, for all we know, may be done much more speedily by aeroplane Still the title of "the changeless East" maintains its good reason, and as we follow the author, with the help of the exceptionally beautiful illustrations, through his careful descriptions of the many classic centres of interest in the Holy Land, we can almost realise his own thrills of pleasure The etchings are by Mr. B. C. Boulter, and there are eight plates in colour by Mr. Stanley Inchbold; both of these artists have caught the spirit and atmosphere, the effect of sunlight, the vague note of the whole country, with great success. There will be many visitors to Palestine in the near future; we should recommend them to steep themselves in the story of the land as given here, as a preparation for the journey that will double their enjoyment.

THOMAS SMITH'S DIARY OF A HUNTSMAN.

With an Introduction by Lord Willoughby de Broke. 21s. (Arnold.)

Published in the second year of Queen Victoria's reign, this book is still a practical treatise on the science of fox-hunting, allowing for certain fads and enthusiasms which are now out of date. In the present edition, beautifully produced and printed, and adorned with coloured plates after rare prints and original paintings, the non-hunting reader will find much to enjoy, while the follower of the hounds should revel in the descriptions and instructions. It is a pleasure simply to look at the reproductions of old prints by contemporary artists, with their exquisite colouring, wonderful detail, and effects of distance; the whole book, in fact, is an artistic setting to the fame of a huntsman of the olden time, and Lord Willoughby de Broke's introduction provides an illuminating biographical and critical summary.



From The Countryman's Log Book (*Jonathan Cape*). THE BELLMAN.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S LOG-BOOK.

By Viscountess Wolseley. 15s. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

Much industry and not a little discrimination have gone to the garnering of this extensive collection of old rural sayings and ancient customs, and the author's illuminating comment on her subject-matter discloses the knowledge of a practical husbandman, as well as a heartfelt wish to do justice to the sturdy founders of our English farms and homesteads. "In these pages," she explains, "I have endeavoured to bring together only those sayings and doings of the countryfolk that bear upon the land. Many books record the customs that existed in towns, but none, so far as I am aware, have dealt solely with the hopes, the pleasures and the superstitions of the yeoman." All who are stirred by the traditions of the farm and country-side will want to possess this delightful book.

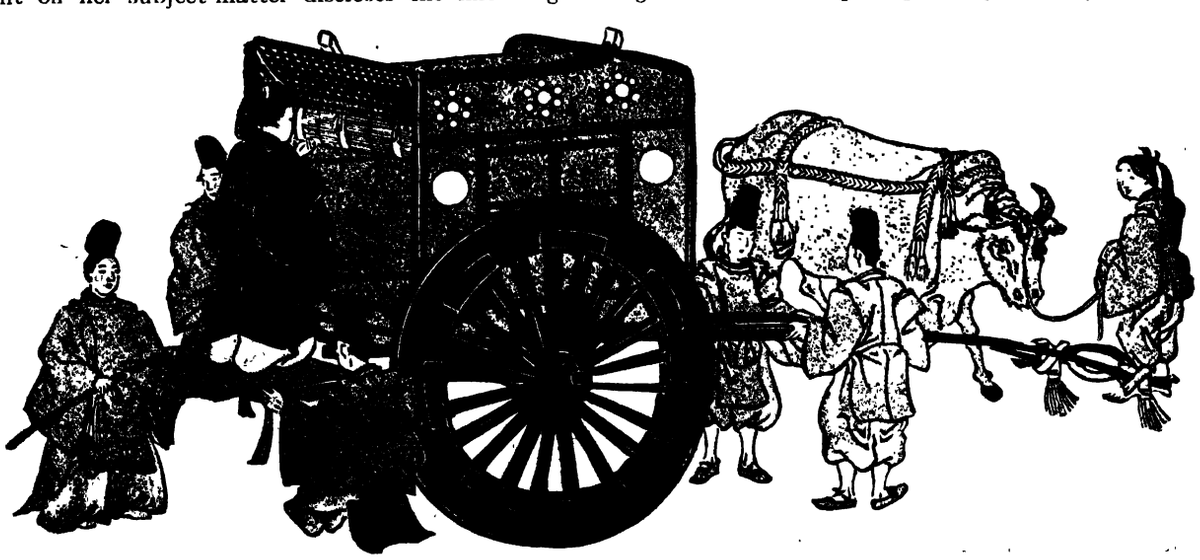


From The Great White South (*Duckworth*). THE CEREMONY OF CHANGING GUARD.

DIARIES OF COURT LADIES OF OLD JAPAN.

Translated by Annie Shepley Omori and Kochi Doi. 21s. (Constable.)

As through windows of delicately-tinted glass, we look through these intimate records at the life of Japan nine hundred years ago. It is a most fascinating, varied picture, showing a period when poetry and art were an inseparable part of the intercourse of the people—a period when in this country we might have been termed semi-savage, almost barbarian, compared with the daintiness and beauty so carefully cultivated in the Mikado's empire. Miss Amy Lowell contributes an introduction, also, we assume, the foot-notes, without which half the pleasure of the diaries would vanish for lack of understanding the many allusive phrases, the little poems that are like a breath of perfume in a summer's night. As a record of ancient customs and manners the book is valuable; as a romance of life in past ages it is full of surprising beauty.



From Court Ladies of Japan (*Constable*). A NOBLEMAN'S CARRIAGE.

PROPHETS IN ISRAEL AND JUDAH.

By E. B. TRIST. 4s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

DAVID.

By E. B. TRIST. 1s. 9d. (S.P.C.K).

These are two Sunday picture-books for children. In "Fore-Runners of Christ" (surely rather a difficult title for the young) we have what appears to be three different books bound together, making quite an acceptable volume. We begin with "Prophets in Israel and Judah," pass on to "Elijah," and end up with "Kings of Israel and Judah." There are some brightly coloured illustrations, such as children love. "David" will help any Sunday School teacher; she has but to read it aloud to the class and show the pictures. There is a fine Goliath on the cover.



From Wanderings of a Naturalist (*Cassell*). GANNET AND YOUNG

THE WANDERINGS OF A NATURALIST.

By SETON GORDON, F.Z.S. With 70 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Cassell.)

The first chapter in this volume, "The Nesting of the Greenshank," reveals the admirable quality of Mr. Gordon's work. We are at once impressed by his genuine love for nature and natural history, by his patience, the keenness of his observation, his thoroughness and sincerity. Most of his wanderings have been among the hills and forests, over the cliffs and islands of the British Isles, and birds, fish, stags and plants claim his enthusiasm—but especially birds. The greenshanks of Mr. Gordon's first chapter were not easy to come by. Always shy, wary and suspicious, they call for all the care and patience that a true bird-lover can command, and the author had almost begun to despair of a chance for his camera, when at long last he found a hen greenshank sitting on her nest. "Although we were not more than six feet away the bird crouched flat and absolutely motionless on her eggs, relying on her wonderful protective colouring and evidently thinking she was invisible to our eyes." Mr. Gordon next day created a "hiding tent," but the greater part of the month of May was spent, with alternations of hope and fear as to the desertion of the eggs, before the wonderful photographs were procured which are reproduced in this volume. Another chapter which specially holds charm as well as information and description is "A Spring Day at the Haunt of the Grey Geese." But whether we are climbing snowy hills, or sitting beside brooding lakes, or sheltering in green corries, or crossing calm or broken waters in imagination in Mr. Gordon's volume, we are doing it in company with an inborn naturalist, not merely a nature-loving sentimentalist. And then the photographs! The collecting of them has been a labour of love; the result is a fine and valuable series of uncommon subjects which are generally beautiful pictures as well as nature studies.



From Fishing from the Earliest Times (*John Murray*).

FISH ON POMPEIAN MOSAIC (From O. Keller, Die Antike Tierwelt, Fig. 124).

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From Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age (*Batsford*).

A BREAK-WIND.

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By KNUD RASMUSSEN and W WORSTER 15s (Gyldendal)

The folk-lore of any land is interesting, and that of comparatively unknown countries particularly so, since by the study of songs and stories whose origins are lost in the deeps of time we can often gain a fairly accurate knowledge of habits and customs of past ages These folk-tales of the Eskimos of Greenland were collected from various parts of that unfamiliar country by Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, and have been edited and rendered into English by Mr W Worster They are of a peculiar character, being designed to pass the long period of darkness pleasantly and it is reckoned a triumph if the story-teller sends his hearers to sleep! Hence in some of them there seems no reason why they should come to an end, and ample room is allowed for elaboration and expansion. The names are troublesome for English readers, when we come across "Imarasugssuaq" and "Qalaganguasé," for instance, we suffer pangs in the attempt to pronounce them smoothly However, the interest of the story is there, all the same, and the pictures by native Eskimo artists induce shudders of horrified appreciation, they are so uncanny, some of them suggest, in fact, what a "slithy tove" *might* look like They are not drawn to illustrate any particular stories, but represent typical scenes and incidents, and show the "magic" or supernatural aspect of Eskimo beliefs very clearly In a most interesting introduction the editor explains the construction of these folk-tales, and states his method of rendering them into English.



From Eskimo Folk-Tales (*Gyldendal*)

ANGIUT, A HELPING SPIRIT.



From Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age (*Batsford*).

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SAINTS AND HEROES OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

By MURIEL O DAVIS 2s 6d. (Oxford University Press)

This small volume of 135 pages has for its aim "to tell the stories of the lives of some of the famous people who lived in Mediæval and Modern Times." The first in point of time and first in the book is Constantine the Great, who was proclaimed Emperor of the Roman world at York, and who in A D 330 transferred his capital from Rome to Byzantine, thenceforth known as Constantinople Then follows Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, who did so much for Italy in his rule from A D 493 to 526 Then Saint Benedict and his rule under which so many monasteries were governed, the Emperor Justinian, who had the Roman laws codified, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, the Emperor Henry IV and Pope Gregory VII, Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, Saint Francis of Assisi, Rienzi, Saint Catherine of Siena, Erasmus, Luther, Savonarola and Ignatius Loyola. It will be seen that Miss Davis has chosen her fifteen subjects out of a great number, but her choice is justified by the close sense of the continuity of history which is strongly displayed in her little book. Her narrative is concise, clear and sympathetic, and admirably does the book show "the importance of Empire and Papacy in mediæval times, and the central position of the Catholic Church in latter-day politics." A most excellent book for young students and enriched with particularly well-chosen illustrations.

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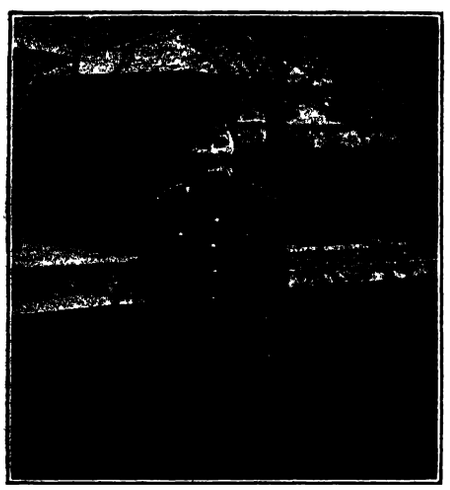
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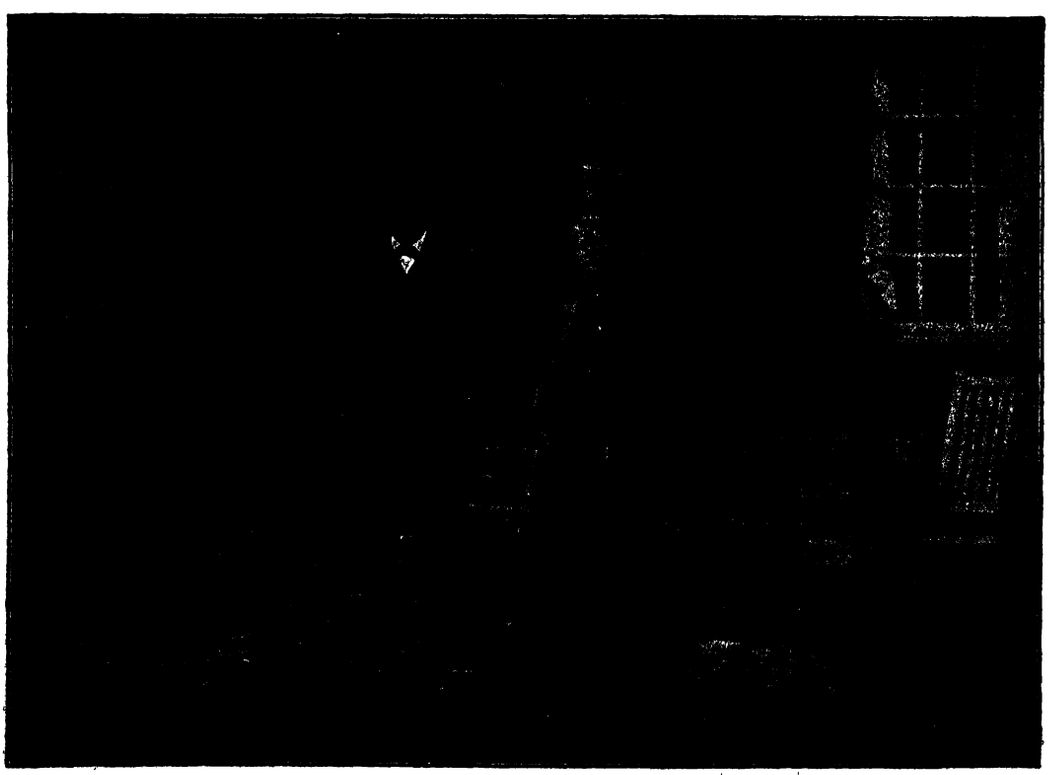
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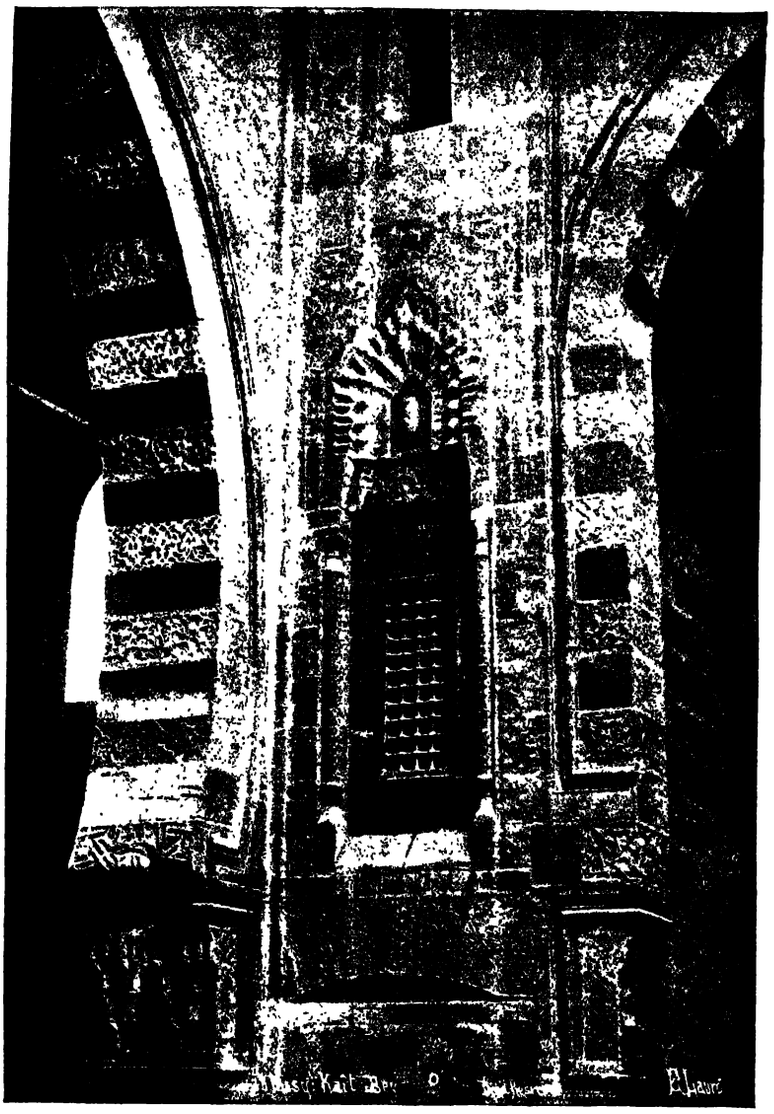
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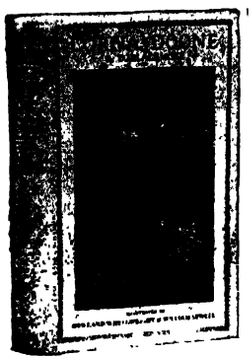
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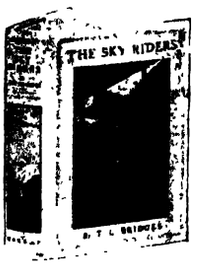
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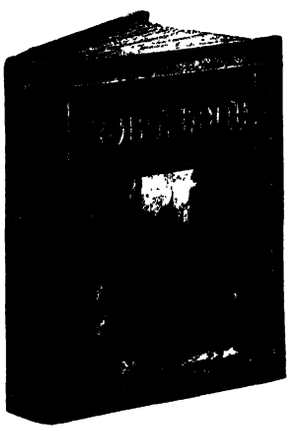
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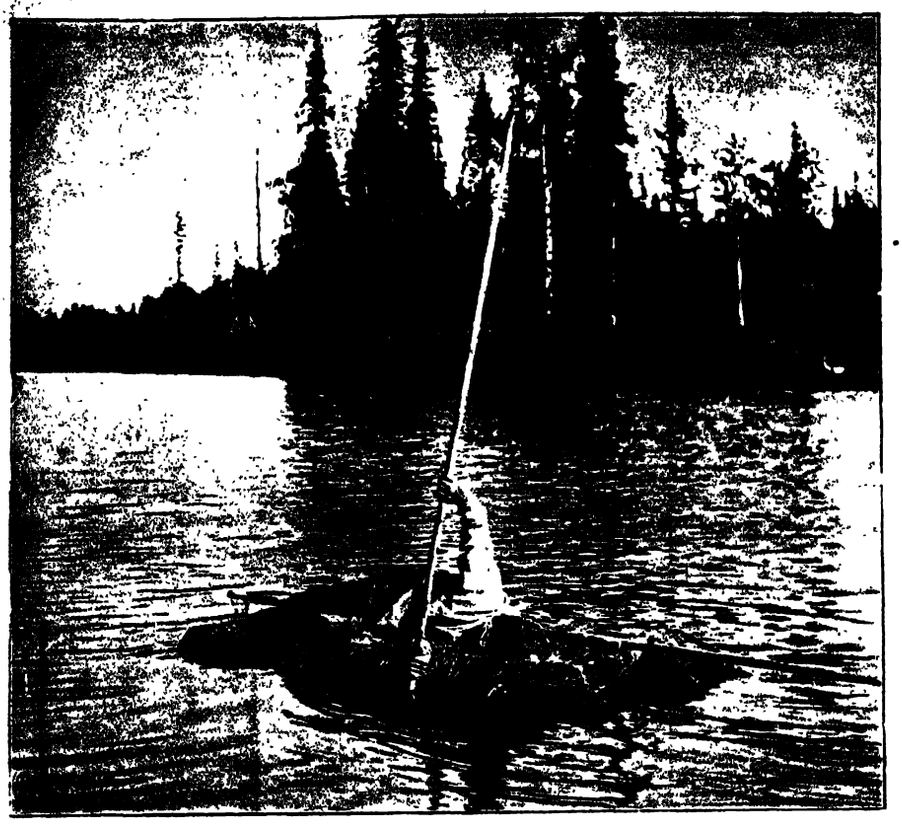
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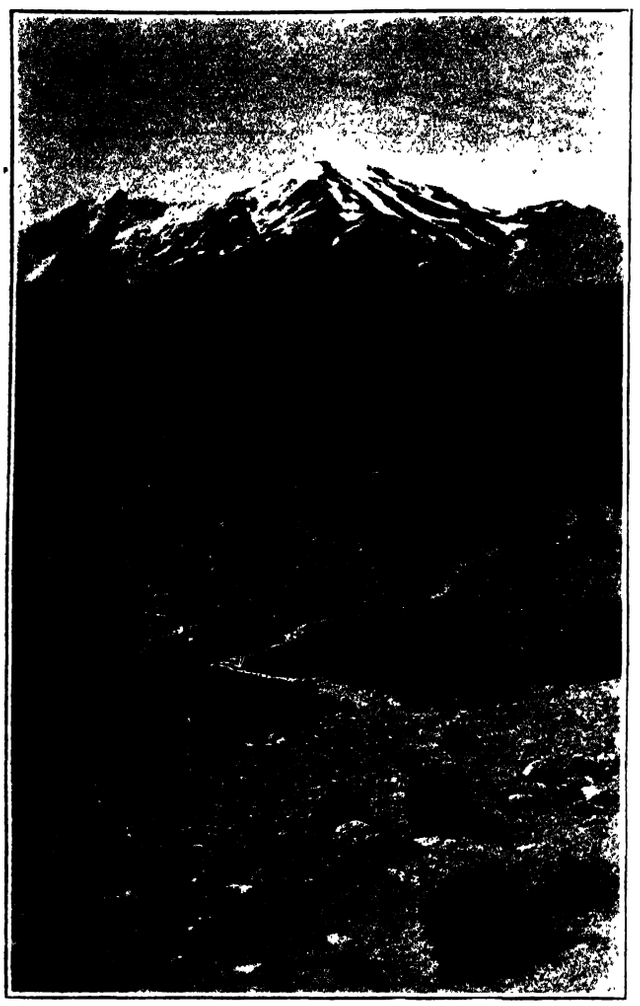
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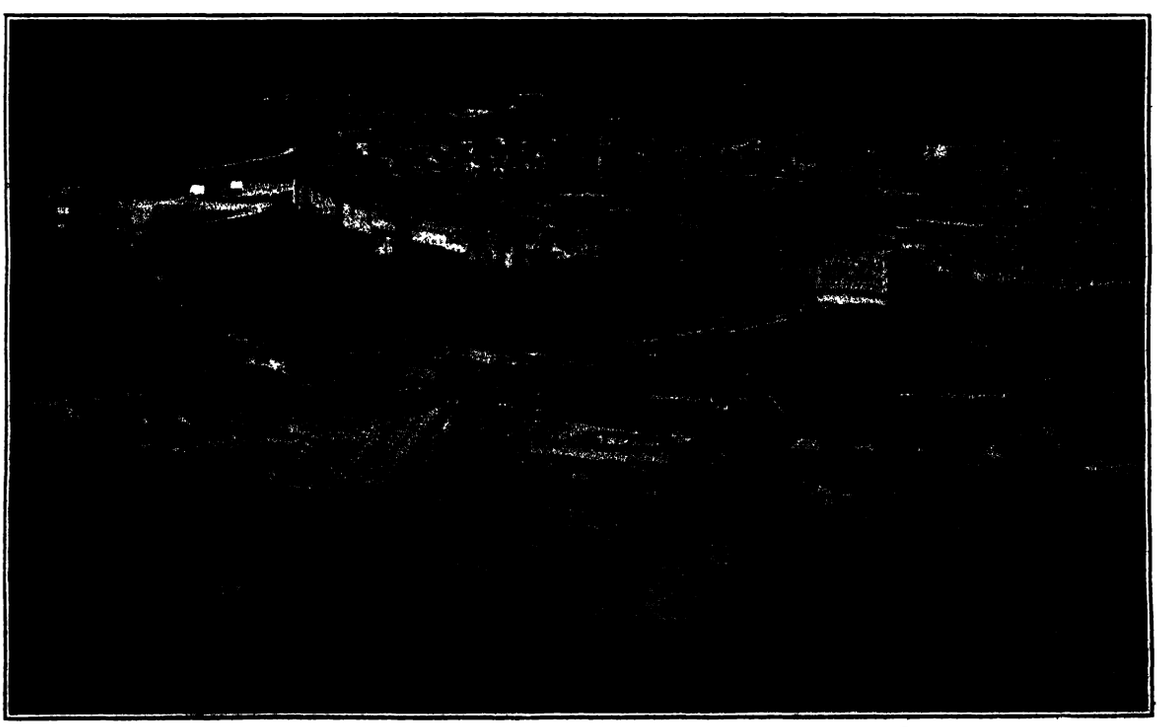


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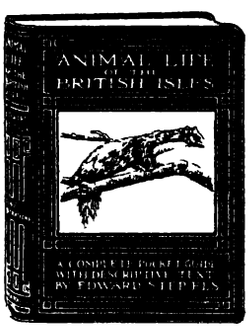
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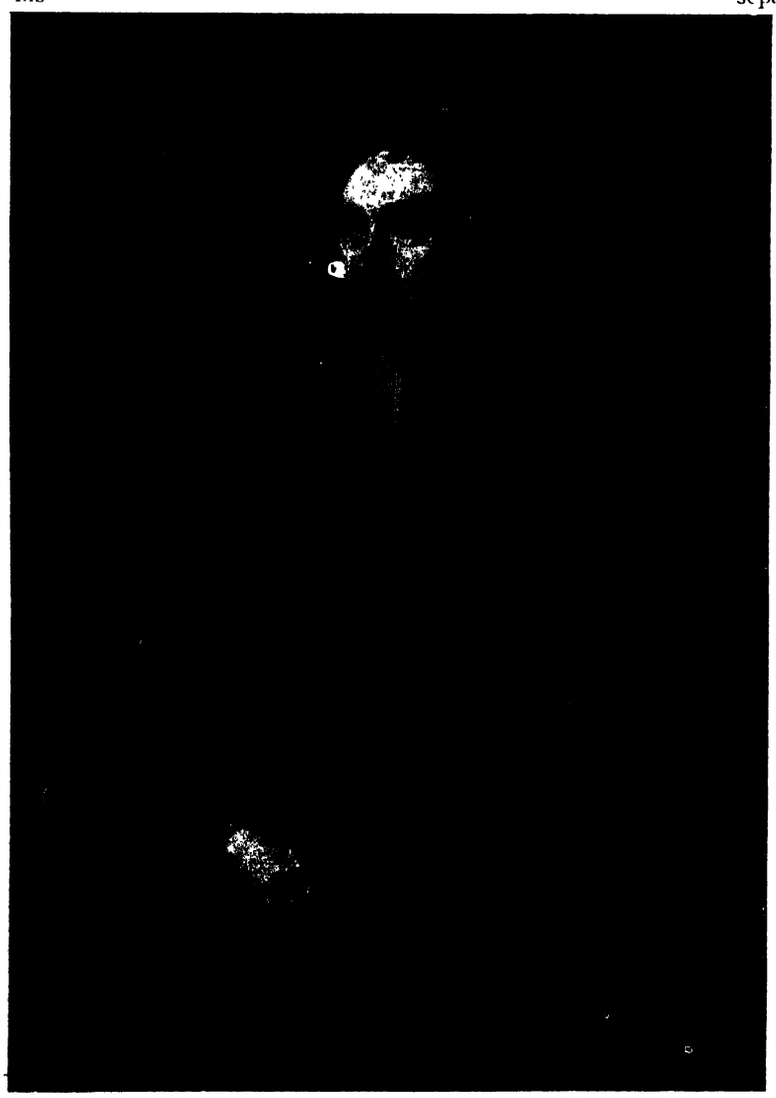
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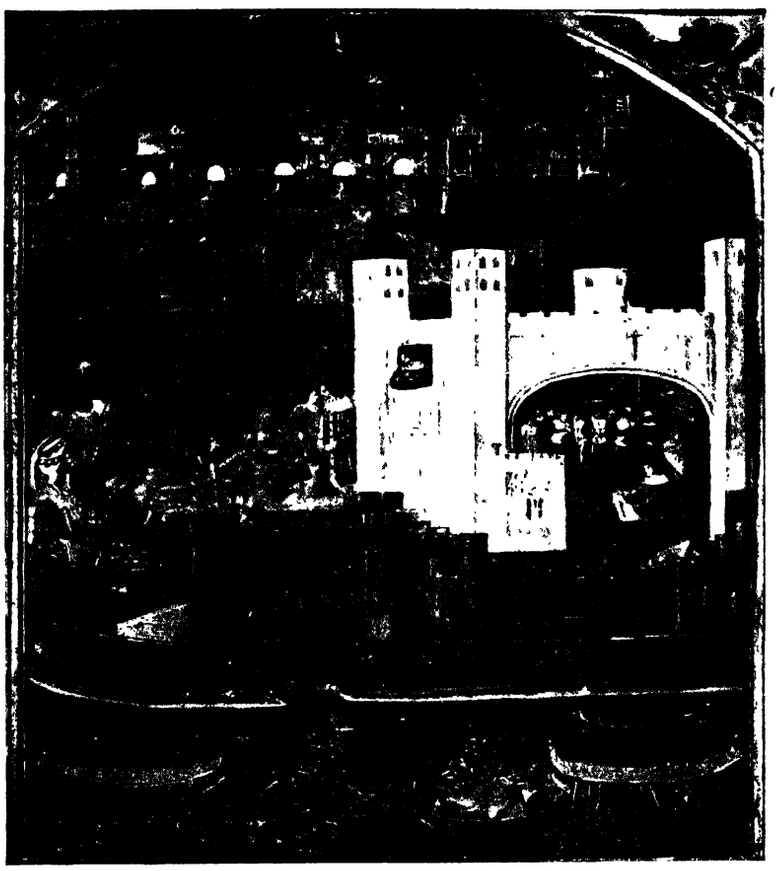
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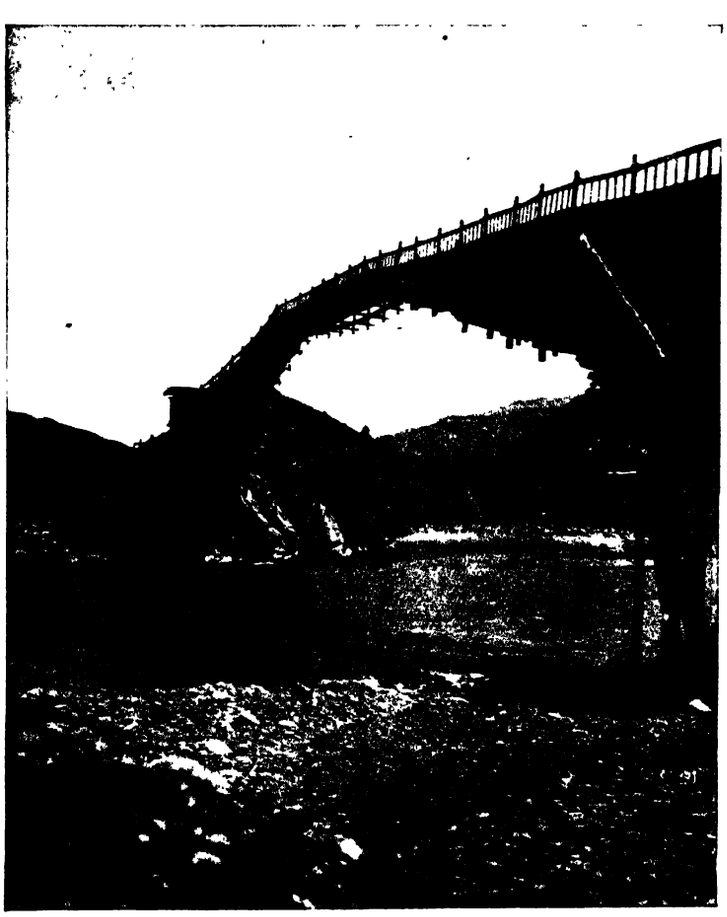
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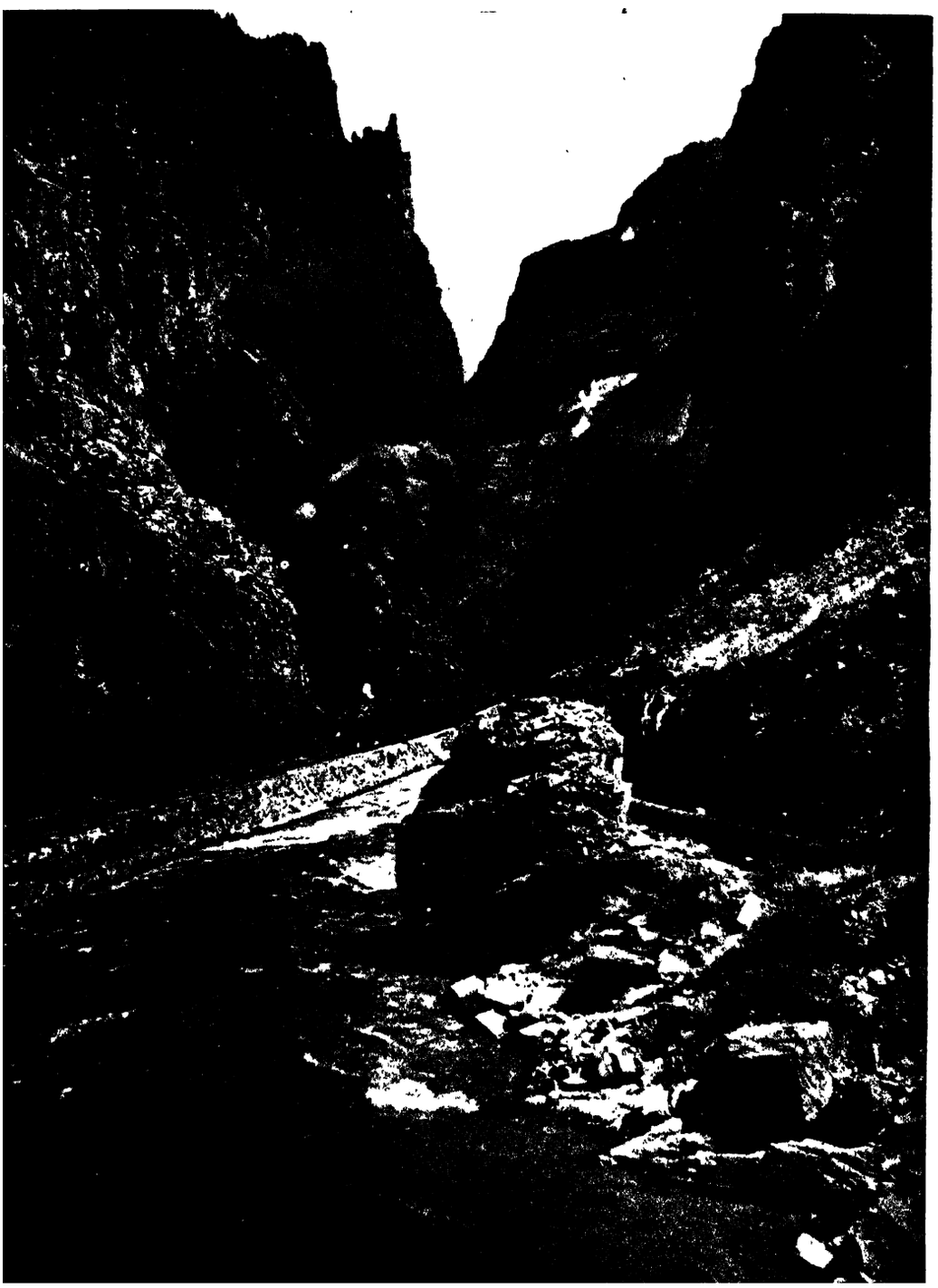
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Here we have a handsome new edition, printed on good paper in pleasant type We find ourselves that this novel is best without illustration; we do not know the artist who could present us with Jane as she dwells in the imagination; small, fiery, wistful Mr. Orr's pictures, when they are not of Jane, are very good; bold, quaint, and coloured richly, but the heroine on page 152 ("What," he exclaimed, 'are you quitting me already: and in that way?') is quite insipid, and on page 230, with Rochester talking about the purse, is not at all herself. Rochester, on the other hand, is full of character. Messrs. Harrap lay us under a debt of gratitude in giving us this new issue of the poignant story that cannot grow old. One has but to open it anywhere, and to read, and the compelling charm comes over one again, and the fascination of a style which was never diffuse. It is a great book about love, written by one who believed in it from first to last.

VENETIAN LOVERS AND OTHER STORIES.

By SIR PHILIP GIBBS 8s 6d net (Hutchinson)

Sir Philip Gibbs has won so much distinction in various fields of journalism that it was hardly to be expected that he should add to it success of the highest kind in fiction. To be quite frank, we do not think that he has achieved the unlikely. The eight stories which make up this book are full of good, solid work, but they all suggest that the author is working with a medium over which he has not as yet full mastery. This is chiefly noticeable perhaps in the way in which the stories tend to revert to the older fashion of indirect narrative, of the kind, say, that was fashionable as "Tales from Blackwood" nearly a century ago. The stories have this in common—that they all deal with post-war conditions in the countries chiefly involved in the war. Thus, for example, "A Château in Picardy" describes how social barriers were broken down by the war, and how a peasant hero was married to the lady of the château. One of the most successful stories describes poignantly the appalling poverty of the New Poor in Vienna. There is no doubt as to the general interest of the collection; many faults of technique can be overlooked in one who writes so vigorously and gives us the results of first-hand knowledge and observation.

TWO FROM MISS TIDDEMAN'S.

By E M CHANNON (Chambers.)

"People who don't believe in fairies," says Mrs. Channon, "will be able, perhaps, to find some other explanation of what happened to Tony and Enid." But even anyone who doesn't believe in fairies will be bound to admit that there must have been something strange about the box of ointment Tony and Enid discovered on their way home from school. Before then Enid had been a prim, artificial little girl, and Tony had been a rather disagreeable, self-centred little boy, yet directly after Enid had put a bit of the ointment on her tongue, to see if it was good to eat, and Tony had rubbed some in his eye, a wonderful change came over them Enid found herself compelled to say truthfully exactly what she thought, and Tony found himself able to see into the minds and feelings of others as he had never done before Most amazing things came of it, too—all sorts of people were made happy. Enid inherited a fortune, and Tony himself got his heart's desire; and it is quite possible that those who say they don't believe in fairies when they start reading, will alter their opinion by the time they reach the end of Mrs Channon's delightful book

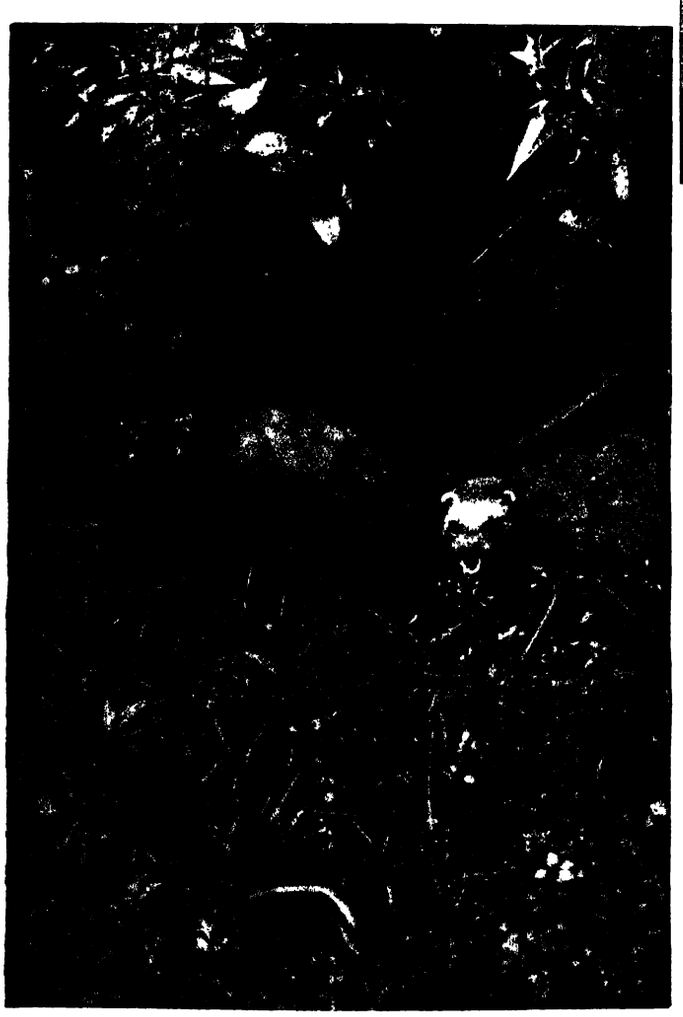


From Animal Life of the British Isles (*Warne*). FOX-CUB TAKING A PEEP AT THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

MIDDLE-CLASS.

By Sarah G. Millin.
7s. 6d. net. (Collins)

This is a clever study of a middle-class household in Johannesburg. Robert Wendover, the father, was of the type generally recognised as worthy but unsuccessful. He was careful and frugal, and it was the fetish of his life that one-fifth of his small income should be saved. It was altogether a somewhat grim and cheerless household, and matters did not improve when the son, Frank, whom they had sent to Cambridge, returned from the war and promptly handicapped his success at the Bar by a foolish and not very happy marriage. It was, however, on his sister, Tessa, that the largest share of the family gloom seemed to fall. When her chance of escape presented itself she seized it with unconventional promptitude, and when she came back from her holiday at Cape Town she presented herself to her astonished parents as Mrs. Robert Rivers, the wife of a notorious young labour agitator. The study of Rivers is the best thing in a book that is rather strong in characterisation, and gives us a very clever analysis of disguised egotism and selfishness. Rivers's ethics were of the most elastic description, and the fact that he had a wife in England troubled him but little till the secret was discovered. Circumstances in due time made Rivers a proprietor and speculator, and his radical tenets slipped from him like a mantle. It was characteristic of the two that while to Rivers prosperity and the death of his first wife seemed to make all things clear, to Tessa they brought revulsion and the determination to lead her own life.



From **Animal Life of the British Isles** (*Warne*).

POLECAT AT BAY.



From **British Insect Life** (*Laurie*).

GRASSHOPPERS.

THE HOUSE OF ADVENTURE.

By Warwick Deeping. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Two British privates were overtaken by the first great German onrush, and on the death of one of them, a poor friendless tramp, the other, a business man with an unfortunate past, resolved to lose his own identity by the simple expedient of exchanging discs. It was thus that Paul Brent died as an Englishman, and presently began life anew as Paul Rance. In a ruined French farm he was succoured by Manon Latour; but his relief was of short duration, for presently he was a captive in the hands of the Germans. In this respect Fate was kind to him for during his captivity he learned to talk French like a native, so that on his release he had no difficulty in posing as a Frenchman. But presently he found himself back in the ruined farm in Beaucourt, and soon he and Manon were working partners in the great enterprise of restoring the shattered buildings. In England Paul had been himself a builder, and all his energies and skill were called into requisition by the romance of his new circumstances. The best part of the book is a kind of Robinson Crusoe epic, describing how Paul triumphed over all the difficulties, and found among the litter and wreckage of war all that was necessary for the rebuilding of the House of Adventure. It was not done without opposition. There was the terrible and truculent Bibi, a brutal but capable speculator, who did not flinch even from attempted murder. The romance, however, ended happily after all, and Paul was accepted as a worthy naturalised Frenchman by no less a person than M. Clemenceau.



From Silver Prince, By C Leonard (*Appleton*).

"SUDDENLY THE MASS SURGED DOWN THE CANON"

THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE

By ADA BARNETT 7s 6d net (Allen & Unwin)

Spiritualism is playing a more and more prominent part in modern novels– spiritualism in its various phases Miss Barnett introduces it through the influence of a dead soldier around the farm house which has been his home and which he has loved in all its peace and beauty Ruth Seer, a spinster of forty coming into a fortune buys the farm-house, furniture and all and soon becomes sensible of the spirit pervading it She finds her mind harmonising with the mind of the dead man and is anxious not to desecrate the place that was so dear to him Dick Carey's scientific friend is disposed to scoff at Ruth's experiences at first, but gradually he comes to sympathise with then to share, her convictions The idea is full of fascination though perhaps handled with greater delicacy and charm in the earlier part of the book than later on We think some effect is lost by allowing Ruth to see the man's presence, not merely to feel it the apparition of Dick seems somehow to take from the wonder and realism In spite of this, it is a story of singular merit and grips the imagination To describe it as a novel without love interest would scarcely be accurate the story overflows with love in its widest interpretation love for all living creatures, all helpless things love of beauty, love of truth Miss Barnett has certainly achieved a story that should make a peculiar appeal in these times

AMONGST THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE GHETTO.

By ADOLPHUS RAYMOND and ANNA BUNIN
8s 6d
(Stanley Paul)

The reader who arrives successfully at the finish of this uncommon book will certainly deserve credit for plenty of perseverance if he has done so without several interludes, for steady perusal provokes a sense of monotony. Practically the whole of it is in the form of conversation, and the best method of dealing with it is to pick it up at odd times for a leisure quarter of an hour, so read, it will not lack entertainment 'Sketches drawn from life of the New Rich is the sub-title and we must assume that the authors know intimately the types of which they write but truth to tell they are a class of people with which the average reader will have little acquaintance That is all to the good, perhaps even though as a group they are not prepossessing Some of the names detract from reality such as Mrs Showoffski and Miss Bragger but the intimate revelation and discussion of Jewish customs and beliefs compensates for this It is a peculiar book neither novel nor story and if the authors could have condensed their material the effect would have been improved The final chapter depicts a general squabble between the unwearying conversationalists the result of which we gather will be commemorated in another book If the authors will accept a friendly hint this second set of records should be pulled together and more strongly knit to give a more satisfying impression



From The Mistress of Purity Gap (*Cassell*)

"DEREK SWUNG THE FELLOW OUT, DROPPING HIM TO THE GROUND."



From Dwifa's Curse (*Robert Scott*) THARG

THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS

By W. E. CULE 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

Though obviously written during the war "The House of the Ogress" in no way suffers on this account. Mr. George Morrow's illustrations would be anyway quite sufficient to destroy the memories of that unpleasant atmosphere. His soldiers indeed are regular Morrow soldiers who slope arms on the right shoulder and carry their rifles in a way which would make the average sergeant-major break a blood-vessel. But the best test of a child's story is whether or no children like it. We have submitted the "House of the Ogress" to this acid test and we know that the adventures of Will in her rescue of Boy Harold from the clutches of a designing gang of criminals was followed with breathless interest from the first chapter.

DIXIE OF THE COCK HOUSE

By KENT CARR. 5s. (Chambers.)

Since "A Dog With a Bad Name" and "The Master of the Shell"—titles that will awaken we hope a responsive memory in some old boys"—we have read few school tales to rival "Dixie of the Cock House." It is life in miniature, suspicion, the verdict of the crowd which accepts circumstantial evidence as infallible, and the courage of the few who feel rather than know, that the suspected one is innocent. That Dixie did not steal the missing pound-notes we are of course certain but things looked very black against him and though the head master backed him up he had a very bad time until the actual thief was discovered. The author is in the best traditions of Talbot Baines Reed and the artist Mr. J. H. Burgess has succeeded in making his schoolboys natural and lifelike.

DWIFA'S CURSE

By PETT WEST. (Robert Scott.)

The sub-title of this book is "A Tale of the Stone Age" and a capital title it is. Strip it of modern romance of all its trimmings of civilisation place its characters in prehistoric surroundings where instead of sitting in an office and taking a salary and buying his dinner a man had to bestir himself and kill something before he could eat, and might possibly be killed himself if he encountered an enemy, and you have the idea of the story. We cannot verify the author's conclusions by any known experiences but we have a notion that he is perfectly right in assuming that human nature is much the same in all ages. Tharg, the hero is a fine fellow and Vaia, his wife is a very lovable little woman and their adventures together when captured by another tribe are so well told that the book can hardly be set down unfinished. The tribal warfare, with its use



From Dwifa's Curse (*Robert Scott*) VAIA



From Starr Wood's The Snark's Annual (*Angolds*)

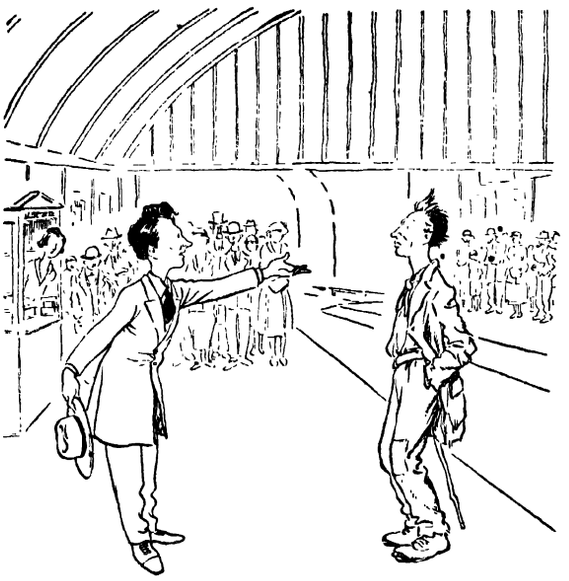
MRS HEN (REGARDING HER FIRST EGG) "OH DEAR, TO THINK THAT I SHOULD LIVE TO BE THE MOTHER OF A CRACKED CHILD"

of magic, its councils, sallies, invasions, and its fixed areas over which no other tribe could trespass or hunt with immunity, is described with the detail and reality of one who might actually have been present. Many excellent line illustrations give a suitable atmosphere to the book, some of them being remarkably sensitive and full of life.

PARODIES REGAINED.

By "Evoe" 5s. (Methuen.)

There is no need to tell readers of *Punch* that "Evoe" is one of the neatest and most brilliant of living parodists, and in "Parodies Regained" he has collected some of the best parodies he has written. He does not score in the easiest way, by imitating the superficial characteristic of his victim, but by catching the spirit and individuality of his verse, and literally translating their seriousness into humour. He does this with John Masefield in "Taffy the Fox"; with Vachell Lindsay in "The David Jazz"; with John Drinkwater in "Fidelities"; with W. B. Yeats in "The Deirdrenought"; and outrageously but exactly combines the distinctive moods and styles of Thomas Hardy and Alfred Noyes in "The Two Shepherds." No parodies in the book are cleverer or more amusing than "Spokes," which hits off the nonsensicalities of the new poetry to a nicety, and "The Rovers," which makes delightful play with the eccentricities of Ezra Pound and the charming simplicities of W. H. Davies. A witty and thoroughly joyous book, and the more joyous for the quaint, delightfully humorous illustrations of Mr. George Morrow.



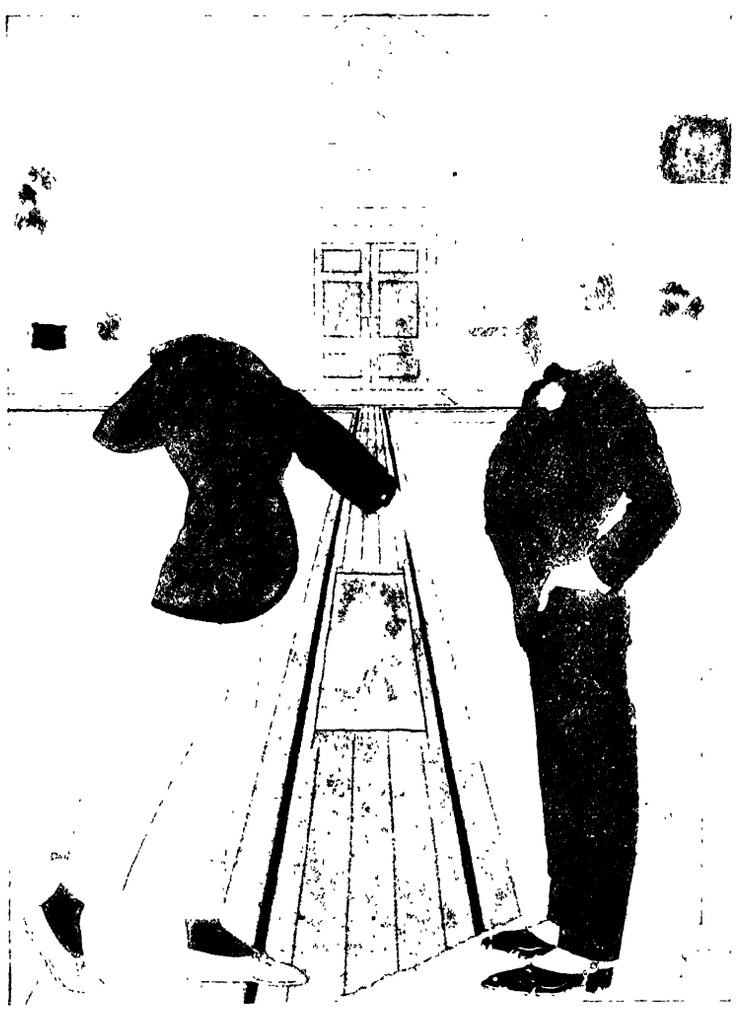
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From Nonsense Novels (*John Lane*).

"HENCEFORTH YOU ARE NO FATHER OF MINE. I WILL GET ANOTHER."

THE WHITE WOLF.

By Elmer Russell Gregor. 7s. (Appleton.)

The fascination of Red Indian life is one of the most potent spells that sway the imagination of all normal boys, and Mr. Gregor in this tale recounts the adventures of two young Delawares, Running Fox and his friend Spotted Deer. Running Fox at the early age of seventeen has won renown and high place in the village of which his father is chief, and when their hunting grounds are mysteriously swept clear of game and the tribe is forced to seek hospitality from a village of their kin, the youthful chief determines to stay behind and slay the White Medicine Wolf which, according to the village medicine man, is responsible for the loss of the game. Helped by Spotted Deer, who remains to share his friend's fortunes, Running Fox kills the wolf, rescues another of his friends from Shawnees, and after exciting encounters with their bitter enemies the Mohawks, all three reach their own people in triumph. Simple and straightforward as it is, the tale is a little naive, at times to a point that will challenge the incredulity of those keen young critics for whom it is meant. Boys are not gentle judges, but the old medicine man's story of how the Great White Medicine Wolf came to be the enemy of the Lenape tribe, and how the wolves and Indians fell from friendship to unending war, is not merely the best thing in the book, but is really very good indeed.

DANIEL O'CONNOR

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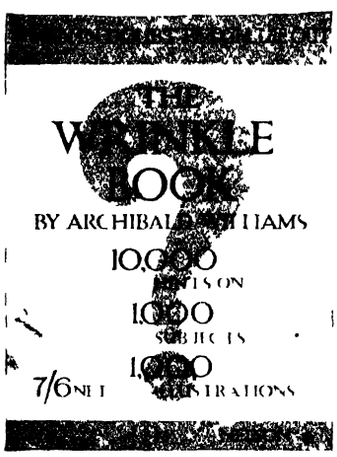
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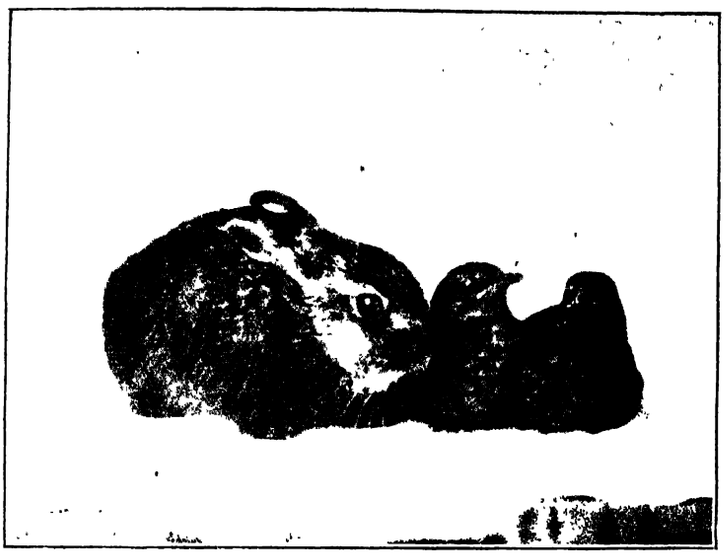
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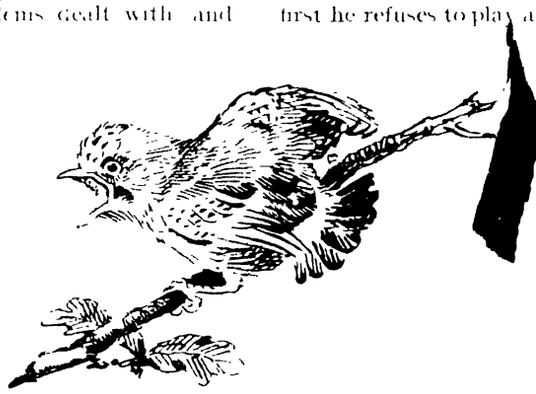
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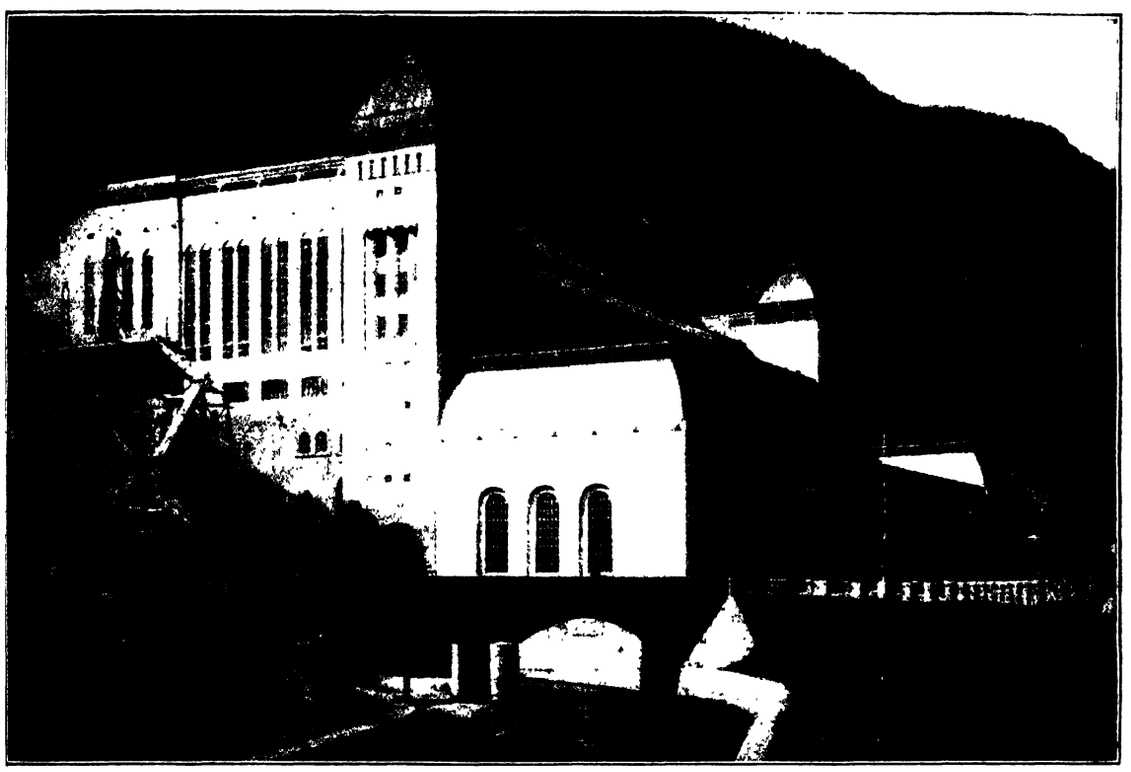
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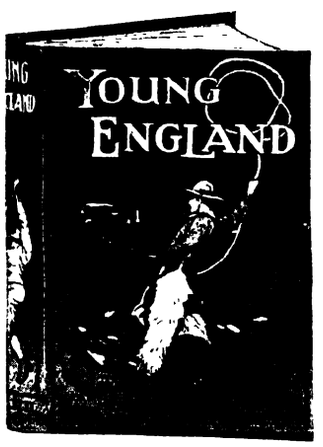
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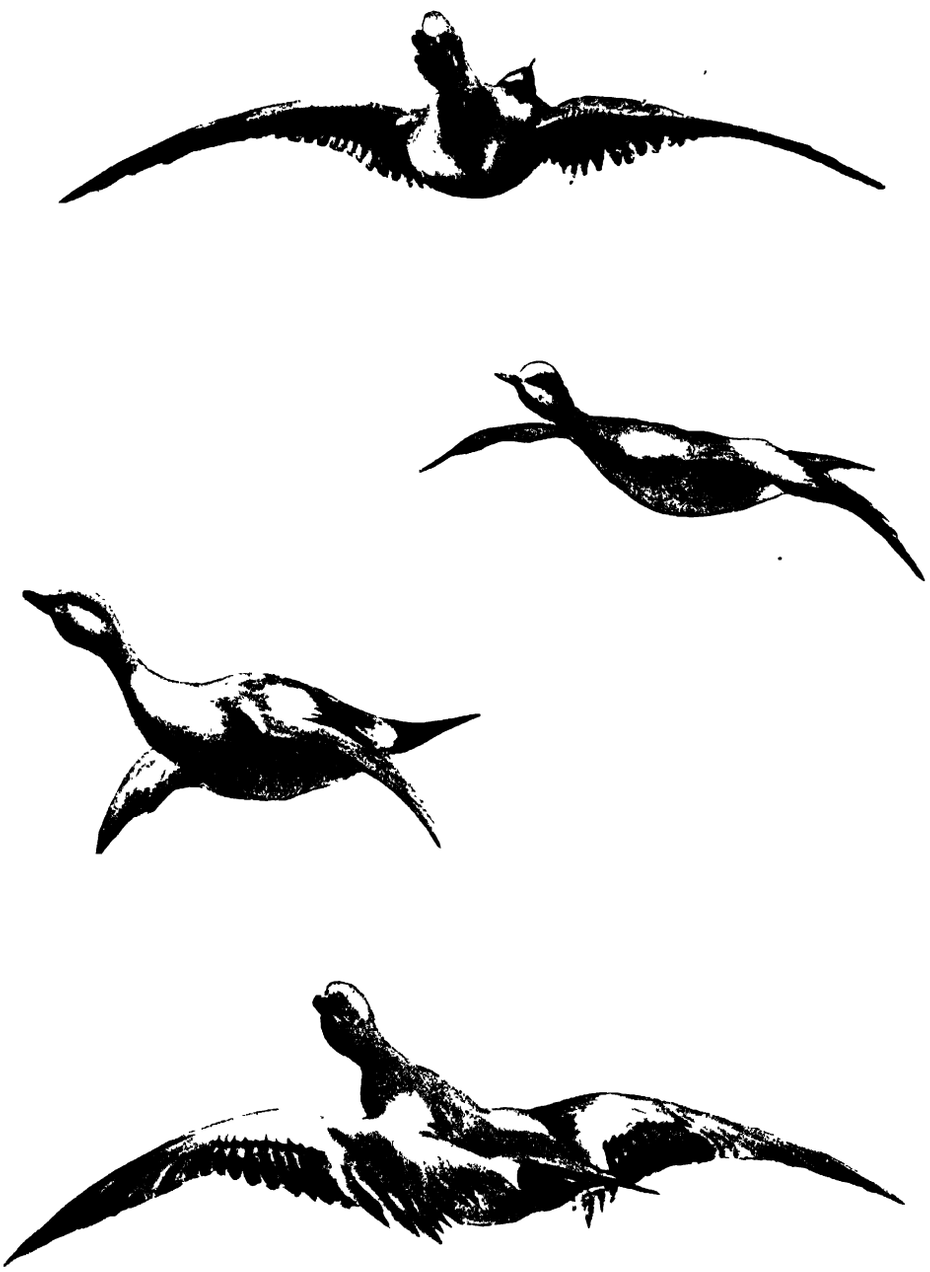
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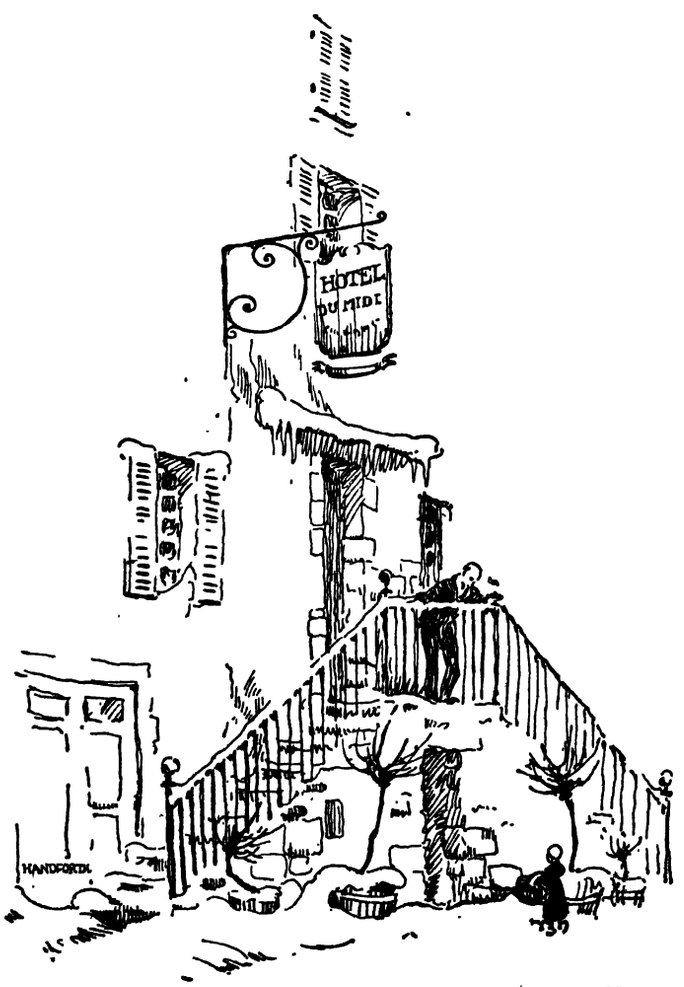
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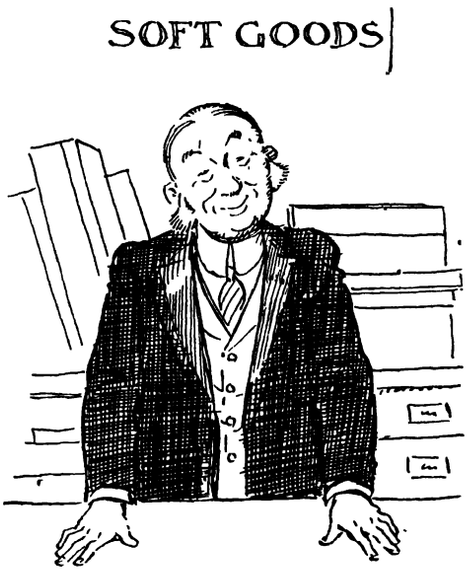
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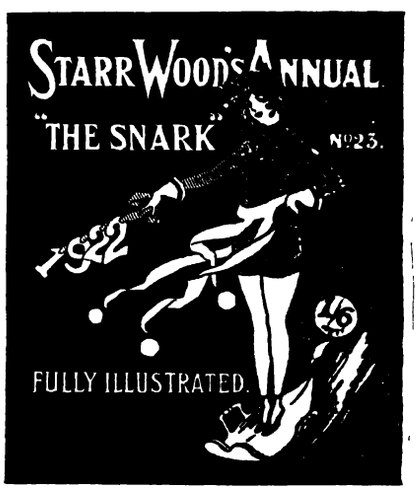
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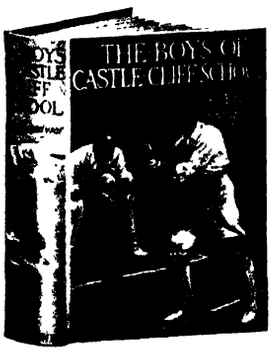


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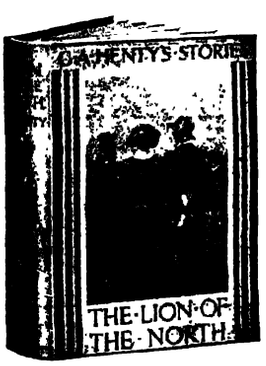
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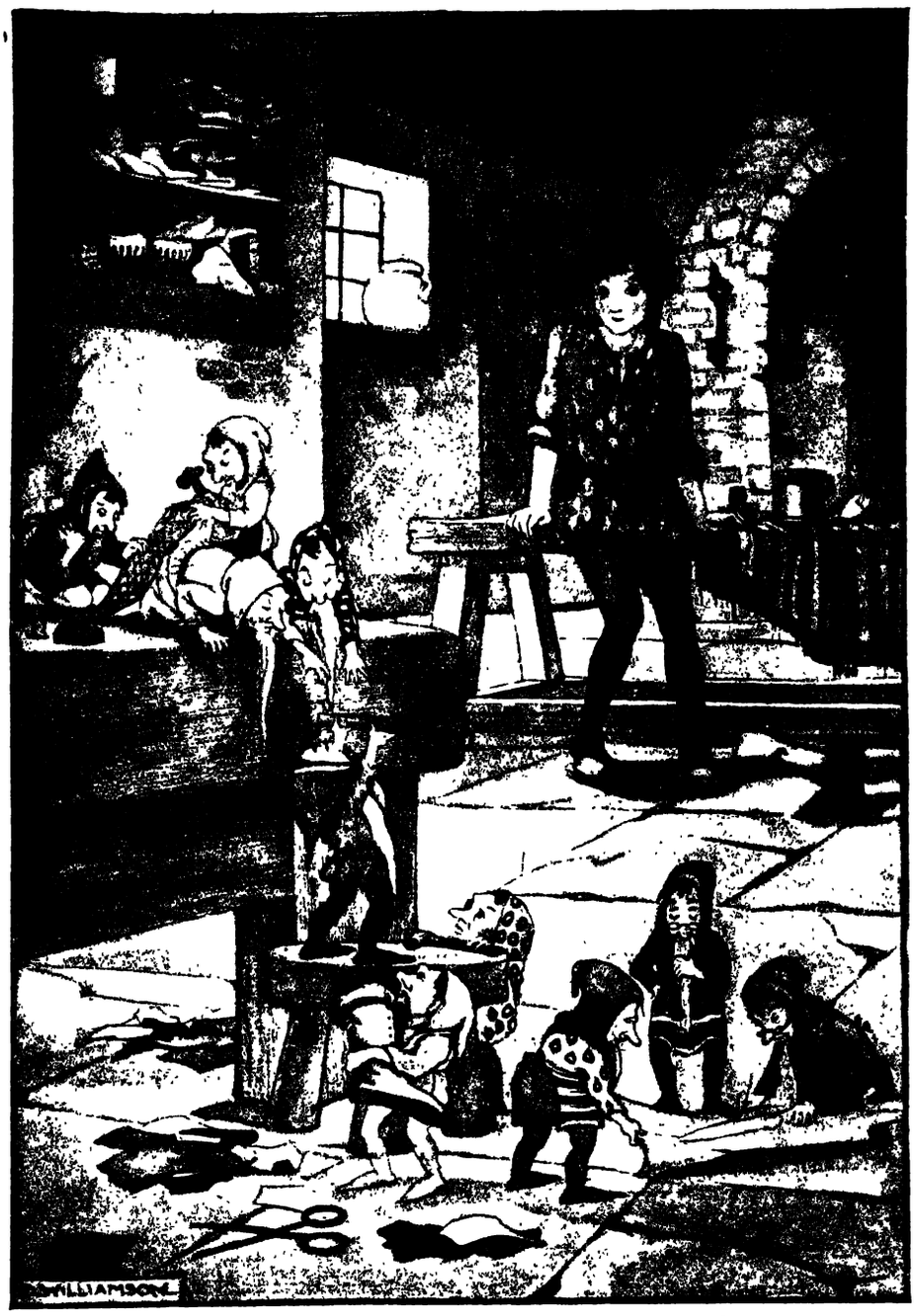
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By Ida Rentoul Outhwaite and Grenbry Outhwaite.

12s. 6d. (Black.)

It is clear that the kind Ida and Grenbry, who made this book, understand just what little children like—that is, a jolly fairy story (jolly without ever getting too horrible), and accompanied by many, many pictures. There are fourteen chapters to this delightful tale, and twice as many illustrations. The coloured ones are really lovely, without being too subtle and too grown up (as are many of the illustrations we find in fairy books nowadays, drawn by artists who might know better). The Jazz band that Anne saw in her wanderings in the enchanted land is charmingly done—such a nice green frog conducting! And we very much like the study called "Anne rides on a Nautilus Shell," in its delicate blues and greens. "Anne plays the pipes" shows us four angelic bunnies. It was all because Potty, the white rabbit, got lost that Anne had her great big adventure, but for the plot you must look yourself within the dainty blue and mauve check covers of what is sure to be one of the most popular fairy books of the year.

THE OLD WILLOW-TREE AND OTHER STORIES.

By Carl Ewald. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos.

Drawings by Helen M. Jacobs and G. E. Lee. 7s. 6d. net.

(The Royal Road Library—No. 2.)
(Thornton Butterworth.)

To learn of the wonders of nature through the writings of the great Danish naturalist, Carl Ewald, is to learn in the most delectable manner it is possible to conceive. Trees and flowers, birds and beasts, provide the dramatis personæ of his stories, each such character being endowed with a vigorous personality, so that not any more can we loiter in the garden or wander in the wood without a suspicion that the rose is watching us, the blackbird criticising us, the little speedwell we crush underfoot gossiping about us with her neighbour, or that the old oak in whose shelter we pause, is philosophising on the doings of the silly men and women who are "always running up and down." The willow-tree, in the first of these tales, was planted in mistake for a poplar and quite spoilt the poplar avenue, as well as being a constant disgrace to his proud relations. He did his best to grow up tall, but the fact that he was a willow could not be disguised, and for a time life was rather a burden to him in consequence. Then strange things began to happen, and he brought so much happiness to the lives of others that his own early sufferings were more than atoned for. "The Mistletoe," too,



From Wonder Tales of Ancient Wales (*Philip Allan*).



From All-Time Tales (*Lippincott*).

'THEY BOTH RAN AFTER THE BOY.'

shows how a crab-apple tree came to be treasured after being despised, and the theme of "The Lilac Bush" is no less charming. Indeed each story deals with a different aspect of nature in a way that will bring children in close harmony with the fairy world of living things to which they belong, far more than any textbooks could do. They will imbibe facts not knowing they are gaining knowledge, only conscious of the keenest interest in the tale, and an appreciation of the joyous sense of humour which is a striking feature of all Carl Ewald's works.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By Daniel Defoe. With 48 Colour Plates by A. E. Jackson. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock)



From Robinson Crusoe (*Ward, Lock*).

"From the top of the hill I plainly discovered a ship lying at anchor."

Not all the new adventure books published for boys can oust Defoe's masterpiece; and every fresh edition finds a ready and appreciative public. It is good for boys to read a story that has stood the test of time like this, and fathers and mothers, and all who are looking out for a Christmas gift for an intelligent boy, would be well advised to consider whether he has a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." If he hasn't, nothing would please him better than this sumptuous edition illustrated by A. E. Jackson. Mr. Jackson's colour work is clean and bold—occasionally reminiscent of Harry Rountree; he gets plenty of scope for blue-green seas, red sails, wind-swept fire, bright foliage and brilliant plumage, of which he takes full advantage. The book is altogether most attractively got up, and worth considerably more than the six shillings asked for it.

QUEEN'S MANOR SCHOOL.

By E. Everett-Green. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul)



From The Wonder Book (*Ward, Lock*).

"She's just like the real Peter Pan."

For girls whose Christmas is incomplete without a book by Miss Everett-Green, here is a pleasure in store. The same group of lovable girls, the same healthy atmosphere and the same enthusiasm for work and play which have delighted us before in the author's writings are to be found again in her latest tale. Not all the characters are good and clever, that would be monotonous, but they are all, with no exception, loyal to their school. Even Laura Wyon, who acted meanly to win the essay prize, felt ashamed of the dishonour she had brought on the name of Queen's Manor. Miss Everett-Green writes with a practised hand and with a knowledge of those details which are dear to the schoolgirl's heart. Her success is due to her skill with her plot. She sets out always with a story to tell, with characters to describe and develop. The cricket-players on the cover look very jolly. There will be much buying or borrowing of this book next term.

NONSENSE SONGS AND STORIES.

(Warne).

Just the lively sort of book of nonsensical verse and prose that children love. A jolly book that will add to the laughter in the nurseries this Christmas.



From Nonsense Songs and Stories (*Warne*).

"The Owl and the Pussy-cat."

THE WONDER BOOK ANNUAL.

8s. (Ward, Lock.)

The seventeenth year of issue. Of course the children who have had it regularly all their short lives are hoping for it again this year, and what a feast they will have if they get it! There is so much in it. Even our friend little Ursula, whose bad colds keep her indoors sometimes for a fortnight, can



From The Wonder Book (*Ward, Lock*). "IN HER HANDS SHE CARRIED THE LIGHTED CHINESE LANTERN"

make the book last out. Loads of stories (we are very grateful for those by Fay Inchfawn), scores of pictures, some coloured, some tinted softly in green and brown; happy verses, on such themes as dogs, fairies and tomtits. This is indeed a pleasing volume.

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

7s. 6d.
(Humphrey Milford.)

In a brave blue cover, this book will instantly draw young readers—quite little people up to about the age of eight. It's just a fascinating mixture of stories and dainty verses, scattered over with pleasing pictures, by people who know how to draw for children. The stories are by such experienced old hands as Thora Stowell and Agnes Grozier Herbertson. Katharine Tynan has found time, among her many activities, to write a pretty song of the Nightingale, which ends:

"He's but a homely speckled bird,
But he has gotten a golden flute;
And when his wondrous song is heard,
Blackbird and thrush and lark are mute.
'Troop, children dear, out to the night,
Clad in the moonlight silver-pale;
And in a world of green and white,
'Tis you shall hear the nightingale."

THE WONDER BOOK OF WHY AND WHAT?

Edited by HARRY GOLDING. 6s net. (Ward, Lock.)

Here is a new volume in Messrs. Ward, Lock's "Wonder" series, and a wonderful six-shillingsworth it is—beautifully produced, bright with colour-plates and hundreds of unique photographs, and packed with entertaining information on just those subjects about which Uncle Bob, as well as his nephews and nieces, feels every one ought to know at least something. Bees, for instance, and their work; why we shiver, how we get our clothes, coal, and what it means to us; how a motor-car works; what glaciers are; and, indeed, there's hardly a subject one can think of, from stars to carpets or gramophones, that hasn't its own fascinating story recorded in this attractive gift-book.



"WHEN YOU SWEEP UP THE LEAVES, BE SURE YOU DO NOT SWEEP UP AN ELF AS WELL,' SAID THE LITTLE VOICE."

From The Wonder Book (*Ward, Lock*).



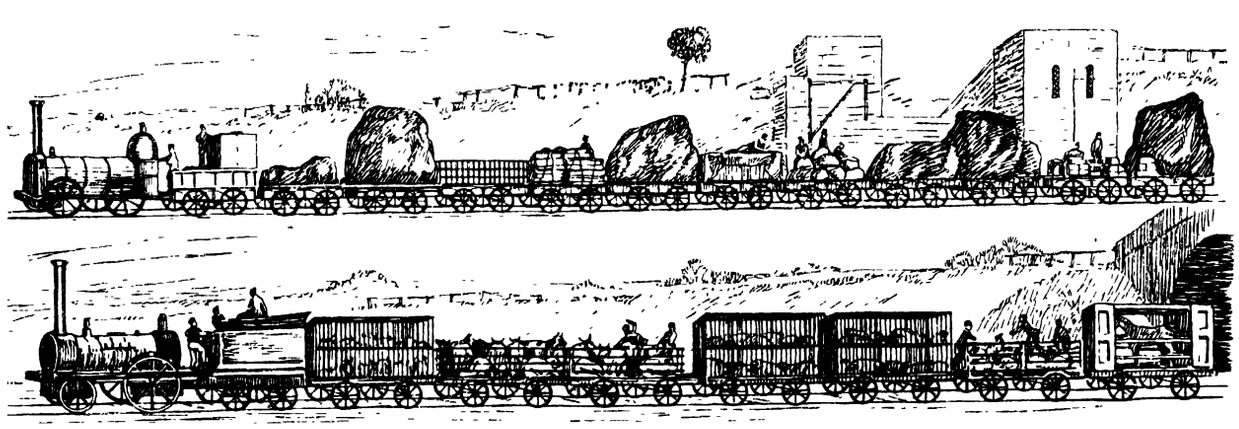
From Mrs. Strang's Annual
(*Oxford University Press*)

'DING-DONG! DING-DONG!"

RAILWAYS.

By GEORGE S. DICKSON. 7s 6d. (Nelson)

No ordinary boy will be able to resist this book, with its magnificent colour plates of monster locomotives, bridges and other railway scenes; and we should not be at all surprised if children of a larger growth took it aside for a quiet hour. For the text-matter is so well arranged, so thoroughly modern - even to a chapter on the mono-rail — that one glance led to another until we found ourselves deep in it. The history of steam locomotion and its gradual development receives close attention, and after these preliminary pages the author deals with many special aspects of rail travel, the methods of engineers in preparing the way of the iron steed, accidents, the breakdown gang, electric railways, etc., in simple and exceptionally lucid language. He has made a delightful book, and his readers will certainly be many, and all of them will be grateful



From Railways
(*Nelson*).

A GOODS TRAIN OF EARLY DAYS, 1830.

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL.

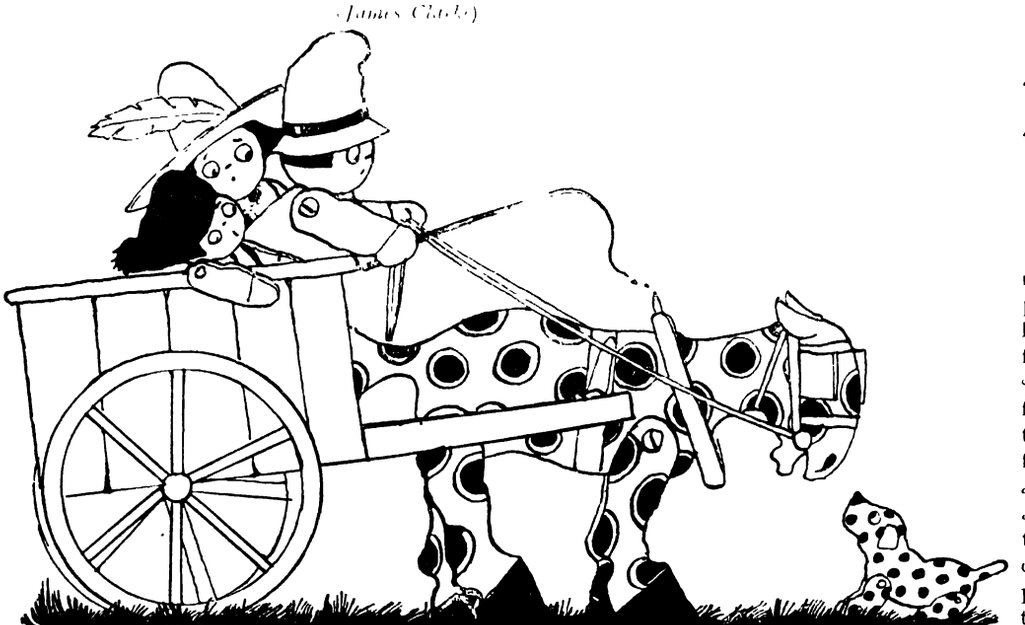
5s. (Clarke)

It is well to be a child at Christmas; better still to be a little child, and to find such magical books as the *Rosebud* hardy annual (probably a perennial) near enough to one's stocking to be considered inside it. We tremble to think of the fate of the critic who should dare to "review" a *Rosebud*; he might as well try to paint the lily; all he can do is to put on record his desire to recover, let us say, the age of five or six, inspired by a glance through these happy pages, where fairies live and do wonderful deeds, animals perform outrageous and exhilarating antics and no whisper of tragedy is permitted to exist. Clever artists and clever writers unite to charm open-eyed childhood, and we fancy that the grown-up folks will not disdain to spend a few merry moments over this very pretty and splendidly illustrated store of amusement



From The Rosebud Annual (*James Clarke*)

"THE PEACOCK FAIRIES."



From Chunkie's Adventures (*Oxford University Press*).

"DOBBIN DID NOTHING BUT GO ON PUFFING"

THE CHUNKIES' ADVENTURES.

By CHLOE PRESTON. 6s. 6d. (Humphrey Milford)

Do you know the Chunkies? They are jolly little people with wooden, jointed limbs, and they are very fond of their Uncle Clarence; so when a telegram came from that uncle, inviting them to go and stay, they felt obliged to start at once, although to be sure Daddy and Mummy were away for the night, and couldn't be consulted. This jolly picture-book is a record of their adventures on the journey. It might be thought



From The Old Willow Tree
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

See page 133

'YOU HAVE DISTURBED MY AFTERNOON NAP."

that it was a simple matter, but you have no idea of the complications! They hadn't a penny as their money was all locked up in their money boxes (because Theodore had been known to get some pennies out once or twice, and to spend them on acid drops which always made him ill). So they went by Dobbin and the cart, and Dobbin kicked, and kicked, and kicked, and sent them all flying. Lots more happened after that. It is a thoroughly good story, and the pictures are just splendid—coloured, of course, as well as plain.

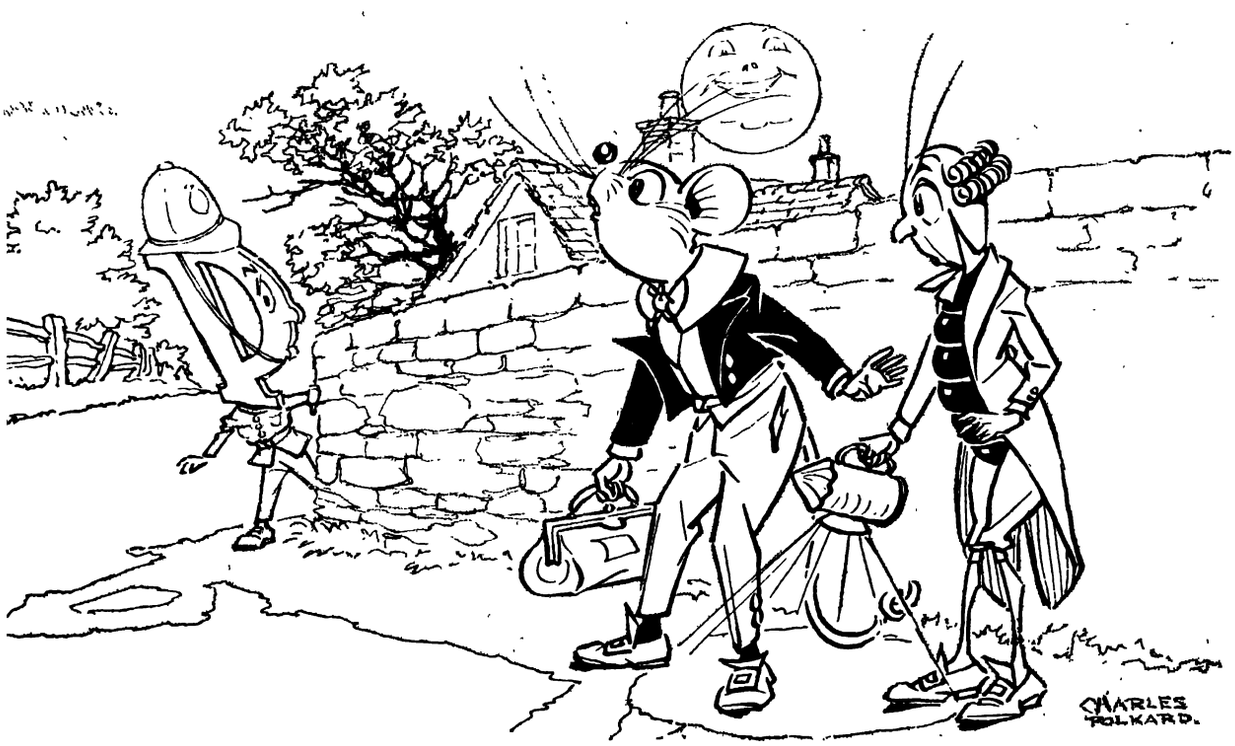


REDUCED ILLUSTRATION.
From Angel Unawares
(*Harrap*).

TEDDY TAIL'S ALPHABET.

By CHARLES FOLKARD. 2s 6d. (Black)

Teddy is a securely established favourite by now, and Mr. Folkard's idea of giving each letter of the alphabet a personality is excellent; good fun is obtained by the elaboration of this with suitable pictures, and the author-artist will have his reward in the appreciation of many delighted readers.



From Teddy Tail's Alphabet
(*Black*).

'P THE POLICEMAN."

TWO-LEGS.

By CARL EWALD. Translated from the Danish by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS, and Illustrated by JOHAN BRIEDE and HELEN JACOBS. 7s. 6d. net (The Royal Road Library: Vol. 1.) (Thornton Butterworth)

Judging by the first volume this is going to be a series that will greatly enrich the literature provided for young people. Carl Ewald's graphic story of Two-Legs is a unique blending of fact and fiction—an allegory, yet something new in allegories. In the first story, Two-Legs and his wife arrive in the forest to the wonderment of all the other animals, who watch their movements and are amazed at their apparent helplessness, yet lack courage to kill them. The stories go on to show that the strange new animals are not only far from helpless, but even a menace to the old animals, learning to slaughter them for food and warmth, and in self-defence, and to capture them for their own uses. Physical bulk, strength, agility, count as nothing against the indomitable power that has come into their midst—the power of the human brain. Showing the ascendancy of man over the beasts, and the progress of civilisation, the book has a charm of realism and presents scientific truths in the guise of something akin to a fairy-tale. The pictures—five plates in colour and fifty drawings in line—combine to make it a volume of exceptional worth. 'Two-Legs" stands alone, quite out of the ordinary run of books published for children; and appeals principally to the love of romance and the intellectual hankering after knowledge, which are characteristic of the modern child.



REDUCED ILLUSTRATION.
From The White House Boys (*Harrap*).



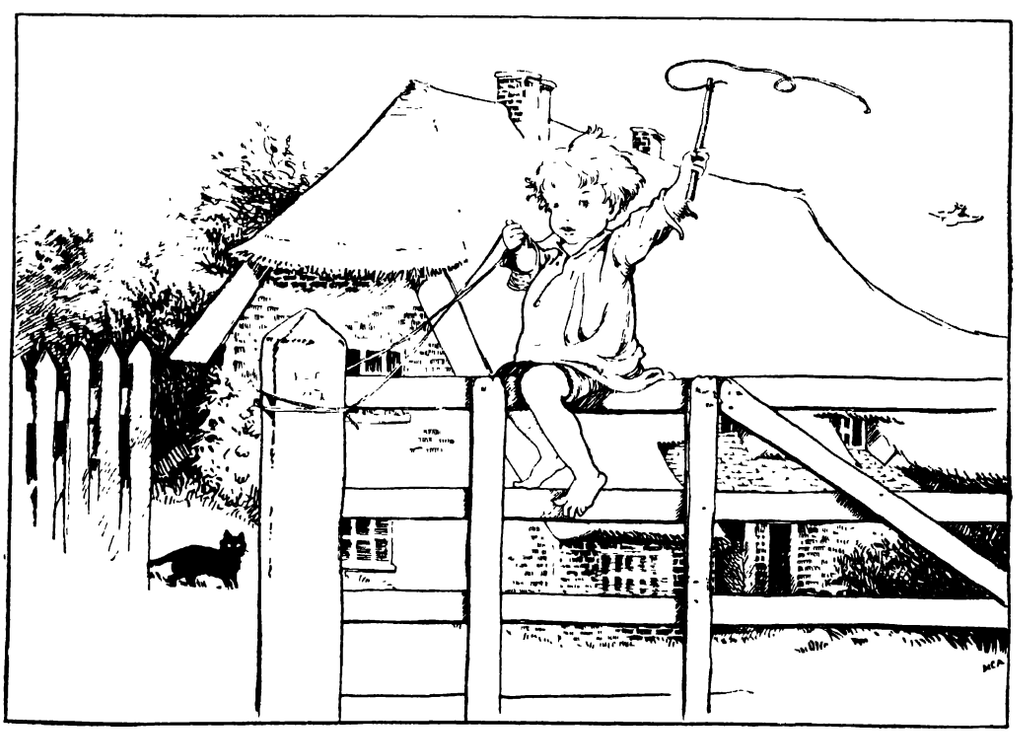
From Two Legs (*Thornton Butterworth*).

"A HUGE NUMBER OF VISITORS."

THE HEADSWOMAN.

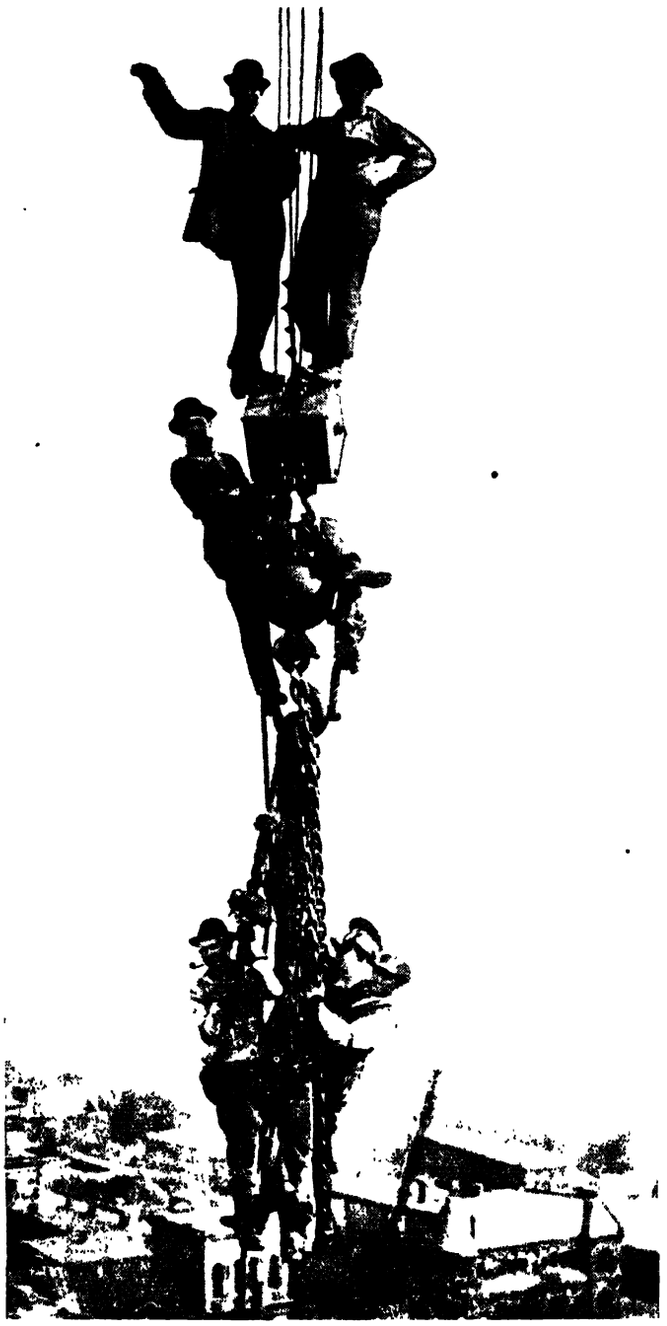
By KENNETH GRAHAME. Illustrated by MARCIA LANE FOSTER. (The Bodley Head.)

An illustrated edition of the slight but spirited tale of the lady executioner, which was first launched on a serious world by



From The Little One's Annual (*Blackie*).

"JOHN GOES A-HUNTING."



From Why and What (*Ward, Lock*). "GOING TO WORK."

merry Mr Grahame in 1898. Loads of people, we suppose, will begin by reading this *jeu d'esprit* with solemn faces. It's really meant to be droll and irresponsible all the way through, and must be read in that humour. It was so ridiculous of Jeanne to wish to be an executioner!



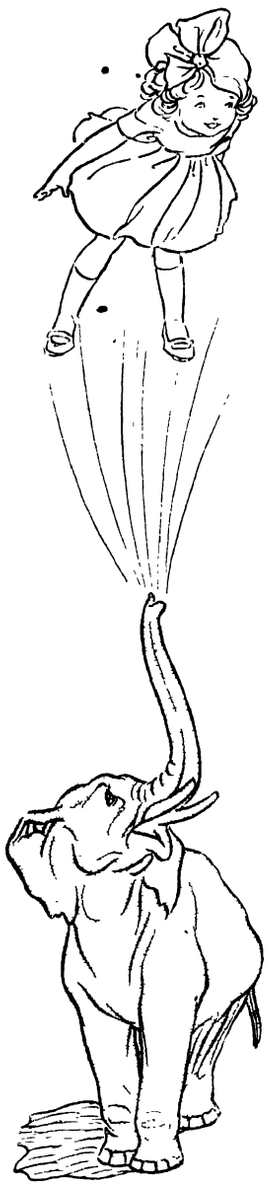
From The Headswoman (*John Lane*). WOODCUT, CHAP. 1.

She was so pretty, so supple, so full of blushes. She is full of feminine wilfulness, and one morning decides she will take a day off. "Whoever heard," exclaimed a town councillor, "of an executioner having a nervous headache? There's no precedent for it. And 'out of sorts' too! Suppose the criminals said they were 'out of sorts,' and didn't feel up to being executed!" On this day off she meets a gay gallant. Alas, the very day after, it falls to Jeanne in the course of her official duties, to have to cut off his head. Agitated at heart, she removes his lace

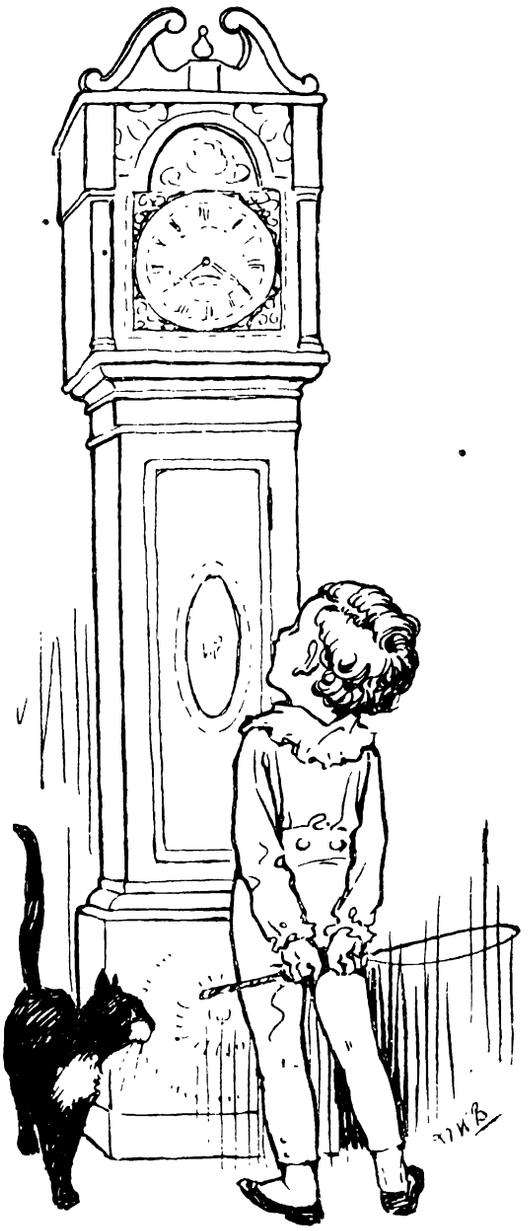


From My First Fairy Story Book (*Nelson*). CINDERELLA.

doublet, and points out a nick on the block. He, infatuated with Jeanne, is only too ready to die by her dainty hand. "He hummed the last air from Paris during her ministrations, and when she had quite finished, kissed the pretty fingers with a metropolitan grace. 'Are you pretty comfortable?' asks she. 'A bed of roses,' replies the gallant prisoner, head on block. 'And what a really admirable view one gets of the valley and the river from just this particular point!'" Of course the executioner is interrupted and the two made happy. Delicate fooling, and rich illustrations.

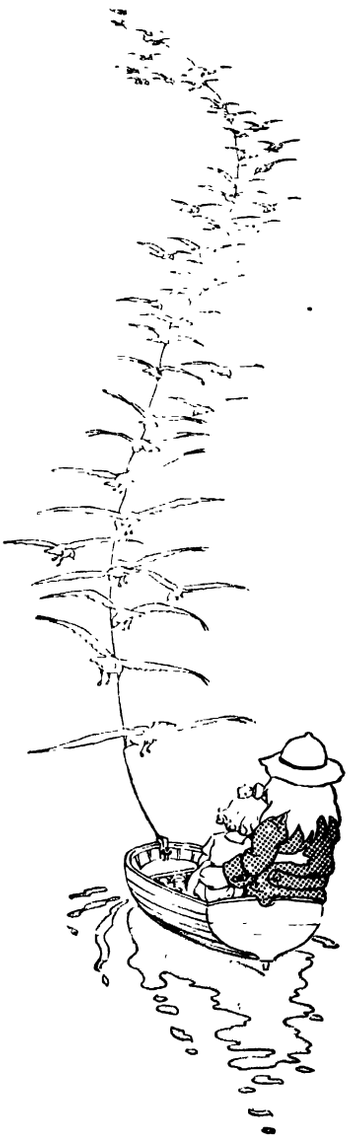


ELEPHANT BLOWING
From How Lotys Had Tea with a Lion (*Black*).



From The Holiday Book (*Partridge*)

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT MOVES AT ALL."



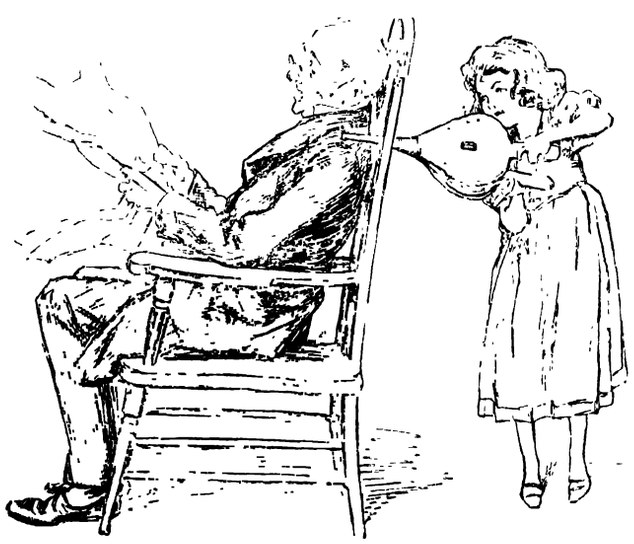
From How Lotys Had Tea with a Lion (*Black*).

GULLS

HOW LOTYS HAD TEA WITH A LION.

By F. B. KIRKMAN, B.A. Illustrated by CHARLES FOLKARD. 3s. 6d. (Black.)

She didn't really have tea with the lion, but the dream was real enough to make Lotys think she had been through this startling adventure, and if the lion was as genial as the artist has conceived him, he must have been very jolly company. Not only did Lotys have tea and buns with her leonine companion, but there were other jaunts which all her young friends—and they will be many—will envy; boat trips and bus-rides, for instance, the story of which astonished Lotys's mother when she arrived home again safely, by way of her little bed. The author has made Lotys a jolly little girl, and her hon-chum quite a good conversationalist, and, as long as our own little girls do not exhibit too much hurry to enter the lion-house at the Zoo in emulation of the heroine, the story may be most heartily recommended to them. Mr. Charles Folkard's sketches are as entertaining as ever, and Lotys was a lucky girl to find him, too.



From Little Ladyship (*R.T.S.*)

"SHE GAVE ANOTHER SQUEEZE TO THE BELLOWS."



From Queen's Manor School
(*Stanley Paul*).



From Crystal's Victory
(*Stanley Paul*).

"SHE SANG HER LITTLE SONG."

KING ANNE.

By ETHEL TURNER. 4s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Ethel Turner's stories have won for themselves a sure footing with girl readers, and Anne and her brother Anthony, brought from the wilds of Central Australia to the civilisation of a town, will easily secure widespread sympathy and interest. For Anne and Anthony hadn't been taught social etiquette; they were used to a rough, solitary life, and didn't quite know how to behave in company, nor what to wear at a tennis party, nor how to manipulate the bewildering assortment of knives and forks at dinner—and the finger-bowls were a source of terror to the ignorant, sensitive girl and boy. They managed to survive



From King Anne
(*Ward, Lock*).

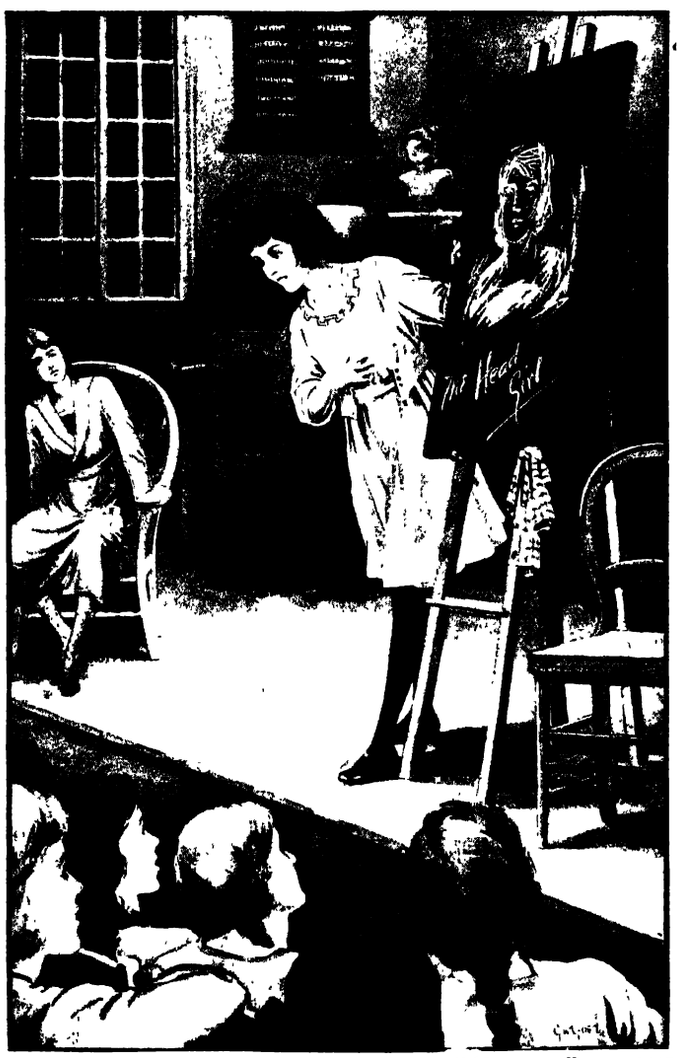
"SHE ACCEPTED A CUP OF TEA."

their debut into society, however, and quickly became quite familiar with town ways, although it was a puzzle at first to know how to spend all their money. Their mother had brought them into a civilised area for the boy to get a career and the girl a husband; and for their sakes she endured being separated from her own beloved husband, left behind at the back o' beyond. She was a quiet, unselfish woman, and didn't really intend to waste money. When the young doctor who worked in the slums came to see her, and accused her of wanton extravagance she was truly remorseful and would have gladly given some of her wealth to help the poor. But Anne ruled the roost, and Anne wouldn't let her. There was wordy conflict between Anne and the young doctor, yet in spite of it they fell in love. Principle held them apart—and which do you think conquered, love or principle? You will probably guess wrong, for Miss Turner's ending is as unexpected as it is natural. But one thing is certain—you won't be able to leave the story alone until you have found out.

THE NEW PREFECT.

By DOROTHEA MOORE. 6s. net. (Nisbet.)

Anyone who has had experience of girls' schools will know the reluctance with which the girls themselves receive any change of system, and how difficult it would be to impose such a change upon them without their consent. Yet Miss Georgia Harrison, when she took over Windicotes, was determined to institute the system of prefects, and appointed Petronella Carey senior prefect. She knew that Petronella, or Peter, as they called her, was trustworthy and courageous, and Peter, having undertaken the new post, made up her mind to fight down all obstacles in her path. She had plenty to fight, too, for almost the entire school was against her, led by Carol Stewart, the head girl. Miss Moore writes in her usual brisk, sympathetic style; her characters really live, and the story is one of absorbing interest.



From The New Prefect (*Nisbet*). "MY LAST," SHE SAID BLANDLY.

SCHOOLBOY PLUCK.

By HAROLD AVERY. (Nisbet.)

Things happened this way. Young Scarf believed that he was going to leave Rockfield College at the end of a certain term, so he determined to vent the pent-up indignation he cherished against a certain master, by writing down what he thought of him. This scathing message was neatly inscribed on a blank sheet in a tear-off calendar belonging to the master. Judge then how miserable Scarf was when he had to put in one more term at school. Didn't he just want to get hold of that calendar, and tear off the piece of paper. Mixed up with Scarf's story is that of the engaging and modest hero, Fred Maple, whose cricket was so wonderful. This tale is a triumphant success.



From Lost in the Jungle (*Stanley Paul*). 'THEIR CAPTORS HAD THRUST BACK A CURTAIN CONCEALING A SECRET DOOR."



From Schoolboy Pluck (*Nisbet*). "I'M AWFULLY SORRY."

LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

By MAY WYNNE.
5s. net.
(Stanley Paul)

Nita and Muriel Gasford, the young daughters of an Indian army officer, are going out to rejoin their father and mother in Bombay. Within sight of land the ship sinks in a storm, and the girls, clinging to a raft, are washed ashore. They are joined later by a boy-companion, Rex, who has also been saved. The three set out, Rex leading the way. Nita and Muriel have been Girl Guides at home and know something of scouting. Adventure follows breathlessly upon adventure The children find themselves in strange places — in an ancient hunting-lodge of the Rajah of Rangoni, in a grass-grown well with a secret passage, and in a ruined temple, whose floor is thick with the slime of age-old offerings to its patron god. Kistna, a faithful native, who has more than once been their friend, rescues them, and all ends happily. Quite a thrilling tale.



From The Robin's Christmas Eve
(*Warne*)

"TO SMOOTH ITS SCARLET FEATHERS DOWN OUR HERO DID NOT FAIL."

CRYSTAL'S VICTORY.

A Story for Girls.

By CECIL ADAIR.
5s. net.
(Stanley Paul.)

Crystal Moncrieff, aged sixteen, has been working hard at school and has broken down after the scholarship examination. She is sent abroad for the sake of her health to live with an aunt in Santa Serafina. Here she makes friends with the Deloraines, two boys and two girls (the eldest, Beatrix, being about her own age). Their mother, a Portuguese beauty, has died, and their father allows the children to grow up as they please. Crystal soon finds that some mystery surrounds Mr. Deloraine, who spends most of his time at the gaming-table, and that it is connected with her Aunt Amy. How a reconciliation is arranged between the two and how large is Crystal's part in bringing it about, makes a pretty story. Crystal is a lovable character and her ideals are put into practice in a cheerful way.



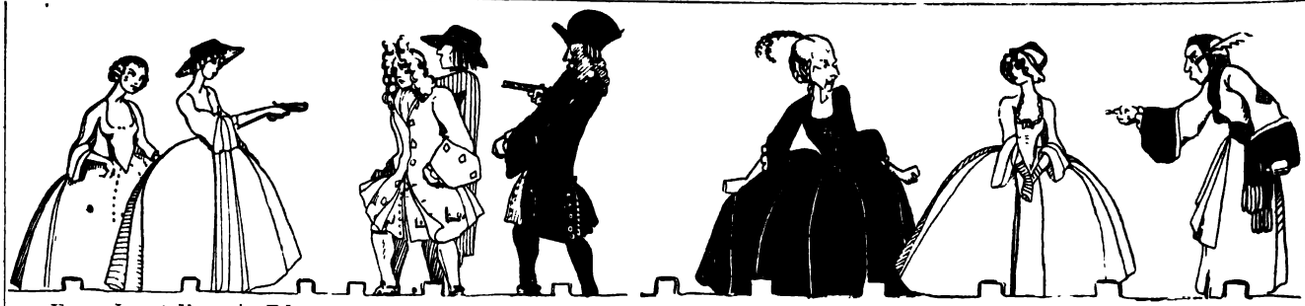
From The Arabian Nights
(*Cecil Palmer*).

"A MAIDEN CLAD IN TATTERED GARMENTS, WHO KISSED MY HAND."



From The Arabian Nights
(*Cecil Palmer*).

"AND WHEN HE HAD SHAVED THAT MAN HE GAVE HIM A FARTHING."



From Lovat Fraser's Edition *Of John Gay's "Beggar's Opera"*

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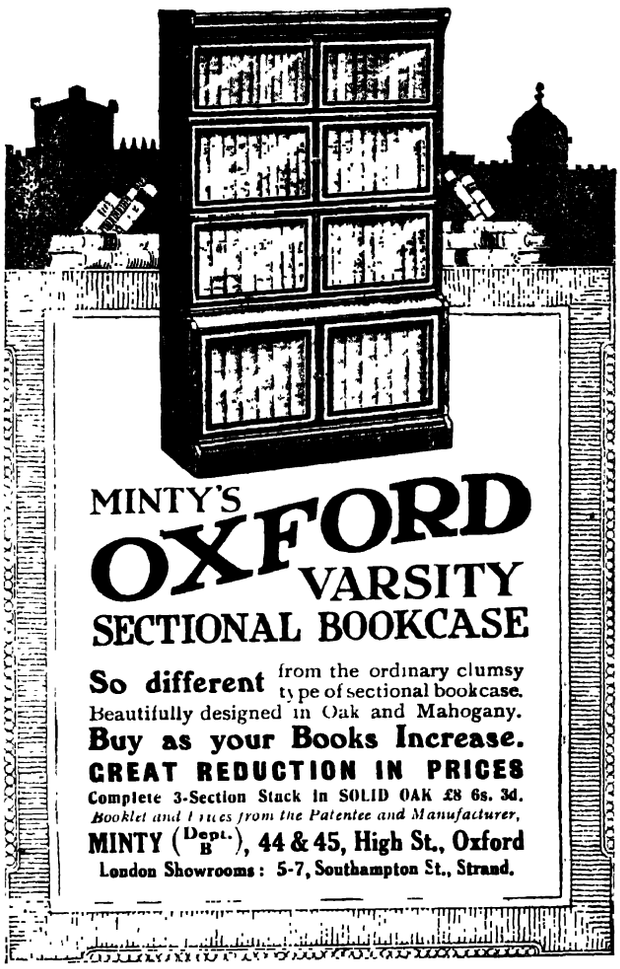
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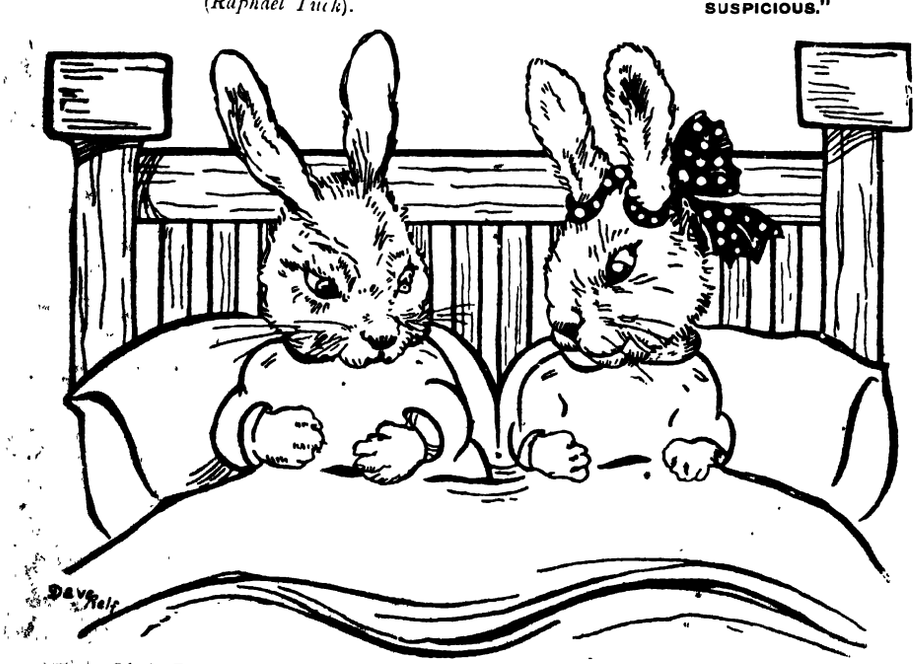
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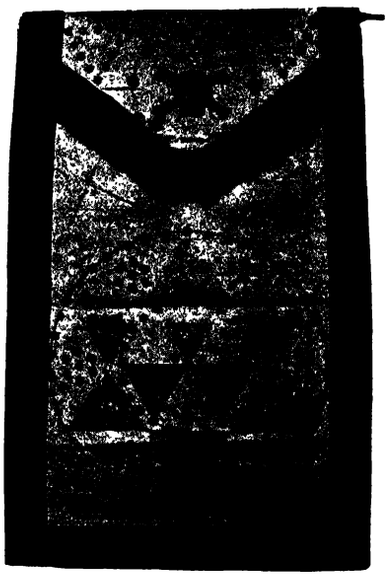
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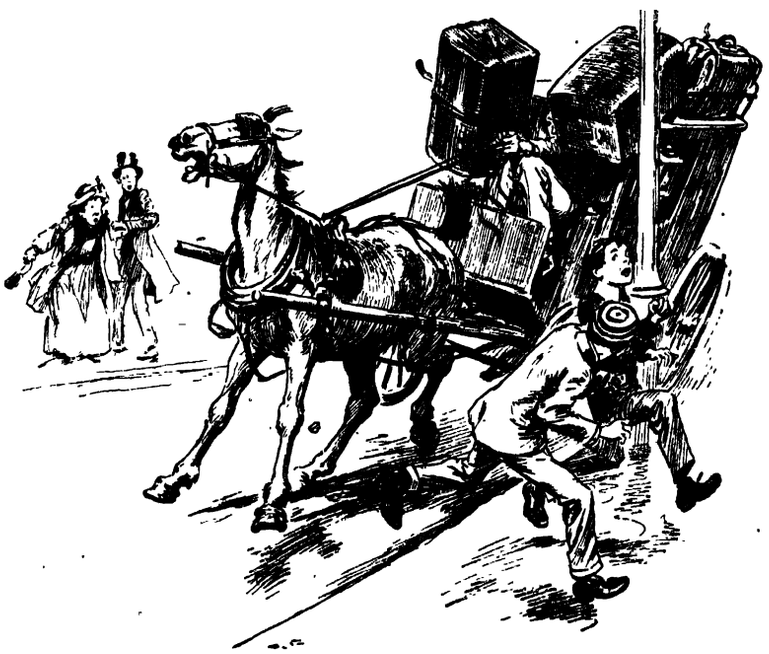
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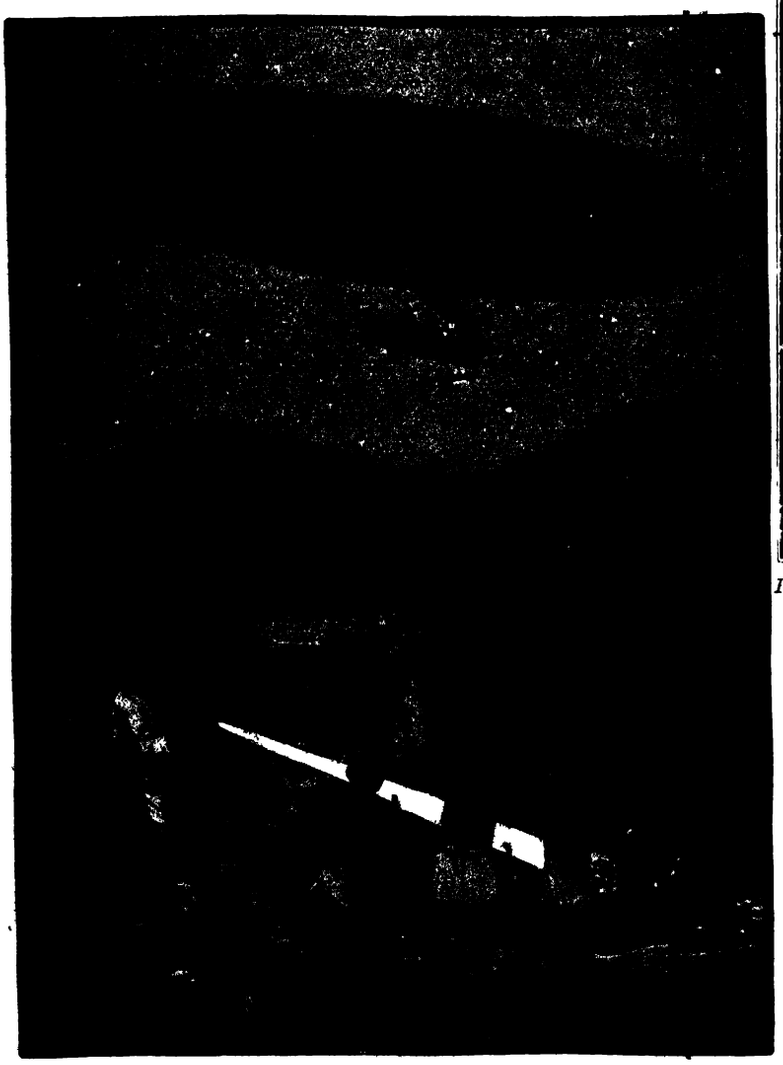


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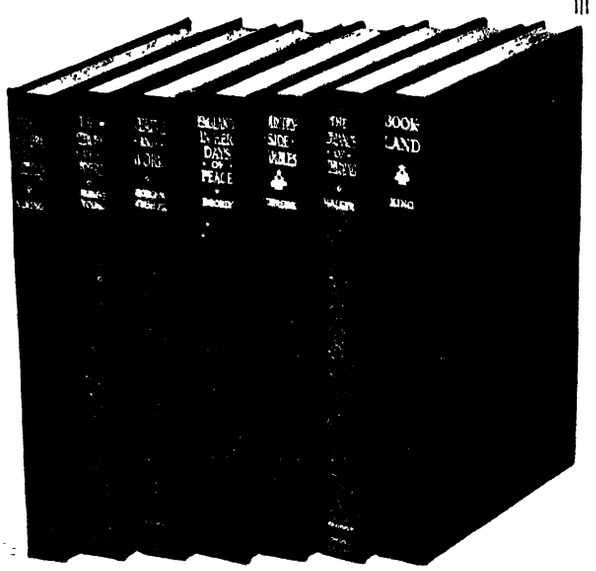
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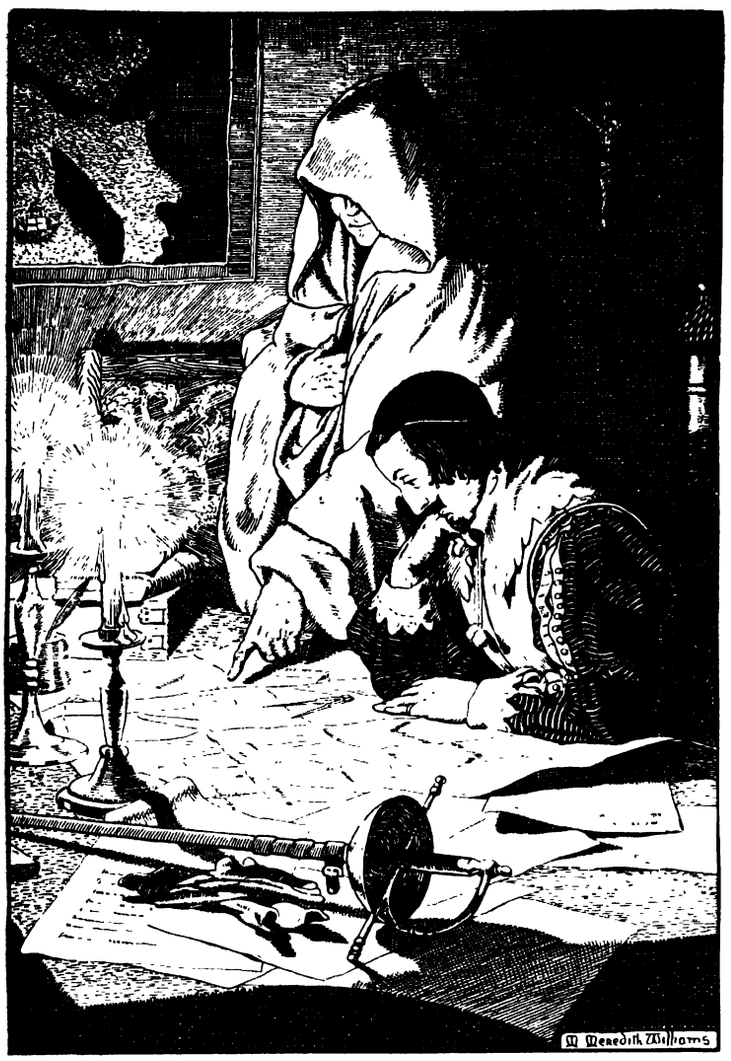
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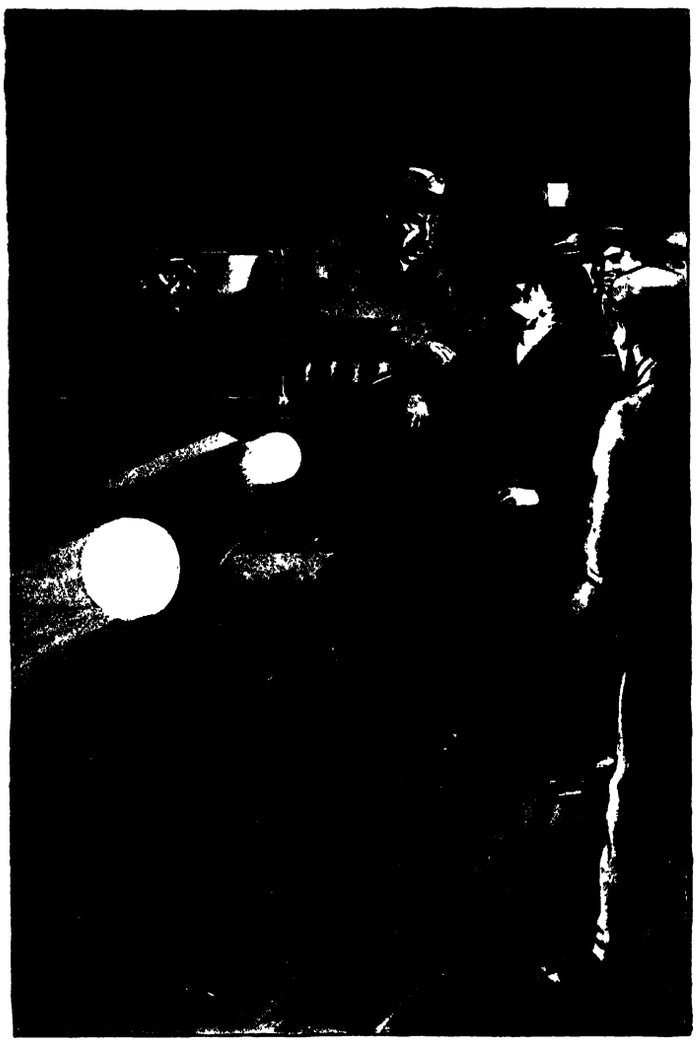
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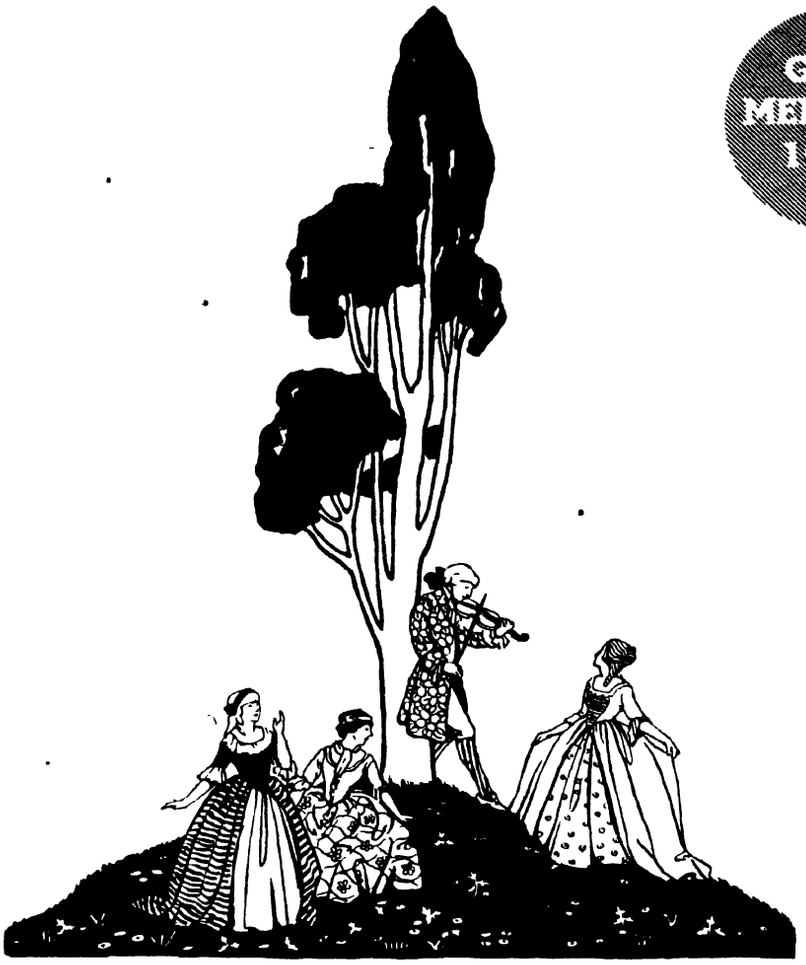
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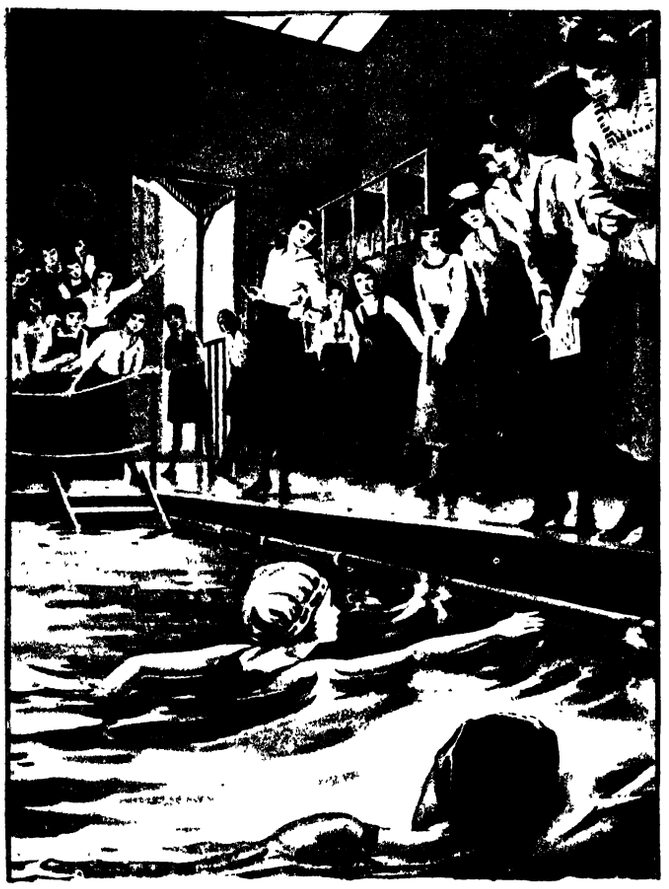
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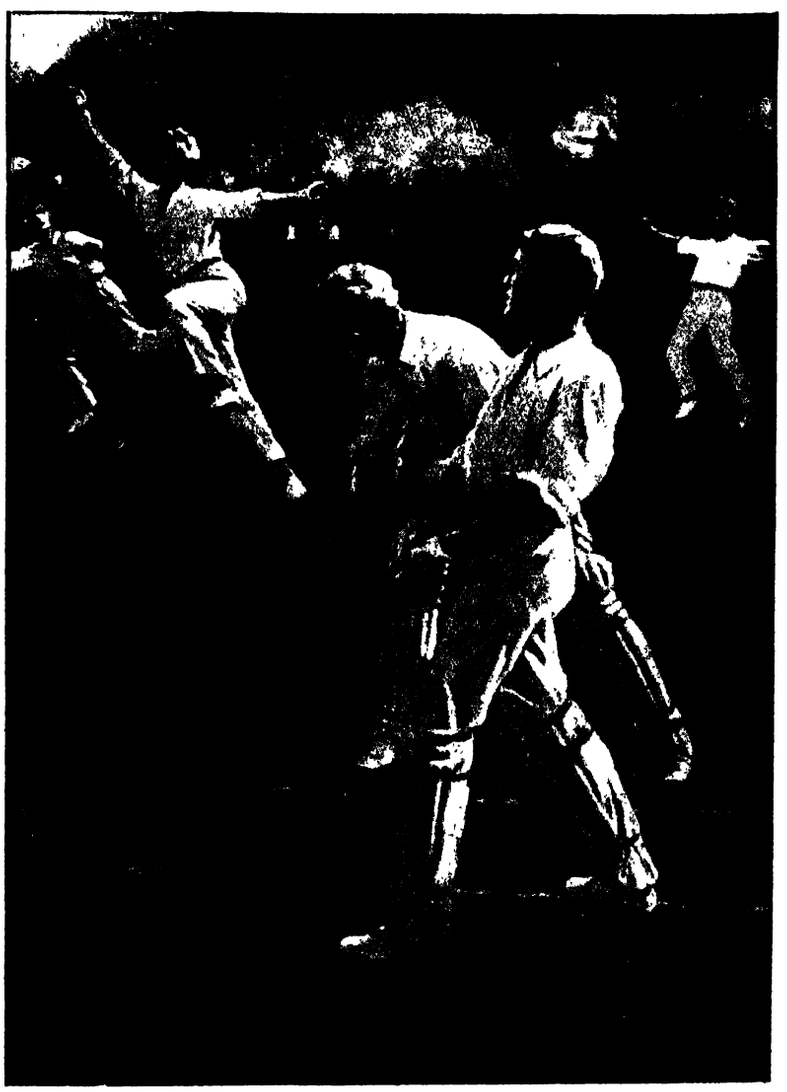
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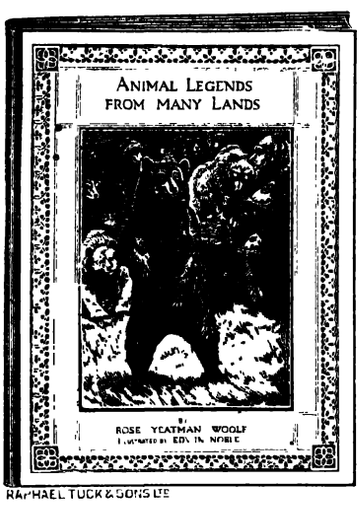
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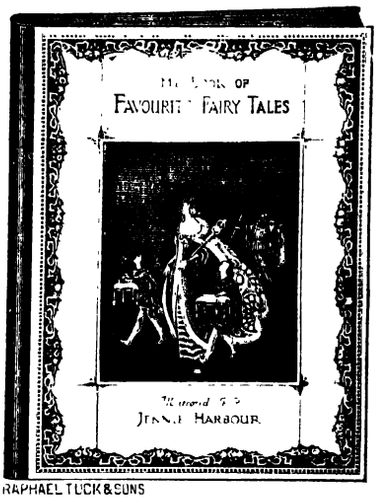
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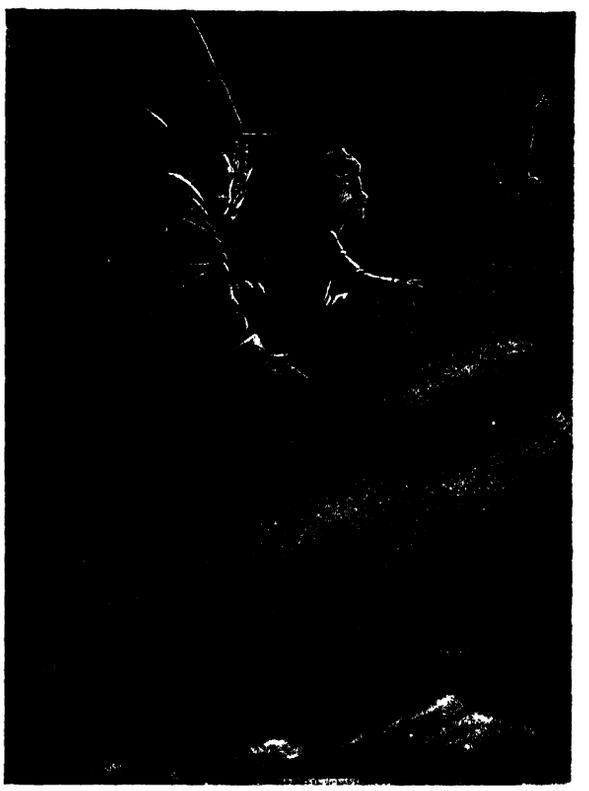
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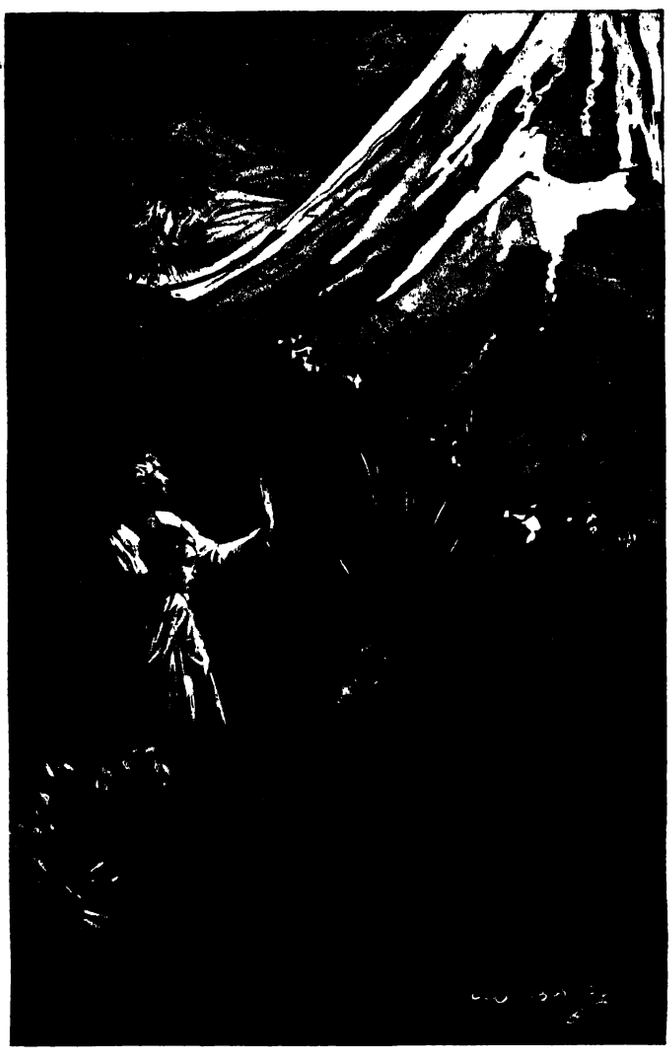


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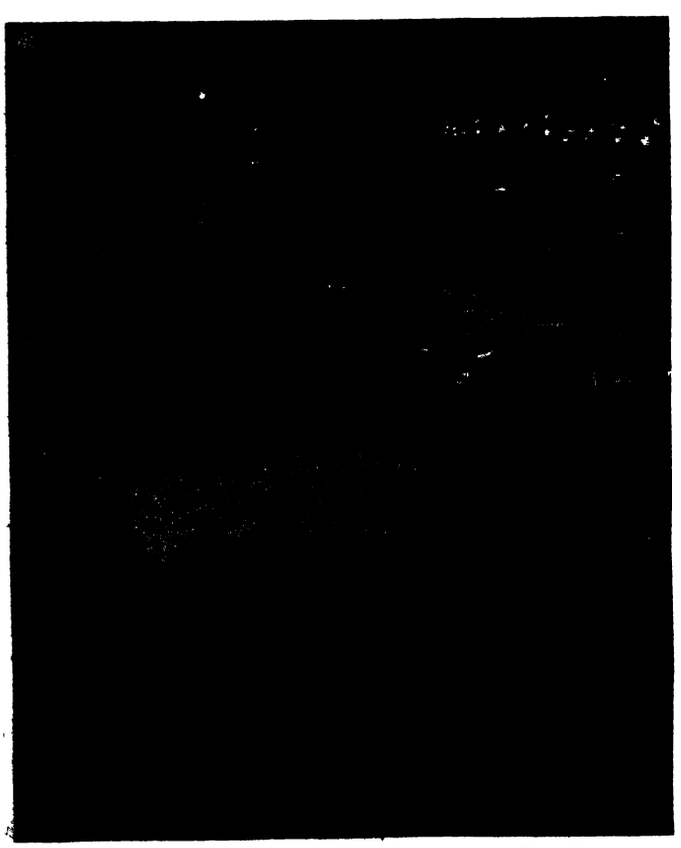
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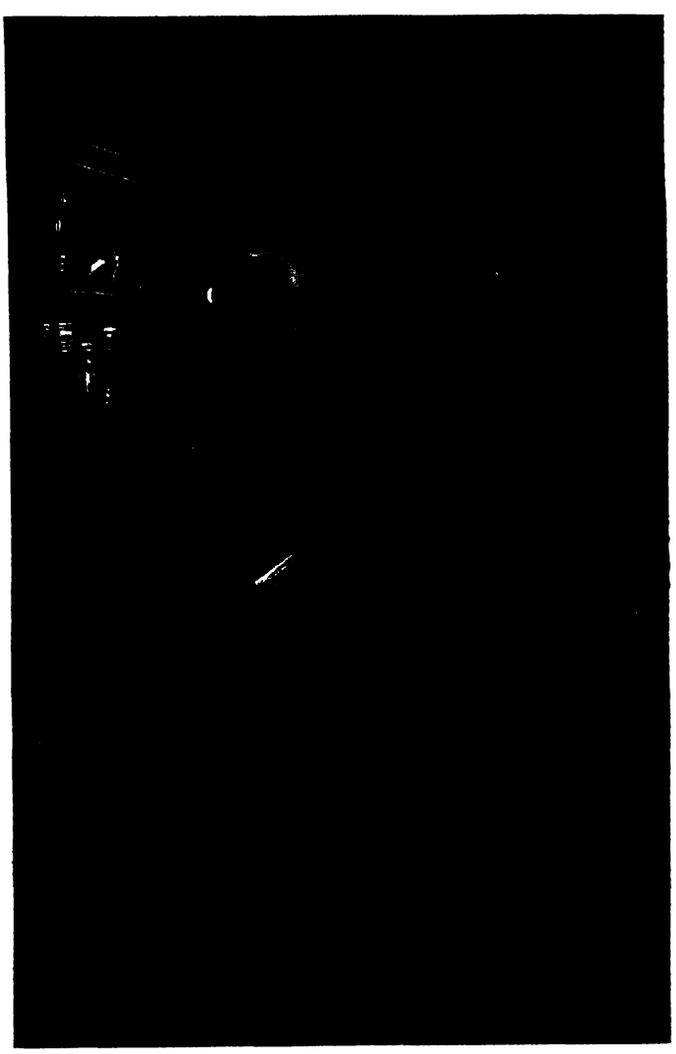
THE DERELICT.

and the discovery that McSweeney is also on the trail. It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Surrey's plot to its thrilling *dénouement*; it is sufficient merely to say that, in spite of certain improbabilities, it *is* a genuine thriller and that it is remarkably well told and well written. Although apparently designed for children in their teens, it will make an equally strong appeal to any adult who likes his fiction rather highly flavoured.

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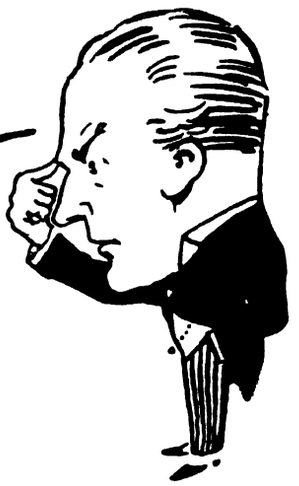
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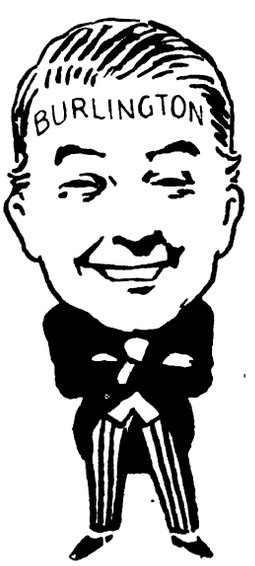
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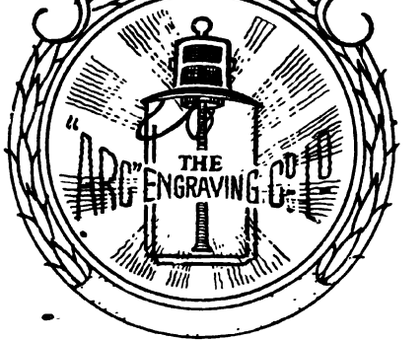
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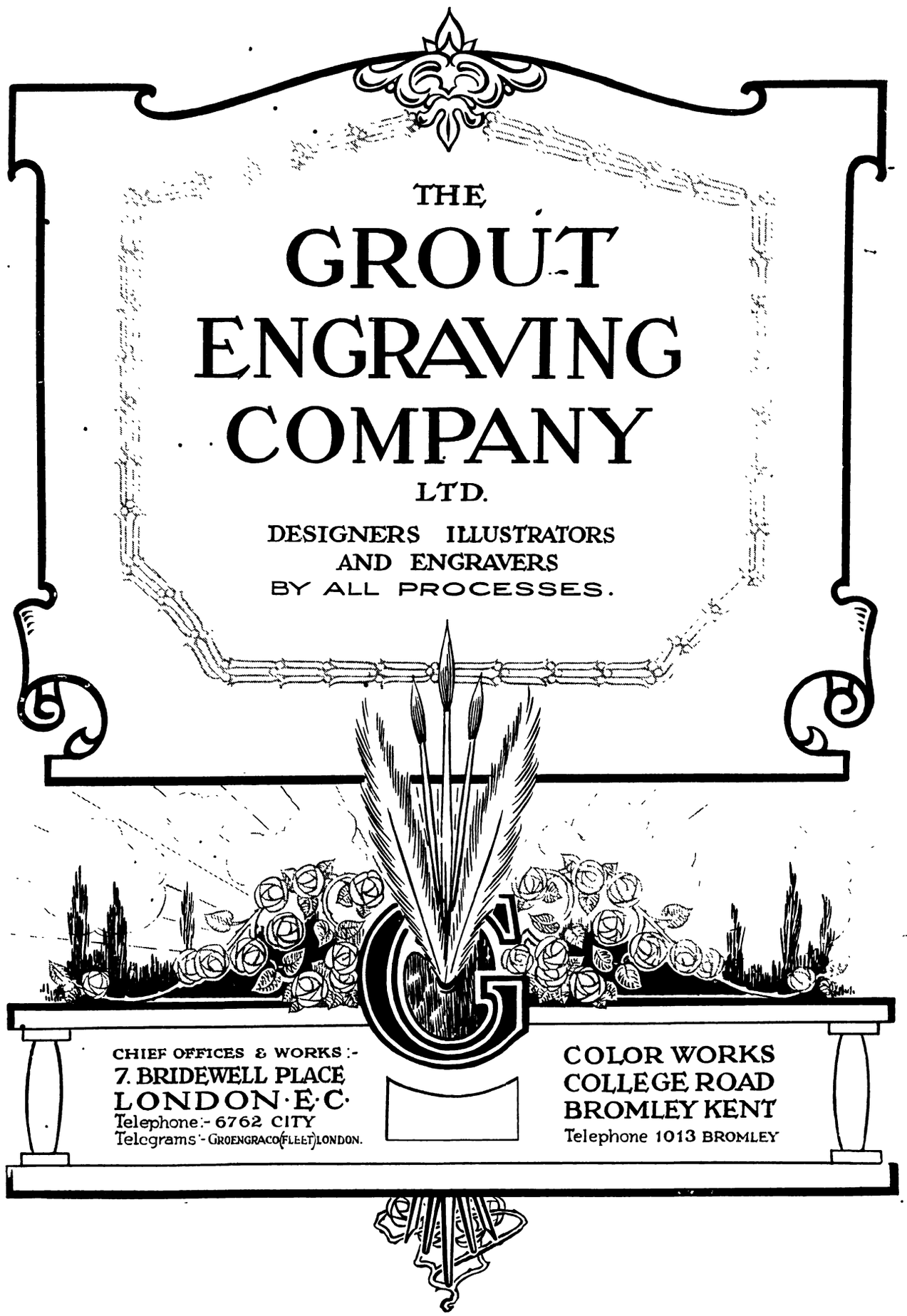
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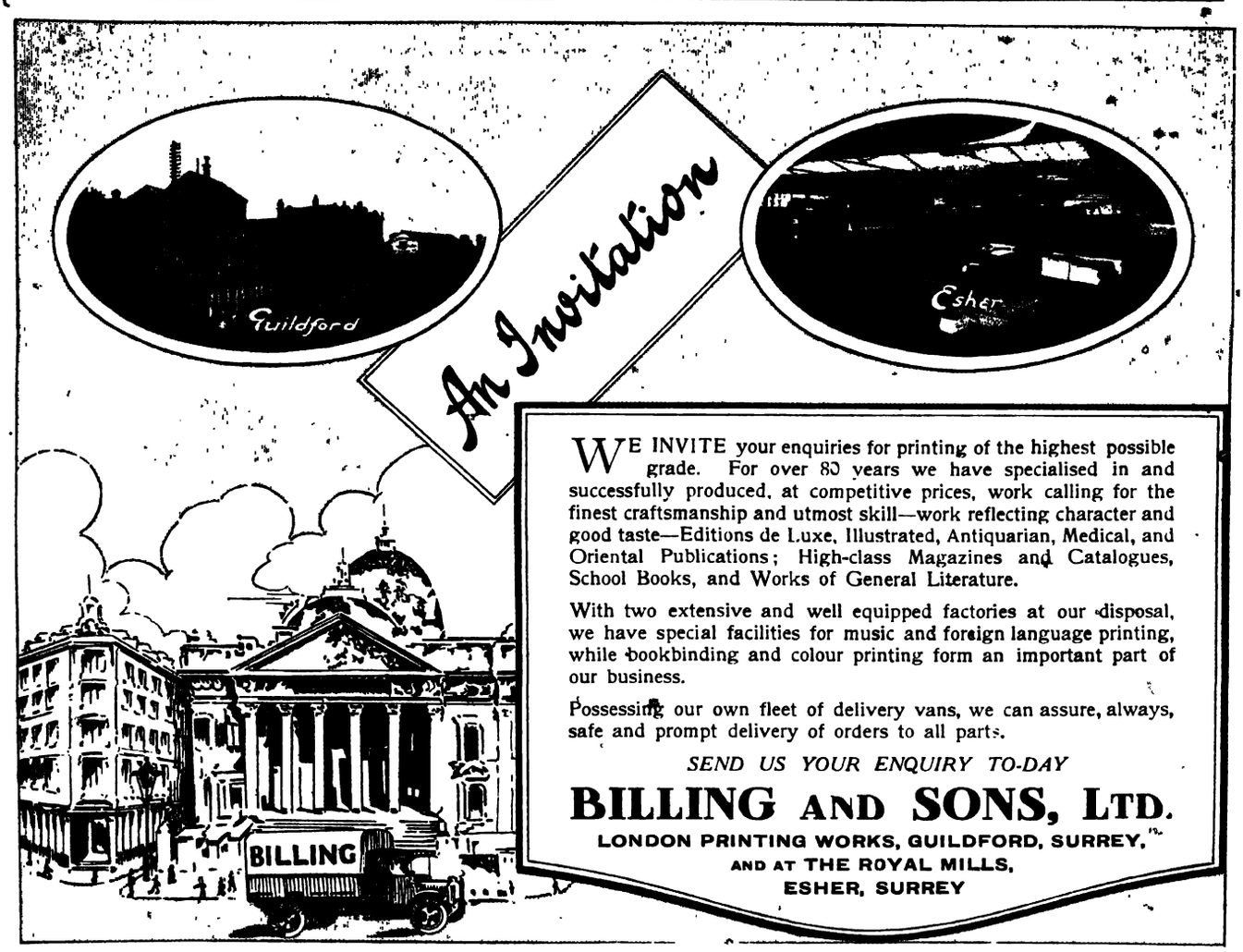
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